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INDEX.

- About Pianos,.....396
Abrams, Letter from Deacon Malachi,403
Accompanists,.....390
A Clap-trap Festival,.....238
A Friend's Advice, with Acknowledgments,.....229
A Hint to Mr. Zerrahn,.....371
A New Prima Donna,.....189
A New Valentine. Madame Barbot,.....331
A New Acquaintance, (Brown Papers),.....185
A Plea for the Ravels and for Fun,.....396
A Word from the Professors,.....262
American Beauty,.....204
American Voices,.....13
Angri, Madame d',.....45
An Imperial Pitch Fork,.....226
An Impressive Funeral. *Home Journal*,.....36
Aptommas, Letter from,.....221
Arne, Dr. 205; his Judith,.....212
Arnoult, Mad.,.....366
Art Matters,.....199
Artist's Receptions,.....366
Artists and Agents, their Relations to the Press,.....222
Athenæum Exhibition,.....26, 46, 55, 61, 79, 87,
92, 120, 127,.....
Audiences and Critics,.....208
Ave Verum, (of Mozart),.....38
Awful Announcement,.....43
- Babcock's Pictures,.....236
Bach's Music, Revival of,.....122
Bach, J. S., The Works of,.....379
Balfé's *Satanelia*,.....346
Ballet Literature. M. A. Venua,.....194
Barbot, Mad.,.....331
Beauties of the Italian Opera,.....46
Beauty, The Sense of,.....189
Beecher, (H. W.) on Organ Playing,.....385
Beethoven, (Carl van), death of,.....63
Beethoven, L. van,.....380
Moonlight Sonata, (Liszt), 12; A true anecdote
of, 163; Symphony in A, 173; Four Letters
of, to Carl Czerny, 194; Additional Reminis-
cences of, 234; Sketch of his life, by Macfar-
ren, 395, 402, 412; Ninth Symphony, Motives
and Themes of,.....403, 409, 410, 414
Birmingham Festival,.....112, 175, 206, 216, 224
Bisceaccianti, Mad.,.....351, 358
Books for the New Year,.....319
Bosio, Madame,.....180, 283; in Boston,.....189
Boston Public Library,.....311
Boston Public Schools, Festival of,.....142, 150
Brass! brass! brass!,.....126
Bruce, Miss E. W.,.....44
Burns Festival, Speeches,.....361
- Cabel, Mad.,.....283
Casseres, Louis de,.....343
Chromatic Scale,.....228
Church Music,.....102
College Music,.....94, 251
Colson, Mad.,.....199
Common Music,.....127
- CONCERTS IN BOSTON:
Adelaide Phillips,.....246
A Private Concert,.....37, 399
Bisceaccianti and Miss May,.....358
Brigade Band,.....63
Complimentary Concert to August Fries,.....54
Complimentary to Bisceaccianti,.....407
Complimentary to Joseph Trenkle,.....383
German Trio,.....6, 31
Germania Band,.....31
Handel and Haydn Society,.....13, 20, 230, 359
Hiawatha, (Stoepel's),.....327
Mendelssohn Quintette Club,.....14, 279, 294, 327
342, 358, 373, 390, 406.
Miss Abby Fay,.....6
Mrs. E. A. Wentworth,.....14
Orchestral Union,.....6, 14, 31, 366, 373, 390, 407
Orpheus Glee Club,.....6, 359, 366
Root's Haymakers,.....399
St. Cæcilia Society,.....14
Zerrahn's Philharmonic,.....327, 343, 359, 366, 390
- Conference on Singing in Schools,.....299
Congregational Singing,.....203
Cooper, H. C.,.....20, 45, 207
- CORRESPONDENCE:
Bangor, (Me.),.....64, 271
Berlin,.....71, 79, 85, 166, 244, 255, 259, 268, 277
284, 293, 304, 307, 324, 366, 367, 371, 380, 387
397, 415.
Brooklyn,.....23, 40, 52, 85, 94, 110, 182, 206, 231
255, 307, 387.
Chicago, (Ill.),.....64, 376
Cincinnati,.....150, 255, 376, 415
Doberman,.....205
Farmington, (Conn.),.....206
Florence,.....15, 53
Hartford,.....125, 246, 261, 284, 303, 307, 347, 375
405.
Havana,.....341
Holly Bank, (S. C.),.....325
Leghorn,.....198
Louisville, (Ky.),.....23
Marion, (Ala.),.....157
Milan,.....53, 63
New Haven,.....104
New York,.....7, 8, 15, 22, 29, 40, 84, 124, 125, 133
157, 165, 175, 182, 190, 197, 207, 221, 231, 237
246, 255, 278, 283, 294, 307, 319, 332, 340, 347
359, 381, 387, 397, 415.
Pescia, (Italy),.....23
Philadelphia,.....28, 39, 53, 63, 71, 79, 94, 133, 149
158, 175, 190, 207, 213, 230, 237, 261, 270, 284
307, 326, 333, 341, 359, 415.
Pittsfield, (Mass.),.....157
Rockland, (Me.),.....190
Rome,.....8, 16
Salem, (Mass.),.....387
Salem, (N. C.),.....176
Springfield, (Mass.),.....150
St. Louis, (Mo.),.....104
Worcester,.....29, 182, 375
Covent Garden, New Opera House,.....76
Cramer, John, (Athenæum),.....58
- Darius, M. (tenore),.....7
Dehn, (S. W.),.....61, 70, 84, 259, 268
Delepiere Children, (Violinists),.....78
Diabelli, (Anton), death of,.....63
Diapason, The French Commission on,.....180
- DIARIST ABROAD:
A fortnight in London,.....217
A Monument to Weber,.....387
At Sea,.....238
Berlin,.....252, 401
Imaginary Conversation with John,.....361
Notes and a Query,.....282
Notes,.....321, 378, 385
The Voyage,.....209
What do we mean by "Classic"?.....354
Wolfenbüttel,.....242
- Diary, From my, (New Series),.....5, 15, 27, 38, 44, 61
68, 99, 124.
Don Giovanni arranged for Mario,.....169
Don Juan, The Story of, (Brown papers),.....297, 305
Dr. Faustus in France,.....378
Drama, The,.....14, 22, 31
- Eichberg, Julius,.....167, 214
Eisfield, Theo. 214; Letter from,.....259
Encore Nuisance, The. *Punch*,.....36
English Opera, (The Cooper troupe),.....207
Escott, Lucy,.....390
- Fay, Miss Mary,.....342
Forni, The Sisters,.....386
Festivals, (German),.....232
Field John,.....323, 330
Fine Arts,.....366
Florence, A Letter about,.....47
Flotow, Friedrich von,.....323
Formes, Carl,.....13, 20, 45; on Leporello,.....292
Four pages of Music,.....5
Franz, Robert, Letter about,.....301
Free Playground for the People,.....133
Fry, (W. H.), Lecture in Philadelphia,.....387; On
Hiawatha, 354; his Leonora,.....7, 18, 26
- Garcias, The, and Da Ponte,.....35
Gassier, (Mad),.....8
Gazzaniga Marietta,.....276
German and Italian Opera,.....84
German Liszt Confederation, The. *Punch*,.....51
German music,.....130, 134
German Student Celebration in New York,.....171
Glinka, Michael von, and Music in Russia,.....115
Goddard, Miss Arabella,.....211, 232
Gounod, New Mass by, (Athenæum),.....41
Guilmette, Dr.,.....207
- Halevy's New Opera, *La Magicienne*,.....51
Handel and Haydn Society, (43d Annual Meet-
ing of),.....78, 82
Handel, Character and Genius of, 233, 242, 249, 258
267; Four Recovered Pieces by,.....211; Monu-
ment at Halle, 135; Messiah, — Christmas
Performance,.....317
Harvard Musical Association, Annual Meeting,.....348
357.
Harwood, Mrs.,.....20
Heated Term, The,.....109
Heine, Henri, about Music and Musicians,.....105, 122
129, 137, 145, 153, 161.
Hereford Festival,.....200
Horsley, William, (Athenæum),.....132
Hosmer, Miss Harriet,.....195
Household Book of Poetry, — (Dana's),.....295
How certain operas come to be composed,.....165
How People listen to Music,.....147
How the books were secured,.....357
Huguenots, The, in New Orleans,.....301
Huguenots, The,.....314, 324, 329
Hymn of Praise, (Mendelssohn's) Analysis of,.....3, 10
- Illiterate Music,.....141, 146
Infancy, the Best Age for Singing,.....91
In Memoriam, (John Lange),.....293
Israel in Egypt, 373, 374, 391;.....Macfarren's
Analysis of,.....355, 363
Italian Opera,.....222, 230, 301, 309, 326, 394, 413
- Joachim in London,.....76
- Key Harp, The,.....52
Kinkel, Mad. Johanna, (A. W. T.),.....69
- Lange, John,.....293, 295
Learning to sing, Jenny Lind's letters,.....3
Leeds Festival,.....175, 212, 214
Leslie's Judith,.....172
Lucia di Lammermoor,.....311
Lucrezia Borgia,.....198
- Malapropos Stage Incident,.....204
Maretzek, Max,.....236, 259
Mario as Don Juan,.....181
Mario and Don Giovanni,.....181
Martha,.....326
Marx, A Glance at the present state of Music,.....249
Mass Music, — (New Mass by Gounod),.....41
Mass by Rossini, (Guide Musicale),.....100
May, Miss Juliana,.....343, 351, 358
Mendelssohn, Characteristics of, (Dr. Zoppf),.....18
Mendelssohn Comemoration,.....396
Mendelssohn, *New York Mus. World*, R. S. W. 34
Mendelssohn Quintette Club, Nine Years Work,.....77
Meyerbeer & Rossini,.....331
Milli, A new Improvisatrice in Italy,.....163
Mittelrheinisches Musical Festival,.....289
Mozart and the Magic Flute,.....276
Mozart in Vienna,.....252
Mozart judged by Lamartine,.....148
Mozart, Monument at Vienna, to,.....400
Mozart's Magic Flute,.....257, 265, 273
Mozart's Nozze di Figaro,.....300, 306, 309
Mozart's Piano Forte Works,.....202
Mrs. Smith and Elizabeth, (Brown Papers),.....113
Musard's Monster Concerts in New York,.....14, 26
45, 125.
Music in Boston,.....Review of the Season,.....30
— Among the Blind,.....68

- Music And Musical Taste in Havana,.....2, 10
 — At the N. E. Institution for the Blind,.....139
 — Board of Trade, The,.....54
 — Dealers in Council,.....86
 — In New Orleans,.....122
 — In New York,.....44
 — In Russia,.....115
 — In the Public Schools,.....62
 — On the Common,.....215
 — Power of, The,.....92
 — Show at Sydenham, *Punch*,.....156
 Musical Artists, Salaries of,.....303
 — Criticism, The Huguenots,.....329
 — Conventions,.....13
 — Festival in New York,.....117
 — Form,.....140
 — Keys, Characters of, 178, 201, 227, 267, 290
 — Knick-Knacks, S. W.,.....313
 — Legislators,.....394
 — Libraries, A. W. T.,.....287
 — Music,.....138
 — Orthodoxy, (from the German of Madame Kinkel,.....65, 73, 81, 89, 97
 — Pitch,.....179
 — Prejudice,.....235
 — Retrospect,.....132
 — World, (*London*),.....21
 MUSIC ABROAD:
 — Baden-Baden,.....224
 — Berlin,.....32, 215, 312
 — Bonn,.....32
 — Bordeaux,.....32
 — Brunswick,.....296
 — Coblenz,.....240
 — Cologne,.....32, 60, 71, 102, 199
 — Florence,.....248, 307
 — Frankfurt on the Maine,.....248
 — Germany,.....112, 135, 183, 327, 384
 — Gotha,.....32
 — Hamburg,.....272
 — Italy,.....215
 — Leipzig,.....32, 71, 367.
 — Lishou,.....367
 — Liverpool,.....272
 — London,.....31, 46, 60, 70, 87, 94, 101, 111, 119, 135, 143, 151
 — 159, 168, 175, 184, 192, 224, 272, 296, 327, 345, 352, 383, 391
 — 400, 407.
 — Lugano,.....296
 — Manchester, (Eng.),.....232
 — Manchester,.....407
 — Milan,.....240, 272, 367, 400
 — Munich,.....32, 176, 296
 — Naples,.....32, 60, 272
 — Paris,.....31, 102, 111, 160, 176, 183, 192, 199, 224, 231, 240, 264
 — 272, 296, 312, 327, 352, 384, 391, 400, 408.
 — Pesth,.....176
 — Prague,.....136, 176
 — Rio Janeiro,.....296
 — Salzburg,.....397
 — Strasburg,.....247
 — St. Petersburg,.....32, 240, 400
 — Sweden,.....112
 — Trieste,.....296
 — Vienna,.....32, 60, 136, 160, 168, 176, 184, 199, 215, 272, 400
 — Weimar,.....176, 312
 — Zurich,.....176, 192
 MUSIC PUBLISHED WITH THIS VOLUME:
 — Mendelssohn.—Hear my Prayer, (beginning in) Vol. 13 No. 1.
 — " I Waited for the Lord, No. 6.
 — " Four-part Songs, The Forest Birds. Serenade, No. 8.
 Schubert.—Twenty-third Psalm, No. 9.
 Bach, J. S.—Chorals, No. 11.
 Mendelssohn.—Lauda Sion, No. 13.
 Bellini.—La Sona Ambula, (Chorus from), No. 16.
 Wagner.—Chorus of Pilgrims. "Tannhauser," No. 18.
 Gluck.—Great is the Glory, (Solo and Chorus), No. 19.
 Donizetti.—Lucrezia Borgia, (Piano-forte Solo), No. 20.
 Mozart.—The Praise of Friendship, No. 21.
 Alfred Jaell.—Song without words, No. 24.
 Schubert.—Miriam's Song of Triumph, (Solo and Cho.) Vol. 14, No. 3.
 MUSICAL CHIT-CHAT:
 7, 14, 22, 31, 38, 46, 55, 63, 69, 78, 87, 95, 103, 111, 118, 127
 151, 159, 167, 174, 183, 191, 198, 207, 214, 223, 231, 239, 247
 254, 263, 271, 279, 287, 295, 303, 311, 319, 327, 335, 343, 351
 359, 367, 383, 391, 399, 407, 415.
 MUSICAL REVIEW:
 — Come into the Garden, Maud. (Dresel),.....110
 — Mueller's Method,.....6
 — New Music,.....78, 94, 101, 271, 288, 366
 — Novello's Publications,.....6
 — One hundred songs of Scotland,.....175
 — Robert Franz,.....6
 — Schwing, Juvenile Sonatas,.....135
 — Six Songs by Emily C. Bruce,.....110
 — Songs by Francis Boott,.....175
 — The Church and Home,.....110
 — Tuckerman's Cathedral Chants,.....311
 Nationalities in Music,.....329
 Native American Music,.....116
 Ne Plus Ultra, and Plus Ultra,.....75
 Neukomm, (Sigismund), death of,.....46, 59
 New Musical Instrument, The Baryton,.....283
 New Orleans Prima Donna,.....282
 New Play at the Howard Athenæum,.....123
 New York Academy, A Small flare-up in,.....340
 New York Mendelssohn Union,.....103
 New York Musical Festival in,.....117
 New York, Opera in,.....108
 New York Philharmonic Society,.....219
 Nightingale, The,.....140
 Northall, Julia,.....8
 Obituary, not Enlogistic,.....118
 Ode to the Atlantic Cable. (Emerson),.....167
 Old Books,.....335
 Old Hundred,.....44, 140
 Old Pieces, Grétry, the Brother of Greuze,.....313
 Opera Companies in New York,.....213
 Opera Company on its travels,.....317
 Opera, English,.....207
 Opera in English,.....197
 Opera in New Orleans,.....236
 Opera, Italian,.....222, 230, 301, 309, 326, 394, 413
 Opera of the Future,.....324
 Opera off the Stage, (Strakosch troupe),.....237
 Opera Management in Italy,.....68
 Opera Singer in a Bad Scrape,.....317
 Opera, The,.....318
 Opening of New Opera House in London,.....82
 Operatic Prospects,.....235
 Oratorios, The,.....13, 20
 Orchestration,.....26
 Organic difficulty,.....165
 Organ Grinders, Considerations touching,.....197
 Oulibicheff, Death of,.....7
 Our Music Pages, An Italian Opera I,.....158
 Our New Arrangement,.....4
 Pacini's Sappho,.....108
 Paisiello and his Works,.....300
 Palestrina,.....210, 219
 Palermo, October Music in,.....314
 Patriotic Tunes in Schools,.....292
 Pedalier,.....156
 Perabo, (Master Ernst),.....102
 Permanent Diapason,.....282
 Philister's Reminiscence, The,.....9
 Philadelphia Musical Fund Society,.....108
 Piano with Pedal Obligato,.....156
 Piccolomini,.....180, 204, 228, 243, 247, 295
 Piccolomini Matinee,.....276
 Pierian Sodality and Harvard Glee Club,.....103
 Pimboni, (trombonist),.....15
 Poetry of the Puritans. "Kingsley,".....292
 Private Concert, A,.....37
 Psalm Tunes for the Market,.....164
 Public Library, Music for,.....214
 Publisher Wanted. (Rev. Habakkuk Lot,).....393
 Punch and the Organ Grinders,.....92
 POETRY:
 — A Dirge. *San Francisco Pacific*,.....116
 — A Farewell. Chas. Kingsley,.....9
 — An Ancient Song. From the *Boston Courier*,.....50
 — Beethoven. Fanny Malone Raymond,.....398
 — Breath of Spring. J. S. D.,.....1
 — Cecilia. Fanny Malone Raymond,.....193
 — Children. Longfellow,.....204
 — Cottage Song. J. S. Adams,.....201
 — Dream Land,.....97
 — Echo, (from the German.) C. T. B.,.....17
 — Fifty and Fifteen. *Atlantic*,.....177
 — Hamlet at the Boston. *Atlantic Monthly*,.....345
 — Hymn to the Atlantic Cable,.....153
 — I hear thy voice, O Spring. Chas. Kingsley,.....9
 — June. *Chicago Journal*,.....90
 — La Cantatrice. *Atlantic Monthly*,.....57
 — Legend of the Cross of St. Francis. *Trovator*,.....242
 — Legend of the Rose Tree, of Santa Maria. *Trovator*,.....239
 — Lines to an Ancient Pitch-Pipe,.....357
 — Morning Prayer. (German of Eichendorff),.....161
 — Music and Musicians. *Punch*,.....123
 — Nobody can have seen it. (German of Gruppe),.....169
 — November—April. *Atlantic Monthly*,.....121
 — Ode. R. W. Emerson,.....167
 — Ode on the death of Prescott, the Historian,.....378
 — Out in the Cold. J. S. Adams,.....337
 — Poems at the Burns Festival,.....353
 — Song for New Year's Eve. Bryant,.....321
 — Song, (German of Fr. Kugler),.....137
 — Song, (German of Heine),.....129
 — Spinning. Adelaide Anne Procter,.....113
 — The All Hail Hereafter. Emerson,.....153
 — The Blacksmith. Fanny Malone Raymond,.....321
 — The Charge of the Light Kid Brigade,.....371
 — The Fatherland. (German of Gruen),.....155
 — The Footprints of Music,.....194
 — The Hidden Spring. Fanny Malone Raymond,.....233
 The Orchard, (from the Crayon),.....113
 The Opening of the Piano. O. W. Holmes,.....369
 The Poet's Work. Alexander Smith,.....1
 The Trials of a Genius. (Trovator),.....214
 The Voiceless. O. W. Holmes,.....205
 To the Moon. From Goethe. J. S. D.,.....65
 To W. J. H., while playing on his flute. Coleridge,.....106
 Queen's Heart, The. (New play),.....123
 Rakemann, Louis,.....152
 Ronconi,.....22, 53, 59
 Rosa Bonheur,.....181
 Rossini, A new biography of,.....116
 Rossini's Barbiere,.....131
 Rossini's estate,.....197
 Rossini's Stabat Mater,.....105
 Rossini's Summer Residence,.....132
 Rubinstein,.....119
 Ruskin on Education in Art,.....280, 288
 Sanctus, The, from the German of Hoffman,.....49, 57
 Sans-Souci. The Theatre in,.....251
 Sarette, the founder of the Conservatoire at Paris. 83
 Satter, Gustave,.....8, 15
 Schubart, C. F. D.,.....125
 Schumann, Robt., from Wasilewsky's Biography, 25
 — The last years of,.....43
 — on Mendelssohn,.....33, 41
 — Musical Life Maxims,.....17
 Serva Padrona, La,.....311
 Signor Ricco Rocco,.....164
 Singular Mental Phenomenon,.....76
 Spontini in Berlin,.....177, 187
 Statues and Piano Fortes,.....307
 Stoeppel's Hiawatha,.....332, 334, 338, 350, 354
 Swedish National Singers,.....152
 Symphony, The best place for,.....380
 Tamberlik's debut in Paris,.....52, 163
 Thalberg and Vienxtemps,.....104
 Thalberg and Vienxtemps in Toronto,.....63
 Thayer, A. W.,.....118, 134
 The Black Opera,.....107
 The Boholink,.....220
 The Cable day at Trinity,.....194
 The Country and Musicians,.....148
 The First Piano Forte,.....225
 The Great Event,.....166
 The Tenor,.....75
 The Voiceless,.....205
 The Watch Dog roused again,.....159
 Titiens, Mad'le,.....111, 155
 Tomaschek,.....369, 385
 Trenkle, Joseph,.....263, 343, 359, 407
 Troubles of a Turkish Music Master,.....131
 Trovatoera,.....214
 Truth about Music and Musicians,.....67, 162, 170
 179, 331.
 Tuning, Prof. de Morgan on,.....196
 Uniform Diapason. *Punch*,.....156
 Venua, M. A.,.....194
 Verdi's Aroldo,.....8
 Verdi-ism on the Decline,.....189
 Violin Music,.....188
 Violins and Poems,.....108
 Violinist, Female,.....179
 Virtuosi of the Piano Forte, The,.....100
 Voices, On the wear and tear of,.....345
 Wagner, R., Programme to the Ninth Symphony
 — of Beethoven,.....409
 Wagner's Lohengrin,.....275, 283, 291
 Ward's, Dr. Opera,.....84
 Welsh Bards, Meeting of, at Llangollen,.....227
 Welsh Music,.....78
 What does it mean? Coleridge,.....12
 What is Classical Music?.....262, 286, 354
 Wieniawski, Henri,.....323
 Wild Music in London,.....155
 Wilhorst, Mad. Cora de,.....239
 William Tell in New York,.....220
 Winthrop, R. C., Remarks of, at School Festival, 147
 Yankee Doodle,.....133
 Zelter,.....337
 Zerlina and her Songs. Oulibicheff,.....322
 Zerrahn's Programmes,.....387

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Breath of Spring.

[Song from the German of Eichendorf.]

O'er the garden, hear the voices!
Birds of passage on their flight!
Spring is coming, earth rejoices,
Grass is springing all the night.

Shouting now, and now nigh weeping,
Feel I that it cannot be!
Wonders of the Past come creeping
With the moonlight in to me.

And the moon, the stars, they tell it,
Dreamy forests lisp the sign,
Nightingales in sweet notes swell it:
"She is thine, is only thine!" J. S. D

The Poet's Work.

To set this age to Music—the great work
Before the Poet now—I do believe
When it is fully sung, its great complaint,
Its hope, its yearning, told to earth and heaven,
Our troubled age shall pass, as doth a day
That leaves the west all crimson with the promise
Of the diviner morrow, which even then
Is hurrying up the world's great side with light.
Father! if I should live to see that morn,
Let me go upward, like a lark, to sing
One song in the dawning!

Alexander Smith.

For Dwight's Journal of Music.

The Philister's Reminiscence.

(FROM ONE OF BROWN'S PRIVATE NOTE BOOKS.)

A right pleasant week of this delicious September weather have I spent here in old Frankfort on the Main. I have renewed my acquaintance with all the interesting places mentioned in "Hyperion," and have gaped, stared, approved and disapproved, in all due regard to red-covered Murray—equal to any London cockney of the first water. I have heard Roger in *La Dame Blanche*—he singing in French and the others in German—a pleasing and effective arrangement—but what a singer and actor he! And yesterday afternoon the "Caecilia Verein" gave Handel's "Messiah." A fine chorus that, and the solos good; but Handel's music never produces its full effect upon me, as performed in Germany, either owing to its translated text, or to the fact that they have not the traditions, or, what seems more probable, that the great composer had caught a certain English spirit, which his continental performers cannot feel, and consequently cannot express.

After the concert I rambled for an hour in the beautiful public grounds, which now occupy the site of the ancient fortifications of the old imperial city, and then returned to "mine inn," to take "mine ease." In the public room, sitting at a table by the window, I sipped my "schoppen" of Mosel, as lazy and comfortable and careless and easy as the

finest old Philister of them all. Why not? Must I keep up my American hurry and fidget and worry and fuss, and not be contented without making myself as miserable in a quiet German inn, as in our national caravansaries? *Gott bewahr!* By and by comes in a tall, stout, rosy-faced old gentleman, who glances round the room, nods to two or three individuals, and then with a pleasant *Guten Abend!* takes a chair at my table, and calls for his "*Schoppen Wein.*" Before taking his pinch, he passes me his snuff-box. Of course I return his politeness by taking a pinch myself and sneeze some six times in consequence. And then we chat as if we were old acquaintances.

Some time I must write a eulogy upon Philister life in these quiet little German inns, with their jolly old habitués playing dominoes and "sixty-six," smoking their long pipes, and sipping their wine—but not now.

Now comes in a little, black-eyed, nervous old fellow, whom the jolly old landlord receives as an honored guest, and who, after disposing of his thin overcoat, and giving his order for a cutlet and a *Schoppen Frodheimer*, comes up and shakes hands with my stout gentleman.

"Good evening, Herr Bok," says the little man.

"Good evening, Herr Rechnungsrath," returns the other. "So you have come down from Melheim to hear the oratorio."

"Always, when they sing Handel—my lol, you know."

"Ah, a heavenly performance!" says Herr Bok.

"Very good, very good, but the contralto nger wanted feeling. I shall never hear her feeling in that part again!" and the little man drank off his glass, sighed, nodded his head like a porcelain mandarin, and pursed his lips as who should say "there is nothing more to be said about it"—then suddenly turned to me; "*Engländer, mein Herr?*"

"O, Sir," said I. "French perhaps?"

"O, Sir." "Not a Russian?" No, Sir, an American.

"So-o-o-o-o! Long here?"

"Germany, some time." "You find our language rather difficult—not so?" "Yes, rather," then again to Herr Bok, as if no supposition as I were in existence—"No, I shall never hear true feeling in that part again! never! never! never!"

The cutlet came, and the little man devoted himself for the next half hour to his supper, chatting in the mean time upon all sorts of topics, changing them in the most abrupt manner, and keeping me in a constant query,

whether the little man was all right in the attic.

The waiter cleared the table, brought another *Schoppen*, the little man lighted his pipe, smoked in silence a few minutes, and then addressed me again:

"No, I shall never hear that part with real feeling again! Shall I tell you the story, Herr Amerikaner?"

"It will give me great pleasure, Mein Herr," said I.

"You have heard of Thibaut?"

"Thibaut, the great civil law professor, over here at Heidelberg? Yes."

"Perhaps you may have heard of his work on 'the Purity of the Tone-Art?'"

"Yes, I have it, and Nægeli's replies to it, also."

"Nægeli me no Nægeli's," said he, "Thibaut's book, that is a book! It set us all to singing the 'Messiah.' *Ach, du lieber Gott!* I was a young man then, and had studied with him and sung in the chorus in his house. When the book came out I was already in Melheim, and it made such a sensation that we formed a singing union for the study of Handel's music, and took up the 'Messiah.' There was the choir of the Cathedral, and the 'Men's Vocal Union,' and the best boy altos of the Gymnasium and all the best amateur singers of the town. We had a hundred voices, good. In time it was thoroughly rehearsed and we prepared to sing it in public. We had a good soprano, a good tenor, and as to the bass solos, I took them myself—in those days I could sing a little myself. *Nicht wahr, Herr Bok?*"

Herr Bok nodded a very strong affirmative.

The little man hummed a few bars of "Why do the nations" and then, shaking his head with such a comical expression of sorrow that I could hardly keep my countenance, continued:

"But where to find a contralto for those soul-touching solos? Where to find a voice full, deep, and overflowing with pathos and sympathy, that could discourse adequately of the sorrows of the Son of Man! I went to Heidelberg. I wrote to Frankfort, but in vain. I was in despair. I saw no way but to give those numbers to one of our boys, which would have secured a technically correct performance, but one as cold and unsympathetic as correct. The directors of the Society were very well satisfied with this arrangement, but it grated harshly upon my feelings. But there was no help for it.

"Well, we engaged a director and an orchestra and appointed the day of performance, some four weeks later.

"Mean time legal business called me to a domain upon the Neckar, a day's journey from Melheim, and detained me there several days. The first night I dreamed that the day of performance had come, and that all went well, the boy contralto and all, until at the close of the chorus, 'Behold the Lamb of God,' the conductor looked about in vain for the boy who was to sing the next air. I could see myself standing at the head of the basses, in an excitement increasing every moment, and spreading through the chorus and orchestra, and extending to the audience below. Then the fantastic confusion of a dreadful dream followed, of which I remember nothing distinctly, and then I found myself unaccountably standing in the open air. I was upon Calvary weeping, as a female form, in a nun's dress, pointed to a cross and sang in accents of superhuman sorrow: 'He was despised and rejected of men!' As I awoke it seemed to me that I heard a faint echo of these tones dying away upon the midnight air.

"The next night the dream in substance returned, but I awoke with the first note of the nun, and heard distinctly through the open casement the voice I had so vainly sought — full, mellow, touching — chanting an evening hymn to the Virgin. As midnight struck the voice ceased.

"The next day I could hardly attend to my business. The voice haunted me. I scanned the faces of my hostess and her two grown-up daughters; two young women upon a visit from Frankfort; the governess of the younger children. Neither of them could be the singer. I talked about the family, but could hear of no member whom I had not seen. At table I turned the conversation upon music and in the evening we had a family concert. All took part. Poh! mere dilettantism — and yet good enough. I could have enjoyed it under ordinary circumstances. That voice was not there.

"That evening I sat at my window, and waited for the evening hymn. Five minutes to twelve — and I heard it sweetly swelling, soft and clear. I leaned out of the window, but could by no effort decide whence it came. It seemed to float downward to me, as from the heavens, pure, divine, holy. Was it of earth? I grew superstitious.

"The next day at table I made the proposed performance of the 'Messiah' the topic of conversation, and my host and his family, who had read Thibaut's work, decided at once to visit Melheim upon the occasion. I had thus an opportunity to speak of our difficulty in regard to the alto solos, and keeping the unknown songstress of the night in view, I described the person we needed. I did not speak of what I had heard directly, but saw no evidence that my description had called up

any associations in the mind of any one present. It was very mysterious. The family was Roman Catholic in faith, and the priest of the village dined with them this day. I found him an affable, agreeable man, a lover of music and particularly interested in that of the church.

"Towards evening I walked with him to a height, whence we had a glorious view of the Neckar valley. In the course of our conversation I related to him my dream, and how I had been wrought upon by the voice.

"Did you only dream this?" asked he.

"The next night and the next it was no dream," said I.

"We walked on some time in silence.

"But about this Oratorio — under whose auspices? the object of it and so forth," said he, at length.

"It is to be given in the cathedral, under the patronage of the Bishop and reverend clergy, and the proceeds are to go to the convent of Marienwalde," I replied.

"Here is the best point of view for this part of the valley," said he, changing the conversation.

"When we parted upon our return, as he bade me good-night, he said: 'And you think that voice such as you need?'

"Indeed I do — I never heard the like!"

"That night I heard no evening hymn.

"Upon reaching Melheim three days later, I found a letter from my priest, containing a request that I should send him a copy of the 'Messiah, if one could be obtained, with the remark: 'Es ist vielleicht doch Rath zu schaffen' — there may possibly, after all, be a way. I sent him one by the next post.

(Conclusion next week).

Music and Musical Taste in Havana.

LETTER FROM SIGNOR TAGLIAFICO TO A FRIEND IN CUBA.

(Translated for the Philadelphia Evening Bulletin from the Courrier des Etats-Unis).

HAVANA, FEB. 25.—My dear V.:—We have often conversed during the present season of the Havana Italian Opera, and you have seemed to attach some value to my observations, rather, I fancy, from the recollection of the days when we were chums at the college of Henry IV., than on account of my personal importance in this theatre. Allow me in leaving here, to give you my impressions with the candor of which you know that I am possessed.

I have, during my stay in your fine country, written a dozen letters that I desire for publication. I will send you what I have written from Paris or from London. In the mean time, I will give you a summary, as brief as possible, of all in those letters that touches the question of Art.

You have often smilingly asked me: What do you think of our Italian theatre? My dear V., you know Mrs. Glass's receipt for a potted hare: "The indispensable things first a theatre."

"But," say you, "the great Taccon theatre?" Well, the Taccon theatre is im-

mense building, which might do admirably for a ballet or a fairy spectacle, but never, never for hearing singing, and especially Italian singing. Built in violation of all the best known rules of acoustics, without any regard for draughts of air, (I appeal for this to the musicians of the orchestra, whose cigar smoke darkened the foot-lights and choked the singers, during rehearsals); open to every wind, to every noise, to every smell; not far from a railroad whose American engines, with a most unmelodious screaming, add new effects to Verdi's harmonies; finally, covered with a kind of zinc roof, which, on rainy days, makes cymbals entirely useless in the orchestra, the great Taccon theatre has not even a retiring room (for the singers that would be a luxury!) which, communicating with the orchestra, would allow the musicians to tune their instruments at the beginning and between the acts of the opera.

You call this a theatre for Italian opera? I do not speak of the stage—that *sanctum inpenetrabile* of every theatre that respects itself, to which, in Paris and St. Petersburg, no one is admitted except by a permit of the Minister. Here the stage is a mere tobacco-shop. Smoking is prohibited in the lobbies of the theatre; but behind the scenes one may smoke in the *coulisses* in the very faces of the singers, who may have taken, during the day, every precaution to keep their voices clear and their lips fresh; so that Lucrezia, or the Favorite of King Alphonso, or the niece of the very noble Don Ruiz Gomez de Silva, have to sweep up, with their velvet or satin robes, the saliva of Messieurs the subscribers. The chorister smokes, the machinist smokes, the soldier on guard smokes, dressers, sweepers, servants, black and white—all smoke. Is there any need of all this, to remind us poor artists that our art, our ambition, our glory, everything, is only smoke? We know it well enough, without having to pay so dear for it.

An Italian theatre requires, moreover, an orchestra and a chorus. I know your opinion, and the press has been unanimous in regard to the orchestra and chorus of this season. I have, therefore, no hesitation in testifying to their worthlessness. But by what right can you demand at Havana an orchestra and a chorus? Have you ever done anything to procure them? You do not pretend that Maretzek, or any other director, should bring you from Europe or the United States, twenty-four choristers, and as many first-class musicians for the orchestra, which are necessary to put your theatre on a level with other establishments of the kind? We have often laughed, I assure you, when your journals have anathematized the first performance of *La Favorita*, on account of the general effect and the scenic appointments. Do you know that, to produce this work in Paris, six months of rehearsals were required, with the orchestra and chorus of the Grand Opera? Do you know, that in London, for two months, our chorus have been rehearsing every day the works that we are to produce next summer? You say the *mise en scene* is deplorable. And whose fault is it? Did not Maretzek have to pay \$550 for the right of not having in *Norma* a view of the Rue de la Paix, with the Vendome column in the background, and in *Maria di Rohan* a Pompadour chamber and ornaments, in *Ernani* a portrait nailed to the wall, so that the bandit was obliged to hide himself in the ante-chamber—

in a word, pitiable appointments and disgustingly dirty!

When, Havanese, you shall have established by a private subscription—which is the easiest thing in the world with your pecuniary resources—a conservatory of Music, where you can train vocal and instrumental performers; a Philharmonic Society, such as are found now-a-days in the small cities of Italy, France, England, and Germany; a Society which will promote a taste for music in all classes; when you shall bring out at your monthly concerts and in a grand annual festival, the productions of the great masters; when, in a word, you shall know, otherwise than by name, the works of Beethoven, Mozart, Haydn, Handel, Cherubini, Spohr, Mendelssohn, &c., &c., then you will have a right to be hard to please, and to demand of foreign managers, to whom you furnish resources found in your own country, a perfect performance; then, but then only, you will have the right to call your country a musical country. Why, you have not even a quartet soirée in Havana! You have not a single house where people meet for music, or where artists are received! You know, my dear V., how much the art of music at home owes to the salons of your countrywoman, the Countess Merlin, to the Rochefoucaults, the Cazés, the Orfilas, the Cremieux, the Girardins, and others, among whom the greatest artists of all kinds were the peers of the greatest names of France.

To return to the theatre. You have a queer word in your island, which shocked me a good deal at first. It is the word *trabajar* (to work), applied to the profession of a singer. "When do you work?" people would ask me. "Do you work in *La Sonnambula*?" "How well Mad. Gazzaniga worked last evening in *La Traviata*!" This word, I soon learned, was perfectly appropriate to those who sang at the Tacon Theatre.

You are right. The art of singing, here, is not the most ideal, the most perfect expression of the feelings of the soul. It is work, work for the throat, the lungs, the arms, the legs, the whole muscular system. There is only one way to sing at the Tacon Theatre, it is to scream. *Cantar es gridar!* And this will explain the success of every singer who, consenting to sacrifice his artistic convictions, seeks to produce effects, for example, by that eternal holding of the dominant, on which he seems to hang with his whole strength, to fall afterwards, with all his weight, on the tonic. Every where else this is a mark of bad taste; but in Havana it excites frenzies of applause, especially if the thing is accompanied by a blow of the fist in the air, or by several rapid slaps with the open hand on the chest; (probably a sign of *mea culpa*!) This is sublime, according to Havana taste.

(Conclusion next week.)

Learning to Sing—Jenny Lind's Letter.

Yielding to the suggestion of our "Diary," in his remarks, a few weeks since, on voices and on going abroad to cultivate them, we reprint the following letter of Mme. Goldschmidt from an old volume of our Journal. It was written in fuller explanation of a note of advice accompanying her donation of a thousand dollars to the fund for sending Miss Adelaide Phillips abroad to study under Garcia and other masters.

"If I might be permitted to offer a suggestion in regard to Miss —, it would be a recommendation to her not to go to Italy, as she has been advised by some friends to do. My humble opinion is, that the

recently adopted method of Italian singing is not the most natural and healthy. The proof thereof is, that we see only a few singers in our days that know how to preserve their voice, having once been in Italy and there acquired the habit of forcing more sound out of their lungs than nature intended they should.

"I never went to Italy myself for that very reason. After having heard all the modern Italian singers, I was well convinced that my voice never would have been able to preserve its natural elasticity and its character of high soprano, had I undertaken to adopt the same forced style of singing as is now-a-days almost unavoidable in Italy by the frequent performances of Signor Verdi's operas. . . . His music is the most dangerous for all singing artists, and will continue so to be until the artists themselves will better understand their own interests, as well as that of the beauty of the art of singing, and refuse to sacrifice themselves to a composer, who by no means understands the exquisite beauty of the real Italian singing, that cannot be surpassed by any other nation."

"Miss — will find both in London and in Paris masters fully qualified to instruct her in all that is deemed requisite; and in the former city now lives the most distinguished singing master, Mr. Emanuel Garcia, who is in my opinion eminently qualified to understand and to develop her voice and talent.

"A year's residence in London or Paris will enable her to judge of the progress which she has made, and also the propriety of afterwards spending six months or one year in Germany, the land of real music, in which the true artist only can acquire the genuine stamp of Art. Germany offers perhaps less excellence for the singer, as a singer; for the German language is very hard to pronounce and often changes the character of the sound; for instance: the quality of tone in singing out the Italian word, *Dolore*, and the identical German word, *Schmerz*, will be found quite different in its result, and infinitely in favor of the former. But—to wish to become a good artist, with a good artistical conscience, and not know Germany and its musical masters, would indeed be as great a loss for the artist, as it would to the public, before whom he ought to wish to give a right impression.

"I know what Germany is to an artist, and, with all my veneration for the true Italian singing school, I really believe that, unless I had taken the German music as the ground-work, my whole knowledge of Italian singing would never have satisfied me, and my musical faculties would have been undeveloped and unfruitful.

"What I therefore wish most earnestly to impress upon Miss —'s mind is, that she would try to combine Italian song and German music, the one being as necessary as the other;—that she would try to avoid false pathos, as the same law exists, to its fullest extent, in Art as in life;—that she be true to herself, try to find out the beauty of truth, as well in the simplest song as in the most difficult aria;—and the great secret will be her's,—the most powerful protector against envy and malice will be on her side."

ANALYSIS

OF

Mendelssohn's Symphony-Cantata:

"A HYMN OF PRAISE."

Written for the London Sacred Harmonic Society,
BY G. A. MACFARREN.

[The four-hundredth anniversary of the invention of Printing was celebrated throughout Germany; but in Leipzig especially, the great book market, it was regarded as an occasion of peculiarly local interest, and solemnized, accordingly, by the inauguration of a statue of Gutenberg, to whom this most important invention to the world is due, and by a grand Musical Festival. Mendelssohn was at this time in the full zenith of his great popularity in Leipzig, fulfilling his office of director of the Gewandhaus concerts, and exercising a more extensive and beneficial influence upon his art than, perhaps, any one man, by his personal exertions, has done in the whole progress of its history. Upon him devolved the conduct and the entire arrangement of the Festival; and further, what was of still greater value, since it has given a perpetual interest to this occasion, to write some original compositions appropriate to the celebration. These consisted of some choral pieces, which were performed in the open air at the ceremony of uncovering the statue,—and of the *Hymn of Praise* (*Lobgesang*), one of the noblest of his works, which was produced at St. Thomas' Church on the 25th of June, 1840,—a day in which the universal interest is even enhanced by its association with this immortal masterpiece.

The design of this work is quite individual; one is apt, indeed, to associate it with the Choral Symphony of Beethoven, but, from a most important distinction between the two, erroneously,—the distinction that Beethoven adds voices to the instrumental resources of the orchestra in the final movement of a work constructed otherwise upon the usual model of his grand instrumental compositions; while in the *Hymn of Praise* the vocal movements are the larger proportion of the composition, and, however connected in unity of purpose and closeness of succession, each, as regards its ideas and their development, complete in itself, and independent of the rest. It entirely fulfils its definition, being equally a Symphony

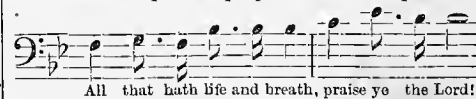
and a Cantata, and the purpose of this combination of the grand forms of instrumental and vocal composition is shown in the manner in which the two divisions of the work reflect and so enforce the sentiment of each other.]

I. THE SYMPHONY.—The most important form of musical construction is embodied in the first movement of a grand instrumental composition,—grand, from the character of the ideas and the extent of their development,—whether this be for an orchestra, or for one or more solo instruments. * * * *

The movement,—a distinctly self-complete portion of a work,—is divided into a first part and a second part. This division is sometimes defined by a perfect cadence, and even by a momentary silence; sometimes it is only marked by the course of the modulations and the conduct of the ideas. The first part simply announces the ideas; the second part comprises their development through such varieties of artistic elaborations as the imagination and skill of the writer may yield, and character of the composition exact,—the recapitulation of their original simple announcement,—and a Coda, which is a summing up of the whole, to enforce the chief ideas upon our recollection. The first part comprises two principal subjects, each of which, however, is frequently composed of several complete melodic phrases; the second subject is distinguished from the first by the train of ideas of which it consists, being first introduced in a different key from the first subject. In movements in a major key, this is generally the key most nearly related to that in which the movement begins and ends, namely, the fifth of the original key; in movements in a minor key, the second subject is introduced in some closely relative key, the selection of which is more various than in movements in a major key. Save this one important modulation which distinguishes the second from the first subject, there is little change of key in the first part. In the second part, on the contrary, where the working of these subjects takes place, the modulations are more frequent, much more extraneous, and much more sudden; and the several phrases, instead of being presented in their original completeness and simplicity, are broken into fragments and complicated with every available variety of contrapuntal and harmonic treatment. In the recapitulation of the first part which succeeds to this course of development, the composer, for the first time, returns to the original key of the movement with the resumption of the first subject. The matter of the first part is, generally, here much condensed, and the second subject presented in the original key of the movement, in which the whole concludes. Thus, to illustrate the whole by a familiar analogy, this form is like that of a discourse, which first demonstrates the simple qualities of the subjects of which it treats, then shows us the different effects that may be produced by their various combination and separation, and finally, having proved the extent of their resources, lays them again before us in their elemental simplicity.

(1.) *Maestoso con Moto. Allegro.*—The brief introductory *Maestoso* is preludial to the principal design which is embodied in the *Allegro*, and, although the important idea herein presented forms a prominent feature in the chief movement, the plan I have described is complete in this, independently of what precedes it.

The noble theme with which the work opens must always be regarded in connection with the words to which it is subsequently set, and, thus considered, we feel that in being employed as the initial phrase, it forms, as it were, a motto that proclaims at once the artistic and the poetical purpose of the composition:



All that hath life and breath, praise ye the Lord!

The very grand, imposing, and quite individual effect of this dignified opening, announces the earnestness and joyous enthusiasm that characterizes the composition. The responses between the brass instruments in unison and the rest of the orchestra in harmony, upon the successive phrases of this introductory theme, and the combination of their power in majestic force at its conclusion, maintain the grandeur of the commencement throughout the short opening movement.

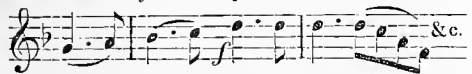
The *Allegro* breaks out of its imposing prelude with this passionately joyous subject:



I shall not attempt to define the glowing emotions this rapturous movement embodies, which would be to presume upon my own speculations, and to divest the music of that vagueness which is almost the greatest of its wonderful charms. Let me only submit that my individual impression of the composer's possible purpose is, a feeling of overflowing happiness stimulated by the act of offering homage to the Great Principle of creation, the Author of nature and of the power to admire—if not to comprehend his works; the universal summons to "All that have life and breath" reëchoes round and round the eternal vaults of space, and now it wakens that loving sympathy for others' sufferings which is the worthiest offering at the shrine of mercy; now, prompts a wondering delight at all the goodness and the greatness of which we are the constant witnesses and the partakers. The theme of the Introduction reëns as a second section of the first or tonic Subject, when it is decorated by the addition of a florid counterpoint (or independent melody), of semiquavers, which, being successively played above and below the Subject, displays as much artistic skill in the composer as it produces brilliant and exciting effect. The almost singular length of this gorgeous movement, which is overflowing with ideas as it is grand in proportions, justifies a transient digression from the key of F, the fifth of the original tonic, to give peculiar effect to the first entry of the second Subject:



since, in a composition of this rare magnitude, broader contrasts are required, and therefore wider latitude in respect of modulation is admissible, than in movements in which the same form is condensed within concenter limits. The value of this transient digression is enhanced by the beautiful effect of the return to the key of F for the repetition of the same idea, equal to that of the modulation into A flat for its first introduction. Another prominent feature of the second Subject rises upon the close of this:



and the series of passages that grow out of it completes the First Part.

The commencement of the Second Part will be recognized by another recurrence of the initial phrase, which now assumes a somewhat different character, from the important difference of its contrapuntal treatment. Here, then, begins the elaboration of the ideas presented in the First Part, but the imagination of the composer is so paramount throughout as to disguise all appearance of labor in the spontaneous effect of impulsive production. The theme subsequently assigned to the chorus, with which the work opens, is a prominent feature throughout this eminently interesting portion of the composition, always surprising and equally delighting us by the novel and unexpected manner of its introduction. It is again and again relieved by the lovely melody with which the second Subject begins, with its truly loving expression; and this breaks upon us, in one situation, particularly, with a beauty of effect that has scarcely a parallel,—I mean where the gradual dying away of the orchestra in responsive iterations of a fragment of the initial phrase, leaves only the clarinet sustaining some truly pathetic notes in the lowest part of its compass, and its exquisite pathos, the single mournful expression throughout the movement, dissolves in the smiling geniality of the heavenly strain thus felicitously introduced.

The recapitulation of the First Part is introduced with electrifying effect by the fourfold repetition of a somewhat rare and very powerful harmony, to which a long crescendo has been the irresistibly exciting climax. The now familiar ideas are then brought before us with such variety of treatment, as imparts to them, even yet, a new interest; and the Coda, which commences like the Second Part, reinforces with ever-growing fervor the summons to universal nature to join in the song of praise. This forms a grand and very gradual climax, which leads up to the resumption of the majestic tempo of the Introduction, when the initial phrase is again given in its unisonous simplicity; and so the movement concludes, as it opens, with the noble dignity of its chief theme yet enhanced by the opposition of its original broad simplicity to the effect of the complicate elaborations of which it has been made the Subject.

It is not quite peculiar to Mendelssohn to connect the movements of a grand instrumental work, but he has done so to a greater extent than Beethoven, the only composer that preceded him in this exception

from the general practice; and we have in the present work an admirable example of his obvious design to increase the effect of unity in the several divisions of a composition, and so to aggrandize the character of the whole. The few notes in the style of recitative, for the clarinet, form an ostensible link between the first and principal movement, and the one which succeeds it, leading us, by gentle gradation, from the feeling of devout gladness which marks the former, to the expression of worldly thoughts of worldly passion which distinguish that which is to come. The unity of feeling which pervades the entire work is the less definite but more important chain of connection between its several portions, and of this it will be to treat as occasion may prompt.

(2.) *Allegretto agitato*.—This movement is, more or less, analogous with the Scherzo and Trio of the majority of instrumental works,—a class of composition in which Mendelssohn preëminently excelled, and to which he has given more variety and more importance both of form and of expression than any other master. It is characterized by a loftier sentiment and a more serious earnestness than, perhaps, in any other example of the same description of movement; but, while it is distinguished by these individualities, it is, by many general essentials, still identified with its class.

What we may regard as the Scherzo (I use the term, purely in its technical meaning, for the sake of assisting those who are familiar with it as a musical definition to comprehend the structure of the present movement,—the Scherzo is an epitome of the form which is embodied in proportions of almost unequalled grandeur in the foregoing Allegro. It is one continuous stream of song, divided, in alternate phrases, between a combination of string and one of wind instruments: the exquisite dialogue consists at first of complete rhythmical periods for each, but its responses are brought closer together as the movement proceeds. Unbroken as is the flow of this passionate melody, its several ideas are sufficiently distinct for us to signalize the principal features in the plan, as, for example, the chief Subject will be recognized by this opening phrase:



and the second subject, however it may seem to grow out of the other, is a distinct train of thought, beginning—



The First Part (according to the general practice, from which the first movement of the present work is an exception) is repeated,—an arrangement that serves to impress the ideas upon our attention, and thus enables us the better to trace their development in the elaborations of the Second Part.

What is analogous with the Trio in the usual distribution of an instrumental work,—an episodic portion of the movement which forms an alternative with the Scherzo,—consists of a Choral or Hymn-tune for a complete choir of wind-instruments, with interludes between its several strains composed of fragments of what I must still distinguish as the Scherzo, for the rest of the orchestra. This Choral commences the same as one of the innumerable collection harmonized by Bach, "*Du walt Gott Vater und Gott Sohn*,"—a hymn of Thanksgiving to the Trinity,—but varies from that after the first strain; whether it be another tradition of the same tune, or the composition of Mendelssohn designedly or accidentally founded upon it, I am unable to ascertain; the contrapuntists who have chosen any of these primitive melodies of the Lutheran Church as themes for elaboration, have always exercised such apparent discretion as to the rhythmical arrangement, even as to the intervals, and as to the employment of the whole or only a portion of the Choral, that, according to such precedent, the former of my suppositions may be correct. It commences thus:



and the interludes, according to the frequent practice in Lutheran Churches, are introduced at each double bar. The phrase so prominent throughout the first movement, which is subsequently set to the words, "All that have life and breath, sing to the Lord," is introduced in several of the strains as an inner part of the harmony.

(To be continued).

Dwight's Journal of Music.

BOSTON, APRIL 3, 1858.

Our New Arrangement.

To-day our JOURNAL, on its seventh birthday, greets its readers in a new dress, having outgrown the old. We are emancipated from the cares of business and clerkship. Under the auspices of our new publishers, who assume those cares, we are now free to give our undivided thought to our own proper and congenial work of simply editing a musical paper. We offer you henceforth both hands full, no longer needing one hand to hold up the other. We give sixteen pages, the old eight pages forming now an unbroken whole of reading matter, with a chance now and then to overflow into the extra advertising sheet, which enfolds the reading columns and serves to waft them, as the seed-down the seed, to many places where their thoughts may lodge and possibly take root.

We also bring you, and intend to bring you every week, four pages of good music. That we are in earnest when we say *good* music, judge by the specimen herewith presented. Of this we speak more fully in another place.

These additions we are enabled to make by shifting the business responsibilities of the JOURNAL from our own upon the broader shoulders of our new publishers. To this consummation we have long looked forward. For six years we have sustained this JOURNAL, without any business agency, with small capital and smaller compensation, simply in the hope, that one day, when it should have earned for itself a character and developed from itself the all-essential and intrinsic element of success,—when it should have proved itself worthy to live, by at least a certain tough tenacity of life,—that then the other element, the "business man," would come to meet it and conduct it into larger fields of usefulness. If this union shall fulfil its promise, it will place us in the position we have always sought: 1) to make a much better paper; 2) to circulate it far more widely.

The new arrangement gives us *room* for more variety of matter; gives us *time* (free from the cares which hitherto have often forced us to make shift to fill our columns in the easiest way)—time to prepare the matter much more thoroughly and serve it up in forms more sure to catch and interest varieties of readers,—time to be *short*, (in which desirable feature, however, to-day's number is a failure, simply for the want of time, in hurrying out of the old house into the new). We hope it will give us leisure to think and study, and do more justice to important topics, hitherto too often of necessity evaded or postponed;—leisure to lay hold of and secure a few of our own darling editorial ideals, the ghosts of which unrealized have too long

haunted and unnerved us. Could we satisfy *ourselves*, we should not fear but we would satisfy our readers! Above all, or we are much mistaken, it will give us, with new means, new independence. We shall be freer than ever—if that were possible—to utter our own thought. On this point it is perhaps fit that we should dwell a moment. We need not re-state the objects for which this journal was established, farther than to say, that: recognizing Art, particularly Music, as a most important element in the national and social life of a free people,—as “a true conservative element, in which Liberty and Order are both fully typed and made beautifully perfect in each other;” and recognizing the fact, that Music has become so much a feature in the earnest life and culture of advanced American society, entering into many of our schemes of education, and descending in some form, often too trivial and vulgar, into all amusements,—seeing this, we felt moved, according to the humble measure of our abilities, to try to supply an organ of true criticism and a weekly bulletin of news and progress in this most popular and influential, but least thoughtfully considered, of the Fine Arts. The execution of our design may have been feeble, as it has certainly been fragmentary and cramped for want of time and means. The half of our programme still has stood as but a sign of what we wished and meant to do, in—happier circumstances. Our strength lay meanwhile in our love and reverence for Truth as the first principle of Beauty, in our sincere and independent utterance, from a single sense of loyalty to Art, coupled only with a fervent wish to make Art better understood and loved. Many short-comings therefore have been pardoned to the true aspiration, and our work has never lacked at least the encouragement of sympathies which every one must value. Now then, we have not held on to this treasure six years, waiting for a publisher to give it currency, only to drop it in the dust the moment we have found him. Six years ago, in the first number of this paper, in announcing our purposes, we said:

The tone of our criticisms will, we hope, be found impartial, independent, catholic, conciliatory; aloof from personal cliques and feuds; cordial to all good things, but not too eager to chime in with any powerful private interest of publisher, professor, concert giver, manager, &c. This paper would make itself the “Organ” of no school or class, but simply an organ of what we have called the musical movement in this country; of the growing love of deep and genuine music. It will insist much on the claims of “Classical” music, and point out its beauties and its meanings—not with a pedantic partiality, but because the enduring needs so often to be held up in contrast with the ephemeral. But it will also aim to recognize what good there is in styles more simple, popular, or modern; will give him who is Italian in his tastes an equal hearing with him who is German; and will print the articles of those opposed to the partialities or the opinions of the editor, provided they be written briefly, in good temper and to the point.

All this we now re-affirm, and, to avoid any misapprehension, with especial emphasis

upon the words *Italicized*. This Journal, in its editorial and critical columns, is not to be the organ of any, even its own Publishers’ mere private interests. We are happy to say that our publishers have too much public spirit and too far-sighted and intelligent a notion of their business interests, not to coincide with us in this view of our mutual relation. They publish music, good, bad, and indifferent, suited to all tastes and capacities, as all publishers must, and in vast quantities, making the larger sales of what is cheap and popular pay for the costlier issues of what is artistically best and classical. As is the demand, such must be the supply: is but the law of all trade. In the proper columns of the paper they will advertise these wares, setting forth the claims of each kind severally in their own way. We are not bound to praise whatever they announce, nor to withhold recognition of such good things as may come from other houses. Small good would our connection do our publishers’ announcements, should we forfeit our own independent title to respect for candor and right judgment. Poorly should we serve them, labelled as their bond slave. *Their* interest prompts them to couple the announcements of their vast music business with a respectable and high-toned Journal, fit to be looked to as some authority in Art. *Our* interest, and the interest of our readers and of Art, consults itself in the fact that wherever these announcements of new music go, our JOURNAL shall go with them, reaching hosts of readers inaccessible before.

With the music-seller the first consideration of course, is *quantity*; with the critic and true friend of Art, it is *quality*. The former labors to supply the widest possible demand; the latter to educate that demand up to some degree of fineness and intelligence. The seller would as gladly sell a thousand copies of Beethoven’s Sonatas, or of Bach’s Fugues, as he would the same number of the most popular and clap-trap variations; Mendelssohn and Chopin, Strakosch and Wallace, it is the same to him; he will as cheerfully send forth thousand upon thousand of the songs of Mozart, Schubert, Franz, Rossini, if you want them, as he will Anvil Choruses or Negro Melodies. It is the business of the critic, and it shall still be of this journal, to stimulate more frequent calls for music of the better class, to educate the taste of purchasers,—not forgetting, however, that many kinds of music are most useful in their way, to many, after they have grown hacknied and insignificant to more experienced tastes. Fortunately our publishers, and others too, have on their lists multitudes of works and pieces, which every friend of Music would rejoice to have supplant the miserable trash by which the art is now represented, to the exclusion of good models, in towns and seminaries throughout the land. Mere popularity or fashion is what

oftentimes determines purchasers; and the journalist can safely grant the popularity of what his own taste cannot recommend. We shall announce and spread before you *all* kinds, that are decent; but shall give you honest counsel as to what we think you would do best to buy and study.

On other points of editorial policy and purpose we have left ourselves no room to speak. We can but let the paper speak for itself from week to week, only suggesting that a single number must not be taken for a specimen of all that we intend to do, and that the present number has been made up with much haste and in advance of date, amid the distraction of settling a thousand details of the new arrangement.

FOUR PAGES OF MUSIC. — Our Journal is enriched by the addition of four pages in each number of good music, — good in a true artistic sense. We shall not publish trash, but music worthy to be preserved and studied. It may not be confined to any one style or character; we may give sometimes vocal, sometimes piano music; sometimes a part-song by Mendelssohn, for instance; or a choice song, duet, quartet, or chorus from an opera; perhaps the choruses of “William Tell,” welcome alike to German and Italian tastes. Sometimes perhaps a Chorale or two by old Sebastian Bach, as models of true church harmony. It is hardly well to commit ourselves at once to any one kind; we must learn by experience. At all events the musical reader will receive in the course of the year over *two hundred pages* of really valuable music. These pages may be detached from the paper and preserved; and each piece will be pagged separately.

To-day we make a good beginning. Our selection is of the sterling kind, a composition which will probably be new to nearly all our readers. We take into view the multitude of choral societies and clubs, which have sprung up in so many of our cities and large towns. Many of these require for social practice or for public performance, pieces of less formidable length than oratorios. Of these there are rich stores, unpublished and almost unknown here. There are Cantatas, Psalms by Mendelssohn and others, admirably adapted to the purpose. And how desirable that these societies should spend their hours upon the study of good music, instead of wasting them upon the pretentious crudities of every country singing master turned composer! We have selected for our first piece, a beautiful Hymn by Mendelssohn, for a chorus of mixed voices with Soprano solo. It will occupy twenty pages, and be completed in five numbers. It is not difficult, save in a passage or two. It requires, to be sure, a sweet, sympathetic soprano to do justice to the song part: but is not one such voice the pride of almost every musical society or circle? The opening solo: “Hear my prayer,” is beautiful. With the change to a more animated movement, there are choral responses in unison. Afterwards the chorus parts divide into more contrapuntal and complex harmony; and finally another solo, one of the loveliest melodies of Mendelssohn, to the words: “O for the wings of a dove,” accompanied by chorus *pianissimo* with exquisite effect.

From my Diary. (New Series, No. 1.)

March 27. As a certain “oracular presence” spoken of by “Malacconcio” in DWIGHT’S JOURNAL of to-day, will not soon shine upon the audience of the Plymouth church in Brooklyn, I will endeavor to *maximize* certain principles, which seem to me to lie at the foundation of church music, and which would be the basis of any opinion that might be formed of

the good or ill success of the experiment in the said church.

1. The best is hardly too good for the Deity, — whether in religion or art.

2. Art is, or should be, the handmaid of religion; this principle is recognized in the poetry (hymnology), in the abominable architectural experiments, in the attempts at fresco painting, &c., which we find in the meeting-houses of all denominations.

3. Music is of all arts that which appeals most strongly and universally to the feelings. Go into a cathedral abroad, where painting, sculpture, architecture, and music all address themselves to the hearts of prince and peasant alike, and see the effect of the *Kyrie Eleison* upon the multitude!

4. Music has a two-fold object in the service of the church; to attain which it should be on the one part of the highest artistic excellence possible, on the other of the simplest character. The one object is to excite and deepen emotion; the other to be the medium for giving vent to it.

5. Hence, as the church pays high salaries for a man of high culture to occupy the pulpit, so it should not be sparing of inducements to suitable persons to engage in cultivating the musical talent, which it has at command within itself, — it being the duty, the religious duty of all to whom God has given a talent for music to employ it in his service. Every church embracing a hundred families ought to have a choir of 40 to 50 voices, and employ a *musician* — a lover of sacred music and not a mere piano-forte teacher — to instruct and lead it.

6. Hence, too, (to attain the second object), there should be a selection of simple melodies, good music for the congregation to sing. These melodies must be slow, and of dignified and grand movement — as these alone are possible where the number of singers is large. This is proved by the experience, not of church congregations, but the more valuable experience of choral societies and operatic choruses.

7. "If meat maketh my brother to offend, I will eat no more meat." If I enter a church and hear semi-negro melodies sung as described by "Malacconco," the tendency within me is to "swear a prayer or two" — like the soldier in *Romeo and Juliet* — and as this is my infirmity, not my fault, I feel that the church had better dispense with that kind of "meat." How I have suffered in some places of worship!

8. If a really grand organ — not one with all kinds of fancy stops by any means — is played by an *organist* and not by a pianist; and if a choir of two or three dozen voices — trained as they would be if engaged to sing at a shilling concert, and not as if they had only to sing praises to the Most High, which is generally not thought to require much skill — sing two or three devotional anthems, and the congregation unite and sing old "York," or "Barby," or some such solid grand tune, which moves of itself like a tide — then I find an approach to what I call true music for the church. For this end I labor.

Concerts.

ORPHEUS GLEE CLUB. The concerts of our German Männerchor have left some of the pleasantest impressions of the winter. They seemed too quickly over, and the announcement of another, a Sacred Concert, for last Sunday evening, was hailed by many with great pleasure. The Lowell Institute hall proved just the place for an "Orpheus" concert, light, cheerful, commodious and excellent for sound. The audience was but moderately large, owing in part perhaps to the fact that many persons who are much interested in the "Orpheus," have other engagements upon Sunday-evenings. Could not the concert be repeated on some other evening? It was every way worthy of it; the programme very choice and rare, the singing excellent, and Mr. DRESEL's piano accompaniments perfect, always rightly suggestive, meeting the intentions of the music, and never too prominent. As we run over our programme we find a pleasant reminder in every number.

1. Luther's Choral: Eine feste Burg ist unser Gott.

Nobly harmonized for male voices. Sung with pure intonation and fine blending of the thirty voices, the first verse strong, the second soft, and so on alternately, a full pause between, the effect was grand and solemn: — worth cords of our common psalmody!

2. Ave verum corpus. Mozart.

A rich, full, serene, and satisfying strain of harmony. Sung by voices so well blended, and with such well graduated force, it seemed like the spontaneous and perfect product of a religious moment. We can well believe Mozart's own account of his manner of composing, where he says his works came to him as wholes. It sounds still better as we have lately heard it by mixed voices.

3. Duet: Tibi omnes Angeli. By Giordani.

In the elaste style of Italian melody of the last century, and very pleasing. Beautifully sung by Miss DOANE and her teacher, the accomplished conductor of the Orpheus, Mr. KREISSMANN.

4. Ciaccona: For the Violin. By Bach.

Mr. JULIUS EICHBERG, a grave and thoughtful looking young man, from New York, recently from Germany, who took the first violin prize at Brussels, proved himself a solid classical musician, by the selection of such a piece, and by his firm, pure, expressive rendering. The *Ciaccona*, or *Chaconne*, like most of the old musical forms, was a dance, an Italian dance in 3-4 measure. Here we have a quaint theme, logically pursued and treated at great length, the violin of itself playing several real parts, and exhibiting many of the modern feats, arpeggios, &c. of the instrument. It is no mere show piece, but has meaning and consistency. We found it more interesting than the concert fantasias of the Paganini school. How lovely the *cantabile* melody into which the movement melts towards the end! Mendelssohn's piano accompaniments are just enough — reverent and sparing.

5. Kyrie. By Hasslinger.

Beethoven's old friend and publisher, Tobias Hasslinger. A fine, impressive *Kyrie* for male voices.

6. Aria for Soprano: "My heart ever faithful," — with violoncello accompaniment, by Bach.

This was charming; — a wholesome, hearty, sunshiny gush of melody, like a brook running out of the woods in May. Can any thing be fresher than some of these old things by Bach? Miss Doane's bright voice and style just suited it, and Mr. JUNG-NICKEL played the 'cello part with great taste.

7. Prayer, by Weber.

Körner's "Prayer before Battle;" a solemn and inspiring part-song.

Part Second. 1. Psalm XXIII. "The Lord is my Shepherd." Schubert.

Exceedingly beautiful. Full of marvellously fine modulations, in the true vein of Schubert; and finely sung.

2. The Chapel (Das Kirchlein). Becker.

An ingenious part song, in which the low basses imitate the booming of a bell, answered in the fifth above by others, while the musing melody proceeds in the upper parts.

3. Recitative and Quintet, from 42d Psalm. Mendelssohn.

Another fine selection, only less interesting than the Schubert.

4. Elegy at a Graveyard, for violoncello. Lindner.

A somewhat sentimental melody, played very feelingly by Mr. Jungnickel, who drew his sweetest tones.

5. Part-Song: "This is the Lord's own day." Kreutzer.

6. Violin Sonata (composed in 1718). Tartini.

We must thank Mr. Eichberg for making us acquainted, by his masterly rendering, with two such fine old works. The Sonata of Tartini's time had not the modern Sonata structure (of the first movement). It is more like a *Suite*, or succession of well contrasted pieces. There was beauty and quaintness in this, and room for a plenty of execution. It is the identical "Devil's Sonata," of which the story runs, that the old master dreamed one night that Satan came into his room and played a wonderful trill, which he has here reproduced. But if this Sonata be "Satanic," what shall we say of the whole modern school?

7. Das Felsenkreutz. Kreutzer.

A part-song, the sounds whereof have faded out in our remembrance of too many good things.

Other Concerts during the week we have not been able to attend. There has been one by Miss ANN FAY, the brilliant singer, for the benefit of an invalid; one by the GERMAN TRIO, the programme of which consisted of three Violin Quartets, by Beethoven, Mozart, and Haydn; and the Wednesday Afternoon Concert of the ORCHESTRAL UNION, of which the leading feature was Mozart's "Jupiter" Symphony.

Musical Review.

ROBERT FRANZ. — The growing interest in the Songs of this gifted German, — a composer of genius, if we have one in our day, and a thorough bred musician — is one of the good signs about us. Introduced here one or two at a time in small concerts and in private circles a few years since, by one of our resident artists, who would deserve our gratitude if but for this alone, they won a very few very deep admirers. But their beauty has gone on conquering. They figure now quite often in the lists of new reprints. A half dozen of them were ventured, and found favor, some three years ago. During the past year a set of *Six Songs for Mixed Voices* — part-songs — were reprinted, with English and German words, by Ditson & Co. They were of the freshest productions of Franz. What could be finer for little Clubs, that love music of a refined character, to sing? Each is truly a song, setting free the heart melody of a little poem, but a song moving in four-part harmony fine enough for Bach. One is a happy, buoyant "May Song"; one a minor ballad, or people's song, a quaint, sad plea for pity in the cold, for love in isolation: *Es ist ein Schnee gefallen*. "At Parting" is equally sweet and tender. One sings of the mystical awakening of life in Spring. One sings some hearty verses by Martin Luther, whose pious heart takes a cheerful hint from the singing of the birds; and the sixth invites you to a "Morning Walk."

As to the Songs for single voice, each with its exquisite and rare piano accompaniment, Franz bids fair to rival Schubert in productiveness. Already we have *Opus* 30, and each *opus* contains at least six songs. And the wonder is, they are all good; each with a charming individuality, a genuine little poetic flower of melody. He always chooses verses that have poetry in them, and he always seizes the essence of the poem in his music. Twelve of these songs — twelve of the simplest and loveliest — have just been selected and published, with German and English words, by Russell & Richardson. As specimens of musical engraving, with their re-production of the graceful German vignette, we have had no nearer approach to European excellence. But the songs themselves will reward any pains to learn them, and can never lose their interest. We can only name their titles:

1. "On a thorn bush blooms a rosebud." 2. "Parting." 3. "The Woods." 4. "Evening." 5. "Summer." 6. "Spring of Love." 7. "Now the Shades are falling." 8. "O welcome, fair wood." 9. "The Churchyard." 10. "Forth from the depths of sadness." 11. "Hungarian Song." 12. "Mother, oh sing me to rest" (Mrs. Hemans).

NOVELLO'S PUBLICATIONS. — Messrs. Webb & Allen, successors in New York to J. A. Novello, send us beautiful and cheap octavo editions of ROSSINI's *Stabat Mater*, and of SPOHR's Oratorio: "The Last Judgment," uniform with Novello's other oratorios. The scarlet cloth, gilt binding is exceedingly tasteful. Of the musical contents there is no need to speak.

They send us also in the same form, blue and gold, and in large music type, "Eighty-One Part-Songs and Choruses, in progressive order for the cultivation of Part-singing, with Instructions, &c. by NAEGELI & FREIFER." Translated from the German by SABILLA NOVELLO. These songs are of a simple, popular character, yet not hacknied. The authors have done a great work in Germany for music among the masses.

METHOD FOR THE PIANO-FORTE. One is more frightened than encouraged by the multitude of musical instruction books in these times. When we see the hosts of them that crowd the shelves and catalogues of our own publishers (Ditson & Co.) alone, not to speak of the others, we can only wonder what can be the need of a tenth part of them. But now and then there is a sterling book among them, a "Method" which is a method, which sums up all that needs be known, and marks out a course of practice philosophically sure to lead one in the right direction, by such steps that each step gives new power to take another. Such is a book of which we have before expressed our high appreciation: "MUELLER'S Method for the Piano-Forte, revised by JULIUS KNORR," translated from the German by G. A. SCHMITT. KNORR, who is perhaps the most sound and thorough of all method-writers, using Müller's work as a foundation, has in fact made it his own book, and enriched it with all that is needful for the mastery of the new resources of the instrument.

Musical Chit-Chat.

In the confusion of making up a first number, we have miscalculated our space, and are obliged to cut off several articles with the odious "to be continued," to omit many letters, and after all leave ourselves almost no room for items of news and smaller matters. Very reluctantly we must leave over a summary of the Dramatic Season, which has been prepared for us. We have quite a number of communications, too, upon the Brooklyn "Congregational Singing" controversy, which we shall examine at earliest leisure.

The Handel and Haydn Society have definitely announced their programme of four nights of Oratorio, with the aid of FORMES, Madame D'ANGRI, and Mr. PENNING, of the Ullman operatic troupe. To-night the feast commences with "Elijah," in which every one who heard Formes in the sublime part of the prophet some weeks since, will wish to hear him again. The choruses and orchestral accompaniments have been re-rehearsed and will go even better than before. To-morrow evening will come the "Messiah;" it will be worth while to hear Formes in the great bass songs, and D'Angri's rich contralto in: "He was despised." Next Saturday, April 10th, Mendelssohn's "Hymn of Praise" will be given for the first time in Boston, followed by a miscellaneous selection, in which Formes will sing; and for the fourth night, "The Creation." Of our own singers, Mrs. LONG, Mrs. WENTWORTH, and Mrs. HARWOOD are to take prominent part. For the better appreciation of the "Hymn of Praise" we have commenced copying an interesting analysis upon another page, and hope to complete it next Saturday, in season for the performance. Formes is not to appear here in Opera, nor shall we have the company with which he has been connected. MARETZEK's troupe are expected at the Boston Theatre in a few weeks. . . . The ST. CECILIA CHORAL SOCIETY will give another concert at the Tremont Temple on the evening of Easter Monday, (April 5), Mr. J. FALKENSTEIN conductor. The programme contains Weber's "Jubilee" overture; Chorals by Bach and Mendelssohn; a Hymn by Mozart in praise of St. Cecilia; a tenor solo from "Elijah"; several part-songs by Mendelssohn, &c. Part second is made up of lighter varieties. . . . The MENDELSSOHN QUINTETTE CLUB have their Annual Benefit Concert next Tuesday evening. It will be the last public opportunity of hearing them this season, and the lovers of the fine Chamber Music of Mozart, Beethoven, Mendelssohn, &c., must not miss it. Mrs. LONG will sing "*Ah, perfido!*"

For most that passes musically in New York one has only to consult one of Mr. Manager Ullman's operatic advertisements. From one this week we learn, that after "fulfilling the pleasing duty imposed on him by the charter of the institution" in bringing out an American opera (Fry's "Leonora"), the season at the Academy would positively close last Thursday night with the "Huguenots;" that Mme. LAGRANGE, after a brilliant career of three years in America, will now return to Europe; that Herr FORMES would make his last appearance in the "Messiah" last Tuesday night; that MUSARD's concerts will commence next Wednesday (for which are: "Wanted, thirty colored waiters, to wear livery dresses and pass round ice-creams, twenty young ladies of prepossessing appearance to pour tea and coffee, and twenty boys in fancy uniforms to sell the evening papers at the concerts Musard"!);—that THALBERG has returned from the South, and will give a Matinée this day (in the Academy) with Miss MILNER, Mr. COOPER, the violinist, and an orchestra. —PAUL JULIEN has been giving a farewell concert before leaving for Brazil. We hear that the Ninth Symphony is to be played as a first part in one of the Musard concerts!

The New Orleans *Picayune*, remarking upon the

great glorification over the recent production of the "Huguenots" in New York, says:

"Now, so far from its being the truth that the 'Huguenots' has been 'twenty years crossing the Atlantic,' the fact is that this opera, produced by Meyerbeer, in Paris, in the year 1836, was brought out at the Theatre d'Orleans, the French opera house in this city, in 1839, with Calvé, Hemaann, Bailly and Curto in the four leading parts, and has been performed, on the boards of that theatre, as a stock piece every year since. Nor has it been only performed once in New York. In the year 1850, Salvi, Marini, Bosio and Steffanone appeared in it at the Astor Place Opera House; and in 1845, the French opera troupe from our Theatre d'Orleans, under the management of Mr. Davis, gave it, in handsome style, at the Park Theatre, in that city."

New Orleans, it seems, is the only American city in which opera may be called a fixed institution. The same writer says:

"During the last three months, there have been performed, and well performed, at our opera house, the following works: Rossini's 'Mose,' ('Mose in Egitto,') Meyerbeer's 'Prophete,' 'Huguenots,' 'Etoile du Nord,' and 'Robert le Diable'; Verdi's 'Jerusalem,' ('Lombardi,') 'Ernani,' and 'Trovatore'; Halévy's 'Juive,' ('Jewess,') 'Charles VI.,' and 'Reine de Chypre,' ('Queen of Cyprus'); Adolph Adam's 'Si j'étais roi,' and 'Chalet'; Grisar's 'Amours du Diable'; Donizetti's 'Favorite,' 'Lucia,' and 'Fille du Regiment'; Bellini's 'Norma' and 'Sonambula,' Auber's 'Crown Diamonds'; and others, making more than twenty grand and comic operas, and all of them first class, with the exception of one. What can the Philadelphia and New York Academies of Music show to compete with this programme?"

M. OULIBICHEFF, the celebrated Russian amateur and author of the *Life and Works of Mozart*, the *History of Music before Mozart*, (to which works the readers of this Journal in years past have been frequently indebted), and of a strangely unappreciative work on Beethoven, died on February 2d, at Nijni Novgorod, in Russia, where he for many years resided.

Haydn's "Seasons" has been brought out in New York by the *Liedertafel*. . . . Handel's "Messiah" was performed a week or two ago in Gorham, Me., under the direction of Mr. A. S. Edwards. "I know that my Redeemer" was sung "in a style that would gratify any audience" by Mrs. Edwards. The "Messiah" was performed also in Springfield, Mass. on Friday evening, March 19th. . . . Mrs. EMMA A. WENTWORTH, our sweet singer, is about to recreate herself during the summer months in Europe. We wish her joy.

Italian Opera finds it quite as hard to effect a permanent lodgement in Philadelphia as elsewhere, in spite of the great boasts and rejoicings over the opening of their Academy last year. "Our Opera," as the Philadelphians called the Gazzaniga and Brignoli troupe, now on its return to its fond home, meets with but moderate encouragement, and one of the newspapers there confirms the private reports that the operatic furor in Philadelphia proves to be but a "fashionable excitement" and a "sham." The bust of last year's favorite, Gazzaniga, adorns the foyer of the Academy, and *La Favorita* sings to anything but crowded houses. . . . Mile. VESTVALI, with her opera troupe, has been reaping laurels and dollars in Havana, and is expected soon in New Orleans. . . . While Mme. FREZZOLINI is concertizing in New Orleans, the Parisian journals are lamenting her death and giving biographical sketches of her. . . . Think of a tenor, 103 years old! That was the age of M. DARIUS, who died a few weeks since in Rouen. He sang the *De Profundis* at the funeral of Louis XV.

The London *Musical World* copies an article with the following heading: "A Yankee Athenian View of Thalberg, (from 'Harper's Boston Weekly')." What a careful man must that editor be! Copying from the "Journal of the Civilizers" and fastening the matter upon Boston shoulders! . . . Mr. SATTER, the pianist, seems resolved to make himself a hero, and such a man finds hero-worshippers. One of the papers says "he has composed three operas, five symphonies, six piano sonatas, two (piano!) quartets, three trios for piano, some string quartets (as many as Fry, we wonder?), and about one hundred solos for the piano." It may be added, he has also written his own life, reviewed his own works, and defined his own position in the "Music of the Future," and he is still a very young man. . . . BERLIOZ is said to be busy over a grand serious opera, the libretto of which, written by himself, is derived from the *Iliad*.

A NEW CHANT BOOK.—Messrs. Ditson & Co. have in press and nearly ready a Collection of Chants, selected chiefly from the choir books of the English Cathedrals. One of the leading features is the introduction of a *new system* of Chanting, whereby not only choirs, but Congregations, may readily learn to perform this part of the service.

Competent judges have pronounced this Collection to be by far the best that has ever been prepared, and the publisher is desirous that all organists and leaders of choirs should examine the work.

This work will also contain the Canticles of the English Prayer Book, so that it will be available in the Canadas and British Provinces in North America.

Musical Correspondence.

WILLIAM HENRY FRY'S "LEONORA."

NEW YORK, MARCH 30.—The event of last evening at the New York Academy of Music cannot fail to interest every American musician and amateur. It was the first great movement of encouragement to American Art ever made by an operatic manager. It is reasonable to hope that the attention which has always been denied to our native music, may be bestowed upon it from this time forward.

Leaving this consideration for the present, let us speak briefly, very briefly, of the performance, and of the work performed. "Leonora" is not a new opera. It was written in the early part of 1845, and was first produced at the Chestnut street Theatre, in Philadelphia, the composer's native city. The English version proved most successful. A few years after, Mr. Fry procured an Italian translation, in the hope of seeing it produced abroad, which hope was not realized, as foreign managers would not even look at it. It has remained in obscurity since the time of its original performance, known only to a few amateurs through the published piano-forte arrangement, which aroused no especial desire to become more intimately acquainted with it. In fact, the lack of melodic originality never failed at once to strike all who examined it. But its performance by artists of the highest talents, and the remarkable effects which the superior orchestral accompaniments reveal, show that it has been too hastily judged. "Leonora" cannot be pronounced a great work. It cannot rank with those of Weber, nor yet with those of Donizetti. And the undeniable resemblances between many of its passages and portions of Bellini's operas, make it impossible to say that it is superior to the lyrical dramas of that composer. On the other hand, it certainly rivals in interest any of Bellini's operas, and surpasses them all in wealth of instrumentation. Respecting the resemblances of melodic ideas, it must be admitted that they exist in profusion; but to charge the composer with intentional plagiarism would be unjustifiable. And there are not a few melodies, bright and bearing, for which Mr. Fry is nowhere indebted, except to his own invention, and which have a vitality and freshness delightful to hear. Compared with the three or four last operas of Verdi, "Leonora" is most agreeable and pleasant to the ear—on the whole, a work which may be enjoyed more than once, and which truly leaves a sunny, cheerful impression upon the artistic sense.

The representation last night was excellent, in view of the few and hurried rehearsals. Mr. ANSCHUTZ worked like a hero, enthusiastically and untiringly. The artists all played and sang with a will. The audience, unhappily, owing to the customary abstinence from public amusements which is observed during Passion Week, was meagre. Still the triumph was most positive. The composer was five times called to the front of the stage, and induced to utter a few words of acknowledgment. The success would have justified a number of repetitions, but only one was given. Should "Leonora" be produced in Boston, you will hear a work teeming with flowing and graceful, if not novel, melody, marked by great dramatic expression—one to be regarded with genuine satisfaction as the first of American lyrical dramas.

NEW YORK, MARCH 26. — We are overwhelmed with music just at present: — opera four times a week; ensembles of all kinds and at all times of the day, and a similar prospect in view for some time to come. Yesterday I had the honor of "assisting" (in the French sense) at two interesting occasions of the kind. In the one case, Painting lent a friendly hand to her sister-Muse. There stands in one of our quiet side-streets, a large handsome building which is divided into studios for artists, and also contains, if I am not mistaken, dwelling accommodations for such of these sons and daughters of genius as wish to reside there. The studios are expressly built for such — spacious and lofty, with the light falling from above. Two of these are inhabited by a couple of sister-artists, who issued invitations for yesterday afternoon to a private *matinée* to be given by Mr. SATTER at their rooms. It was a charming gathering, particularly so from its chief element consisting of ladies, the sterner sex being represented merely by an Art-loving Reverend Father, and sundry amateur and artist followers of the two Muses. Mr. Satter showed himself in a variety of styles. The concert opened with the *Tamhüser* Overture, of which his arrangement is even more astonishing than that of the "William Tell," which he gave us subsequently. Liszt's "Hungarian Rhapsody" was also splendidly rendered; but in a more delicate, dreamy composition, which was not familiar to me, and which was more like what every other virtuoso plays, Mr. Satter's originality was lost for a while. In Weber's "Invitation to the Dance," too, he took too many liberties with time and the *pianos* and *fortes*. At the end, when only a few listeners remained, he acceded to their request for something by Chopin, by playing the second *Ballade* very finely. I learned on this occasion that Mr. Satter intends remaining in New York.

Last evening a Musical Soirée (of annual recurrence) was given by "the Congregation of Grace Church" for the benefit of Mrs. BODSTEIN, formerly Miss JULIA NORTHALL, who has for years been the Soprano of the Church. It was a strictly private affair, not having been advertised at all, and all the tickets (at \$2) having been disposed of by private distribution. It was quite a satisfactory concert — highly so, indeed, in its vocal parts. Mrs. Bodstein, with her sweet, innocent face, looking not a whit older than she used to many years ago, sang as charmingly as ever, several pieces of various styles. They were an aria by E. Millet, a talented resident composer; an English Ballad by Belchamber; and an Easter Anthem, composed expressly for her by Torrente. Besides these, she sang, with Madame D'ANGRI, the duet from the *Stabat Mater*, very finely. The great contralto also appeared to best advantage in the Rondo from *Cenerentola* and Handel's "He was despised." The instrumental performers were Messrs. APPY and G. W. MORGAN, who played together a duet from *Don Giovanni* by Wolff and Viennemps, and each a solo. Having heard the duet this winter from Thalberg and Viennemps, I could not much enjoy an inferior rendering of it, nor were the solo particularly attractive.

To-night Mr. Satter gives his second concert; the "Huguenots" are also given for the last time, and apropos of that, I must give you the newest instance of Ullman's ingenuity. This performance is intended for FORMES' benefit; but as "artists generally sing or perform some extra piece at their benefit, and the length of the 'Huguenots' will not admit of this, 'Martha' is to be given as a *Matinée* Opera to-morrow, as a part of to-night's performance" and mark this — "every one who buys a ticket (with or without reserved seat) for to-night, will also receive one for the *Matinée*." Unheard of generosity! So to-morrow we are to have FORMES for the last time in opera and in one of his best parts.

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ROME, FEB. 13. — I am much perturbed in spirit about my hobby. I fear VERDI has fallen into a state of premature dotage.

I base this fearful theory upon undeniable facts, and though I hope I am deceived, it is my duty as your correspondent to let you know the result of my observations, no matter how unfavorable they may be to my own cherished hobby. I know my duty and with Spartan resolution I fulfil it.

In the first place, it is very certain that Verdi's late operas have been little else than failures. His *Simone Boccanegra*, which he wrote for Venice, was produced in Rome a few weeks ago, but was an utter *fiasco*, though it is said he had in it completely altered his style, quite cut the acquaintance of brass, and that of the fifteen melodies of the opera, he wrote fifteen in the minor key. The manager soon withdrew this work and produced another — Verdi's very latest — an opera called *Aroldo*, composed for the present carnival season at Parma, and now dragging its slow length along in that city, as well as in Rome.

Immediately after having devoured St. Peters, and the Forum and the Coliseum, and the Temple of Antoninus, together with the arches of Titus and Septimus Severus, and not a few obelisks, I found time to glance at the musical prospects offered to me in Rome. There I saw a placard announcing *Aroldo* to be performed at the Teatro Apollo; of course I went to the Teatro Apollo. It is a fine large building, standing on the banks of the Tiber, almost opposite Hadrian's tomb, *alias* the Castle of St. Angelo, and within sight of St. Peters. On entering, the visitor finds himself in a large square vestibule, adorned with marble busts, and furnished with a rusticated fountain of real water. From this a wide staircase leads into an elliptical Foyer, where over the door we read the names of Carolus and Alexander Torlonia, the well-known Roman bankers, to whom this theatre belongs. It is only opened for operatic performances and only for some two or three months of the year. The interior of the house is spacious and that is about all that can be said of it, for it certainly is far from handsome. The prevailing hue is a Quakerish-drab, and as the building is lighted by only one attenuated chandelier, the effect during a performance is rather depressing than otherwise.

The opera was *Aroldo*, and I prepared myself for a treat; for the man that wrote *Ernani*, and my own namesake *Trovatore*, I thought could not but produce something good. The opera opened well. There is quite a lengthy overture, in which a sweet, delicate theme, performed by the cornet, is followed by a *cabaletta*; then there is a crescendo movement, the original subjects are repeated, and indeed the entire overture seems to be modelled after those of Rossini. In the first act, I remember but one thing that is striking — an *andante* air, for tenor — the same which is played by the cornet in the overture. In the second act is a curious rather than pleasing concerted piece, sung without accompaniment. In the third act a very weak imitation of the *Miserere* in the *Trovatore*, and the fourth act, a tolerable finale concerted piece. But with this pennyworth of bread there is a most intolerable deal of sack in the shape of unmelodious melodies, unmeaning concerted pieces, and dismal recitative. The first act is the best, and in addition to the tenor air above alluded to, contains a rather good duet for baritone and soprano; but the subsequent acts are very weak and the opera increases in heaviness as it draws near the close. This is something unusual for Verdi, who generally works his operas up to a suitable climax and preserves his best *morceaux* for the final act. The tenor part is by far most prominent, and the soprano has not a single air worth mentioning. The baritone has one good air, and the basso has none at all, good or bad. I do not give any account of this plot, for it is to me both a stumbling block and foolishness, especially in the scene where a tribe of Scottish warriors appear armed

with huge Turkish yataghans; neither do I mention the names of the artists, for they were so mediocre as not to be worth mentioning. The audience was very cold indeed, and I was forced to confess that *Aroldo* from which I had anticipated so much, was a very poor affair, wholly unworthy of the author of *Attila*, *Traviata*, *Trovatore* or *Rigoletto* — and judging from the depreciatory opinions *Dwight's Journal* has expressed in regard to these (especially poor *Rigoletto*, on which it has poured out whole vials of condemnation and satire), its opinion of *Aroldo* will not be very exalted, when told that *Rigoletto* is to *Aroldo* what *Don Giovanni* is to *Rigoletto*! It seems as if Verdi had received an order to write an opera, and wrote one to order, but without putting his soul into the work; and when the heavy, spiritless affair was finished, he called it *Aroldo*, and sold it to the good folks of Parma, who have been most terribly taken in thereby.

Another evening I attended the Teatro Valle, a theatre somewhat smaller and handsomer than the Apollo. The opera was the *Sonnambula*, with Madame GASSIER as Amina. This lady is a favorite in England, both in opera and in Jullien's concerts. She has excellent execution and a powerful but not melodious voice. In person she is large, unwieldy and Alboni-like, with Italian features and dark eyes, would do admirably for a Lucrezia Borgia or Semiramide, but is wholly unfitted for the character of Amina. Otherwise, the opera was execrably performed. The chorus of about seven women and about a dozen men was forlorn, the basso so bad that the beautiful solo, *Vi ravviso*, was omitted; and the tenor, though much better, was not up to the mark. As is usual, the lovely duet, *Son geloso del zeffiro*, was omitted. This exquisite gem, one of the most beautiful *moreaux* in the opera, has been sung in America by Sontag and Pozzolini only. Even La Grange omits it, and this omission is the only thing that makes her Amina inferior to that of poor Sontag. But in Rome they sing another extract in *Sonnambula* that is invariably omitted in America; it is a very pretty little quartet in five flats, sung in the last act by the characters of Lisa, the Count, Teresa, and Elvino.

On the whole, operatic music at Rome — where the most successful opera ever known, the *Trovatore*, was first produced — is at a very low ebb. The singers, with the exceptions of Madame Gassier at the Valle, and Signor GOLDONI (who does not take part in *Aroldo*) at the Apollo, are all very mediocre. The choruses and scenery are at both theatres shocking. At the same time the prices of admission are very high for Italy, being at the former theatre 35 cents, and at the latter 50 cents to the parquette; there are no elevated and democratic accommodations for the "gods." These prices are, however, much higher now, it being Carnival time, than in the other months; in other seasons the admittance to the Valle is but 20 cents. Both theatres are nightly crowded, and though Madame Gassier draws forth applause, the audience are generally so cold, that it is fair to presume that the music in Rome during the present season is not what the Romans are accustomed to, and their coldness is attributable to reminiscences of other days.

Perhaps the only thing in which I am disappointed in Italy is in its music, and the musical cultivation of its inhabitants. It is true that even the smallest towns have opera-houses, but the style of performance is poor. Then, like many other people, I had expected that in Italy, music was in the domestic circle brought to almost professional perfection, and that every other young man was a Mario, and almost every young woman a Crisi. But I find myself much mistaken. As a general thing there appears to be no more real taste for music here than in the United States; certainly there are not half or a quarter as many piano *fortes* or hand organs in proportion to the population, if that is to be taken as any index.

TROVATORE.

Dwight's Journal of Music.

WHOLE No. 314.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, APRIL 10, 1858.

VOL. XIII. No. 2.

[These two little pieces are from "Andromeda and other Poems," a new volume by CHARLES KINGSLEY, just published by Ticknor & Fields.]

I hear thy Voice, O Spring!

I hear thy voice, O Spring!
Its flute-like tones are floating through the air,
Winning my soul, with their wild ravishing,
From earth's heart weary care.

Divinely sweet thy song—
But yet methinks, as near the groves I pass,
Low sighs on viewless wings are borne along,
Tears gem the springing grass.

For where are they, the young,
The loved, the beautiful, who, when thy voice
A year ago along these valleys rung,
Did hear thee and rejoice!

Thou seek'st for them in vain—
No more they'll greet thee in thy joyous round;
Calmly they sleep beneath the murmuring main,
Or moulder in the ground.

Yet peace, my heart—be still!
Look upward to yon azure sky and know,
To heavenlier music now their bosoms thrill,
Where balmier breezes blow.

For them hath bloom'd a spring,
Whose flowers perennial deck a holier sod,
Whose music is the song that seraphs sing,
Whose light, the smile of God!

A Farewell.

My fairest child, I have no song to give you,
No lark could pipe to skies so dull and gray;
Yet ere we part, one lesson I can leave you
For every day.

Be good, sweet maid, and let who will be clever;
Do noble things, not dream them, all day long;
And so make life, death, and that vast forever
One grand, sweet song.

For Dwight's Journal of Music.

The Philister's Reminiscence.

(FROM ONE OF BROWN'S PRIVATE NOTE BOOKS.)

[Concluded.]

"Our rehearsals went on, a boy as usual taking the alto solos. At one of them, a week before the performance, I caught a glimpse of my priest, as he was passing out of the hall, but was unable to find him afterward. A note next morning informed me that the singer would be present. Our conductor had much to say of the necessity of her appearance at least at the final rehearsal, and I wrote to the priest to that effect. 'Fear not,' was his answer; 'she needs no rehearsals, let your orchestra be firm, all will go rightly.'

"The time of the performance came. It was a delightful afternoon, and the huge church was filled. A temporary platform had been added to the organ gallery, where our forces were mustered. All was ready, except our promised solo singer. The committee of the Society was at its wits' end.

No one knew what to make of it. I was upon thorns. Five, ten, fifteen minutes passed. The conductor called the boy soloist to his side and took his place. He waved his baton, and the first performance of Handel's immortal Oratorio in that part of the land began. Overture, recitative, air, chorus and so on followed in order, and the vast audience felt them as a new revelation of the power and grandeur, the beauty and heavenly serenity of sacred music. In cities where the high mass is sung Sabbath after Sabbath by an adequate choir, the taste even of the peasant is insensibly cultivated to the extent of appreciating, even at first hearing, music which otherwise would be beyond his reach. But for an audience like that which filled the edifice now, in the habit of hearing the masses of Mozart, Haydn, and the other great composers, who have written for our church, the 'Messiah' was an æsthetic and intellectual treat of the highest order.

"We rose to sing the chorus, 'And he shall purify,' and still our expected singer had not appeared. But before we closed a form glided down the platform to the conductor's side. It was a young woman, at the most, nineteen years of age, tall and of exquisite proportions, a face not perfect in its features, but rendered inexpressibly beautiful—though very pale—by its rapt and holy expression, which spoke even more plainly than the dress and the small crucifix at her side of a life of devotion and religious contemplation. Her appearance seemed as unearthly to me as the tones of her voice had sounded at midnight upon the domain. A single timid glance around her and upon the conductor, and from that moment she seemed, though with us, not of us. The chorus closed, and silence—that awful silence of a multitude, which finds expression in Art only in the *pianissimo* of an immense choral force—ensued for a moment. Every eye in the vast audience, every eye in the choir, was fixed upon that statue-like figure, as the momentary stillness was broken by the soft introductory chord of the organ, and the divine promise: 'Behold, a virgin shall conceive, and bear a Son!' was recited in tones so clear and distinct, though not loud, as to penetrate into every nook and corner, floating away among the arches and vaultings of the cathedral. Each tone spoke of confidence mounting up to the certainty of perfect faith—was pervaded by the very spirit of ancient prophecy. And what divine joy, what glorious triumph, in every tone of the air which followed: 'Oh, thou that tellest good tidings!'

"As she went on, a faint flush began to overspread her pale cheeks. The spirit of the music was mastering her. It was evident enough that this was all new to her, and wrought upon her, down to the very depths of her nature.

"She closed her air, took the seat provided for her, bowed her head, and hid her face. But when we rose to sing the chorus, 'For unto us,' that climax hardly equalled in all music, she rose suddenly, stepped to the ranks of the altos, and with streaming eye and quivering lip, gave vent to the emotion which was fast overcoming her, by joining in with her noble voice. From this moment she joined in all the choruses, with a firmness and decision which added infinitely to the success of our performance. It was wonderful. When and where had she acquired such musical knowledge as enabled her to sing thus without rehearsal,—a stranger among strangers? We never knew!

"There were at length a few minutes of intermission. She sat as in a dream. No one ventured to speak to her. She was as of another world; and for the time being her very existence was but in this mighty music.

"And now came the chorus so sad, so sorrowful: 'Behold the Lamb of God!' In this she sang not, but stood with her eyes fixed upon the great crucifix suspended near the grand altar. Her emotions were becoming so powerful, her excitement so intense, that I left my place at the head of the basses, and drew near, fearing, I knew hardly what, almost expecting to see her drop—or even vanish from our view—for my imagination was wrought up to a wondrous degree, and the excitement caused by this music almost overcame my common sense—and she began to seem to me a being not of earth.

"He was despised and rejected of men; a man of sorrows and acquainted with grief."

"No, mein Herr, I cannot describe it! She felt the agony she described. She could but with the utmost difficulty command her voice. The tears rolled down her pale cheeks. Sobs almost choked the tones. Her emotion was infectious and spread through the choir and through the church. The air was given entire; the second part, which is usually omitted, as well as the first. Before its close tears were streaming from all eyes. She, herself, had acquired self-command as she went on, but the heart-piercing pathos of her voice lost not a jot or a tittle of its power. With the last note she gave way. We caught her as she sank back, and conveyed her to

the room behind the organ. The priest was already there, and a couple of nuns, to whose care we resigned her. No, no, I shall never hear true feeling in that part again!"

Here the little man ceased, and swallowed rapidly two glasses of wine.

"But, Herr Rechnungsrath," said I, "what became of her?"

"Mein Herr," said he, "there was a mystery there. When we finished our performance, we found no one in the room back of the organ, nor has any one of us ever heard a single syllable in relation to her."

Music and Musical Taste in Havana.

LETTER FROM SIGNOR TAGLIAFICO TO A FRENCH FRIEND IN CUBA.

(Translated for the Philadelphia Evening Bulletin from the *Courrier des Etats-Unis*.)

[Concluded.]

"But," say you, "the great Marty company." When you say these words you produce in me all the effect of those old grumblers of the first Empire, who, when reading the reports from the Crimea, never failed to exclaim, "Ah, the Old Guard! Where is the grand army?" The artists of this great company have been our friends and comrades of the theatre, at London or St. Petersburg, before they dreamed of coming to Havana, where, it is true, they had their greatest success, but where also they terminated their career, with one exception, and (between ourselves), without getting rich, for their wardrobes, left in pledge in your hands, alone saved them from the Moro Castle, the Clichy of the Antilles.

"*Ils ne chantent plus*," as Mareel says in the Huguenots, and the exception I have made proves the rule in the Tacon Theatre. In fact, I have read all the papers of the time, and I have found that Mme. Bosio was daily accused of sparing her voice, of singing carelessly, of being cold, in a word, of not working as hard as her associates. Mme. Bosio is now the first cantatrice of Europe. She is, said lately one of your friends, the only one of the "great company" who understood the Tacon Theatre—the theatre still full of their voices. That does not surprise me, I answered; they left their voices here!

I would next speak to you of the press and the public, (this is hard for me, who owe them nothing but praise); of the public, whose judgment is always sovereign, if not infallible; of the press, whose duty it is first to express the impressions of the public, and then (and it is its most important mission) to enlighten it, to guide it, to instruct it, to teach it, to regulate its sympathies, so that Art may not fall into the hands of parties that cannot fail to arise in a country like yours, far removed from the great centres of light, progress, and civilization. I have certainly read all that has been written in the journals upon the Italian Opera, during the season, and I candidly declare there are not two lines from which an artist could derive benefit, or which could in the least degree assist the public in forming their opinion.

One paper, in the beginning, with a very slightly disguised opposition to Maretzek's undertaking, hazarded some technical musical words, confounding style with method, blaming one artist for altering, and another for transposing his airs, without troubling itself about

the voices, the proprieties, nor even the traditions of the great operas of Europe. This, happily, did not last long; the critic soon found himself at the end of his vocabulary, and then began what we call the "proof before letters," the criticism before performance. Here is a specimen: "On such a day, such an opera will be given. Why does such an artist sing in it, and why not another? We should like to know, Mr. Manager, how many rehearsals you are going to have. Ah, ah, eight years ago we heard the same opera given by the great company. Take care, *caramba!* for we shall be there, we, the Cids of criticism, the Don Quixotes of the Feuilletton!"

But of rational appreciation there is none; of analysis of the good points of this artist or the defects of that one, none. No, I am mistaken. A certain Sergeant of my acquaintance was blamed for having, in *L'Elisir d'Amore*, kicked away a piece of bread which annoyed him on the stage, without regard for the public! But this poor Sergeant had tight pantaloons, and an accident might happen to him so easily. To go higher: Roneoni was to be the star of the season. What is the amount of the criticism on this artist? In *Maria di Rohan*, they have proved as clear as day that it is always imprudent for husbands to look through key-holes; also that in seizing a woman by the hair, there is danger of pulling off her head-dress. We have read all these things! In *L'Elisir d'Amore* he has been advised not to embrace the Notary, as he does when he has to say "*T'abbraccio, e ti saluto, ufficiale d'amor*." These are observations full of delicacy and propriety, when they relate to two of the grandest creations of that great artist, called Ronconi. Poor Ronconi! has he not been advised by a journal—I will spare it the shame of naming it—to engage himself in the comic troupe, to take the place of Ruiz, the clown and buffoon of the place? O glory! That the greatest dramatic genius of the time, the actor whose name is inscribed by London critics next after that of Rachel on the list of celebrities of the stage, should come to Havana, to be disposed of in this way! *Habent sua fata, histriones!*

I have told you that, under such circumstances, parties are inevitable, especially with an ignorant and foolish public. So we have had them this season here, where, instead of a public—"*Villustrado publico*," as the bills say—we have had two parties; where instead of an Italian troupe, we have had two prima donnas eclipsing all the rest; vehement, fanatical, insane parties, and prima donnas, much amazed, I am sure, at the excess of honor or of indignity offered them. One evening I asked one of these rude partisans the cause of this inexplicable worship of an idol who was certainly far from reckoning perfection among her divine attributes. He answered me, "I love Gog, because I hate Magog." "And you hate Magog?" "Because I love Gog!" I asked no more.

What idolatries have we not witnessed? You recollect, my dear V., the temple ringing with frantic hurrahs, the seats shaking under the blows of the knights of the chandelier (the *claqueurs*) the bouquets strewing the stage (they were swept away at each fall of the curtain to serve for further triumphs in succeeding acts); the crowns of artificial flowers, of gold or tinsel acorns, with which the goddess had to cover her heated brow;

the doves—that emblem of peace ever since the flood—carrying in their claws the symbols of discord, the colors of the parties; and finally the sonnets, the caricatures, the journals, the papers, large and small, rough or satined, of every form, of every color—this was the ordinary ceremony.

But on the great days, the benefits, the ancient Saturnalia were revived in all their splendor. After having exhibited the goddess in a glory, surrounded by little loves, in a blaze of Bengal lights, amid a shower of scraps of gold paper, the adepts conducted her to her chariot, and the march of the ox Apis began. Nothing was wanting, neither the yelling of the crowd, nor the torches waving in the dark night, nor the boys hanging to the trees, the windows, everywhere, and crying, "Long live the Goddess! Death to her rival!" At last and above all, the inexpressible *zizi-boumboum* of two military bands, playing two different airs at the same time, (what airs! what music!) accompanied and completed this tropical masquerade.

"What!" they will exclaim in Europe, "all that for a scale well done, a note finely given, or a trill skillfully executed?" Well, well, voice, singing, talent had nothing to do with this matter. People had first to amuse themselves, to belong to a party, to pretend to be connoisseurs, and as, at the end of the account, the result was no small amount of golden ounces and Spanish quadruples, for the manager and the artists, everybody found the fun charming.

But *pour l'amour de Dieu!* my dear V., ask me no more what I think of your Italian Opera. Come and see Roneoni and me in London, next summer. We will show you the Royal Italian Opera; and you shall see for yourself, as we used to say at college, *quod erat demonstrandum*. Bring us some cigars! Yours, D. TAGLIAFICO.

ANALYSIS OF

Mendelssohn's Symphony-Cantata:

"A HYMN OF PRAISE."

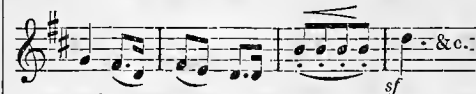
(Concluded from last week.)

The resumption of the Scherzo presents, not, as is most frequently the custom, an entire repetition *Da Capo* of this portion of the movement, but only a recapitulation of its principal ideas, and these much modified in their effect by their varied arrangement and different opposition to each other.

It must, surely, have been the purpose to represent in this movement the influence of passion opposed by the promptings of religion,—the secret voice of conscience urging, almost imperceptibly, the often-repeated summons which is the chief theme of the entire work,—the earthly feelings contending to resist its admonition, but these, soothed by the benign effect of devotion, gently sink into the sleep of unconsciousness.

(3). *Adagio religioso*. The expression of this heavenly stream of melody is one of pure religious fervor, and even where its tranquil beauty is chequered by a transient agitation, we have, as is shown by the subsequent application of the same thought, but the rendering of an intenser excitement from the same feeling,—not an interruption of it.

The plan of the movement is much simpler than of either of the foregoing. The principal melody:



which is one of singular extent, and to which the peculiar richness of the orchestral distribution imparts a warmth of color all glowing with enthusiasm,—this melody is relieved by an Episode composed of broken, declamatory phrases, and so best suited technically to contrast the continuous cantabile of the chief Subject, and it is introduced and accompanied by a figure which I quote:



for the purpose of identifying it at its recurrence in another situation, and of justifying thus my speculation as to the expression of the whole passage. The chief melody is resumed with a varied and very novel orchestral treatment, and it is now prolonged into a Coda, the exquisite beauty of which is consonant with the character of the entire movement, impressing us with a sense of peace around, and content within, and devotion to the source from whence all comfort springs.

II. THE VOCAL PORTION.

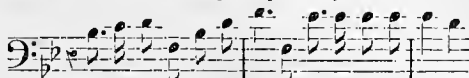
(4). *Chorus*.—All men, all things, all that have life and breath, sing to the Lord. Hallelujah!

We now enter upon the vocal portion of the composition, which is connected with the equally important series of instrumental movements that introduce it, not only by the unity of feeling that pervades the whole, but by the further development in the course of it of some of the ideas that have been announced in the preludial portion of the work. This opening Chorus is incomplete in itself, commencing as it does in the key of the previous Adagio, from which, by a gradual course of modulation, it proceeds into that in which the work begins and concludes, in which the voices enter with a magnificent peal of harmony that seems to be the song of all nature united in one common acclamation. The figure that accompanies the Episode in the preceding Adagio is resumed at the commencement of this movement, and continues with prominent effect through the sustained harmony of the voices, and the expression of that passage is thus, I suppose, connected with the present idea. Presently all motion ceases, and the voices, quite unaccompanied, break forth into the theme with which the work opens, which has been anticipated in fragmentary responses by the most powerful instruments throughout the course of modulations that connects the Chorus with the Adagio, and of which the words now define the meaning, with an effect of imposing grandeur that music cannot surpass.

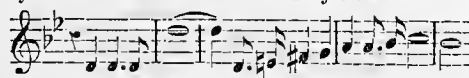
(5). Praise the Lord with lute and harp, in joyful song extol Him, and let all flesh magnify His might and His glory.

This Chorus is continuous of the preceding, but I distinguish it for the sake of better drawing attention to the new character that is here assumed, and of describing the technical structure of the present movement. This embodies a multitudinous joy, to the expression of which its fugal element greatly contributes; for this element, however dependent upon scholarship for its successful manifestation, and however, on this account, frequently employed as a mere display of technical facility, is in itself essentially dramatic, and embodies the idea of multitudinous excitement more efficiently than almost any other principle of musical development; in exemplification of which, I need not cite the derivative Chorus, "He trusted in God," in the *Messiah*, and several of the most effective choruses in *Israel in Egypt*. The form of passage with which the movement opens, and which accompanies the chief Subject throughout, was, obviously, suggested to the composer by the first phrase of the text, who reflects this suggestion upon the audience through the brilliancy of effect and gladness of spirit that is thus especially imparted to the whole movement.

I have spoken of the fugal element (namely, of the successive entry of the several parts with the same subject, and of the continual elaboration of this in their constant responses), as conspicuous in the composition of this movement, which is not, however, a strict fugue fulfilling all the exactions of scholastic canon; but if on this account less erudite, it is none the less effective. The principal Subject:



Praise the Lord with lute and harp, in joyful song extol Him!



And let all flesh magnify His might and His glory!

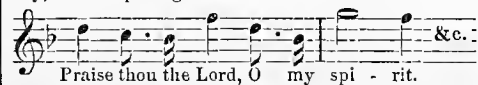
which is subsequently worked in combination with the former. A passage of remarkable prominence is where the tenor voices alone have the first three notes of the chief theme, to which the rest of the choir respond in full harmony; the broad simplicity of which, and the consequent power, are eminently appropriate to the grandeur of the sentiment. Bursting, as though with unrestrainable transport, through

the tumult of these many-tongued rejoicings, the glorious summons with which the work opens is again proclaimed with magnificent solemnity, enforced by unisonous accompaniment of the voices with the brass instruments; and its expression, thus modified, seems to approve while it commands the universal act of homage; with this well-timed and eminently effective recurrence of the initial phrase, the Chorus is completed.

(6). *Solo and Semi-Chorus*.—Praise thou the Lord, O my spirit, and my inmost soul praise His great loving kindness.

Praise thou the Lord, O my spirit, and forget thou not all His benefits.

Still continuous of the foregoing movement, this exquisite piece of reposeful beauty presents, under a very different aspect, the same purpose—of acknowledging the omnipresent influence of the Fountain of Life. Opposed to the massive solidity of all that has preceded, the brightness of the effect of the single soprano voice (alternated with the responses of the female chorus, and supported by the peculiarly delicate pulsations of the accompaniment of iterated chords) has here an expression so intense, yet so tranquil—so fervid, yet so peaceful,—as may well be supposed the outpouring of a soul thrilling with the sense of grateful love—of love of which its own happy tranquillity is at once the cause and the consequence. Let me distinguish one incident of especial merit in this piece, and one that is particularly characteristic of Mendelssohn; this is the resumption, after a cadence in the fifth of the original key, of the opening theme:



Praise thou the Lord, O my spi - rit.

which is introduced with charming effect by a short sequence upon its first phrase with the choral voices, which the solo felicitously interrupts by repeating the phrase a third higher (which brings it into the original key), instead of a second higher, which has been the interval at which its successive anticipations have appeared in the sequence.

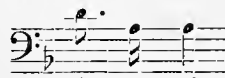
(7). *Recitative*.—Sing ye praise, all ye redeemed of the Lord, redeemed from the hand of the foe, from your distresses, from deep affliction; who sat in the shadow of death and darkness, all ye that cried in trouble unto the Lord, sing ye praise, give ye thanks, proclaim aloud His goodness.

Air.—He counteth all your sorrows in the time of need; He comforts the bereaved with His regard. Sing ye praise, give ye thanks, proclaim aloud His goodness.

Chorus.—All ye that cried unto the Lord in distress and deep affliction. He counteth all your sorrows in the time of need.

This series of three movements brings us back to the feeling rendered in the second of the instrumental portions of the work,—an identity the more conspicuous by the return here to the key of the Allegretto Agitato; but, though the feeling be identical, the sense of our temporal associations, which, while it endures, is paramount, there is this marked difference in the expression—that the instrumental movement embodies the workings of present passion; and the three vocal pieces, the sorrowing languor of the bruised heart, that still aches from memory of a grief of which the immediate action is past. This is presented in the pensive melancholy that touches our sympathy rather than stimulates our enthusiasm.

The first phrase of the Recitative:



Sing ye praise,

is important, as announcing the purport of these three pieces—"In the memory of your affliction sing praises"—and this is rendered in the accents of grief as poured from a sincere heart, in which to recollect is to feel anew. This phrase recurs immediately before the close of the Recitative, and again, near the end of the plaintive Air that succeeds; and there appears to me to be a deep meaning in its repeated recurrence, especially in a composition of Mendelssohn, who never trifled with his resources, and never wrote without a purpose.

The melodious smoothness and the expressive sadness of the Air make their own comment; and the same remark applies to the Chorus, which, in an entirely different train of ideas, but with completely the same expression, is a further development of the sentiment of the Solo. Mendelssohn has been eminently successful in this cantabile style of choral writing, in which he has been much imitated, but never surpassed; the employment of a prominent figure continuously throughout the accompaniment, as in the present case, is also one of his peculiarities: such general characteristics make this Chorus one of a class, its association with which cannot but enhance its effect by the charming recollections it awakens, while its individual merits will always

make it interesting independently of every association.

(8). *Duet and Chorus*.—I waited for the Lord, He inclined unto me, He heard my complaint; O blessed are they that hope and trust in the Lord.

Let me not dilate by attempting to describe the charm of this exquisite piece. The lovely melody of the opening Solo is, after the short choral refrain, repeated by the second voice against a counter-melody of the first voice, that is twined about it with as much grace as ingenuity; after a repetition of the choral refrain, which is, according to the constant practice of Mendelssohn, enhanced in its effect by a striking variation of the harmony, the principal melody is assigned to the male voices of the chorus, and, with this rich, sonorous tone, it forms a groundwork upon which is constructed another series of counter-phrases for the two solo voices; in the Coda, a different combination is made of the solo voices with the chorus, and the final cadence is formed with singular beauty by the entry of the male voices of the chorus with the first phrase of the melody, which has been successively anticipated, in another part of the scale, by each of the solo voices.

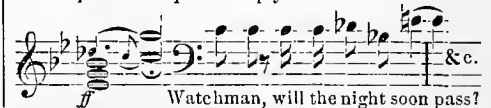
(9). *Air*.—The sorrows of death had closed all around me, and hell's dark terrors had got hold upon me, with trouble and deep heaviness; but saith the Lord, "Come, arise from the dead, and awake thou that sleepest, I bring thee salvation."

The restless perturbations of a heart torn by affliction are strikingly embodied in the wild agitation of this impassioned Air; and the hopeful fervor of the second theme expresses the expectant faith in the Divine promise.

(10). *Recitative*.—We called through the darkness, "Watchman, will the night soon pass?" The watchman only said, "Though the morning will come, the night will come also." Ask ye, inquire ye, if ye will, inquire ye, return again, ask, "Watchman, will the night soon pass?"

The wonderfully dramatic setting of this short, very important text, is one of the most remarkable instances the art presents of its power to enforce the significance of verbal expression, giving to this an intensity and a depth wholly beyond the scope of spoken language.

The thrilling phrase for the orchestra, rendered especially poignant by the peculiar instrumental combination employed to give it effect, represents a keen sense of anguish, the agony of which seems to wring the words of the enquiry from a spirit so broken as to be incapable of hope in a reply:

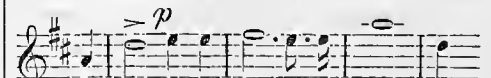


Watchman, will the night soon pass?

The repetition of this passage makes us feel still more intensely the longing for relief—the despair of its attainment so livingly embodied. The four words of description are very felicitously distinguished from the context in the setting; and the troublous anxiety of the Watchman's answer eminently realizes the different emotion of one who witnesses but may not solace another's woe, from that of one stricken with affliction who cannot be comforted. The transposition of the entire passage to a note higher wonderfully augments, if it change not its expression. A new pang seems to rend the heart—a new impulse of impatience to prompt an exclamation uttered from the very depth of despair; the Watchman's reply, by the modification of minor into major, and by the acceleration of the motion of the accompaniment, bears now the purport of an increased concern in the woe that there is an increased sense of inability to console. Another repetition of the passage, transposed yet to a note higher, represents the sufferer become reckless from the long protraction of a torment which, like dropping water, accumulates power by its continuance. This repetition is interrupted by a passage of still more exciting intensity; and, his power of suffering exhausted,—his heart at the point of breaking, the afflicted one seems to be utterly prostrated by his weight of woe.

(11). *Solo and Chorus*.—The night is departing, the day is approaching, therefore let us cast off the works of darkness, and let us gird on the armor of light. The day is approaching, the night is departing.

Now it is as though the profound darkness were rent, and a stream of Heaven's own radiance piercing the cleft, struck, electrically, life and faith into the withered heart, which was at once quickened with a new vitality by its genial warmth and brightness. Such is the effect of the soprano Solo that, quite unaccompanied, and in a key which is, however relative, totally unexpected, breaks in upon the unresolved dissonance with which the tenor ceases:



The night is de-part-ing, de-part-ing,

This announces the chief Subject of the very grand Chorus, that, with the utmost possible force of voices and instruments, and with equal power of ideas, repeats, as with the tongue of an universe, the glorious truth revealed from Heaven. The triumphant jubilation that characterizes this magnificent piece, penetrates the feelings of every listener, and fills a vast throng with such enthusiastic gladness as springs from the consciousness of patriotic success or the act of poetic creation.

A felicitous illustration of the text occurs where the words "Let us gird on the armor of light!" are first introduced; and this inspiring summons—



is echoed from side to side of the orchestra, as if passed from rank to rank of a mighty host, unanimous in a noble cause, and waiting but the appointed signal to set free the ardor within them. A most spirited fugue that constitutes the important Episode which relieves the chief theme, is constructed upon the following subject:



All who hear it must exult in the grand expression of sincerity and reliance conveyed in the concluding passage, where the unaccompanied voices declaim with majestic breadth the opening words.

12. Choral.—Let all men praise the Lord,
In worship lowly bending,
On His most Holy Word,
Redeem'd from woe depending, &c.

"Nun danket Alle Gott," is one of the most generally familiar of the very many Hymn tunes of the Lutheran Church which were adopted into it by its founder, and, with the verses to which they are sung, that also date from the time of the Reformation, have been in constant use as a portion of the Service, from that period to the present. We in England have not the advantage of those among whom these Chorals are habitually familiar, to be able instantly to associate them, as we should our National Anthem, or the Hundredth Psalm, with the words with which they are always connected, and to recognize in them, accordingly, the illustration of some particular sentiment wherever they may be performed, either separately, or, as in the present instance, in the course of an extensive composition. The theme is, to us, new as the treatment with which it is presented to us, and we hear and we judge both together, finding in them what interest we may, apart from all associations beyond the present work. Mendelssohn followed the example of the great Bach, which was founded on still earlier precedent, of incorporating these venerable tunes, as themes for elaboration in his works; and we may well understand, if we cannot experience, the peculiar interest they must excite, and the peculiar ideas they must suggest, when heard in such situations by those who know them with a life-long intimacy. The preceding piece announces the glad tidings of the Redemption; the present embodies, in phrases so well known that all the hearers to whom the work was originally addressed might join in them, the acknowledgments of a grateful world.

The first stanza is harmonized in simple counterpoint for the four voices, without any accompaniment,—an effect so pure and so sympathetic, that it must always be the best possible rendering of a calm, devotional feeling. The second stanza is given as a Plain Song to all the voices in unison, and its broad simplicity supports the florid counterpoint of the orchestra, which here derives additional effect from the other stanza having been sung entirely without instruments. This latter method of treating the theme is especially ecclesiastical, it having been the ancient custom for the "Church Part," or Plain Song, to be sung by the body of the people, while the organ, or sometimes a select choir, accompanied them with such variety or complication of counterpoint as the skill or fancy of the composer prompted him to construct upon it.

13. Duet.—My song shall be alway Thy mercy, singing Thy praise, Thou only God; my tongue ever speak the goodness Thou hast done unto me.

I wander in night and foulest darkness, and mine enemies stand threatening around; yet called I upon the Name of the Lord, and He redeemed me with watchful goodness.

The charming fluency of the melody, and the soft richness of the instrumentation, give a character of repose to the first sentence of this Duet, that shows the words as springing from a soul at peace with all around,—a song of thankfulness poured forth in the calm spirit of contentment. The more troubled character assumed at the entry of the soprano voice on the words "I wander," indicates rather recollection

of grief than present suffering, from which the confidence of the declaration, "Yet called I," when the two voices are first brought together, and the gentle sweetness of the succeeding passage, "And He redeemed me," bring us back to the sense of tranquil security which is the prominent expression of the piece. The resumption of the opening melody by the soprano voice, while the tenor has a counter-melody, is one of the chief effects in the Duet.

14. Chorus.—Ye nations, offer to the Lord glory and might.
Ye monarchs, offer to the Lord glory and might.
Thou heaven, offer to the Lord glory and might.
The whole earth, offer to the Lord glory and might.

The misery past, the Redemption accomplished, the general song of thanks and the personal feeling of gratitude openly and secretly offered at the Heavenly mercy-seat, the universe is called upon to glorify the Lord, from whom proceed alike the punishment and the pardon. This purpose is embodied with a dignity worthy of the theme; the grand declamatory Subject, of a class with some of the noblest of Handel's—



is so accompanied at its announcement, that the voices, being quite independent of the orchestra, give clear and emphatic enunciation to the comprehensive summons, which thus reaches alike the outer sense and the inward feeling of multitudinous nations, thunder-voiced and irresistible. The several vocal parts enter successively with the same Subject, but each with a different division of the text, implying that the four great embassies, to the Nations, the Monarchs, the Heavens, and the Earth, spread themselves through the infinity of space, circulating their message from sphere to sphere, and filling the untamed realms with the one grand utterance of the one great feeling.

15. O give thanks to the Lord, praise Him all ye people, and ever praise His Holy Name.

Sing ye the Lord, and ever praise His Holy Name.

The imitative form of the preceding movement now ceases. An orchestral passage, in which an extraordinary and most astonishing effect of breadth is attained by the progression of the parts in long scales of measured notes by contrary motion, introduces the ponderously massive harmony of the voices with prodigious majesty; the universe has reverberated with the awful summons, the universe has obeyed, and all created powers join in the Hymn of Praise.

We have then a clever fugue upon this Subject, the aim of which appears to be, artistically, to give solidity to the composition by the exercise of the profoundest scholastic resources,—dramatically, to give the effect of multitude, and so of vastness, as an appropriate rendering of the text.

16. All that have life and breath, sing to the Lord.

Finally, the initial phrase—that which, as a motto, first announced in a grand epitome the entire design of the work—now announces the design to be fulfilled, and declares the heart-expanding solemnity of offering praise to be accomplished. The mind that could produce was all-competent to approve the greatness of this noble masterpiece, and this repetition of his chief idea seems like his setting his seal upon the work, which stamped it as worthy of the theme, worthy of the art, and worthy of the composer.

London, Jan. 1857.

G. A. MACFARREN.

Beethoven's "Moon-light" Sonata—Liszt.

[We translate the following from the *Voyage Musical en Allemagne et en Italie* of HECTOR BERLIOZ, Paris, 1844.]

There is a work of Beethoven, known by the name of the *Sonata in C Sharp minor*, the Adagio of which is one of those poeasies which human language knows not how to designate. Its means of action are very simple; the left hand softly lays out large chords of a sad and solemn character, and of such length as to allow the vibrations of the piano gradually to die away upon each one; above this, the lower fingers of the right hand keep up an obstinate arpeggio accompaniment, of which the form never varies from the first measure to the last; while the other fingers render audible a sort of lamentation, the melodic efflorescence of this sombre harmony.

One day, some seven or eight years ago, Liszt, in executing this Adagio before a little circle of which I made one, took it into his head to alter and denaturalize it, after the manner usually adopted then to win the applause of the fashionable public: instead

of holding out those long notes in the bass, instead of the severe uniformity of rhythm and of movement just alluded to, he introduced trills and tremolos, he hurried and retarded the measure, disturbing thus by passionate accents the calmness of this sadness, and making thunders groan in this cloudless sky, which should be only sombered by the sun's departure. . . . I must confess, I suffered cruelly, more even than I ever suffered hearing our unfortunate *cantatrici* embroider the grand monologue in *Freyschütz*; for to this torture was added the chagrin of seeing such an artist indulge in a trick that ordinarily belongs only to mediocrity. But what was to be done about it? Liszt was then like a child who, without complaining picks himself up from a fall which we pretend not to perceive, and who would cry were you to offer him your hand. He has risen up proudly: for several years past especially it is no longer he who pursues success, but success which is out of breath in following him; the rôles are exchanged. Let us return to our Sonata.

Recently one of those men of heart and soul, whom artists are so happy to encounter, had assembled a few friends; I was of the number. Liszt arrived in the evening, and, finding a discussion going on about the value of a piece of Weber's, to which the public, whether because it was poorly executed, or from some other reason, had in a recent concert given but a cold reception,—seated himself at the piano to answer in his manner to the antagonists of Weber. The argument appeared unanswerable, and all were obliged to confess that a work of genius had been misappreciated. Just as he had finished, the lamp which lighted the apartment appeared on the point of going out: one of the company went to revive it.

—Do no such thing, said I; if he will play the Adagio of Beethoven in C sharp minor, this twilight will not be amiss.

—With all my heart, said Liszt; but extinguish the light entirely, cover up the fire, let the darkness be complete.

Then, in the midst of those deep shades, after a moment for collecting our thoughts, the noble elegy, the same which he had formerly so strangely disfigured, rose in its sublime simplicity; not a note, not an accent were added to the notes and accents of the author. It was the shade of Beethoven, evoked by the virtuoso, whose grand voice we were hearing. Each of us shuddered in silence, and after the last chord we were silent still. . . . we wept.

"WHAT DOES IT MEAN?" is often asked of a fine piece of music without words. The truth is, the meaning of music lies bidden in those deeper and more mysterious regions of the human soul's every day experience, which it is as vain to ignore as it is impossible to render into the distinct tones of thought. Music is deeper than speech, and makes its appeal to that within us that is deeper than thoughts of the understanding. Music expresses that part of our best and deeper consciousness, which needs precisely such a fluid, sympathetic language as its tones alone afford. Music begins where words leave off; by it our inmost, spiritual natures commune with each other. Hence the loftiest poetry, the most inspired and subtle charm of conversation, in short that magical something that distinguishes the utterances of genius in its high hour, in whatsoever form, is an approximation to music and sets the finest chords to vibrating within us in something the same way. The effect of music could hardly be described more accurately than in the very terms in which the higher ranges of Coleridge's conversation are described by his nephew, in the preface to the "Table Talk." For example:

I have seen him at times when you could not incarnate him,—when he shook aside your petty questions or doubts, and burst with some impatience through the obstacles of common conversation. Then, escaped from the flesh, he would soar upwards into an atmosphere almost too rare to breathe, but which seemed proper to him, and there he would float at ease. Like enough, what Coleridge then said, his subtlest listener would not understand as a man understands a newspaper; but upon such a listener there would steal an influence, and an impression, and a sympathy; there would be a gradual attempering of his body and spirit, till his total being vibrated with one pulse alone, and thought became merged in contemplation;—

And so, his senses gradually wrapt
In a half sleep, he'd dream of better worlds,
And dreaming hear thee still, O singing lark,
That sangest like an angel in the clouds!

American Voices.—Musical Conventions.

MR. DWIGHT.—The "Diarist" has, in your last issue, touched upon a topic which has often recurred to my own mind, and without doubt to many others also. All who have based their judgment upon observation, instead of thoughtlessly adopting the popular notion, must long ago have been aware of the abundance of good voices with which our land is blessed. If, indeed, it be, that any lands are more favorable than others to the production of rare voices, ours must be among the number, for the really fine Mezzo Sopranos (voices), which are to be found in our towns and villages, would suffice to supply half the world with great singers, if they were accompanied by that gift of the spirit, which alone can make a true artist. Nor is this endowment entirely wanting among us. The experience of nearly every country Music Teacher will furnish at least one example of a rare voice combined with equally rare mental endowments. Very few, however, even of the most gifted, have ever reached a higher state of advancement than to sing the anthems (so called) inserted in the back part of psalm-tune books, which usually differ from the psalm-tunes only in containing more measures and in venturing a note or two higher in the treble parts.

As to the causes and means of cure of this great deficiency in the development of our musical resources the Diarist offers some suggestions, with which I must partly agree and partly differ. First, the cause: this I take to be, mainly, the poor character of the Sacred Music which obtains throughout the land. When it is considered that in almost every town or village in New England a "Singing School" gathers together each winter the musical people of the place, for the purpose of "Sol-Fa-ing" through the last psalm-tune book of the favorite "Professor," the great influence exerted by this class of music in vitiating the taste, and in deadening that susceptibility to the influence of really good music, which is natural to the community, will be apparent.

The Diarist, looking around for something to improve this state of things, fixes upon Musical Conventions as likely to help him. Having been connected with a great many of these affairs, in several different States and under the management of many different Professors, I can speak with some certainty concerning their objects and influence. They are, in fact, only gigantic Singing Schools, where the Professor gets paid for advertising his own books, and at which country people are educated up to the standard of such master-pieces as the Oratorios of "Absalom" and the "Captivity and Restoration," or the equally classical "Cantatas," with names apparently borrowed from the backs of cheap yellow-covered books.

Let it not be thought that I have mis-stated the object of the managers of these Conventions. I know of more than one instance, where the inhabitants of country towns have engaged two celebrated manufacturers of the psalm-tune nostrum, from different States, to hold a Convention together, and where each of the Doctors of Music brought his own pile of psalm-books, his own bundle of glee-books, and his own Oratorio or Cantata, and alternated with his rival in displaying their merits, while the gathered multitude of singers, who had spent time and money in the endeavor to satisfy the thirst of their natures for music, are forced to follow the rival Professors, in their contradictory precepts, exchanging each book for its rival as the Professors alternate in command.

Once, in a small town, the centre of a county, the calling of a similar Convention fell into the hands of persons who desired, as does the "Diarist," to make it conduce to the musical benefit of its members. They pursued the very plan proposed by the "Diarist"; they procured and practised for some time previous to the Convention, good classical music, and looked earnestly forward to the time when the preceptor should assist them to feel the greatness and give life to the beauties of those noble choruses from "Samson"; but the day arrived, and with the Professor came the Professor's books, and these occupied the van, the body, and the rear of the Convention's time, leaving poor Classics to come in as baggage.

Surely, Mr. Diarist, such Conventions will hardly aid the great work in which we are both engaged.

PHI.

ANSWER TO THE ABOVE.—Why did the people in that said country town engage "Professors"? Why did they not send for a Conductor? Send for a man like Zerrahn, or Eckhart, or Southard to direct the work they had in hand? Enough good conductors may be found.

DIARIST.

Dwight's Journal of Music.

BOSTON, APRIL 10, 1858.

The Oratorios.

The earnest efforts of the Handel and Haydn Society to give us four more Oratorio programmes, with the invaluable aid of Herr FORMES, and other artists associated with him in New York, have so far been rewarded by large, but not by any means overflowing audiences. The "Elijah," on Saturday evening, it was our misfortune personally to lose, illness preventing our attendance. But all accounts agree in representing that the great basso, suffering from a cold and the fatigue of recent labors, did not give the part of the prophet with the same spirit as on his former visit; that the choral performance, too, was in many parts less effectively inspired; but that some of the choruses and all of the quartets went better than ever here, and that Mme. D'ANGRI was much admired in the contralto (or mezzo soprano) songs, especially in the "Angel Trio," which, as sung this time by Mrs. LONG, Mrs. HARWOOD and herself, made even a finer impression than as sung before by boys.

The "Messiah," on Sunday evening, we did hear, and would not for much have missed it. FORMES, of course, was the great special attraction. He is one of those very few singers, who possess the higher qualities of the artist in so eminent a degree, who has so much of the soul and inspiration of the music in him, and who conveys it with so much truth of feeling, so much power of intellect, and such commanding force of voice and personal magnetism, that it detracts very little from him that he is open to various points of technical criticism in detail. In spite of the fact that his intonation is not always true (as is the case with many ponderous bass voices); in spite of what we must deem his worst fault, the tendency to too much *portamento*, and in spite of still remaining signs of hoarseness, he delivered the great bass solos of the "Messiah" that night with a power and grandeur of expression, which we have scarcely heard approached before. His mere mastery of the music, to speak of nothing more, his executive command of the Handelian passages, his power of phrasing, emphasis, and light and shade, were very perfect; and the grand voice, furnishing such large and palpable tone-substance, was all the shaping, plastic art could want. But then, too, there was the informing mind, the equal of which we have not had in any singer except Jenny Lind. There was the imaginative, vitalizing consciousness of what he sang, which colored and attuned each note as the sentiment, the spirit of the part required. How remarkable this in the great descriptive recitative and air: *For, behold, darkness shall cover the earth; The people that walked in darkness, &c.* Much is due to the composer; but, in the change from the sombre tone of darkness to the phrase: *have seen a great light*, how wonderfully his tones brightened! how vivid, lustrous was the enthusiasm of that passage! And there was a whole-souled energy about all such passages. Being truly imaginative with him, they could not be overdone. In

his first recitative: *Thus saith the Lord*, he did "shake the heavens and the earth" with a power to make one tremble; the chaste and solemn beauty of: *But who may abide*, and the tremendous *prestissimo* of: *For he is like a refiner's fire*, were in admirable contrast; the latter more perfect than his rendering of the similar air in "Elijah." Why do the nations rage was executed to a charm, and wonderfully effective; there were strong calls for its repetition. The song of the "Last Trumpet," too, though we think it too mere a show-piece for so sublime an oratorio, we never heard so well given; in the first notes of the introductory recitative: *Behold, I tell you a mystery!* we had another exemplification of this singer's fine imaginative coloring of a note. We have now heard FORMES in "Elijah," the "Creation," and the "Messiah," and our impression is that in the bass songs of the last his grand voice and talent find the grandest scope.

Mr. PERRING's tenor sounded sweeter and purer than ever in his opening piece: *Comfort ye, my people*. His execution throughout was smooth, artistic, chaste, expressive,—allowing something of course for the commonplace cadenzas of all English singers. His voice is not robust, not great; but in such music we have rarely heard a more delightful artist. *Thy rebuke, &c.* were given with true and beautiful expression.

We cannot sympathize with all the admiration felt by some for Mme. D'ANGRI's large tones and dramatic style in the contralto airs of the "Messiah." The voice is large, and also rich; but to our ear not free from a certain something unrefined. Her execution, of the Rossini passages especially, is admirable; but here, in the pathetic, but chaste melody of: *He was despised*, there was a dramatic overdoing of the matter, a sobbing and gasping between the phrases, that seemed far more like cold stage common-places, than like real emotion. It was false art, in that it went on the principle of acting out the sorrows, which the song was only intended calmly to narrate. In *O thou that tellest*, her large tones lent peculiar effect.

Mrs. LONG was remarkably successful in the great song of faith: *I know that my Redeemer liveth*. In the angel announcements: *There were shepherds, &c.*, the time was certainly too slow; the wings (in the violin figures) moved very languidly; otherwise we have never heard this singer to better advantage on the whole. The same of Mrs. WENTWORTH; in spite of that certain childishness of voice, which goes with its rare purity and sweetness, she conveys the beauty and the consolation of such strains as: *He shall feed his flock*, and *But thou didst not leave*, in a way that wins deep entrance to the feelings of all listeners. No one was more heartily applauded.

The effect of the choruses, and the ensemble generally, was of more than average excellence, though not the best we can remember. The contralto part was much too feebly represented, in respect of numbers, in proportion to the rest. The "Hallelujah," however, never impressed us more. Some of the choruses showed the very careful drill under which Mr. Conductor ZERRAHN has lately put his forces. But a noteworthy feature, to be counted to the advantage of this performance, was the introduction and effective rendering of certain very important pieces commonly omitted. Such were the exceedingly beauti-

ful consecutive choruses: *Surely he hath borne our grief*, and *And with his stripes*; the highest poetic as well as contrapuntal charm is found in the latter. After these choruses, the real force and quaintness of: *All we like sheep*, is for the first time felt. Another praiseworthy restoration was that of the answering quartet and chorus sentences: *For as by man came death, in Christ shall all be made alive*, &c. The quartets were finely given by the four principal singers, and the choral antithesis on the last clause told superbly.

The Drama.

The present season will be remembered by managers throughout the country as the most disastrous ever known. The sudden exhaustion in the public funds came so unexpectedly that no provision could be made to lessen its effect upon the theatrical world. Ample and liberal arrangements for a season of unusual brilliancy had been made by certain managers in the three Northern cities. New plans were laid, new enterprises decided upon. The expected increase in expenses was to be met by a triple combination of leading theatres in Boston, New York and Philadelphia, according to which attractive novelties were to be presented alternately before the public of each city. Everything promised well, but before the season was fairly on its way, the financial pressure cast a shadow over all, especially darkening the prospects of those who live by the provision of public amusement. The entire winter was one of managerial discontent; whether in the rapidly reviving interest in gaieties there is in store for them a "glorious summer," is yet to be seen.

In Boston matters have been the same as elsewhere; neither better nor worse. The Boston Theatre has been the most afflicted of our places of popular resort — if, indeed, that can be called a place of popular resort which for so long appeared to be sedulously shunned by the public. The season opened at the appointed time, with a company certainly above the average. Various attractions were brought forward in rapid succession. Mr. Edwin Booth appeared in the second week. In the fifth Mr. Charles Mathews came, and added much to his own fame, but nothing to the fortunes of the theatre. Two months passed away, each successive week witnessing a steady depletion of the treasury. The beautiful ballet troupe was introduced in the tenth week. Then, indeed, the audiences began to increase, but not sufficiently to counter-balance the enormous expenses at that time. After the departure of the ballet troupe, a month of dreary desolation ensued. Miss Heron, in the eighteenth week, proved a considerable attraction, but it was reserved for the Ravels, in the twentieth week, to awaken an interest thus far unseen. For nine weeks they filled the theatre, yet, unfortunately, so great are the regular expenses of the establishment, the additional outlays required for their visit prevented even then any pecuniary advantage on the side where it was most needed. One advantage, however, was gained; — that of passing without positive loss through the most dangerous period of the year. After the Ravels, came Mr. Edwin Booth again, who succeeded in attracting for two weeks larger audiences, perhaps, than could have been secured by any other individual performer at that time. From our hasty summary we gladly step aside a moment to pluck a humble flower and throw it in the path of this young and brilliant tragedian. Of all the hosts of aspirants for histrionic fame who at this day tread the boards, he alone seems destined to attain a splendid eminence. Even now, when but just entered upon the tangled path of his profession, he justly claims a position so far above all other American actors, that only one or two can be named with him. In the personation of Shakespeare's characters, which most powerfully test an actor's abilities, Mr. Booth's genius carries him nobly through. The Shakespearian temple is not defiled, but adorned, when he enters it. Two more years of such rapid advancement in his art as he has shown during the past two, and he will surely stand in the front rank of living tragedians.

The present attraction at the theatre is the curious specimen of Mr. Bourcain's "contemporaneous drama," "Jessie Brown, or the Relief of Lucknow" a series of effectively constructed scenes selected from the events of the Indian war. The chief merit of this play is the admirable manner in which it is put upon the stage, the scenery and appointments far exceeding in magnificence anything ever before seen in this city. It has attracted large audiences at the Boston Theatre, which now bids fair at least to incur no loss for the remainder of the season.

The Boston Museum has sailed steadily through the financial tempest, not unscathed, indeed, but with perhaps less difficulty than any theatre in the North. There is a wonderfully firm and capable hand at the managerial helm. Mr. Kimball, it would seem, has found that philosopher's stone which ensures fixed fortune even in his dubious vocation. There are reasons, which appear on examination, for his unvarying success. At another time the examination shall be made.

The Howard Athenæum — it is singular, by the way, that two of our theatres should seek to conceal themselves under an assumed name — has been closed the winter long, with the exception of a ridiculous attempt at a season of a few weeks, of which the less said the better. It has recently opened with the brightest auspices, under the management of Mr. and Mrs. Barrow. As now conducted, the Howard deserves to prosper. The company is remarkably complete, and equal to almost any requirements, as has been shown. The plan adopted by Mr. Barrow, — a new one, and one which will probably carry success with it, — we must touch upon hereafter.

These are the only theatrical reminiscences of the season worth alluding to. There have been at the National Theatre some representations alike disgraceful to the stage and to the city which permits them. These have recently given place to a circus exhibition, and it is said that the control of the theatre has just been assumed by a gentleman who will endeavor to redeem its character. The task is a severe one, but is worth attempting.

CONCERTS. — Since our last there have been several concerts. Illness has prevented our attending any of them except the annual Benefit of the MENDELSSOHN QUINTETT CLUB, which, we are sorry to say, had but thin audience, although both programme and performance were of a very high order. We hope to speak more at length of it next week. The others have been that of the ST. CECILIA SOCIETY, on Saturday evening; the Wednesday Afternoon Concert, at the Music Hall, of which the larger features were Beethoven's C minor Symphony, and the *Tannhäuser* Overture; and a private farewell entertainment given by Mrs. E. A. WENTWORTH, to some of her friends, at Chickering's, more especially in compliment to the members of the society worshipping at King's Chapel. This we were very sorry to lose. Mrs. Wentworth sails for Europe in the *Vanderbilt*, from New York, to-day.

Musical Chit-Chat.

This evening the HANDEL AND HAYDN SOCIETY give the third of their grand Oratorio performances. The first part will be miscellaneous, giving a chance to hear the glorious organ of Herr FORMES in three famous bass songs, to-wit: *In diesen heiligen Hallen*, from the *Zauberflöte*; Schubert's "Wanderer," and an air from *Figaro*. Mr. COOPER's admirable violinism also will be heard. For the second part we are to have, for the first time, Mendelssohn's sublime "Hymn of Praise," of which the first half is an orchestral Symphony in three noble movements, and the second half grand choruses and orchestra, with splendid solos for tenor and sopranos. The hearer should prepare himself by reading the analysis commenced in our last, and concluded in this week's paper. To-morrow evening, the "Creation" will be again performed, giving another opportunity to hear the famous low D of FORMES. Mrs. LONG, Mrs. HARWOOD and Mr. PERRING take the other parts. . . . The GERMANIA MILITARY BAND, whose new organization in the much desired form of a *reed* Band, of thirty instruments, we heralded with joy a few weeks since, announce a first Concert at the Music Hall for next Saturday evening. Let every one, who has grown weary of the age of brass, attend and lend his countenance to this good movement. . . . The eleventh and last but one of the Afternoon Concerts of the ORCHESTRAL UNION will take place next Wednesday.

We heard some rare music on the morning of Good Friday, at the house of a gentleman in this city, who provides a refined pleasure for himself and his friends by private quartet performances of classical music once a week the winter through. To this end he employs four of our best resident artists:

MESSRS. ECKHARDT, WULF FRIES, SCHULTZE and SUCK, who compose as perfect a quartet as we have listened to in Boston. On this occasion we had a Fugue by Mozart; a religious Andante out of one of Beethoven's latest Quartets ("in modo Lydico"), profoundly beautiful and solemn; *He was despised*, and *Behold and see if there be any sorrow*, from Handel's "Messiah," the air being most feelingly sung in the one by the viola, in the other by the 'cello; and finally the introduction, and all the seven Sonatas of that famous old work, Haydn's "Seven last words on the Cross." These were all slow, grave movements, but appropriate to the day, and for the most part very beautiful.

The London *Musical World* devotes three or four columns to us again — part complimentary, and part friendly warning against German critics; thereby hangs a — queue (in German, *Zopf*). We shall consider the matter at due length. . . . They have found out that the mother of LABLACHE was Irish. . . . What wonderful instruction books are written now-a-days for musical beginners! We opened one and found the "Anvil Chorus" arranged for flute solo!

The music-lovers in Salem, in Providence, in Worcester, &c., have enjoyed in turn the splendors of the FORMES constellation this week, in the interim between the Oratorios in Boston. . . . Last Tuesday evening the young ladies of the Mendelssohn Musical Institute, in Pittsfield, Mass., gave a Soirée, under the direction of their zealous principal, Mr. EDWARD B. OLIVER. In the programme we notice five Sonatas: (in E b, by Hummel; in D, by Beethoven; Op. 36, by Clementi; in C, by Kuhlau; and Fantasia and Sonata, by Mozart); a Song without Words, by Mendelssohn; a Fantasia ("Winter's Tale") by Oesten; Polonaise, by Weber; and Songs by Mendelssohn, Schubert, Aht, Kalliwoda, and Meyerbeer. Certainly an example worthy to be held up to all seminaries where music is professed! We hear that the performance reflected great credit on both teachers and pupils. . . . We read of our whilom tenor, Mr. ARTHURSON, as giving a third Soirée Musicale in Montreal, assisted by amateur pupils; the selections were "from the oldest masters."

The "MUSARD Monster Concerts" at the New York Academy of Music commence on Monday evening, to be continued every evening for one month. Ullman blows his biggest trumpets in the newspapers. They will be the "grandest, completest, most colossal" concerts ever known on this side the ocean. He has found his twenty liveried waiters, his "prepossessing" Naiads of exhaustless tea and coffee fountains, his twenty boys in fancy uniforms to sell the evening papers; he also invites you to the light of "twenty-five monster candelabras," to the downy ease of "one hundred sofas," and what not. Then the orchestra numbers one hundred and twenty instruments! including "60 first-rate violins, 30 contra basses and 'cellos, 9 trombones and 20 drums!" besides the usual wind and brass. Such is the outfit for one of Musard's "Monster Quadrilles." We are nothing if not monstrous in these days. There is to be a "Comic Cattle Show Quadrille" and an "Explosion of the Malakoff Quadrille." Musard brings with him famous solo-players from Paris; and THALBERG, D'ANGRI, &c., are to take part in the opening. To be sure, this is Musard *filis*, and not Musard the founder of this nice and quiet little classical style of concert that wears his name. The father laid down the bâton in '42, and since then the present Musard has reigned in Paris, and is the only Musard known to the Parisian of to-day; — all this has Mr. Ullman taken pains to prove at a whole column's length by documents in the newspapers, silencing malicious hints about the identity of his lion. They do say, however, that the real Musard concert hails from *Bohemia*; perhaps all our readers are not so well booked up in Geography as to be aware that Bohemia is in Paris. . . . Ullman has already sent up the signal balloon of his next grand ascent: He has engaged London LUMLEY with all his troupe, including PICCOLONINI, and the new tenor GIUGLINI, to come over here next autumn. . . . The "Hutchinson Family," re-organized, are giving more of their "hearty, homely," popular concerts in New York, at Mozart Hall. . . . Bach's triple Concerto is to be played at Messrs. Mason & Thomas's Matinée to-day by the three pianists, SCHARFENBERG, TIMM and WILLIAM MASON. . . . The "Haydn Quartet" is the name of a new Club for Chamber Music, formed in Brooklyn, under the lead of THEODORE HAGEN.

In Philadelphia, MARETZER's Opera troupe concluded their first subscription series on Monday and Wednesday nights, with *L'Elisir d'Amore* and *Lucia*,

the principal parts being sustained by LAGRANGE, GASSIER, BRIGNOLI, GASPARI and ASSONI. The small audiences thus far have been ascribed in part to the want of novelty; but an immense subscription was anticipated for the new series of ten nights, which was to commence last evening, with *I Puritani*, the great baritone RONCONI at last appearing as Sir George Walton. "William Tell" is to be given on Monday: this we really envy the Philadelphians. The *Prophète*, "North Star," "Huguenots, &c., are expected to follow. Other members of the troupe are GAZZANIGA, ADELAIDE PHILLIPS, D'ANGRI, AMODIO, &c. Fitzgerald says: "the Brignoli of to-day is as superior to the Brignoli of 1855, as Formes is to the average of bassi." . . . Mr. SENTZ's orchestra, at their "Germania Rehearsals," have reached the point of giving a Symphony entire; they have played Mozart's "Jupiter," in C. . . . The "Harmonia Sacred Music Society" gave their thirtieth concert (second of the season) last Monday evening, assisted by Mr. FRAZER, the tenor. The programme was miscellaneous.

A Philadelphia paper gives us the information that "Mr. Ullman is negotiating for the Howard Atheneum, Boston, with a view of giving a series of Italian operas, with Lagrange, D'Angri, Formes, Gassier, &c." Yet these same artists are just now sailing under the Maretzek colors. There is a rumor, also, that the two high and mighty powers have joined hands and resolved to cut Boston altogether!

Master PAINE, a young pianist, has been gratifying the musical people of Portland, Me. with a series of concerts (to the end, we infer, of bridging the way to a higher Musical education in Europe.) The last time he was assisted by the Orchestral Union, under Mr. KOTZSCHMAR, by two bands, Miss JENNY TWITCHELL, the singer, and several instrumental solists.

From my Diary. (New Series, No. 2.)

April 6. — I met a gentleman on Sunday, who told me of the desire expressed by one of our best patrons of all good music, a gentleman of the highest culture, for something similar to the historical concerts of Dresden, Berlin, and London. It is not a new suggestion, as the volumes of Dwight's Journal will testify. I know of but one attempt to give a concert of this class in Boston, viz., that given by Mr. Cutler with the choir of the Church of the Advent, last year, and which was not so successful in a pecuniary point of view, as to invite its repetition. There is one way in which something might be effected, and the lovers of solid, old church music gratified — but is it practicable?

Let us draw a fancy sketch.

The Handel & Haydn Society, through its government, organizes an adequate orchestra and takes upon itself the risk of undertaking a series of concerts similar to those of the "Gewandhaus" in Leipzig, or of the "Sternsche Gesangverein," in Berlin. The public comes forward liberally and agrees to furnish means for a fair trial of the experiment — that is, so many tickets are subscribed for as will ensure the society against loss.

The Society agrees on its part to give a series of ten Symphony Concerts on alternate Saturday evenings, and a certain number of performances of Oratorios in the course of the season. At each of the Symphony Concerts a portion of the Society — so many as have the time and musical taste to induce them to join this extra choir — will perform cantatas and choral music of various styles and eras. Under some such arrangement there would be ample opportunity for the production of specimens of the works of Palestrina, Durante, Leo, Lasso, and their contemporaries. Extracts from the secular works of Handel, Bach, Gluck, and Hasse, could occasionally be given; indeed two or three performances might be modelled upon the London "Ancient Concerts" — for so many years a leading feature in the music of that city.

Smith — like X in Algebra — a name denoting an unknown individual, intends to leave two or three hundred thousands by-and-by in trust for the support of concerts and good music generally, as Lowell left funds for the lecturing institute. Until Smith does this, I fear we shall hear no Palestrina or Lotti music, unless the fancy sketch above becomes a reality.

Musical Correspondence.

NEW YORK, APRIL 6. — Mr. SATTER has given two more concerts, for which the programmes were rather more mixed than was accordant with good taste. At the first, he played, alone, the *Tannhäuser* Overture, astonishing anew even those who had heard it before. His rendering of two or three of Mendelssohn's "Songs without Words" was not particularly satisfactory; the spirit was wanting, and the performance of the "Spring Song," with which he answered an encore, could bear no comparison with that of more than one other artist. Bach's "Triple Concerto" was marred in its effect by the preponderance of the pianos over the string-quartet; the pianos were again some of Steinway's noisy ones, and did not go well together. Messrs. GOLDNECK and PYCHOWSKI assisted Mr. Satter at these instruments, while MESSRS. MOLLENHAUER, NOLL, EISEL and BERGNER played the quartet accompaniment. Mr. Mollenhauer gave us two of his tricky and elaborate violin solos, of which one grows heartily tired by degrees; and Miss ANDEM, with her fine, clear, though cold voice, and indifferent manner, was the vocalist of the evening. The last number of the programme was a *Grande paraphrase des Huguenots*, played and composed by Mr. Satter, which abounded in difficulties, but was rather deficient in beauty. It called forth, nevertheless, a storm of applause and a vehement encore. To this Mr. Satter replied with — tell it not in Gath! — nothing more nor less than "Yankee Doodle"! An ingenious representation of it, to be sure, with a very natural imitation of the drum and fife, &c. — but "how are the mighty fallen"! Bach and "Yankee Doodle" in the same ranks! Mr. Satter's second concert was similar in quality.

Saturday before last the Academy was crowded to overflowing, and chiefly with ladies, in honor of the last operatic performance of CARL FORMES, who sang for the first and only time at a Matinée. The pretty little opera of "Martha" was performed, with the usual merits and defects, and the same cast as earlier in the winter, except that Mme. JOHANNSEN made the heroine, instead of Lagrange, and, though her voice is fresher, was inferior in her acting. MASON's Matinée, which took place at the same time presented a very attractive programme. A quartet (in D) by Mozart; Schumann's Andante and Variations for two pianos (in which Mr. TIMM assisted Mr. Mason); a Scherzo and Trio from a Quartet by Cherubini; and the Andante and Variations from Schubert's posthumous Quatour. The performance of these compositions was very fine; in fact, this quartet party are fast coming up to that of the Eisel, and if the latter often play as carelessly as they did in the Schumann Quartet at their last concert (which I forgot to mention), the former may soon be beyond them.

Monday and Wednesday night FRY's "Leonora" was given. By a glimpse which I caught of the Journal (my copy has not yet reached me,) I see that you have had a notice of it; not having read it through, I do not know how far it enters into details. I will say, therefore, what I have heard, that the opera is full of pleasing melodies, but also full of reminiscences; and that it is almost as impossible to execute as the *Sabat Mater* of the same composer. As a specimen, I was told that in one of the choruses the Sopranos have to commence on the high C!

On Thursday "the Huguenots" was given for the last time, and with that performance the opera closed, to make room for Mons. MUSARD and his concerts. This gentleman, by the by, is the innocent cause of a deal of trouble to poor Mr. Ullman. The advertisements in our daily papers will give you sufficient information on that score, however. There were two attractive concerts on Tuesday night, though it was not hard to choose between them. At the one PAUL

JULIEN made his farewell appearance. Owing to the counter attraction, he had but a slim audience; but, according to all accounts, those who heard him were delighted. The other was the performance of the "Messiah," at the Academy. This did not equal the one on Christmas night. FORMES, it is true, was equally good, and CARADORI even better, but the tenor was far inferior to Mr. Perring, and Mme. d'ANGRI rather risked the reputation she had acquired quired as a singer of sacred music. The choruses were below criticism. An enlivening scene occurred during the evening; the "trumpet aria" was vociferously encored — but Mr. ANSCHÜTZ attempted to proceed with the following chorus. But the audience were not to be cheated out of their pleasure, they drowned the orchestra completely with tumult. Mr. Anschütz, after several endeavors to go on, turned to the audience and said in an excited tone: "Gentlemen and ladies? it is nevere de custome to repeat de sacred maosic!" But the "gentlemen and ladies" did not care for the "costume," and noisily called for the trumpet aria. Mr. Anschütz listened a while, growing more and more wrathly, and finally flung down his baton and walked off the stage. At this there was some consternation, particularly as some of the solo singers and chorists followed. But the storm broke out anew, and raged with increased fury. Formes sat still, the while, laughing in his sleeve, and evidently enjoying the scene. At length a gentleman appeared: probably the president of the Harmonic Society, and addressed the audience in the politest terms, saying that they were always happy to repeat any number which pleased the audience, but that in this case, they must beg the indulgence of the latter, as the trumpet accompaniment to the aria in question was so difficult that it was impossible for the performer to go through it again. This speech was duly applauded, Mr. Anschütz re-appeared, resumed his baton, and the oratorio proceeded, I rejoice to say, without further interruption.

What say you to this specimen of the manners of our public? I must confess that I have been almost ashamed to give it you! Such demonstrations, too, so particularly inappropriate to the character of the music that was being performed! In Europe a very good rule exists, of not even allowing applause at oratorios — much less encores. People who come to hear sacred music are expected to behave quietly. I am very glad that Mr. Anschütz carried his point in this case. —t—

FLORENCE, ITALY, FEB., 1858. — In Florence, as I have observed in a previous letter, the great majority of the performing musicians are very young men and boys; and these chiefly make up the orchestras. The pay given is very trifling — only a few pauls a night — and the rehearsals are not paid for at all. The musicians forming the military bands are also young men, and very many of these performed on their respective wind instruments in the various orchestras during the evenings. The best musicians in the city, solo performers especially, are attached to the court; but the pay of even the most eminent does not amount to over eight dollars a month; for the rest, they eke out a subsistence by giving lessons and performing at private concerts, at the houses of the wealthy Florentines and strangers. The operatic singers also are paid very small salaries, but it is always the custom for the prima donna, and tenor, to have regularly signed contracts, professing to engage their services for the season at certain high rates. These serve a purpose similar to the "character" of an Irish servant girl, and are only used to exhibit to any manager wanting their service elsewhere, while in reality their salary is probably but one-half of that named in the contract.

Florence is particularly noted in the musical circles as being productive of performers of eminence on wind instruments. The best Florentine flutist has recently been appointed flutist to the Emperor of Russia. There is one PIMBONI here, who does wonders, nay miracles, upon the trombone, performing the most florid and difficult variations, and producing tones as delicate as those of the flute. *On dit* that Jullien has declared that should he engage Pimbani, his auditors would never want to listen to any one else. This Pimbani has a brother, PIMBONI number

two, who is a Titan upon the clarinet. The best French horn is Signor PAOLI, who is attached to the Tuscan court, and is acknowledged on all sides to be the first *maestro* on his instrument in Italy. His Florentine friends assert that he is superior to VIVIER. From a personal acquaintance with Signor Paoli, I can attest his merits as a remarkable and expressive performer, and his *Method for the Horn*, published by Ricordi of Milan, proves that he knows how to write about his instrument as well as to play on it.

Though VERDI is the ascendant musical star here, as in all Italy, yet he does not entirely eclipse the old masters. The Florentine Philharmonic Society frequently produce the works of Beethoven, Mozart, and Haydn; and the chamber quartets of classical writers are often performed at the private concerts frequently given here by prominent music-teachers and their pupils. The most successful piano-forte teacher here in Italian Florence, is Prof. KRAUSS, a German gentleman whose acquaintance I had the pleasure of making. He has been a resident of Florence eighteen years, during ten of which he has officiated as organist of the English church; but his instrument is a very inferior one, not at all calculated to exhibit the real ability of the performer.

Of church music in Florence little can be said. On the high festivals of the church, the services of operatic artists are obtained, but on ordinary occasions, the music is inferior. There are no eminent organists and no really good organs. Enter a Florentine church, and you will hear some rambling, florid performances, upon an organ with a sharp, cutting tone, but wholly devoid of that solemn grandeur, which we generally associate with this Milton of instruments, and which in the English cathedrals is found in its most glorious development. The organs in this city are (with the exception of that in the English church), destitute of swell-pedals, and no really beautiful effects can be produced. As to fugue-playing, it seems to be almost unknown.

TROVATOR.

ROME, MARCH 8. — Of course during Lent, all operatic performances are abandoned and Rome becomes as utterly unmusical a place as you need wish to see. There have been a few concerts given by the tenor GARDONI, the soprano GASSIER, and some others of the opera company. The price of tickets was \$1.50, and the programme consisted of a few operatic selections. These concerts have been given at the residences of some of the Italian nobility, and to all intents and purposes may be considered as private soirées.

Indeed, I have been very much surprised to see how little real musical taste there seems to be in Rome — a hand organ is a rarity — there are but two or three music stores in the city — pianofortes are not in as many families as in an American city of the same size, and there is little to show me that I am in the land of music — the very home of Apollo. Sometimes I hear a few jolly young men in the evening roaring one or two staves of *Trovatore* or *Norma*, but as this is perhaps the only music they have ever heard, their performance exhibits no more real love for music than the untutored efforts of some New York or Boston rowdy, who staggers home, singing "Nelly Bly" or "Root, Hog, or die"!

Luckily people don't come to Rome to hear music. It is the eye rather than the ear that is to be gratified in the Imperial City; and where there are so many to see, one can endure very easily the absence of all orchestral or vocal harmonies.

Among my daily strolls amid the Art galleries of Rome, I very frequently include the gallery of busts of distinguished Italians in the Capitol. There, in some half a dozen rooms, are all the great men of modern Italy — for the old fogeys of classic times, there is a separate gallery.

Among these fine busts I particularly remember of musical men, Paesiello, with a grand, statesmanlike head — Cimarosa, common-place and pug-nosed — Zingarelli, with a head like Webster. Of artists, sculptors and architects, there are Fra Angelico, with a sweet, benign face, full of love and kindness — Fra Bartolomeo, much the same kind of features, but more dignified — Perugino, with smiling lips and long waving hair — Giotto, deep and reflective — Da Vinci and Benvenuto Cellini, looking singularly alike with their quaint caps and long beards — Andrea del Sarto, young, romantic and beautiful, such as might have been the sleeping Endymion — Rafael, looking as Rafael alone looks — Domenichino, who, instead of being the devout old man one would seem to expect after seeing such a work as his "*Communion of St. Jerome*," is young and graceful, looking like Charles the I. — Brunelleschi, old and ugly — Lorenzo Ghiberti, heavy and ponderous, not at all as if he could descend to minute and laborious detail, as manifested in his famous doors at the Florence Baptistery — Antonio Raimondo of Bologna, from whom Ary Scheffer seems to have taken the model for his heads of Christ in his *Consolator* and other pictures. Of writers there are Metastasio, with a hooked nose, looking more like an avaricious old miser than a poet — Alfieri, deep and determined — Dante, as Dante alone looks, he and Rafael being each a type of peculiar beauty — Goldoni, fat-faced and funny, the very ideal of a comedy writer. Perhaps, all things considered, the handsomest man of all was Pietro da Cortona, a painter of merit, if not of the first rank. Michael Angelo is old and wrinkled, but there is a Miltonic grandeur about his features. It is singular that amid this collection, so few musicians should be found.

Perhaps the most impressive time to see St. Peter's is near sunset, when the setting sun sends in his rays so that they quite illuminate the interior of that

"— wondrous dome

To which Diana's marvel was a cell."

During Lent the musical services held at Vespers on Friday and Sunday evenings are peculiarly attractive. These services take place in one of the side chapels, and a short time before the hour of commencing, you see fat, oily men of God, dressed in violet and white, and red and black, waddle slowly in and take their accustomed seats. The musicians are in a gallery, and of course they are the real attraction. The music performed, though florid and Italian, is not operatic. Paesiello, Zingarelli, Cherubini supply the repertoire rather than Bellini, Verdi or Rossini. The organ stands in a niche, behind the singers' gallery.

At these vespers I hear frequently the *castrati*, peculiar, I believe, to Rome. Their voice is that of a rich mezzo-soprano, but the effect would be better were the performers invisible, as it seems rather out of place to see a stalwart man performing the roulades and flourishes generally considered the exclusive property of a prima donna. They also make use of boys in this choir as in the English Cathedrals, and the lads sing like Cherubim and Seraphim. One in particular I remember, whose wild, quaint voice is heard with a startling effect amid the melancholy movements of a minor Miserere. He sings with exquisite taste, and I have heard him perform a solo — the *Sabat Mater dolorosa* — in a manner that has brought tears to the eyes of many of the listeners present.

It is beautiful to see how night gradually settles in St. Peter's, while the lights that are burning night and day around the altar seem to grow brighter, and Canova's kneeling statue of Pius VI., that occupies the most sacred spot in the church, seems like some ghost haunting the place it loved when an inhabitant of earth. The people strolling about St. Peter's seem smaller at this time than ever, and when the custodian warns them that the church is to be closed for the night, every one departs with a feeling of

regret, unwilling to leave a spot, that, at all times glorious and attractive, is at this hour doubly enchanting.

Oftentimes, I am undecided whether to spend the vesper hour of Friday evenings at St. Peter's or at the Coliseum: for at each of these places, that only resemble each other in the circumstance of being both now devoted to the worship of the same God, the services on these occasions are deeply interesting. It is difficult to decide which is the most imposing, the rich harmonies of the Papal choir at St. Peter's or the simple chant of the multitude, as they leave the old Roman ruin, following the uplifted cross, and singing a simple and oft-reiterated strain, in which the words "Santa croce" are alone clearly distinguishable. Both of these scenes are peculiar to Rome.

TROVATOR.

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Dwight's Journal of Music.

WHOLE No. 315.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, APRIL 17, 1858.

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For Dwight's Journal of Music.

ECHO.

From the German of MATTHEISSON.

Forever thine! Though waste and mountain sever,
And stormy brine!
By zephyrs fanned, or deserts scorched, forever,
Forever thine!

Where marble halls, in gorgeous lustre gleaming,
By torch-light shine,
Where silvery moons in shepherd-vales are beaming,
Forever thine!

When, with inverted torch, kind Death releases
This heart of mine,
Then shall it sound till life's last throbbing ceases:
Forever thine! C. T. B.

Robert Schumann's Musical Life-Maxims.

[The following maxims, or aphorisms, (which we translated from the German a few years since), embody the whole creed and practical philosophy of that true artist, and should engrave themselves upon the mind of every one who means to make himself an artist in the sphere of sound. The composer designed them as an appendix to the first edition of his piano-forte instruction book, called the *Jugendalbum*, or "Album for Youth."—J. S. D.]

I. The cultivation of Hearing is the most important matter. Take pains early to distinguish Tones and Keys by the ear. The bell, the window-pane, the cuckoo—ask yourself what tones they each give out.

II. You should sedulously practice Scales and other finger exercises. But there are many persons who imagine they have accomplished everything, when they have spent many hours each day for years in mere mechanical exercise. It is about as if one should busy himself daily with repeating the A-B-C as fast as possible and always faster and faster. Use your time better.

III. "Dumb piano-fortes," so called, or key-boards without sound, have been invented. Try them long enough to see that they are good for nothing. You cannot learn to speak from the dumb.

IV. Play in time! The playing of many virtuosos is like the gait of a drunkard. Make not such your models.

V. Learn betimes the fundamental laws of Harmony.

VI. Be not frightened by the words, *Theory*, *Thorough-Bass*, *Counterpoint*, &c.; they will meet you friendlily if you meet them so.

VII. Never dilly-dally about a piece of music, but attack it briskly, and never play it only half through!

VIII. Dragging and hurrying are equally great faults.

IX. When you are playing, never trouble yourself about who is listening.

X. Always play as if a master heard you.

XI. Strive to play easy pieces well and beautifully; it is better than to render harder pieces only indifferently well.

XII. Always insist on having your instrument purely tuned.

XIII. You must not only be able to play your little pieces with the fingers; you must hum them over without a piano. Sharpen your imagination so that you may fix in your

mind not only the Melody of a composition, but also the Harmony belonging to it.

XIV. Accustom yourself, even though you have but little voice, to sing at sight without the aid of an instrument. The sharpness of your hearing will continually improve by that means. But if you are the possessor of a rich voice, lose not a moment's time, but cultivate it, and consider it the fairest gift which heaven has lent you.

XV. You must carry it so far that you can understand a piece of music upon paper.

XVI. If any one lays a composition before you for the first time, for you to play, first read it over.

XVII. Have you done your musical day's work, and do you feel exhausted? Then do not constrain yourself to further labor. Better rest, than work with no spirit, no freshness.

XVIII. Play nothing, as you grow older, which is merely *fashionable*. Time is precious. One must have a hundred human lives, if he would acquaint himself with all that is good.

XIX. In every period there have been bad compositions, and fools who have praised them.

XX. A player may cram his memory with finger-passages; they all in time grow commonplace and must be changed. Only where such facility serves higher ends, is it of any worth.

XXI. You must not circulate poor compositions; nor even listen to them, if you are not obliged to.

XXII. Try not to acquire facility in the so-called Bravura. Try in a composition to bring out the impression which the composer had in his mind; more than this attempt not; more than this is caricature.

XXIII. Consider it a monstrosity to alter, or to leave out anything, or to introduce any new-fangled ornaments in pieces by a good composer. That is the greatest outrage you can do to Art.

XXIV. In the selection of your pieces for study, ask advice of older players; that will save you much time.

XXV. You must gradually make acquaintance with all the more important works of all the important masters.

XXVI. Be not led astray by the brilliant popularity of the so-called great *virtuosi*. Think more of the applause of artists, than of that of the multitude.

XXVII. Every fashion grows *unfashionable* again; if you persist in it for years, you find yourself a ridiculous coxcomb in the eyes of everybody.

XXVIII. It is more injury than profit to you to play a great deal before company. Have a regard to other people; but never play anything which, in your inmost soul, you are ashamed of.

XXIX. Omit no opportunity, however, to play *with* others, in Duos, Trios, &c. It makes your playing fluent, spirited, and easy. Accompany a singer, when you can.

XXX. If all would play first violin, we

could get no orchestra together. Respect each musician, therefore, in his place.

XXXI. Love your instrument, but do not have the vanity to think it the highest and only one. Consider that there are others quite as fine. Remember, too, that there are singers, that the highest manifestations in Music are through chorus and orchestra combined.

XXXII. As you progress, have more to do with scores, than with *virtuosi*.

XXXIII. Practise industriously the Fugues of good masters, above all those of JOHN SEBASTIAN BACH. Make the "Well-tempered Clavichord" your daily bread. Then you will surely be a thorough musician.

XXXIV. Seek among your associates, those who know more than you.

XXXV. For recreation from your musical studies, read the poets frequently. Walk also in the open air.

XXXVI. Much may be learned from singers, male and female; but do not believe in them for everything.

XXXVII. Behind the mountains there live people, too. Be modest; as yet you have discovered and thought nothing which others have not thought and discovered before you. And even if you have done so, regard it as a gift from above, which you have got to share with others.

XXXVIII. The study of the history of Music, supported by the actual hearing of the master compositions of the different epochs, is the shortest way to cure you of self-esteem and vanity.

XXXIX. A fine book on Music is THIBAUT *Ueber Reinheit der Tonkunst*, ("On Purity in Musical Art.") Read it often as you grow older.

XL. If you pass a church and hear the organ playing, go in and listen. If it happens that you have to occupy the organist's seat yourself, try your little fingers, and be amazed before this omnipotence of Music.

XLI. Improve every opportunity of practising upon the organ; there is no instrument which takes such speedy revenge upon the impure and the slovenly in composition, or in playing, as the organ.

XLII. Sing frequently in choruses, especially in the middle parts. This makes you *musical*.

XLIII. What is it to be *musical*? You are not so, if, with eyes fastened anxiously upon the notes, you play a piece through painfully to the end. You are not so, if, when some one turns over two pages at once, you stick and cannot go on. But you are musical, if, in a new piece, you anticipate pretty nearly what is coming, and in an old piece, know it by heart; in a word, if you have Music, not in your fingers only, but in your head and heart.

XLIV. But how does one become *musical*? Dear child, the main thing, a sharp ear and a quick power of comprehension, comes, as in all things, from above. But the talent may be improved and elevated. This you may do, not by shutting yourself up all day

like a hermit, practising mechanical studies; but by live, many-sided musical intercourse; and especially by constant familiarity with orchestra and chorus.

XLV. Listen attentively to all Songs of the People; they are mines of most beautiful melodies, and open for you glimpses into the character of different nations.

XLVI. Exercise yourself early in reading music in the old clefs. Otherwise, many treasures of the past will be locked against you.

XLVII. Reflect early on the tone and character of different instruments; try to impress the peculiar coloring of each upon your ear.

XLVIII. Do not neglect to hear good Operas.

XLIX. Reverence the Old, but meet the New also with a warm heart. Cherish no prejudice against names unknown to you.

L. In judging of a composition, distinguish whether it belongs to the artistic category, or only aims at dilettantish entertainment. Stand up for those of the first sort; but do not worry yourself about the others.

LI. "Melody" is the watchword of the Dilettanti, and certainly there is no music without melody. But understand well what they mean by it; nothing passes for a melody with them, but one that is easily comprehended, or rhythmically pleasing. But there are other melodies of a different stamp; open a volume of Bach, Mozart, or Beethoven, and you see them in a thousand various styles. It is to be hoped that you will soon weary of the poverty and monotony of the modern Italian opera melodies.

(From the London Musical World, March 13).

Dr. Zopff's Characteristics of Mendelssohn.

Dr. Hermann Zopff (of Berlin) has made another contribution to DWIGHT'S JOURNAL OF MUSIC. This time our Boston contemporary is not favoured with "characteristics" of anybody except of Dr. Zopff himself. We have inserted the article in another column, where such of our readers as feel disposed to chop logic with so muddy an essayist may read the Zopffian defence of the Zopffian paradoxes. Dr. Zopff endeavors to substantiate his position not only in respect of Mendelssohn, but of Weber. As, however, we have not seen his "characteristics" of the last-named composer, nor the reply of one of Mr. Dwight's co-laborers, we have nothing to say to either; but what we have advanced on many occasions with regard to Mendelssohn we are inclined to maintain, notwithstanding Dr. Zopff and his fellow sophists in Berlin, Leipzig, Weimar, and Hanover.

Dr. Zopff seems to belong to a class now unhappily spread throughout the length and breadth of Germany (a symbol of the decline of Art in that once favored country)—the class of "aesthetic" reviewers. The profound reasoning of the Teutonic metaphysicians, while it has led shrewd men to think, has induced shallow men to aim at a *show* of reasoning. No subject, even the most simple, can now be discussed apart from a host of speculations altogether irrelevant. Let any candid inquirer, for example, read attentively the "Characteristics of Mendelssohn," published in DWIGHT'S JOURNAL, by Dr. Zopff, and try to reconcile the presumed shortcomings of that great musician with the reasons assigned for them. The candid inquirer will find insinuations that go to establish nothing, and personal anecdotes that might just as well have accounted for Shakespeare's dramas, Bacon's philosophy, or Mr. Albert Smith's *Ascent of Mont Blanc*, as for Mendelssohn's musical idiosyncrasy. Whether true or false, they are all equally worthless in the consideration of such a problem. His agreeable manners, attractive exterior, and remarkable accomplishments rendered Mendelssohn a favorite in society; and this is made the basis of some half dozen foolish conclusions, with respect to what his music might have been had he himself been otherwise. Just as well may we accept the not less intrinsically absurd, but infinitely more diverting arguments of Herr Wagner about Jews and Jewish music. Because Herr Wagner, when a musical idea comes to him (by some rare and happy chance), is

at a loss what to do with it, those who are able to arrange their thoughts in order, and make them the germ of a symmetrical whole, are likened to Hebrews lending their money out to usury. But this definition of the "genial madman" has at least the merit of being humorous; while the arguments and deductions of Dr. Zopff and his tribe are just as commonplace as they are disingenuous.

It is arraigned as a weakness in Mendelssohn that, aware of his inferiority to the great masters, he leaned upon them for support and looked up to them as models, instead of asserting his own independence. The sophistry of this charge is glaring. Examined from any point of view it must fall to the ground. If Mendelssohn *was* inferior, and knew it, surely his acknowledgment of the fact and his consequent policy was rather a strength than a weakness. Hypocrisy and conceit, effrontery and shallow pretence, are vices, not virtues—otherwise the modern aesthetic criticism of musical Germany, instead of being contemptible, would deserve and command respect. But, in sober truth, Mendelssohn was conscious of no such inferiority. He wrote just as much from the heart as Beethoven himself, or any of the grandest musicians; and the proof lies in the striking individuality of all his compositions, from the pianoforte quartet in B minor to the fragments of his unfinished *Christus*. No musician was ever fuller of zeal or stronger of faith than Mendelssohn. No musician ever worked with greater enthusiasm, or took greater pains to perfect his conceptions. A more conscientious laborer in the field of Art, a more religious worshipper of its divinity, never lived. The attempt to paint Mendelssohn as a carpet-knight is so supremely ridiculous, that it can only be excused on the assumption of utter ignorance both of the man and the artist.

We have not at hand Dr. Zopff's *Characteristics* (transferred from the pages of Mr. Dwight to our own); and we do not think the trouble of looking out the numbers that contain them would be well bestowed. We have still some consciousness of the qualms experienced from their first perusal; and, as the burnt child dreads the fire, we have no intention of risking similar inconvenience. Some few of the mere facts, apart from "aesthetics," we retain. For instance—"because Beethoven wrote the *Choral Symphony*, Mendelssohn composed the *Lobgesang*." As well might it be said that, because Bach wrote *The Passion*, Handel composed *The Messiah*; or because Handel wrote *The Messiah*, Haydn composed *The Creation*; or because Mozart wrote *Davidde Penitente*, Beethoven composed the *Mount of Olives*. There is no more in common between the *Choral Symphony* and the *Lobgesang* than between the *Jupiter* and the C minor. Nothing can be more dissimilar in style and in execution than the two first-mentioned works. When Haydn had written his first symphony, did he contemplate that no one henceforth should compose a symphony after the model he had perfected?—and when Beethoven put the finishing touch to his stupendous "No. 9," did he for an instant imagine that from that time onward the chorus should never again be united with the orchestra in a grand symphonic composition? From this point of view, nevertheless, does Dr. Zopff regard the *Lobgesang*—one of the most wonderful of musical creations, and the more wonderful inasmuch as it does not contain one single phrase from end to end that bears the slightest resemblance to anything in the *Ninth Symphony*. In short, it is impossible to account for the mental aberration that could suggest to our critic the notion of comparing them. Again, if we remember rightly, it was laid to the charge of Mendelssohn that, in consequence of somebody's suggestion, he omitted clarionets from various compositions for the Church—as instruments of too soft and voluptuous a character for sacred music!

And of such-like rubbish consist the technical criticisms adduced to illustrate the general opinion which Dr. Zopff, with an aesthetic dullness truly national, attempts to establish in reference to Mendelssohn. The mere thought that the man who composed *Elijah* should be amenable to such a tribunal, is enough to create despair for music in the country of his birth. We are no friends to any restrictions on the expression of opinion; but we must say that if libels on the great dead were scrutinized with as jealous an eye by public opinion as libels on living despots by public governments, such men as Dr. Zopff would have a better chance of meeting their deserts. When, after all this splutter and froth, the writer, alluding to Mendelssohn's expression of grief and despondency in music, quotes a stupid criticism,* in which it is disadvantageously compared with that of Beethoven and Schumann, the cup of disgust is filled to overflow. Only the critic who could name Beethoven and

* On the violin concerto, which was stated to have been performed, with evident displeasure by Herr Joseph Joachim—a man so intellectually superior to Mendelssohn, and such a hater of the "conversazione style!"

Schumann (a vigorous giant and a pining school-boy) in a breath, would have been guilty of the nonsense that characterizes in almost every sentence the essays published in DWIGHT'S JOURNAL OF MUSIC, under the title of "*Characteristics of Mendelssohn*." When, however, the same writer* (*vide* his last address to our confiding Yankee brother), appeals in support of his own opinions to the "collective verdict of our greatest critics—of a Marx, a Schumann, and a RELSTAB (!)"—we are less astonished at his madness. Who that has any knowledge of German musical literature, can be unaware of the narrow-mindedness of Herr Marx; of the jealousy which, in spite of a not unamiable nature, the impotent Schumann entertained for his puissant contemporary, whose mere presence at Leipzig tongue-tied the Jesuits; and of the utter incompetency of Herr Relstab to criticize an art with which his own criticisms prove him to be so superficially acquainted? Our sophist must have been in a sorry plight when he found himself impelled to invite the aid of such champions; and we are happy to leave him with the conviction that Mendelssohn will rank with Bach, Handel, Haydn, Mozart, and Beethoven, as one of the greatest of musicians, in spite of the shower of "Zopffs" at this time infesting "*Vaterland*," and playing (without being aware of it) the game of Dr. Liszt, Herr Richard Wagner, and the musical Sepoys.

P.S.—We may express our regret, in a *postscriptum*, that so intelligent and enthusiastic a music-lover as Mr. Dwight (who wrote the analysis of *Elijah*, quoted in the *Musical World*) should be against, instead of with, us in this discussion. If Mr. Dwight will explain the meaning of a single argument in the rhapsody of Dr. Zopff, we shall be happy to salute him. Meanwhile we cannot refrain from calling his attention to the premonitory inscription on the door of Trimalchio (Nero), recorded in the *Satyricon* of Petronius—"Cave Canem." This warning was common among the Romans; and we regard Americans and Englishmen as equally citizens of modern Rome—which means modern civilization. For the sake of music, Mr. Dwight, beware of modern German criticism, for the most part nothing better than a mixture of rhapsody, sophistication, paradox, and fables. "*Cave Canem*."

Fry's "Leonora"—What the Critics say of it.

(From the Courier and Equivocal).

Having produced a work of the merit of "*Leonora*," which we believe was written about seventeen years ago, Mr. Fry had a moral right to expect other treatment than that which he has met with. He had not a right to expect his work to be praised because it was written by an American; but he had a right to a hearing in the metropolis of the United States, and to run his risk of condemnation. We do not advocate the performance, even on a stage less distinguished than that of the Academy of Music, of any and every composition that may be produced by youthful Yankees in their lyric phrensies; but an hour's examination of such a score as that of Mr. Fry's "*Leonora*," would have convinced any competent and unprejudiced musician that, although not a work of the first class, even in its school, it gave full warrant to the composer to appeal to the public for their judgment upon its merits.

It is needless to speak of the plot of the opera, for it is that of "Claude Melnotte," altered so as to suit the capacity of the lyric stage to express simple emotions only; and having its plot, it has all of that drama that is worth having. Of the music, we have not the space to speak in critical detail. It is written altogether in the school of the modern Italian composers; and although its composer is an American, is as much an Italian opera as *La Sonnambula* and *Lucia* are Italian, or *Fidelio* and *Oberon* are German operas—the latter, by the way, having been written to English words. The treatment throughout—of the voice both in the solo parts and in the choruses—of the orchestra, the free and fluent melodies, not often strongly marked in figure, and advancing always to a climax,—the neglect of contrapuntal effect, even in the concerted pieces,—and the direction of the composer's efforts solely to the dramatic expression of the sentiment of each scene, mark it as a work of that declamatory school which came into existence when Bellini wrote *Tu Vedrai in Il Pirata*.

The music is marked by an easy melodic flow throughout. The composer's thoughts are not only graceful in themselves, but he passes from one to the other with that freedom from constraint which only accompanies either great power or skill acquired by long experience. The last, however, Mr. Fry had not when this opera was written; for it must be borne in mind that this is his first dramatic work; and in this fact we find not only the reason but the justification of the resemblance which certain parts of it bear to well-known passages in *Norma*, *La Sonnambula*

and *I Puritani*. These resemblances are not in melody—there is not a melodic plagiarism in the opera—they are resemblances of rhythm only; but they are so strong as to bring up at once and vividly the passages built upon these rhythms by the preceding composer.

(From the Evening Post.)

To illustrate a drama like this effectively is a task worthy of any composer, and it is no slight praise to say that Mr. Fry's music moved step by step with the story, taking its peculiar coloring as the scene was gay or grave, pathetic or passionate, and embodying with conscientious care the sentiment of each passage. Its chief characteristic is the abundance of graceful, flowing melodies, which, without being very striking, are free from insipidity, and never offend the ear by eccentricities or exaggerated strainings for effect. The almost prodigal liberality with which these are distributed over the work, attests the fertility of invention of a young and untried author, whose enthusiasm carries him triumphantly over difficulties which would be encountered more cautiously and perhaps less successfully by an older composer. This facility, however, entails the liability to imitate, perhaps unconsciously, the ideas or style of others; and it is not remarkable that "Leonora," written in the author's youth, and when he was fascinated by the beauties of Bellini or Donizetti, should possess many points of resemblance to these composers. It would be difficult to point to a first opera which has not been open to the first criticism; and Mr. Fry, in showing the influence which Bellini and Donizetti have exerted upon him, does precisely what they in their turn, and a long line of other illustrious composers, have illustrated in their earlier works. It cannot, however, but be regretted that, after so successful a commencement in the career of an opera composer, he should have stopped short and given no further evidence of his powers.

(From the Daily Times.)

"Leonora" is Mr. Fry's first operatic effort for the public, and like all first works, it contains much that is admirable, and much that might be better. Its principal characteristic is melody. The fertility of Mr. Fry's invention is in this respect remarkable, and it is the more remarkable from the fact that he does not seek his inspiration in the shady and sentimental groves of the minor scale, like most young composers, but in the broad and healthful uplands of the major mode. The best melodies of the opera, orchestral and vocal, are in the long-breathed, deep-chested major. The exceptions to this general rule are, we should suppose, intentional, as in the drinking song "King Death," where sackcloth and ashes and a touch of brimstone are needed, and in the opening of the second act, where sentimentalism and an oboe are necessary, and elsewhere as occasion demanded. But the prevalent coloring of Mr. Fry's sentimentality is manly, it does not remind you of the greenhorn who trembles when he speaks to a lady, and sits down on his hat in a perspiring tremor. What the literature of the day (especially dramatic literature) lacks, this Opera supplies and illustrates—namely, *abandon*. It goes from one idea to another without looking back, and is as hearty, and elastic, and joyful, and satisfied at the beginning of the fourth act as at the commencement of the first. This of course shows an immensely fertile invention, which, as in the case of Rossini, subsequent productions may tame down considerably. Prodigiousity of idea is certainly an indication of genius, and with other indiscretions, belongs to youth. But what an infinite relief it is to be clothed in melody after being dry-rubbed with mere sound, as in the case of some modern composers, who like many literateurs think that nothing can be good unless it is finikin and exhausted and polished.

A frank acknowledgment of the superabundant merit of one of the first essentials of opera leads us naturally to the contemplation of a fault which is sometimes unpleasantly apparent in Mr. Fry's work. This is a certain suggestiveness in the opening bars of some of the melodies, which carries our memory to past pleasures afforded by other composers. Thus, in the second and third acts there are undoubted reminiscences of Bellini and of Donizetti, and an old Landler has not been quite forgotten in the finale to the first act. The resemblances are only momentary, and evidently not wilful; but it is one of the phenomena of music that if you but touch the memory of a tune it brings forth all that it has ever retained. There is nothing remarkable, therefore, that such resemblances provoked the ire of those shallow critics who look upon their vocation as a privileged growl, and who are never critical if not severe.

Another defect which belongs to youth, is the excessive use of brass in the orchestra, and—we might add—elsewhere. Mr. Fry "goes it" with his three trombones and his Bombardone, as if those instruments breathed the elixir of life. Not a note in the

score has been changed since the time when it was first played in Philadelphia; and we who have heard in New York some of Mr. Fry's recent symphonies, have an opportunity of judging how much he has improved by subduing this excessive vitality. Apart from the brass instruments, the orchestration is remarkable for its fluency, for its fullness, and for its progress. Albrechtsberger somewhere says, that the indispensable requisites for a worthy theatrical composer, are a proved experience of dramatic effect in rhetorical declamation, a lively fancy in musical painting, practical knowledge of vocal and instrumental effect, and a judicious employment of all lawful aids. In each respect Mr. Fry is equal to the emergency suggested by the fine old theorist; his declamation is dramatic (our only objection being that it is sometimes too dramatic); his fancy luxuriant to a degree; his knowledge (theoretical, rather than practical, we judge), of vocal and instrumental effect, good; and his employment of lawful aids (and unlawful aids, sometimes) sufficient to satisfy the critical part of the audience and please the multitude. Still, as we have said, his instrumentation is loud, and brassy, and in some cases unconventional to the point of inconsistency, as in the romance and aria of Marianna in the third act, where the drum and the cymbals are employed in the accompaniment of the contralto voice. We are aware that the piece is a Moorish piece, and that the instruments are "characteristic." But truth never sounded more unpleasantly than in this case. We call particular attention to the melody of this romanza, and of the duet which follows. They are the only additions Mr. Fry has made to the opera, and show once more how astonishing is his supply of melody.

(From the Express.)

Our impressions of "Leonora" are of a mixed character. The opera seems to us a study in the school of Bellini. It is full of delicious, sweet music, but constantly recalls the *Sonnambula* and *Norma*. It is marked by skill in instrumentation, the secret of which the composer seems effectually to have probed. It has many flowing melodies, many pretty effects, much that should encourage its author to renewed efforts; but, like all early endeavors, it is full of reminiscences. It tantalizes the hearer by much that reminds him of other music. This is the case not only in the treatment of particular situations in the development of character and the expression of passion, but also in the very airs of the opera. Many of those are not imitations, but really adaptations. Still there is much that is original, or that at least indicates a promise of originality—much that one might imagine could be developed into character. The peculiarities which most strongly distinguish his production are sweetness of melody and lack of dramatic characterization. All the characters sing the same sort of music—a love passage or a burst of stormy passion is treated much in the same style. One feels the need of relief from the monotony of sweets.

We cannot now attempt to analyze the opera, but must content ourselves with saying that it progresses in merit from the opening scene to the close. The first act did not strike us at all favorably: the second was vastly better, especially in the instrumental portion, but constantly recalled Bellini, and in the finale resembles a piece from Guillaume Tell. The third act contains more originality, the music for Marianna especially being more individualized and more spirited than any in the opera. The finale of this act, however, could not but remind one again of the first act of *Sonnambula*, while the concluding song of the opera is also an imitation (unconscious it may be) of the "Ah, non giungo."

Were Mr. Fry now to write an opera, he would probably rely more on his own strength—he would know when he was composing, and when he was remembering. We hope some day to chronicle the production and success of his second work, which will probably be one brimful of melody, exquisitely sweet and tender—that shall evince complete mastery of all the resources of instrumentation (which have received a great development since "Leonora" was written); and, beside these, we trust, be marked by stronger individualization of the characters, by greater contrasts in the effects, and an entire reliance upon its author's own abilities.

(From the Musical Review.)

We understand that this opera was produced for the first time some twelve years ago. Perhaps it was written several years previous to that time, so that we may fairly conclude Mr. Fry was, at the time of composing it, very young. We should not be surprised if it was his first essay at composition on a large scale, for it bears all the characteristics of such a work. The inexperienced hand can be traced not only in the choruses and *ensemble*-pieces, but in the phrasing of most of the songs of the opera. Almost every thing

is poorly shaped and put together, and what is still worse, worked closely after the most common pattern.

At the time when Mr. Fry composed this opera, Donizetti and Bellini were the most popular composers for the stage, and evidently he wrote under their influence. He ends his phrases just as they do, and unfortunately he also commences like them. There seems to be no attempt on his part to be independent from the hackneyed style of the Italians then in vogue, no attempt to mix the common ingredients of a very common dish in such a way that they may not seem *too common*—a most surprising fact.

We have learnt to esteem Mr. Fry in his literary pursuits for the very opposite qualities he displays in his music. In the former, he seems to have a way of his own, which, perhaps, is seldom novel, but which always excites our interest by the lively, spirited, and intellectual manner in which they are done. Shortly, Mr. Fry, as *homme de lettres*, presents to us a strong-minded individuality, while the music to his opera has not a fathom of individuality whatever. The cause of this anomaly is easily accounted for; it stares us in the face from almost every piece of the opera. Mr. Fry knows his own language thoroughly, but has no command over that of music. If Mr. Fry understands how to manage harmony, orchestration, and all the technical requisites for writing an opera, as well as the language he speaks and writes, he would have produced a far different work, a real opera with quartets, trios, duos, choruses, and *ensembles*, and not one with a quantity of ballads and a few attempts at four-part songs. He would have clothed his music with an orchestration which can be called such, and not a quantity of brass sounds which evidently were put on after the opera was finished. The whole orchestration of *Leonora* is somewhat like a picture in which trees and houses are daubed in red, and the people make a very green appearance. We can not help thinking if the intelligent author should read such a work in a literary book, he would be little satisfied with it himself; and if he recognized it as his own offspring, he would consider it as one of the weaknesses of his youth, and think best to put it in oblivion forever. Why it has not been done in this instance, we can not understand; for the musician Fry of our days must be so much superior to the one who wrote this opera, that he can but regret its reproduction.

We have until now avoided to speak of the merits of the work with regard to melody, because it is not a very pleasant task to tell a man whose literary ideas we respect and have often made our delight, that he bores us with the poverty of his musical ones. We expected, at least occasionally, that brilliancy and originality of ideas which characterize the writings of Mr. Fry, but in vain. Those of the melodies which are not a close imitation of Bellini's, are such as to produce on a cultivated mind an impression little favorable. He evidently aims in his opera, at popularity; but the means he employs are not worthy of his taste and talents.

The question is now: Whether there is any thing in *Leonora* which indicates a vocation on the part of its author for this kind of composition? We believe there is. He seems to have what we should call the feeling for dramatic effects, which, if sustained by science, is of the greatest avail to any composer of operas. Mr. Fry can be passionate and inspired; he seems to be one of those men—of whom our country is perhaps richer than any other—who attempt every thing grand and beautiful; but whether he has, on the musical field, the power to finish his attempts successfully, can only be decided when he favors us with another opera of more recent composition. *Leonora* make us fear he has not.

To these critical authorities we may add others hereafter. At present we give a delicious offset to them in the testimony of one who claims to be a "layman" only in the art of music. The genuine, fresh impressions of persons of soul and insight, are not without their value even in matters of Art where they have small experience. Our friend is certainly original and out-spoken. For a curious reason, he went to hear Fry's first opera; it was also his first opera,—the first he ever heard. He went with strong Carlylian prepossessions against marrying music with the drama, and he came away confirmed, of course. Fry may feel happy that his music touched at least one listener,—one who is no fool, we can tell him,—and that, in spite of scenery and action, by its pure influence as music.

NEW YORK, April 5, 1858.

Now, my dear Dwight, don't you envy me? I have been to the opera for the first time in my life.

It was quite a new sensation; I think I must have had a more vivid impression of things than it would have been possible for you to have. When I say, I was at the opera for the first time in my life on the 31st ult., I would not have you understand that I had never heard music; but I have sought oratorios and concerts in preference to operas, because I never could conceive that action and scenery could do aught else than spoil the music.

But I made an exception for Leonora, from the intense curiosity which I have had for twelve years to hear Wm. H. Fry's music. Twelve years ago I pronounced upon his daguerreotype, not knowing nor even suspecting whose it was, that it was the daguerreotype of a great musical composer. I wanted to hear his music, and judge for myself how correct my verdict on his daguerreotype was. So I went to the Academy, and listened with most attentive ears. I was delighted, I was deeply moved. Whether the music is a reminiscence of Bellini's or original with Fry, I will not attempt to decide; for I have never heard anything but brief extracts from Bellini, and have a poor musical memory; but the music of Leonora is certainly beautiful, and exquisitely adapted in its expression to the sentiment of the words. I repeatedly found the music giving me a much better conception of the scene than the mere words of the libretto could do; frequently anticipating the words, or giving the feelings of the spectators rather than of the actors.

On returning home, I sat down to the piano with the piano-forte edition of the opera, and was sorry to find that I had not heard the whole; that in bringing it out in New York they had omitted many passages, and among them the beautiful song of the wedding morning, and the sweet tenor melody, "Oh, blame her not."

But, my dear Dwight, will it shock your sense of propriety, and lower me forever in your esteem, if I tell you that I think the scenery, costumes, and acting, a most intensely childish piece of work? The only use in it, as far as I could see, was to amuse those who could not feel the music; and to prevent those that could feel the music from feeling it so deeply as to be painful. When my eyes were cast down upon the libretto, the music would thrill through me, and move me to tears; but I found instant relief when I raised my eyes to the stage, and saw men and women dressed out in such a profusion of paraquet colors and glittering spangles, strutting about, and assuming such fantastic attitudes. It seemed to me on a par with flashing gunpowder, and throwing peas against the window during the "hailstone chorus." I feel confident that I should enjoy a "rehearsal" of the opera, without costume or scenery, incomparably more than I could enjoy the "performance" of it; and I am the more confident of it from my enjoyment of Rossini's "Moses in Egypt," when given by your Handel and Haydn Society as an oratorio.

PRYTANIS.

Dwight's Journal of Music.

BOSTON, APRIL 17, 1858.

The Oratorios.

SATURDAY EVENING, APRIL 10TH.—The third of the four performances given by the HANDEL AND HAYDN SOCIETY, with the aid of CARL FORMES, &c., filled the Music Hall with a most eager audience, and gave the highest satisfaction. But for one or two selections, and too much *encoring*, it might be called in all respects a model concert. The first part of the programme was miscellaneous, as follows:

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| 1. Overture: "Leonora." (No. 3.) | Beethoven. |
| 2. Aria from the "Magic Flute," | Mozart. |
| Carl Formes. | |
| 3. Grand Aria: "Faust," | Spohr. |
| Miss Annie Milner. | |
| 3. The Wanderer, | Schubert. |
| Carl Formes. | |
| 5. My Sister Dear, | Auber. |
| Ernest Perring. | |
| 6. Fantasia on Airs from "Lucrezia Borgia," with | |
| Orchestral accompaniment, | Cooper. |
| H. C. Cooper. | |
| 7. Aria from "Le Nozze di Figaro," | Mozart. |
| Carl Formes. | |

We are sure of real soul's satisfaction and comfort, of being filled and lifted up and strengthened, whenever we can hear such music as the *Leonora* overture. Its human tenderness goes to the very heart, while its earnestness and vigor and consistency make one feel stronger. Mr. ZERRAHN's orchestra played it with spirit and expression; but it needed a much larger body of strings for full effect of the heroic passages, especially the great violin *crescendo* near the end.

We know not when we have listened with so much delight to the grand organ of CARL FORMES, as in that deep song of peace, the great bass air: *In diesen heil'gen Hallen*, from the "Zauberflöte";—a song which shows the consummate genius of Mozart,—simple, massive, perfect in its melodic form, and set in frame-work of exquisite orchestration. How holy and serene its whole expression; how strengthening and tranquillizing to the soul passion-tossed! A true initiation into the temple where peace reigns! The musical sweetness, together with large volume, of the singer's higher tones, in the opening of the strain, and the majestic, ponderous movement of his low tones in that genuine sub-bass passage which leads down in the end to E below the staff, were alike satisfying—unequalled in sublimity and beauty. There was far more music, more melodic continuity, in these low tones of Formes, than in that "double D" business which so astonishes the multitude in his songs in the "Creation." Schubert's "Wanderer" of course required only a piano-forte accompaniment, which was played by Mr. PERRING. It was sung with great tenderness and great energy of feeling, and warmed up the audience to enthusiastic demonstrations. Formes, responding, seated himself at the piano and sang a simple German ballad of much beauty. His rendering of the famous *Non piu andrai*, from "Figaro," the prototype of more than one famous buffo air, revealed his rare powers as a dramatic comic singer, and aggravated the regret which all feel at not hearing Formes on the operatic stage. This also had to be repeated.

Miss MILNER has some of the most pleasing and sterling qualities of a good singer,—a voice (soprano), naturally clear and rich, though somewhat worn, an artistic style, and an unaffected manner; but she did not seem in her best voice that night; nor was her selection a very happy one. Like so much of Spohr's music, the air from "Faust," with all its sentimentality and all its difficult bravura, is unquickening. We would have preferred Mr. PERRING also in a less sweetish melody than "My sister dear," although it suits so sweet a tenor. It touched the multitude, however, whose applause was answered by an English song of his own about "the maids of merry England."

Mr. COOPER is so consummate an artist with his violin, that it is a pleasure to hear him

play anything; in the merest show-piece, there would still be the finest beauty of tone, a purity of intonation not to be surpassed, a grace and symmetry of form and phrasing, a perfectness of style, with everywhere chance touches of expression, which ensure at least a refined pleasure. His "Borgia" variations were ingenious and well instrumented, and his execution of them all that could be asked. But in such a concert, for the one hearing of such an artist, a part at least of the Concerto by Mendelssohn, which he has played before so admirably, or of the Concerto by Beethoven, would have seemed more worthy.

We hasten to Part Second, the first performance in Boston of one of Mendelssohn's larger works, the Symphony-Cantata: *Lobgesang*, or "Hymn of Praise." It also is one of his very greatest works, alike as orchestral Symphony, or Oratorio; and it is of a much more enjoyable length than most Oratorios, occupying not much more than one hour in the performance. We doubt if any large work of sacred music, given by the Handel and Haydn Society, has made a finer impression as a whole upon the audience. From the first notes of the Symphony, where the leading theme (still ringing in our ears) is startlingly commenced by hoarse trombones, to its last return as a clincher to the "high argument" in the grand final chorus, there is not one weak spot in it. There is wonderful unity in its successively developed movements. The inspiration sustains itself throughout; the happy design goes on realizing itself with brighter and brighter glory to the end; the pregnant theme: *All that have life and breath*, &c., opens up beauties and splendors that never disappoint.

The Symphony was finely played. The Allegro movement, with its broad, rejoicing, flowing theme, was new to this audience, and quite fulfilled the promise of Mr. Macfarren's description (copied in our last two numbers). The lovely Allegretto, alternating its phrases afterwards with the rich, bracing Choral of the wind instruments, has been long a favorite in our concerts. And the Adagio Religioso was not wholly new to us; but its beauty of form and sentiment were only half divined, until we heard it this time as a lovely member of a vital whole. There is no pause between the three movements; and in the same way the Symphony leads, by emphatic iterations of a bold figure (first heard in an episode of the Adagio), into the majestic opening chorus: *All men, all things, sing to the Lord*; with which solemn prelude the fervent Allegro: *Praise the Lord with lute and harp* starts off with still kindling energy, only to find the burden of its song at last in that opening trombone theme. Beautiful is the soprano solo into which it leads, and beautifully did Mrs. HARWOOD's clear and fresh voice give it, while soprano and alto, in aerial chorus, rained soft light through the thrilled

and tremulous air (with the accompaniment in iterated notes).

Mr. PERRING's tenor was hardly so effective as one could wish in the tenor recitative: *Sing ye praise*; but the air was sweetly sung. The chorus in G minor: *All ye that cried in deep affliction*, &c., with continuous figure of triplets in the accompaniment, is one of those exquisitely soft and soothing choruses peculiar to Mendelssohn, and was rendered with great delicacy. One of the most admirable numbers is the duet (for sopranos), with chorus: *I waited for the Lord*, which Mr. Macfarren has described so truly, and which was finely rendered on all hands. Miss ADAMS has a soprano voice of remarkable beauty, power and freshness; she is very young, but seems to have the gifts which under proper culture ought to make a capital singer. The voice of Mrs. Harwood blended finely with it; the themes are worked up, or rather grow, to admirable climax with the repeated entrance of the chorus; particularly fine is that part where the tenors and basses softly take up the original melody as an accompaniment to the soli.

For the very dramatic and intensely interesting passage: *Watchman, will the night soon pass*, a more robust tenor, in fact a great tenor, seemed required; yet the scene made its impression, and dazzlingly splendid was the transition into the major of the key (the triumphant key of D), into the uncontrollable rapture of the chorus: *The night is departing*, — the sublimest moment of the whole composition. What an influx of new life and heroic resolution in the strong and nervous little fugue there: *let us gird on the armor of Light!* And how vividly the imagination is excited at the conclusion, as those long loud calls, from one party of voices to another, echo away through the vast vaults of the night!

But perhaps the old German Choral, which follows, is not less sublime, sung in chaste, four-part harmony, without accompaniment, in the first verse; and in the second verse buoyed up upon a rich undulating sea of violin figural harmony. The duet: *My song shall always be thy mercy*, was finely sung by Mrs. Harwood and Mr. Perring, and the great chorus: *Ye nations, ye monarchs*, &c., calling on all to offer glory to the Lord, is wrought up to a sublime conclusion, with the re-affirming of the first text and key-note of the whole: *All that has life and breath sing to the Lord. Hallelujah!*

The success of the *Lobgesang* was so complete, and it is so practicable, not requiring any foreign talent for its execution, that we sincerely hope the Handel and Haydn Society will give us one or more repetitions of it.

SUNDAY EVENING. — "The Creation." Haydn's sweet, melodious, spring-like music made the usual impression — charming and

refreshing sense and soul at first, but cloying by monotonous excess of sweet towards the end. As we have said before, we never could tell whether the last chorus was well sung or not; with the sense wearied by so much preceding sweetness, we always had a dull, confused impression of it. We are quite sure, however, that it is not a great chorus — not to be mentioned with the last in the "Messiah" — and a great falling off, both this and all the last choruses, from the sublime height reached in *The Heavens are telling*. The performance generally was a fine one, chorus and orchestra doing their best. FORMES sang this time the part of Adam, which he did not before; and this was much the truest, smoothest and most satisfactory half of his performance. In the descriptive airs and recitatives of Raphael he was more than usually false in intonation; nor was his descent to the great low D (which so excites the many) at all musical or continuous; it seemed a hard gymnastic effort; the huge boulder of tone did not roll down easily, but met with more resistance than was necessary to dignified composure of movement. And then the slide or *portamento*, particularly downward, is not an agreeable habit of the voice. Yet it would be folly to deny that the great qualities of Formes, his power and genius as a singer, stamped themselves upon the performance. In the rapturous thanks-giving part of one of those Trios he sang with an inspiring fervor. It is great-hearted singing.

Mrs. LONG surpassed herself in the air: *With verdure clad*, and more especially in *On mighty pens*, giving a somewhat original and, we thought, felicitous version of the dove cooings. Mrs. HARWOOD, as Eve, in the duets with Formes, sustained herself finely; and Mr. PERRING's tenor was melodious and musically modulated as usual.

THE LONDON MUSICAL WORLD is often quoted in our columns, and we owe it thanks. The *London Musical World* copies many of our articles and honorably gives us credit. The *London Musical World* is also fond of complimenting us. It is pleased with our appreciation of its idol, MENDELSSOHN, and copied our poor analysis of "Elijah." But the *London Musical World* cannot bear any sort of criticism upon its idol, or any limitation, or question, in the estimating of his genius. It hates the new men — Schumann, as well as Liszt and Wagner. The "Music of the Future" is a bugbear which almost threatens to drive it out of its sane senses. It has several times taken an angry pull at the long and respectable queue of Dr. ZOPFF's communications on the subject of Mendelssohn, to which we have given place. And now it pulls away again, and to more compliment adds friendly warning for our own especial benefit, raising the cry of "mad dog" against modern German musical criticism.

We give the article upon another page. We shall not enter into the general question of the musical supremacy of Mendelssohn, nor that of the "Music of the Future." All we have now to say is simply this.

1. We are not "against" you in this discussion.

Our editorial policy is perhaps different from yours; but we believe in the entertaining of questions which will and must arise until such time as they shall either get settled or prove themselves beyond solution. We like to give both sides a hearing. Do not so hastily assume that we endorse the views of every writer to whom we give the hospitality of our columns. The controversy lies between the Berlin critic and the London editor; we are not answerable for it, farther than to allow fair play.

2. We are not in the least danger of wandering away where the wholesome light and warmth of the great suns of the musical system shall not reach us. We cannot cast off the influence of Bach and Handel, Beethoven and Mozart, even with this fleshly tabernacle.

That we admire and love the music of Mendelssohn we need not assert. That very piece about "Elijah," past editorials without number, this day's paper, with our impressions of the *Lobgesang*, bear witness to our love. But Mendelssohn is not our especial idol. We, and many others, feel that somehow he is not quite as great, or not great in just the same sense as Handel, Beethoven or Mozart. The cause and meaning of this feeling, this very common and sincere experience, it is surely worth while to investigate. They who have had it longest, and stood nearest to the music and the man, are the Germans. The Germans, too, (of course with differences and exceptions), are the world's wisest critics in all things artistic and æsthetic. Doubtless some of them attempt too high a flight and fall to the ground. Dr. Zopff is an intelligent musician, writes fairly and in earnest, if not very clearly in respect of style. Whether he be right or wrong in his suggestions, we do not determine. But we believe there are enough grains of reason in them, and that they find enough sympathy in other minds, to make them worthy of a hearing. In the matter of Catholicity and fairness, we do think the Berlin critic has the advantage of our London Mentor.

3. Again, we think that one of the most important and useful functions of criticism is that of measuring acknowledged great men by the highest, even an absolute standard. The question of genius in the highest sense, of creative imagination, is one that is fairly raised even of many of the world's shining lights. This is a nobler function than that of criticizing little men, of showing up the false and the foolish. It may seem to partial admirers, like our English friend, to be equally a negative, fault-finding kind of criticism; but it is not; it is an attempt at honest, candid, severe appreciation by the highest standard. What if it result in the conviction that Spenser is inferior to Shakespeare, Haydn to Mozart, Mendelssohn to Beethoven? — is this disparaging to either of them?

4. We must protest against this English habit of classing Schumann in the same category of condemnation with Richard Wagner, Liszt and Berlioz. Schumann, in the first place, was a man of musical ideas, of musical inspirations, of some imaginative and creative faculty, whether the latter are or not. He has left Songs that are full of melody, fine original creations. His earlier piano pieces, with all their freakish and fantastical varieties of form and subject, abound in beauties and felicitous conceits. His Symphonies are no "puling school-boy's" work. They have ideas in them, and show a vigorous treatment. And this leads us to say, in the second place, that Schumann's Symphonies, &c., are built essentially upon the same classic form of the four movements with those of Beethoven; they are exceptional only in now and then an episode, and do by no means set the conventional structure at defiance, like the works of Wagner, who renounces all allegiance to existing models. There is one and the same principle of unity (we mean of form) in the Symphonies of Mozart, Beethoven, Schubert, Mendelssohn and Schu-

mann. By the Wagnerian "Music of the Future" standard, Schumann is conservative, a preserver and continuator, not a ruthless "Sepoy" and destroyer of the forms in which Art has instinctively and by its own innate law grown up. For our part, we must say that the same reasons, apart from the individuality of the men, lead us to admire the works of Beethoven and Mendelssohn and Schumann.

5. Then, as to critical capacity and soundness, we may ask who has written better about music in our day than Robert Schumann. Read his Maxims, which we have placed on our first page; the man who gives us these out of his own life and practice, must be a sound thinker and teacher, and a true artist. Does he not tell the student to make the Preludes and Fugues of Bach his daily bread? Does that sound like a "Sepoy's" creed? What different advice would your own Mendelssohn have given? There is one of those maxims, which we beg leave respectfully to commend to the especial consideration of the *London Musical World*. It is this:

"Reverence the Old, but meet the New also with a warm heart. Cherish no prejudice against names unknown to you."

6. Finally, we do not think it worth while to be frightened by the cry of mad dog.

The Drama.

The course of solid, satisfying good old English comedy fare, which Mrs. BARROW has of late been supplying at the Howard Athenæum, was last Tuesday set aside, to make room for the spicier and more stimulating food of the modern drama. Each diet has its devotees, and in a well regulated theatrical table d'hôte each should be represented. The play produced last Tuesday evening, although announced as the work of a gentleman of this city, Mr. OLIVER S. LELAND, proves to be, like most of the attempts of our countrymen in the same field, a mere translation from a French drama of established fame. Mr. Leland, however, has acted more audaciously than any of his predecessors, having claimed more, while performing less. Few translators have, like him, publicly proclaimed their title to authorship, and few have reproduced so literally and exactly as he has done, the plays in imitation of which their pieces were constructed. The "Beatrice" of Mr. Leland is simply and solely the "Lady Tartuffe" of Madame de Girardin. Every one familiar with the works of this distinguished authoress knows this comedy—her masterpiece, perhaps. There is not a more elegantly written, nor hardly a more effective drama in the French language. Faithfully translated, it of course retains its effectiveness; and its own merits, together with the excellence of its performance at the Howard, secured it a complete success. The acting throughout was good, and that of Mrs. Barrow, in the part of Beatrice, especially to be commended. The piece was put upon the stage in superb style, for which, as well as for the enterprise displayed in bringing out what was supposed to be an American play, the management shall be thanked.

Mr. BARRY's magnificent preparation of the Indian drama, "Jessie Brown," has been unavailing. For the past two weeks the Boston Theatre has displayed the several attractions of a highly effective play, a most charming little actress to personate the leading part, and scenic illustrations of Eastern grandeur on a scale of splendor hitherto unseen in this country. But "Jessie Brown" has failed thus far to pay its way. Why, no man can tell, for certainly there never was a piece brought out in this city better calculated to catch the popular fancy.

The Museum has prospered well, with one of its amusing fairy spectacles—one of those in which nonsense and absurdity are so boldly promulgated, that they become delightful; especially when sustained by such shows and pageantry as the Museum affords.

Mr. THORNE's attempt to regenerate the National Theatre has resulted disastrously to him, and he will probably soon relinquish his charge.

Musical Chit-Chat.

The Concert to be given at the Music Hall this evening, by the GERMANIA BAND, is one well worthy of attention. If successful, it may lead to a much needed reform in the whole system of our Band music. Bands of mere brass have long since come to be a weariness, a nuisance. Who has not longed for a return to the good old days of clarinets and bassoons and French horns, mingled with the harsher martial instruments, and lending finer outline, light and shade, and contrast of color, to the music? The Germania Band, composed of German and of native players, has now increased its numbers so that it can

furnish a Reed band of 35 instruments, or an Orchestra of 40, as well as the usual brass band of 18. To-night they give the first public exhibition of their powers; and it behooves all who care that our street music should be music, and not noise,—all who desire a provision for good summer evening music on the Common, or Promenade Concerts in the Music Hall, to lend their countenance and their material aid to this experiment. Let the Music Hall be crowded.

We would remind all the world "and the rest of mankind," that next Wednesday will be the last of the Afternoon Orchestral Concerts—probably the last chance this year of hearing a good Symphony, or an Orchestra at all, except in theatres. Last Wednesday we had Haydn's "Surprise" Symphony, Overture to "Martha," Duet from "Tell," Schubert's *Lob der Thränen*, and a capital well played solo on the French Horn, by Mr. TROJST. . . . Boston has lost a most valuable and leading member of its musical world in the person of Mr. CHARLES FRANCIS CHICKERING, who has removed to New York,—the great piano-making business of Chickering & Sons requiring that a partner of the firm should represent it there. Mr. Chickering has opened large and elegant warerooms upon Broadway (corner of Fourth Street), which must soon become a pleasant resort of all musical people. In Mr. C. our Handel and Haydn Society lose the most efficient President, perhaps, they ever had. To him we are indebted for the noble Festival last May. It will be hard to fill his place. . . . That important depot of fine, cheap English editions of the best Sacred Music, Novello's Sacred Music Store, (now under the charge of Mr. Novello's enterprising successors, Messrs. WEBB & ALLEN), has been removed from its old stand in Broadway, to finer quarters at No. 6, Astor Place. There is no better place to find good editions of Oratorio, Organ, Mass, English Service, and all kinds of approved sacred music.

Our friend, RICHARD WILLIS, of the New York *Musical World*, has met with a severe affliction. We read in the *Tribune*, April 12:

The funeral of Mrs. Richard Storrs Willis, which took place at the Episcopal Church in Twenty-ninth street, was largely attended by a distinguished and sympathizing company. Among the mourners were the bereaved husband, the parents, N. P. Willis, Esq., Mr. and Mrs. Parton, and others. The services were elaborate. The choir sang; Mrs. Bodstein, too, gave some of Handel's strains in a most touching style; and the pastor of the church, beside the regular reading, delivered a discourse in which he properly portrayed the numerous excellencies of the deceased, and alluded to her church membership and Christian devotedness in a manner that flooded many eyes with tears. He also happily introduced the eminent contributions of Mr. R. S. Willis to the sacred services of his church. Mrs. Willis died in child-birth, and leaves three young children, and a wide circle of friends and acquaintances to mourn her loss.

We have received a marked copy of the Philadelphia *Daily Argus*, of which the heart of the matter is this:

HAWTHORNE SCHOTTISCHE.—We have sent to Mr. Dwight, this week, a copy of our Schottische, and would like to have his editorial opinion thereupon.—*Musical Critic*.

For the Schottische we return respectful acknowledgement, but no opinion;—the truth is, we don't dance.

RONCONI has at last made his debut at the Philadelphia Academy, on Monday, in *Maria di Rohan*, and with immense success. The *Bulletin* says:

Ronconi is small of stature, not handsome in face or figure, and his ordinary gait and motions are neither graceful nor dignified. His voice is rather harsh in quality, and not very powerful; he vocalizes with no great skill, and he often begins an air slightly below the pitch. "He is not worth hearing, then," many will say; but we answer that, with all these glaring imperfections, he is the most extraordinary and impressive performer that has ever appeared on the American lyric stage, and this appeared to be the unanimous sentiment last evening.

* * * * But the grandeur of his performance was all concentrated in the third act, beginning with the discovery of the supposed treachery of his wife. Then, the outburst of passion was wonderful to witness. Face and figure seemed to dilate, and the dignity of his presence to fill the stage. The voice, too, seemed inspired by the aroused genius, and every word was uttered with an intensity of heartfelt meaning that thrilled through every one. In the next scene, when with savage irony he taunts his wife, he was even greater. Every nerve seemed to thrill with intense vitality; every motion and every look was a study, and no one thought of Ronconi, his figure or his voice, but became absorbed in the passion of *Chevreuse*. The discovery of *Chalais* gave occasion for another wonderful display, and the catastrophe was grand beyond description.

The Mozart Society, in Worcester, Mass., gave a Concert on Fast evening, consisting of selections from the Oratorios. . . . Fast Day in Manchester, N. H., last week, was relieved by the Concert of Mr. G. W. STRATTON, assisted by Mrs. Bradley (soprano), Mr. C. R. Adams (tenor), Mr. Gärtner (violinist), and Mr. Baumbach (pianist), from this city. One half of the programme was miscellaneous; the other consisted of selections from Mr. Stratton's opera, "The Buccaneer." . . . The *Traveler*, speaking

of the songs sung by Formes last Saturday evening, gives us this remarkable information:

The programme was arranged with particular reference to an exhibition, (so far as could be had) of his versatility in various styles of music, and in the various languages; the one being in French; another in German; and still another in the Latin; in all of which he seemed perfectly at home.

The learned critic would oblige us further, if he would inform us which of the songs was sung in French, and which in Latin! They were: "*In diesen heil'gen Hallen*"; "*Der Wanderer*"; and "*Non piu andrai*."

Musical Correspondence.

NEW YORK, APRIL 14.—It is consoling to know that MUSARD's grand concerts, with their Express Galops, their "*bœufs-et-mouton*" Quadrilles, their "*Bataille des Zouaves*," their gongs, their liveried waiters and uniformed newsboys, &c., &c., have not entirely crushed to earth more modest entertainments. To be sure, Mr. ULLMAN does his best to leave no room in the public mind for aught else. His advertisements divide the daily papers with those of the New York *Ledger*; and, not satisfied with the circulation thus given to them, he resorts to still other means. Not long ago a thick letter was handed in, with: "*Two cents to pay*." As there was no stamp on the missive, the demand seemed suspicious. The envelope was found to contain the sum of all the advertisements relating to Musard and his concerts, which had ever appeared in our papers—neatly printed in pamphlet form. On looking for the messenger at the front door, there stood a small urchin, about eighteen inches high, with a bundle of similar notes in his hand. He was asked: "Why do you ask two cents for this?" Ans. (in a piping voice): "For profit!" "How's that?" "For taking 'em round!" No doubt he made considerable "profit" in the end, for many people would give the two cents without thinking, or looking to see that they gave them for what they can read every day in the newspapers. And that this was no mere speculation of the boy, but one of Ullman's *modi operandi*, was proved by the fact of his name being stamped on the envelope.

But, as I said before, there is still some room left for something better. MASON's, and EISELDE's concerts have again followed each other in rapid succession during the past week. The former, on Saturday morning, was one of the best of the series, if not as a whole, yet in some of its points. There were again, as at some of the previous ones, only three pieces on the programme; but two of these, Beethoven's Krentzer Sonata and Bach's Triple Concerto, were gems of the first water. The third, though the first in order, was the second Quartet of Schumann, Op. 42, which pleased me infinitely less than the No. 1, which we have heard at Mason's and Eisfeld's this winter. It is much more in Schumann's far-fetched, over-strained vein than the other. The Sonata was admirably played by Messrs. Mason and Thomas, and was glorious as ever. The rendering of the Concerto, as a whole, was so infinitely superior to that at Satter's concert, that the composition seemed like a totally different one. On that occasion I could not recognize it at all as the same piece I had heard at Mason's *Matinée* two years before: this time it made precisely the same impression on me as at the first hearing. This may have been partly owing to the different arrangement of the instruments—at Satter's concert they were scattered over the whole platform, and the string instruments placed beside the pianos, while at Mason's they were in front, which caused a much better blending of the tones,—and to the double-bass, omitted at Satter's, which marked the time more definitely; but above and beyond all, to the very excellent performance of the three pianists, Messrs. TIMM, SCHARFENBERG, and MASON, who interpreted so thoroughly the spirit of the great composer. They played as if they had one body and one soul, and the notes were so marvellously intertwined, that it was almost impossible to dis-

tinguish one piano from the others. It is a strange, quaint composition—bringing up before the mind gorgeous pageants of stately lords and ladies in powder, starch, and stiff brocade, with their straight-laced deportment, measured tread, and yet, withal, transcendent manly or delicate beauty, which no ungraceful forms of fashion can conceal.

[We must leave the remainder of this letter till next week.—Ed.]

BROOKLYN, N. Y., MARCH 31.—The fourth and last concert of the Philharmonic Society took place on Saturday evening last. The audience was all that could be desired. The Programme was as follows:

PART I.

Symphony—in C, Op. 5, Niels W. Gade.
Scena—"Wie nahte mir der Schlummer," Weher.
Madame Johannsen.
Romanza for Cornet and Piston, T. Eisfeld.
Mr. Schreier.

PART II.

Overture—"Meeresstille und glückliche Fahrt," (Calm at Sea and Prosperous Voyage,) Mendelssohn.
Aria—"Ernani Involami!" Verdi.
Madame Johannsen.
Nocturne Melodique—"French Horn," W. Lawrence.
Mr. H. Schmitz.
Overture—Tannhäuser, R. Wagner.

The Symphony, it seems to me, will not bear a favorable comparison with those of Mendelssohn, to say nothing of those of the older Masters. I think, however, no one can hear this Symphony without being more than pleased. Its thoughts may not be of the Titanic kind, or as "huge as high Olympus," but it possesses merit enough to render it always a favorite with those who love the simple and beautiful.

The composer seems to waste his energies, or rather he is too lavish in the use of his material on the start. Take, for instance, the third movement, *Andante Grazioso*. The first theme of this movement is perfectly charming, but the remaining two-thirds fail to satisfy the expectations raised while listening to the first, so that it is somewhat difficult to tell at the close whether you are entirely pleased or not. The whole Symphony partakes of this character, but it is more apparent in this movement than in the others.

In the vocal part, the arrangements were much more satisfactory than at either of the previous concerts. JOHANNSEN sang the Scena from *Der Freischütz* exceedingly well. The audience were evidently not expecting so satisfactory a performance, and the applause was earnest and hearty. She cannot be called a great singer, but one who will always please, and with many she will be a great favorite.

Ernani, involami requires what Johannsen does not possess, but what LAGRANGE does possess to a greater degree of perfection than any other artist we have had with us, a facility of vocal execution capable of performing all sorts of impossibilities. The audience, however, were so well satisfied with the singing of it by Johannsen, as to ask for a repetition. If contrast is something to be desired in making up a programme, we had it in two vocal pieces. But measured by the rule of good taste, and the "eternal fitness of things," I think it would hardly "pass muster." This selection from Verdi's *Ernani* seemed to me much like a display of fire-works on a beautiful moonlight night, and, as a matter of course, the pyrotechnics must suffer most by the comparison.

The *Romanza* and *Nocturne Melodique* were both admirably done and gave much pleasure.

The Overture, "Calm at sea and prosperous voyage," was very much admired, and I am sure the composer himself would have been perfectly satisfied with the manner in which it was played, under the able and judicious management of Mr. EISEFELD. This gentleman still grows in public favor, and, at least with us, has no superior as a conductor.

The Overture to *Tannhäuser* is certainly the most wonderful, and also, to me, incomprehensible musical composition I have ever heard. I presume it was well played; at all events the Orchestra worked hard.

The "Philharmonic Society of Brooklyn," finds itself at the close of its first season out of debt, with music on hand for which they have paid \$400. But it must be remembered, this has not been accomplished by having, as is the case in New York, the gratuitous services of all the solo performers, both vocal and instrumental; on the other hand, our Society has paid everybody, always a fair, and in some cases an exorbitant price for their services. While much of the success of this first season of our new Society is due to the good taste and enterprise of our citizens, much is also due to individual effort. Many of our more public-spirited citizens have aided both with their tissue and money to sustain and carry on this series of concerts. The President of the Society, LUTHER B. WYMAN, Esq., and the Secretary, Professor RAYMOND of the Polytechnic Institute, have both been unceasing and untiring in their efforts to carry them through successfully.

BELLINI.

LOUISVILLE, MARCH 20.—On the 17th inst. we had the second concert of the season, of our new Orchestral Association, "The Louisville Musical Fund Society."

The Programme could not fail to draw a choice audience to the hall of the Masonic Temple, which was well filled. In the performance of the following pieces, I found even an improvement in the orchestral parts as regards precision and accurateness.

PART I.

1. Wedding March, Mendelssohn.
2. Scena—"Come per me, Sereno," Bellini.
3. Overture—Fanchon, Himmel.
4. Quartet—Bella Figlia dell'amore, from *Rigoletto*, Verdi.
Misses Collier and Scheidler.
Messrs. Dolfinger and Mason.
5. Quintet—For Piano, Violin, Viola, 'Cello and Contra Bass, Beethoven.
Messrs. Zoller and Jaeger.

PART II.

1. Overture—Sophonisba, Paer.
2. Scena—"D'amor sull'ali Rose, from *Il Trovatore*, Verdi.
Miss Colliere and Mr. Dolfinger.
3. Elite Waltzes, Lanner.
4. Aria—from *La Favorita*, Donizetti.
Mons. Corradi Colliere.
5. Solo—"O Dolce Conento," Variations for the Bird Flageolet, Nicholson.
William Ratel.

6. *Najaden Polka*—By request—Full Orchestra, Guog'l.
The grand Wedding March, by Mendelssohn, lost something of its charm by the brass instruments and drums drowning the string instruments. I had to admire Miss SCHEIDLER's execution in Bellini's *Come per me*, and was struck with the accompaniment of the full orchestra on account of its softness and precision. I did not expect this from so young an orchestra, and great credit is due to the Director. The overture to *Fanchon*, by Himmel, pleased me less. The time was taken too slow. The beautiful quartet by Verdi went off very pleasingly. Mr. MASON's place was filled by Mr. COLLIERE.

It was one of the happiest sights to behold in Beethoven's quartet a whole family of artists performing: the father and three sons. There was nothing wanting in the execution, though the position taken by the performers was not the most suitable, and by it a good deal of the effect was lost. Mr. JAEGER was splendidly at his place; he handles his instrument with an ease and tenderness and power but rarely heard. I understand he is going to favor us in the next concert with a solo on the basso. I would, however, under all circumstances, advise the managers to procure for similar occasions a grand piano, as the square piano, good as it may be, is not sufficient to fill the large hall.

Kuffner's and Paer's overtures could not go better; unity, good tune and vigor in all the movements prevailed. Verdi's Scena from *Il Trovatore* was again repeated; Miss COLLIERE and Mr. DOLFINGER just suit this piece, it seems as if it were written for them. I love to hear Mr. Dolfinger's beautiful tenor, and he is a decided favorite of the music lovers here.

The Aria from *La Favorita*, Donizetti, was rendered by Mr. Colliere with perfection; in fact, he

cannot sing otherwise; hence his appearance in our concerts is always highly welcome and appreciated.

The Solo on the bird flageolet by NICHOLSON was a beautiful intermezzo. The insignificant instrument created at first sight a general merriment amongst the audience, but the attention was soon riveted by the really masterly execution of our Mr. RATEL, the Vice President of the Society. He had to repeat it.

The *Najaden Polka* was a happy selection for the finale; the audience severally left the hall with happy and grateful feelings. ANONYMOUS.

PESCIA, ITALY, MARCH 18.—Of course you have never heard of Pescia before. How could you! I have not written to you of it ere this, and am not I the Great Original Discoverer, the very Christopher Columbus of Pescia?

The way of it was this. Having returned from Rome to Florence, I was waiting in the latter city for letters, and one day, an idea struck me—I would take a walk! I would walk to Lucca, I would invade the heart of Tuscany armed with a passport, an Italian dictionary, and a little book to read as I strolled along. I would walk, bear in mind. I would not go in the rail-car nor in the diligence. Nothing would induce me to ride. I would not ride even were I offered a free ticket wherever I wanted to go. I would not ride, even were the Railway Directors to come to me in a body; no, not if they were to get down before me on their two eyes; no, not if they were to implore me with tears in their knees! So, having made this Spartan resolution, I started from Florence one delicious morning in March, when the balmy zephyr and warbling birds, and azure sky, &c., &c.

Gradually the dome and campanile of the Cathedral disappeared, and then I began to come in sight of a town; so it was all the way. No sooner did I get clear of one town than I plunged into another, and so to my vexation had no opportunity of practising vocal music on the route without being overheard and creating an intrusive sensation. That evening I stopped at Pistoja, a little town where they are famous for making church organs. I know you are dying to hear my learned and acute critical remarks about the pictures in the Cathedral, but nevertheless I shall not gratify your laudable curiosity. Suffice that the next day at noon I left Pistoja.

It was all very nice—the very nicest thing in the world—this walking, but somehow or other I was horribly tired when about five miles from Pescia; when I was within two miles of the town I was still more fatigued, especially as no Pescia was anywhere to be seen. Indeed the position of the town is such, that you cannot see it till you are actually before its very gates.

It lies closely hidden in the gorge of a mountain pass, with a wild mountain stream running through its centre, said stream being about ten months of the year almost dry, and the other two presenting the appearance of an impetuous river. Its wide, gravelly bed is spanned by two bridges and divides the little town in two unequal parts, the smaller being chiefly noticeable for its Cathedral, and the larger for the noble, wide street, favorite promenade, market-place, and rendezvous of the people of Pescia. The other streets are moreover unexceptionably clean, and the houses neat, and a few really splendid.

But its natural features are the chief charm of Pescia. Standing upon one of the bridges and looking up the river at the rows of fine tall houses that line its bank, the spectator is at once reminded of Nice, that beautiful place of resort which everybody so well knows. The hillsides are covered with terraced groves of olives, through which at intervals are seen the towers of isolated churches and convents, which nestle here and there amid the soft, misty green foliage. Sometimes an Italian pine is discerned, rising majestically above the olives. In the distance, a

mountain, whose top is covered with snow, seems to heighten, by the contrast of its icy coldness, the warm, luxurious life of the valley below.

There are, of course, any amount of people in Pescia. There are swarms of priests, in their long cloaks and black hats, taking solemn exercise upon the pretty road that runs along the river bank. If you are there at the proper time—say five o'clock in the afternoon—you may see the good bishop of Pescia, who belongs to one of the glorious company of fat, oily men of God, and is accompanied by an emaciated priest (he is a poor relation, I guess), and a stout servant carrying a cloak. The emaciated priest reminds me of an inquiry I have long wished to send to the Editor of "Notes and Queries." It is this: Why are poor relations always lean? Or no! not that, for that question answers itself, but rather this: Has anybody ever read, or seen, or heard of a fat poor relation?

As no creature out of Tuscany ever heard of Pescia before, and as I may fairly claim to be the first illustrious traveller who has visited it and extended its fame to the New World, I deem it no egotism to entitle myself, The Renowned Original Discoverer and Modern Christopher Columbus of Pescia. Perhaps in so doing I may slightly transcend the strict bounds of propriety, but in the words of Mrs. Micawber, that I am mainly right both my reason and my judgment alike forbid me to doubt.

As I write, I sit upon the terrace of the inn which overlooks the river and affords a fine view of the olive colored hills. My heart and head are full of Pescia, and yet at the same time the humming of some passer-by reminds me of the opera I heard the other night in Florence—the *Traviata*, or *Violetta*, as it is called in Italy. It was performed at the Pergola by a tolerable company, with one Carozzi Zucchi as prima donna, a fresh, noisy singer, who takes the part much better than the much over-rated Piccolomini, yet not near so well as our own Gazzaniga. The opera was superbly put upon the stage, the scenery being unsurpassed. Since my previous visit to Florence they had produced here Verdi's unfortunate *Aroldo*, of which I have previously had occasion to speak. The opera was performed just four times, which, according to the Florentine critics, was just four times oftener than it deserved. Indeed the fate of this opera is appalling. It has failed everywhere. At Parma it was played the oftenest, because it was written for the theatre there, and the good people felt a desire to deal gently with the poor thing. The Italian press unite in condemning it strongly, and the Impresarios who produced it at their various theatres have been obliged to fall back upon *Traviata* and *Trovatore*. The latter is now being played with great success in Leaning Tower Pisa, with Limberti (whose excellent performance I have alluded to in speaking of Pacini's opera, *Elisa Velasco*), one of the best tenors of Italy in the chief role. Talking about *Trovatore*, at once brings me back to first principles and Pescia. They are a musical people here, though not able to have an opera. To-day I took breakfast at the "*Trovatore* Eating House," and last night heard a serenade given to somebody in the next street. The selection was the *Miserere* scene of the favorite opera—a lugubrious choice, it must be confessed, but the effect of the solemn strains breaking upon the stillness of the night was very beautiful.

Ah! but Pescia, a lovely spot at all times, assumes an almost magic beauty towards sunset. It is a rare pleasure to sit, as I do now upon the balcony overlooking the river, and see the golden sunlight falling upon the olive groves, and gilding the half hidden fronts of the mountain convents. It has left the valley below, and is gradually fading away from the lower parts of the mountains. At the same time the bells from the numerous convents commence an harmonious chiming, which mingles with the occasional whistle of the distant locomotive. One can see the

smoke of a huge factory not far off, while near by are the slight wires of the telegraph. It is Italy, with all its beauty and romance, wedded to New England, with all its practical arts and sciences.

I do not wait for the golden colors to fade away into the dim gray twilight, but leaving the balcony, go to the front of the house which looks out upon the noble wide street I have before mentioned. It is not long, but still forms a beautiful promenade, and at this time is crowded with the great majority of the inhabitants of Pescia, strolling either singly, in couples, or in groups, simply enjoying the delicious coolness of the hour, and the animated aspect of the scene. At one end stands a little church; they call it La Madonna della Piazza. The whole scene is lively and brilliant, and it only needs the music to remind one of the masquerade in *Ernani*.

I do not know whether you have in Boston a Geographical or Historical Society, but if you are so fortunate, I trust the learned body will invite me to deliver before them the elaborate paper that I am preparing, entitled: "Narrative of an Exploring Expedition into Pescia; with Statistics as to the Population thereof, their Modes of Dress, of Living and Eating. By Trovator, Esq." If you have not an Historical or Geographical Society, I can easily inform you what ingredients are necessary for its composition, and trust there is enough public spirit in Boston to act upon my hints and immediately form one. Here are the *dramatis persone*, carefully gathered from that of corresponding societies in New York:

Eleven large gentlemen with gold spectacles.
Five little dapper men with ditto, ditto.
Nineteen respectable old fogies with gray hair.
Five bald gentlemen.
Three young men with white cravats.
Six Orthodox Clergymen.
Seven sleepy men.
Two young misses, who giggle.
Six literary ladies, who wear corkscrew curls.
Six literary ladies, who do not wear corkscrew curls, and who will not speak to the other six literary ladies.
One or two eminent travellers who have explored Communipaw, or some such *terra incognita*, and are prepared with "papers" to read.
A lean gentleman to act as Secretary.
A fat gentleman to act as Chairman.
A dimly lighted room, and some writing materials for the Secretary, and a glass of water for the speaker.
Four newspaper reporters, who are much bored by the whole affair.
Some sandwiches and mustard in an adjacent room.

I need not assure you, that before such an intellectual body, it would give me great pleasure to read my Narrative of the Exploring Expedition into Pescia. Of course my services would be gratuitous, and I should only ask to be made an Honorary Member of the Society, and to have a lion's share of the sandwiches. The newspaper reporters should not either be allowed to go away sandwich-less, on the night when I read my valuable and instructive paper. I take this method, through the columns of your excellent journal, to make known my desires.

To-morrow I leave Pescia, perhaps forever, and in so doing will bid farewell to one of the loveliest spots God and man ever united to create. However I have one consolation. I can boldly face the Cara Padrona once more. When I left Florence, I told that estimable lady I was going to walk to Lucca. "Bless you!" she cried, "what do you walk for?" I really could not answer; it certainly was not to save time or money, for walking required more of either than going by railway would have done, and so I had to make a miserable shift by saying I wanted to "see the country." But now on returning I can proudly speak of Pescia. Had I not walked I should never have discovered Pescia, and consequently should never have been able to add to my name the proud title R.O.D. and M.C.C. of P—, Renowned Original Discoverer and Modern Christopher Columbus of Pescia.

Yours ever,

TROVATOR.

Special Notices.

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VOCAL, WITH PIANO ACCOMPANIMENT.

- Daisy Bell, Song and Chorus. *L. O. Emerson.* 25
Pretty music, to words by Geo. M. Dowe, Esq.
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This famous incident at the relief of Lucknow is here treated in a truly dramatic style by poet and composer.
- My native Land's my Home. *Dr. J. Haynes.* 25
A pleasing, sentimental strain.
- Our Carrie. Quartet and Harp. 25
Very easy; a true Children's Song, with a little chorus for three voices.
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This very dramatic and exciting number of the Oratorio, consisting of Solos by Elijah (Bass), and a Boy (Mezzo Soprano), with responses by the Chorus, has acquired new interest lately by the singing of CARL FORMES.
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One of Fesca's most melodious airs. Only moderately difficult. For Mezzo Soprano or Baritone.
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- Will ye no come back again. Scotch Ballad. *F. Dun.* 30
Simple and quaint, in the true Scotch vein.
- The Sea Gull. Words by *Mary Howitt.* *H. W. P.* 25
A very poetic rendering of sea-shore impressions. Music in the same spirit.
- I think of thee. Ballad. *J. P. Haggarty.* 25
An affecting Song for the Parlor. Not difficult.

INSTRUMENTAL MUSIC FOR PIANO.

- Hungarian Air, by *David.* Transcribed by *Liszt.* 25
This is a gem for those who are fond of the strange mixture of extravagant mirth and wailing sentimentality which prevails in the national music of Hungary.
- Le Soupir (The Sigh). *Schad.* 25
A plaintive melody, principally for the left hand. Rather easy throughout.
- Valse élégante. *A. Loeschorn.* 25
A very nice little composition. The author has carefully avoided all hacknied phrases, and imparted to it a charm for musicians as well as amateurs.
- Rose of Castille Quadrilles. *J. G. Callcott.* 30
Spirited and brimful of melodic gems from Balfe's last, and many say best, Opera.
- An Bord du Lac. Idylle. *W. Kuhe.* 25
This charming composer has here laid out a simple melody of but sixteen bars, made highly effective by an ever-changing accompaniment upon the note of the dominant, quickly repeated in the higher octaves, with frequent crossing of hands. Highly suggestive of a quiet, blue lake in rural seclusion, with a faint stroke of a distant bell now and then.
- La Pensée (A Thought). *J. Blumenthal.* 25
A dreamy, meditative composition of a quiet flow. Rather difficult.
- Papo Schottisch. *Peter Fitzgerald.* 25
- Spirit Waltz. *G. H. Mitchell, Jr.* 10
- Love Spell Galop. *Jos. Weber.* 25
- Tantalizing Polka. *R. Herzog.* 25
- Seraphinen Landler (Redowa). *C. Strauss.* 25
- Clarissa Polka. *J. Etling.* 25
- Leviathan Waltz. *C. A. Ingraham.* 25
- Rippling Wave Waltz. *J. W. Turner.* 25
The above form a good collection of simple Dance Music, well arranged.
- Gems from *La Traviata*, arranged for two performers by *R. Nordmanwea.* 25
Three numbers of this Series have been issued, viz.: "Di Provenza il mar," "De miei bellenti," and "Ah forse lui." The name of the arranger is a sufficient guarantee for the excellence of these arrangements.
- Homage to Verdi. Fantasia on airs from his principal Operas, for four performers on two pianos, by *Duroc.* 1.25
This piece is excellently adapted to be performed at Exhibitions, in Seminaries, &c. It requires four players of not more than middling ability. The melodies, which are introduced, are of Verdi's best, and cannot but highly please the many friends, that this eminently successful composer has made everywhere.
- Darling Nelly Gray. Varied by *Chas. Grobe.* 50
This Song of universal popularity appears here for the first time in an arrangement for the piano. Surely, there could not have been found a better hand for such arrangement than that of Charles Grobe!

Dwight's Journal of Music.

WHOLE No. 316.

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Translated for this Journal.

Robert Schumann.

(From WASIELEWSKY'S Biography.)

ROBERT SCHUMANN was a little above middle height, and slightly inclined to corpulency. In his healthful days there was in his bearing something elevated, noble, full of dignity and calmness; his gait on the contrary was usually slow, cautious, and a little indolent and shuffling.* Accordingly his eye was mostly sunk, half closed, and only lighted up in conversation with near friends, but then in the most agreeable and kindly manner. His countenance made a pleasant and good-hearted impression, without justifying the epithet of beautiful,—indeed one could scarcely speak of an intellectual physiognomy; the fine-cut mouth, commonly protruded a little and puckered up as if to whistle, was, next to the eye, the most attractive feature of his full, round, rather fresh colored countenance. Over his short nose rose a high, freely springing, arched brow, remarkably expanded in breadth about the temples. Above all, his head, covered with dark brown, full and rather long hair, had something downright, altogether strong, and one might say four-cornered about it.

His physiognomy had, with a certain shut-up cast of features, for the most part a uniformly mild, benevolent expression. The rich soul's life did not mirror itself there so vividly, as in sanguine natures. When Schumann wore the friendly mien, which was not, to be sure, too often, he could exert a fascinating influence on those about him.

While standing—long standing easily fatigued him—he held either both hands behind his back, or at any rate one hand, while with the other he musingly brushed his hair one side, or stroked his mouth or chin. If he sat or lay unoccupied, he often let the upraised fingers of both hands play with one another.

The manner of his intercourse with others was very simple. He spoke but little or not at all, even when questions were asked him, or at least only in broken utterances, which constantly betrayed his activity of thought when any subject interested him. There was nothing conscious or affected in this. His manner of speaking seemed very much like "talking to himself"; the more so, since he used his organ only feebly and without much tone. About the ordinary, every-day affairs and phenomena of life, he never cared to talk at all; and about weighty subjects, such as

deeply interested him, he only expressed himself reluctantly and rarely. One had to wait the favorable moment with him, and then again one might stay hours with him, without really getting into conversation. But from his silence, to any person, one could not infer any antipathy or sympathy on his part. It was simply a characteristic trait with him, one that developed itself quite early.† Yet he often, by his persistent silence, offended persons who did not know him intimately, or who thought they knew him too well to need to notice this peculiarity.

In meeting strange and uncongenial persons, Schumann's social forms may frequently have been somewhat repulsive. Especially was he very easily offended by a certain uncalled for "confidential cordiality" and forwardness. He certainly cannot be entirely acquitted of humors and a certain peevishness, especially during the last years of his life, which were clouded by continual inward sufferings. But the kernel of his nature always was so excellent and noble, that the impeachable sides of his personality were scarcely to be taken into the account. He felt and showed himself in the best humor in the more private friendly circle, with a cigar‡ and a good glass of beer or wine, of which latter he preferred Champagne, being in the habit of remarking: "This strikes sparks out of the soul!"

In the family circle Schumann was seldom accessible; but if one enjoyed this preference he felt the most beneficent impression. He loved his children not less than his wife, although he possessed not the gift of occupying himself deeply and for hours together with them.

The outward life, which Schumann led during his last years, was very uniform and extremely regular. In the forenoon, until about 12 o'clock, he worked. Then he usually took a walk, accompanied by his wife and some near acquaintance.§ At 1 o'clock

† Kapellmeister DORN communicates the following experience: "When I saw Schumann again for the first time after a long absence in the year 1843, there was music at his house (on his wife's birthday). Among those present was Mendelssohn. We had scarcely time to exchange two words, for new parties kept offering congratulations. As I took leave, Schumann said to me in a mournful tone: 'Ah, we have not been able to have any conversation.' I consoled both him and me by alluding to the next meeting, and said, smiling: 'Then we will have a good spell of silence!' 'O,' replied he, blushing, and in a low tone, 'then you have not forgotten me?'"

‡ Schumann smoked very fine and strong cigars, which he playfully called "little devils."

§ If, on the way, he met his children, he would stop awhile, pull out his lorgnette and look at them a moment, saying in a friendly tone: "Now, you little dears!" then he would resume his former mien, and proceed upon his way as if nothing had occurred.

he dined, and then, after a short recreation, worked till 5 or 6. After that, he visited, commonly, some public place, or a private club, of which he was a member, to read the newspapers and drink a glass of beer or wine. At 8 o'clock he commonly went home to supper.

Tea parties, so called, and evening parties Schumann visited but seldom and exceptionally. On the other hand, he occasionally received a certain circle of acquaintances and friends of Art in his house. At such times, when he found himself in a good mood, he could be a very agreeable host; indeed there were single instances during his Düsseldorf life, when he showed himself uncommonly cheerful and good-humored. Once, in fact, after they had had music and supper, he proposed a general dance, in which, to the joyful surprise of all present, he took a lively part himself.

In professional affairs Schumann was severe and conscientious, although he almost never gave way to expressions of violence or passion, and if he did, he soon spoke again in a conciliatory and conciliated tone. This happened, when he had once been peevish towards one he esteemed, which he immediately felt and tried to make all right again. When there was difference of opinion, he commonly kept silent; but this was always a sure sign of his unproclaimed opposition, on the ground of which he simply acted as he thought right. To all malignity and coarseness of feeling he was inexorably stern, and where it had once manifested itself to him, he was evermore irreconcilable.

Of Schumann's way of meeting his companions in Art (musicians and critics especially) I have already spoken in the course of this work; in this respect he was a model. There was no trace of jealousy or envy in him. He joyfully and warmly recognized what was great, significant, and talented, particularly when he felt himself addressed by kindred elements. In the latter case he showed too,—what must strike one in his thoroughly German tendency and way of thinking—an enthusiastic sympathy for foreign Art, although he was completely on his guard against the more recent dramatic music of France and Italy, and with regard to the latter never attained to a correct appreciation, based upon objective intuition. During his last years he sometimes expressed less interest for some great masters of the past, particularly for the art of Haydn and Mozart. Indeed he indulged occasionally in disparaging words about

* In the house, where Schumann for the most part wore felt shoes, he sometimes walked on tip-toe, without any outward occasion. I can speak, of course, only of the last years of his life, during which I knew him intimately.

certain works of these composers, in which he naturally was misunderstood by most; for the principal, immediate cause of such expressions was his sickness, although it is not to be doubted that, with advancing years, his habit of spinning in his own ideal world, gaining more and more the upperhand in him, had a certain share in it.

In the departed, the Art-world of our time has lost one of its most highly and richly endowed creative minds,—one of its most consecrated priests. His life is alike valuable and instructive for the history of Art. Valuable through its restless striving for the highest, for the noblest, and the results which he attained,—instructive through the errors, with which he too, as more or less every earth-born being, had to pay his tribute to the Finite. But blessed is the man who has so striven and so erred, as he has done!

Orchestration.

WM. H. FRY, in the New York *Tribune*, writing of the Musard concerts, gives the following description of the instruments that compose the modern Orchestra.

The public cannot understand that great lyrical gift of heaven, the orchestra—that second sun of poetry and lustre—without study. They must go and go again if they would appreciate its colors. Let the student of it, after he has mastered the more obvious melodies, or that which relates to form and idea—look to the coloring—the orchestration—and see what beauty and variety there are for every one who has taste, and a religious—we use the word advisedly—feeling for Art. First take the flute. That has a special temper and quality. The sound is divided into two parts—the lower register is full and heartfelt, the upper volatile and brilliant. Then next in orchestral order, among the instruments, is the hautboy, a reed instrument. This recalls at a moment's notice all that Greek, Roman, Israelite or mediæval poet has sung of herds and shepherds. The primitive sadness of expression; the loneliness; the melancholy; the simplicity of an eclogue are all therein. Corydon and Phillis and their lovers, none too happy, are there told by a few notes. Now come the clarionets, breathing of gallantry and war; and of love, but of that of courts and camps. This noble instrument sweeps through a wide range; the lower tier of notes being supernatural; the middle having a vital connection with that great index of the soul, the human voice; and the upper a bird-like sway and perch as pure as brilliant. Now come the trumpets: symbol of battle and glory; but whose sonority, and variety of notes in the scale, is more made use of than formerly, when a few imperious notes told its whole story. The horn—the mellow horn—sylvan echo: the image of the chase, of manly sports, and health and joy following in their train. But the horn as now played gives the woes of that saddest of sad great stories, Edgar's blasted love. Witness the last act of *Lucia*; for the intensest wife-devotion, look at the use made of them in the soprano air of *Fidelio*. Following in orchestral order are the trombones. This is the most terrible and ghastly of instruments. Its quiet tones in the lower regions are in musical literature what the calm despair of Othello is after Desdemona is dead, and the end of the dreariest tale ever told approaches. In their loud prowess they are terrible, and are competently used by Mozart to paint the supernatural in *Don Giovanni*, where the statue speaks as hell yawns. There is yet a lower deep, in the ophicleide, or bass bugle, an instrument in the hands of its master now performing at the Academy, having a colossal sentiment not elsewhere found. To this may also be added the whole range of Sax-horns—the terrible depths of the bombardone—which come out so vastly in the massacre scenes of the Huguenots, where, especially in the duet of Raoul and Valentine, we have as grand painting as ever came from Shakespeare, Milton, or—never mind painters—people quarrel so about their rank. The percussion instruments, the battle-preaching side-drums, the exultant cut-throat or jubilee, (as the case may be) cymbals; the various tempered kettle-drums—these we may not dwell upon, but come to the violin family. The violin is the king of instruments. Full

two hundred years ago it was perfected in that great home of the beautiful—that mother of the Arts—Italy; and by an appropriate parallelism, the highest executive and poetic finish in violin performance of it has come out of the same land; Paganini exhausting wonder and admiration, and re-forming the school not only of the violin, but of others—the piano, harp, and all other instruments following more or less in the wide field of renovated virtuosoism opened by that great musical son of the South. The beauty of the violin consists in the fact that it can more delicately approach the sounds of youth and love—of the divine utterances of the voice as it comes from God, unsoiled by the lust, crime, coarse ambition, or aught of those deflections from natural sanctity, whose images people the abode of the damned, and give rise to the ecstasies of the Apocalypse, the Inferno, and the Paradise Lost. Fully viewed, the violin is the most wonderful of all inventions, because it is most human—most soul-like. Under the hands of a great master it has the eloquence of poetry without the peridy of misdirected eloquence. It expresses passionately every shade of emotion; love, grief, joy, lightness, weariness, hope, religion even. But it cannot be understood by flippant unbelievers. Of the same color, only deeper and more sentimental, is the violoncello, which is intensely elegiac, and refuses in the depths of expression to be otherwise than prophetic of that tragedy which underlies our being, and tells that man is cut down as the flower, and passes away as the Autumn's leaf. The genius of Bottesini lent to that sub-cellar of harmony, the double-bass, a new life.

The composer is enabled to treat all these instruments by a certain mechanical means. He takes music-paper with many lines or staves upon it, and places the instruments in this order—each one either filling out a measure with some sounds or resting the while; two flutes, two oboes, two clarionets, two bassoons, two trumpets, four horns, four trombones and tubas; instruments of percussion, and stringed instruments, the latter (more or less numerously doubled in practice) being the first violin, second violin, tenor violin, violoncello, and double bass. So ranged one under the other, lines at right angles, scored down from top to bottom, divide off the measures, and the leader of the orchestra at a glance can observe what each and every instrument is doing, and detect the slightest deflection from exactitude of inflection or expression. Each performer in the orchestra has only the notes of his own part, with such cues as may enable him “to attack” the notes at the proper moment after rests.

Musard in New York.

(From the Courier and Enquirer, April 13).

Monsieur MUSARD was complimented by the assembling of a large audience at the Academy of Music last evening in spite of the rain. The house presented a very fine appearance, and Mr. ULLMAN had kept his promises, as he always has done, to the best of his ability. There were the “Monster Orchestra” in the “Octagonal Concert Room,” the “Sounding Board,” the “Twenty-Five Monster Candelabras;” there were the “Waiters in Livery,” each with a sheaf of gratuitous fans in his hand large enough to fill Ceres' cornucopia; and there were “the Evening Papers sold at the usual prices by Young Gentlemen in Uniform.” We beg our readers to notice the delicate distinction between waiters in livery, and young gentlemen in uniform. But to Mr. MUSARD and his music.

Mr. MUSARD is of all the conductors that we have had the most unexceptionable in manner and appearance. He wields the baton with graceful ease and power, and without the slightest taint of affectation. Indeed his manner is so simple and to the purpose that it is no manner at all: he stands before his audience simply a well bred gentleman discharging his office to the best of his ability, and without a thought of the impression he is to produce, except through his orchestra: and this is the perfection of manner in a conductor, or in any one. And Mr. MUSARD also conducts well. His forces are well under his control; his power appearing in the most striking manner in his acceleration and retardation of time by imperceptible degrees. His orchestra is a very fine one; well balanced; having fine solo players for the principal wind instruments, and a body of strings superior in volume and quality of tone to that of any orchestra that we have had. His cornet player, (who, by the way, we opine has not voyaged far of late,) is a very accomplished artist, with a pure tone completely under his control, and remarkable executive ability. In the Rondo *Celestine*, he played the melody and the variations almost entirely through with repeated notes by double tonguing. The repetition was very distinct and accurate; but we must own that the effect was not worth the effort. The beauty of the trumpet is its clear, penetrating tone; and it

gains nothing by playing music which should be written for the violin. For instruments as for men, *sum cuique*.

Of Mr. MUSARD's music and of his orchestral effects we cannot speak highly; the former lacks melodic ideas; the latter originality and character. We heard nothing new last evening: and nothing old presented with the charm of a new rendering. Monsieur JULIEN was a vulgar humbug; but he was a great conductor—a man almost of genius in his way: Mr. MUSARD appears to be a well bred gentleman, an accomplished musician, and a good conductor—nothing more. The evening passed off pleasantly, Mr. THALBERG adding the charm of his ever equable talent; and Madame D'ANGRI being quite radiant in a rosy robe which gave her the look of an enormous bouquet.

Mr. Fry's Opera.

MR. DWIGHT:—The complaints of American composers, that they do not receive fair criticism from their countrymen, certainly appear to be in some measure justified when we read such thoughtless and indifferent comments as the following, on Mr. Fry's opera of “Leonora,” from the letter of one of your New York correspondents:

Monday and Wednesday night Fry's “Leonora” was given. By a glimpse which I caught of the Journal (my copy has not yet reached me), I see that you have had a notice of it; not having read it through, I do not know how far it enters into details. I will say, therefore, what I have heard, that the opera is full of pleasing melodies, but also full of reminiscences; and that it is almost as impossible to execute as the *Stabat Mater* of the same composer. As a specimen, I was told that in one of the choruses the Sopranos have to commence on the high C!

Now if anything is to be recorded about a work of this character, the first grand opera ever produced by an American, it should be something better than second-hand reports and manifestly unfair rumors. Your correspondent has not heard “Leonora,” evidently knows nothing of it. Why, then, reproduce the stale objections which have so long been circulated, and yet give no currency to the many expressions of approval which have greeted the work? Permit me, as one quite familiar with “Leonora,” to say that, although the “reminiscences” do exist, the “impossibilities of execution” are all fabulous. There is not a passage of extreme difficulty throughout the opera; and, as the *Stabat Mater* is spoken of, I may mention that the difficulties in the performance of that work were most of them created by the ill will of musicians and conductors. The absurd statement that one of the choruses of “Leonora” commences on the high C for the sopranos, is not worth contradicting.

Yours truly, E. H. H.

Fine Arts.

For Dwight's Journal of Music.

The Athenæum Exhibition.

I.

The title of “British Art Collection” as applied to the pictures now on exhibition at the Athenæum Gallery has a somewhat limited meaning. Instead of the impartial and complete representative exhibition of the best Art of the Old and New English Schools of Painting, which it was the *rumored* design of the directors of this enterprise to furnish us, we have a collection incomplete, numerically and artistically, and evincing a decided partiality for representative excellence in the New School.

This explanation of the surprise which many persons experience at the character of the exhibition, is based partly upon internal evidence furnished by the pictures themselves, and partly upon a merely verbal familiarity with the masters in English Art whose names do not appear in the catalogue.

It is to be regretted that the collection was not originally formed upon a more exclusive basis, and allowed to comprehend only the truly best works of the various schools of English Art. Many of the artists of this country, who have not been abroad and

have a very limited acquaintance with other than native Art, entertain a theoretical preference for the unpretentious, solid and forcible painting of the French School, as opposed to the obtrusive, shuffling, and weak manner which is supposed to characterize the Old School of the English: and since the manner or method may be said to constitute the costume of the body of Art, it would have been a source of much gratification and perhaps more profit to them to see English Art in its best clothes. A second provocation to regret is furnished in the losses which the collection has suffered since its arrival in this country; losses for which the recent importations offer us inadequate compensation.

HOLMAN HUNT's "Light of the World," embodying more than any other picture in the collection, perhaps, the intense thought and severe power of the New School; the best works of HUGHES; the five pictures by TURNER, illustrating four distinct periods of his career; WM. HUNT's, of the Water Color Society; J. D. HARDING's, and many others of nearly equal importance have been picked off by purchase or sent back to England. Thus denuded of its chief attractions, it has come to us.

Let us not complain, but gratefully "keep what we've got, and catch what we can" of the good things that have escaped re-shipment and the liberal appropriations of New York and Philadelphia. Meantime, let us see what we have got worth the keeping, and from this learn the better what to catch hereafter.

Before entering upon the search, however, I wish to make a confession of a partial blindness concerning the nature, capabilities, and limitations of Art, from which I suffer in common with many other guessers, both great and small, who, riding upon its circumference, never catch more than a glimpse of the axis on which it turns, or the law of its revolution.

Every great Art-instinct is a law unto itself, and its fortunate possessor measures his life in simple self-obedience. Men of weak instincts are affiliated by the stronger, and become mediums of inspiration at second-hand. The great man and his media form what is called a School of Art. A little time of peace and united worship, and heresies creep in. Excommunicated by the law of individual integrity and the canons of the school, the heretics in turn become expounders of the new-born and only true faith. Thus Art moves, progressively or otherwise; its vitality dependent upon perfect individualism.

What Art is from individual stand-points we are allowed to see; the stand-point from which it can be truly scanned and measured has not yet been found. To the popular apprehension, Art is a kaleidoscope, of which artists are the bead-shakers, knowing not what forms will be assumed nor the law of their changes. A few years ago, MR. RUSKIN, the most ardent and strong-eyed explorer the world has ever seen, discovered that Art was only rightly to be seen from a nut-shell. He accordingly procured one of ample dimensions, fitted up its interior to suit his convenience, mounted therein a powerful periscopic lens, and commenced his explorations. The horizon of true Art very soon began to sensibly diminish, and whole schools of "shallow absurdities" were revealed under every movement of his glass. People caught the infection of his bold daring, and "true" and "false Art" became familiar words. Inspired by the new principle of faith by the remarkable energy and genius of Mr. Ruskin, some young men of England practically declared themselves in open revolution. With "Truth, and God's work as it really is" for a motto—nobler to the mind and heart of man than any for many years before uttered by the high priests of Art—it is not strange that Pre-Raphaelitism should have made some progress. The leaders of this revolution, now called great, would have risen to greatness in any faith. That they should not have achieved great deeds under the quickening influence of this fresh, virgin faith, would furnish the only occasion for surprise.

Meanwhile, Mr. Ruskin continues his observations. Day by day the boundaries of true Art diminish as her long-considered high priests are dragged from their altars, and with all their possessions cast out forevermore unto conventional inanity and falsehood. Driven to the extreme apparent limit of compression, nothing remains to be done but to determine Truth's meridional position and to compute its exact area. At every adjustment of his glass for the final observation, Mr. Ruskin discovers a slight wavering in those lines which should be limed with as firm and clear a stroke as marks the hill-tops against an evening sky. He reluctantly increases the angle of his observations to include these oscillations. With a single concession his control is lost. His "truth of Art," compressed beyond bearing, breaks out in open rebellion, and recaptures those very places it had recently so helplessly abandoned. Nothing daunted, Mr. Ruskin continues to sweep the horizon of Art with his fearful lens.

Seeking truth with a faith that will not be denied, he finds it floating in the way of his vision whichever way he turns; but until he can lay bare the heart and soul of man, and proclaim the absolute law of their being, truth of Art will evade his pursuit.

Yet Mr. Ruskin's labors have not been in vain. He has taught us of the fulness of a diviner beauty in nature than we had ever before known; he has opened to us familiar intercourse with an inspiring, vitalizing Art-genius in himself, which makes us nearly cease to regret that he has yet found no absolute. Of the fact that he has not yet written the indestructible law of Art, the world is fast becoming conscious, albeit, with a daily increasing sense of indebtedness to him, which nothing but a universal faith in the noble dignity of Art can ever cancel.

We have then no *absolute* principles of Art-criticism. Men bend the art of a picture to meet the demands of their own nature, and just in proportion to the concentrated power of their Art-instincts, their rules of criticism are limited and despotic.

Thus said, I hardly need caution the reader against giving a too ready credence to the criticisms, general and particular, which I propose offering upon the character of this exhibition. Every lover of Art had best heed his own intuitions and follow their lead to the end. If his faith be genuine and pure, his errors will not embitter his experience; and as in the spontaneity of his experience lies its verity and almost only relish, let him cultivate a self-trust which no arrogance shall poison nor false reverence betray.

Mesos.

My Diary. No. 3.

April 16.—The great satisfaction, amounting to enthusiasm, which I have heard expressed by many persons, with the Concert of last Saturday evening, recalls an idea already several times presented, but which it is to be hoped may bear being thrust forward once more. "Line upon line and precept upon precept," you know.

It is encouraging to find, here and there, one who does not look upon the "idea" as entirely visionary, and who would join in carrying it into operation; and with such encouragement, I once more broach the subject of an annual series of orchestral and vocal concerts combined, after the manner of the Boston Academy concerts of former years, though upon a grander scale, to correspond with the increased demands of our musical public.

1. Is it not high time that the lovers of orchestral music should combine to secure beyond peradventure their annual symphonic feasts? that at a point, where within easy reach of the concert room there is a population of some 300,000 persons, there should be an adequate and thoroughly organized orchestra, for the performance of the grandest symphonies? That this orchestra should be placed upon a permanent basis, and its conductor relieved from the anxieties and

labors and risks of undertaking as a private speculation its series of concerts? That after some twenty-five years of symphonic music, we should cease to be satisfied with half rehearsed performances by half an orchestra? All honor to the men who have taken the burden upon their shoulders during the last few years, and infinite thanks for what they have given us; but is it not time to afford them the means of giving us more and better? Musicians, no more than lawyers, physicians, or merchants, can afford to give away their time; but make the time spent in rehearsal equivalent to the same time spent in lesson giving, and they would gladly study a symphony of Mozart, Haydn or Beethoven until all the finest effects and most delicate points of expression should come out. Beethoven wrote for sixty-four instruments; this number we ought to have and could easily obtain, would the public will it. Let it speak the creative word and call such an orchestra into existence.

2. There is a strong love for choral music in our community. Except in England, nowhere in the world do grand choral performances draw such audiences as in Boston. This may seem a strange statement to many, who remember the number of empty seats in the Music Hall at the oratorios this winter—but it is true. I have heard "Samson" in Germany, when the audience was less in number than the performers! But there are multitudes of people who gladly hear a choral performance of half an hour to an hour in length, but weary of an entire oratorio. For this class appropriate music should be given *somewhere*, as on Saturday evening the *Lobgesang* was given, to their great enjoyment. But while catering for their tastes, we should at the same time be doing a work of the highest importance to the progress of music and musical taste; for some of the sublimest and most beautiful ideas of the greatest composers are to be found in works, which would occupy but a small part of an evening's performance.

3. It is also high time that some means should be afforded, especially to musical students, to judge of various styles and eras of music by hearing specimens of them adequately performed. Ninety-nine out of every hundred are obliged to take upon trust, that Bach, his predecessors, contemporaries and immediate successors, really wrote interesting, pleasing, and beautiful music, as well as that, which for its learning appeals principally to the scientific musician for appreciation. In fact, much music two hundred years old is as fresh and comprehensible by the ordinary hearer as a melody by Rossini or Bellini. It would afford a promiscuous audience as much pleasure, after once becoming a little familiar. What delicious works the old Italian composers wrote for the female choirs of nunneries! And all this is a sealed book to us—it would be like giving an audience a new musical sense to produce some specimens of it. Had we any school, society, or association of any kind, to give us historical concerts, or concerts of ancient music, I would not urge the point; but the field is open, and three or four specimens of old vocal masters in the course of a season, would be a decided attraction to our symphony concerts.

4. But what music could a choral body obtain, were it disposed to aid in carrying out the "idea?" The psalms, hymns, motets and cantatas, sacred and secular—some even comic—of Bach, amount to hundreds in number. I am not familiar enough with his works to select from them, but there are musicians in Boston, who are. One or two of his motets in eight parts would not be bad to hear.

Of Handel we never hear his stupendous "Dettingen Te Deum," Funeral Anthem, "Alexander's Feast," nor "Acis and Galatea." True, no one but FORMES could sing Polyphemus in the last named work, but perhaps he might be obtained. Who knows?

Who among us has heard any of Mozart's splen-

did cantatas and motets? The *Ne patris et civis superlæ? Splendete Te? Davidde penitent?* "Lord, before thy throne?" "Lord, look down upon me?" "God! to Thee be praise and honor?" and so forth.

Then from Haydn we would gladly hear "The Seven Words," "*Insane et vane cura*," "The Storm," or one of his sacred cantatas, the very titles to which are unknown here, but which, with full orchestral score, were long since published at Leipzig.

Beethoven will give us his Vienna cantata with an adapted text, "Praise of Music," the piano-forte fantasia with orchestra and chorus, the music to the "Ruins of Athens," the "Calm at sea and prosperous voyage," the "Song of Sacrifice (soprano solo, chorus and orchestra), the Terzetto: "*Tremate, empi tremate!*" the "Christ on the Mount of Olives."

Mendelssohn embarrasses us with his richness. Of course the fragments "Christus" and "Lorelei" would want a place upon one or two programmes. Of his works not known here, I may mention as suited to our plan, Op. 39, three motets for treble voices, composed for a convent at Rouen; Op. 78, three Psalms for chorus of 8 parts; Op. 51, the 14th Psalm for chorus in 8 parts with orchestra; Cantata from Schiller's poem "To the Sons of Art," male voices, quartet and chorus, and brass instruments — and quantities more!

Schubert offers a fine variety from which to select, and some readers will remember a beautiful specimen of his works sung at a private concert recently. Another of his works which would be very attractive is the Psalm 23d for two soprani and two alti.

But, sufficient of this — perhaps too much.

5. The plan, as before explained, would be to organize a series of ten concerts, at each of which a symphony, and a psalm, cantata or other choral performance, would be the two leading features, the rest of the programme to be filled by miscellaneous music, orchestral and choral, solo, instrumental and vocal. A generous subscription on the part of the public would enable the directors to make them the grand concerts of the winter, and to employ whatever remarkable solo singers or instrumentists should visit America.

6. To whom can we look as the proper "powers that be" to put a plan of this nature and extent in execution? My own thoughts turn to that Society which established chamber concerts as an annual necessity with us: the Harvard Musical Association, in connection with our old and well-known Handel and Haydn Society, and perhaps the Music Hall Association. It is of equal importance to all these bodies, and to the individuals composing them, that a really effective orchestra should be established upon a firm basis, and the musical taste and knowledge of the public should be cultivated still higher than at present. Can these three bodies, whose existence was originally based upon the idea of improvement and progress, devise a better school?

I am not ignorant that the entire chorus of the Handel and Haydn could seldom be obtained for Saturday night concerts; but I feel very confident that voices to the number of 150 or 200 could be obtained, and that so many members would gladly avail themselves of the opportunity thus presented of studying new music and extending their acquaintance with the great masters in their compositions of less extent than complete oratorios. They would gladly renew their acquaintance with Rossini's *Stabat Mater* and Mozart's *Requiem*, which are not too long for the second part of a concert, provided a symphony like Beethoven's first or one of Haydn's were played in the first.

It does seem to me that the public would sustain an enterprise of this kind, for it is a case where individual emolument is not an object, — where the proceeds, if by a possibility there should be any above the expenses, would go for the advancement of the art, and one in which the initiative would be taken by men and associations in which it could confide.

Next year, April 30th, is the centennial anniversary of the death of HANDEL. It is to be hoped that the Society called by his name will pay due observance to the day. How fine a record in the Art history of Boston would be the successful issue of the plan herein proposed, the season closing with a festival equal or superior to that of which the recollection is so pleasing.

These observations, though crude and hastily written, are the result of long thought and much conversation with others, and of a belief that "the plot is a good plot."

April 16. — A contrast — last Sunday evening, Haydn's "Creation" in Boston, sung by a chorus of two or three hundred, with orchestra, Formes, Perring, and two of the best Boston Soprani; last evening, the same work, sung by a country choir of fifty-one or two members, with organ, and amateurs for the solos.

To be more particular. The choir of the Congregational church in Holliston, formerly under the charge of our friend Bullard, numbers some sixty members, and has been in the habit of practising and singing in public occasionally, music of a higher order and more difficult than their ordinary psalmody, and at length has been able to achieve an entire work by a great master. At present their conductor is Mr. W. L. Payson; — the organist, quite a young man for so severe a task, is Mr. Geo. E. Whiting. The gentlemen and ladies who sang the solos, with the exception of a tenor from Worcester, and a bass from another society, are all members of the choir, and, as I understand, not one of them a professional musician or singer.

These performers labored under certain disadvantages, which would have ruined their attempt had they not, through long practice, learned in some measure to accommodate themselves to them. First, the form of the church in which they sang is bad for music; it is quite large — long, broad, but too low. A broad gallery runs along the sides, and this, with the space allotted to the singers, is far too much elevated from the floor. It must be a hard place to sing in when empty, as at rehearsals; now imagine the place densely packed, even to the passageways, and it is obvious that all reverberation, all resonance will be at once killed; the tone-waves are instantly absorbed. Then the organ, which is quite a large one for the place — one of Holbrook's — reaches up close to the ceiling, and has a screen front lined with three or four thicknesses of mosquito netting; consequently the organ pipes speak somewhat as a choir of women would sing with their veils drawn over their faces. Several persons asked me how I liked the instrument. I could only say, that I did not know, for I had not heard it. I should not feel competent to judge of Formes if he sang with a thick veil over his face. Of course there was no flood of tone pervading the choir and carrying them along with it, keeping everything in harmonious blending of voices, and the choir had to look out for itself, letting the organ — in a measure — go its own way.

Well; I was surprised and gratified at the success of the performance. If it had been done positively in a bad manner, or in such a way as to prove that the work was entirely beyond their powers, I would have passed over it in silence; but it was so well done, as to be worthy of some kind notice of the points, wherein at a second performance, there may be an improvement made, and I notice them the more, in the hope of giving some valuable hints to other of our country choirs and singing societies.

The chorus singing was remarkably prompt, and energetic in taking up the difficult parts. In their zeal and good will, however, the tenor, — which was rather too strong for other parts as heard where I sat, — hurried the time a little, and forced the choruses into too rapid a movement at the close. There was also

observable, in the general effect, a sort of thinness of voice, which may be owing either to the defective room or to the fact that the individual singers have not paid due attention to vocalization; for no number of their voices combined can result in producing a full, round volume of tone.

As to the soloists, no great Formes-d'Angri-like exhibitions of singing were expected; nor was one disposed to draw invidious comparisons. It was upon them that the disadvantages of the place of the performance told the most. The want of resonance in the room affected the 'pitch in a few cases quite unfavorably; but I can think of no means by which, at a second performance, the evil could be remedied, except, perhaps, by accompanying the Soprano airs with a quartet of stringed instruments, or by a good pianoforte; — possibly, taking away the veil from the organ's face might be a gain. In the style of performance there might be some improvement; particularly in recitative — the most difficult branch of the vocal art. At the best concerts, and from the finest singers, one hears more airs well sung, than recitatives well recited. The tendency always is to sing them. They are not to be sung — but to be recited — declaimed — the time, the accent, emphasis and mainly the cadence — all are left to the taste and feeling of the singer. The composer gives him only the pitch and general directions as to the use of his voice; all the niceties upon which the recitative depends for its beauty, the vocalist must supply. For the nonce, the singer must become an orator. He must study his text, and if any feeling is expressed in it, he must find it out, and devise means of expressing it. One may take a certain passage very slow and it will sound well; another the same passage fast, and it will sound well, provided in each case the vocalist has a feeling and sense of his text. No rules can be given. Of all our singers, now in Boston, I like Mr. Wetherbee best in recitative, and would suggest that Holliston send him a pupil or two. The general culture of the voice under a good instructor would soon remove the few faults which were noticeable in the performance of the airs.

So much of critical notice, which is written in the kindest spirit; for, if there be any one thing for which this writer has labored more than another, it is to urge on the time when in our country towns and villages, the magnificent music of Handel, Haydn, and Mozart shall drive away negro songs, sentimental ditties, and all sorts of mere trash, and the country choir shall begin to share in the pleasure with which the oratorio societies of our large cities work upon the "Messiah," "Elijah," "Creation," "Samson," Mozart's "Requiem" and their like. To the Holliston choir, individually and collectively, God speed!

Musical Correspondence.

PHILADELPHIA, APRIL 20. — Since Monday, 12th instant, our present opera season has been convalescent. Our "right-angled village," (for which harmlessly facetious *soubriquet*, see the New York *Herald* of any date,) has been thrilled with a triple sensation in the production of "Maria di Rohan," the debut of RONCONI, and the first performance in this city of Wm. Tell." Your last number contained an admirably judicious *critique* upon Ronconi's Chevreuse in *Maria di Rohan*, clipped from the evening *Bulletin*, for the most part an excellent and reliable musical authority in this latitude.

In fact, Ronconi's transcendent histrionic achievements have taken the public and the press willing captives; and while the accomplished connoisseur ignores his invariably false intonation, and the many other defects of his voice, he bows in homage to the flashing of that diminutive gray eye, which, in every impassioned scene, seems lighted with the inward fires of a pent-up volcano, or the concentration into

a focus of all the latent passions of the human heart.

Well, we did have "Wm. Tell" last night, after many broken vows on the part of our manager, who, as Jules Janin said of a Prima Donna who owed him a bonus for a flattering *feuilleton*, "is very promising." The great *chef d'oeuvre* of the immortal Rossini has been put upon the stage in a style of almost unapproachable splendor, and with a cast rarely equalled in this country. The latter was as follows: Gessler, AMODIO; Matilda, LA GRANGE; William Tell, RONCONI; Jemmy, (Tell's Son,) CARIOLI; Melchthal, the Pastor, MUELLER; Arnoldi, BOTTARDI, (Tenor,) Walter Furst, GASPARONI.

MAX MAREZKE (handsome Max, — so says the *City Item*) conducted the orchestra in a vigorous, but slightly flurried and noisy manner, as he invariably does. The spirited overture called forth a spontaneous encore of the most flattering description; when Max, in his obeisance, had turned his immaculate white cravat for the sixth time to the gaze of the immense audience, the elegant drop curtain arose upon an enchanting Alpine scene, in which Tell's cottage occupied the fore, and a charming lake at the foot of the Alps, the back-ground. A night view, in the second act, which, at first sombre with the shadows of darkness, is eventually illuminated with the rays of "Pale Cynthia," as she arises majestically amid the mountain peaks, throwing her mellow flood of light glimmeringly upon the waters, enhanced to a marked degree the grandeur of the scene wherein the inhabitants of the Cantons assembled to swear dire vengeance against their oppressors.

Another magnificent stage effect is the "Lake of the three Cantons and Mountain Gorge," in the final act. The troubled waters in the foreground, and the frowning mountains girding the shores, constitute an indescribably grand nocturnal picture, occasionally lighted up for an instant by vivid flashes of lightning, or rendered fearful by very formidable thunder, manufactured by harmless "supes" between the flats. Then approaches the boat with Gessler, (Amodio, whose Falstaffian proportions seem to imperil navigation still more, and threaten to "swamp" the fragile bark at each turn of the oar) and Tell, who leaps upon a rock, and with an unerring kick sends the boat and his arch-enemy to perdition, with an arrow, by way of a pointed souvenir, probing the vitals of the latter. All this constitutes a superb tableau!

The music was not rendered with that precision and correctness which would have ensured a "bravo" from Rossini; the prompter usually fills the most important role upon the representation of a newly studied opera. Nevertheless, some of the massive architectural choruses, in which "Tell" abounds, were very acceptably rendered; one more rehearsal will enable the vocalists to do ample justice to them upon the second representation.

Ronconi vocalized his portion of the score with the same unsteadiness of intonation, which has characterized him on each night of *Maria di Rohan*. He rarely pitches the opening note of an aria or recitative perfectly, and slurs over many passages in very bad style.

Nothing, however, can equal his intense paroxysms of paternal emotion, when, overjoyed at the steady aim, which has safely and successfully pierced the apple, he falls half-swooning into the arms of his compatriots. In this scene, the great Ronconi draws the most callous stoic irresistibly into the plot, and forces him to share with him his paternal emotions. It is a masterly histrionic achievement, which causes one to forget, while the magic spell lasts, the imperfections of the singer in the perfection of the actor. The Tell of Ronconi was a magnificent delineation throughout.

Bottardi, the Tenor, combines with a well cultivated taste and finished school of vocalization, a voice, which, howbeit pure and sympathetic in its middle

register, becomes, in its higher notes, a sharp surgical instrument which inflicts an incision upon the tympanum of the opera habitué.

Mme. La Grange rendered her unimportant part in a somewhat indifferent manner; but then she distinguished herself so nobly in the great part of *Maria di Rohan* last week, that one may readily overlook an occasional shortcoming. Carioli's voice and figure made up admirably for a delineation of Tell's son. Amodio looked like an overfed alderman, but sang and acted his limited role very judiciously. The house was crowded, and "William Tell" will probably enjoy a successful run.

MANRICO.

[Concluded.]

NEW YORK, APRIL 14. — At EISELDE's concert, last evening, we had the long-wished-for posthumous Quatuor of Schubert. This composition is so extremely difficult, that it is seldom ventured upon; but how well does it repay any unusual exertion! It would have been quite satisfactorily rendered last night, had the first violin been a little less harsh. It is Schubert-like in style throughout — full of strange harmonies, startling modulations, wild, weird, yet exquisite melodies — but the crown of the whole is the Andante, with its simple, almost monotonous melody, which modulates in only a very few notes, yet contains in them a world of expressive beauty, of touching tenderness, and its variations, so different from each other, and each a gem in itself. The second quartet was Beethoven's No. 6 of Op. 18; a most lovely one, which, however, does not quite equal, in my opinion, its immediate predecessor, No. 5. Still, this was beautiful enough to make me feel, as I do whenever I listen to anything of Beethoven's: "this is the music, after all!" The trio was again in the hands of Mr. Satter; but was not as happy a selection as at the last Soirée, being his own composition, descriptive of Byron's Sardanapalus. Still, it was interesting to listen to it, as it is to any such work by a young talented composer, and there seemed to be many very fine parts in it, though others did not please me at all. The romance is indeed, beautiful, and original both in the melody and in the working up and harmonization; and in the last part of the finale, the theme of the first movement is finely enriched and wrought out. The whole thing affords a fine opportunity for the display of Mr. Satter's various powers as a performer. Such volumes of sound issue from beneath the fingers of no other. I could not find, I must confess, much connection between the composition and the poem on which it pretends to be based, nor am I much the wiser after reading Mr. Satter's letter of last year, in which he explains the origin of his work.

Miss HATTIE ANDEM, in *Dove sono*, from Mozart's "Figaro," surpasses herself. I have never heard her sing, nor her voice sound, better. In Kücken's "Jewish Maiden," she was not so satisfactory.

Our musical season, though lengthened out more than usual, is fast drawing to a close. The last Philharmonic on the 24th inst., and Eiselde's sixth on the 4th of May, will probably end the list. Mason's last is announced for next Saturday, and it is said that Vieuxtemps will take part in it. In due time, I shall endeavor to give you a little summing up of the musical advantages we have enjoyed this winter.

—t—

WORCESTER, MASS., APRIL 17. — The "Mozart Society" gave a concert at our beautiful Mechanics' Hall, on the evening of Fast Day, with the following programme:

PART I.

1. Chorus.—From the *Messiah*: "And the glory of the Lord."
2. Air.— " " (Mrs. Allen) "Come unto Him."
3. Chorus.— " " "All we like sheep."
4. Air.— " " (Mrs. Field) "I know that my [Redeemer liveth."

5. Hymn-tune.—"Night." E. Hamilton.
6. Quartet.—"Oh, how lovely is Zion!"
7. Chorus.—From the *Messiah*: "Their sound is gone out."

PART II.

1. Chorus.—From the *Creation*: "Awake the harp!"
2. Air.— " " (Mrs. Allen) "With verdure clad."
3. Holy! Holy! Holy! " " (Mrs. Field) "The [marvellous work."
4. Air and Chorus.—From the *Creation*. (Mrs. Field) "The [marvellous work."
5. Hymn-tune.—"As down in the sunless retreats." J. Lange.
6. Duet and Chorus.—From the *Creation*. (Mrs. Field and Mr. Hamilton).
7. Chorus.—"Hosanna." J. Lange.

The audience was too small to express the gratitude due from the citizens of Worcester to a Society whose weekly rehearsals, through a long famine of concerts, had prepared a series of choruses from the best oratorios of Handel and Haydn. The second chorus from the "Messiah" was received with a marked applause, which the more spiritual theme of the first one had failed to elicit. This may have been owing to the power that imitation in music always has of affecting many who are insensible to higher Art. Yet the imitation, in this instance, and the consequent emotion of the audience, can by no means be called low. When Handel has attempted, in "Israel in Egypt," to express the hopping of frogs by passages broken in time; and, in "Joshua," "by the harmony of one long-extended chord, to impress upon the imagination of his hearers the idea of the great luminary of the universe arrested in his course; or, in other words, to make them hear the sun stand still," it has been questioned whether there is not a descent from his native sphere of genius. But in this chorus: "All we like sheep have gone astray; we have turned every one to his own way," although the composition is equally imitative, there is a great, pervading truth. The singers are themselves the men and women for whom the prophet spoke. Through them, the art of the composer becomes, in the simplest sense, a revelation of nature. And thoughtful listeners can hardly smile at the repeated "astray—astray," remembering that they, too, are numbered with the "All we."

The Evening Hymn: "The day is past and gone," with its dream-like repetition, showed, perhaps more clearly than anything else, the perfect unity of the great choir and the thorough discipline that has produced it. A sacred lyric by Thomas Moore: "As down in the sunless retreats of the ocean," followed, with a deeper thrill. If the hall had seemed a temple before, it was then filled with smaller sanctuaries, in each of which a soul might respond to the harmony with its own secret prayer.

Mrs. FIELD, well known previously to the friends of music in this city, sang with even more than her usual power. A defective articulation is one of those faults in her style which practice has not yet removed. Her rich and full voice is well adapted to spirited compositions. She was twice encored; first in the chorus: "The marvellous work," &c., and afterwards in the Duet: "By Thee with bliss," &c., with Mr. HAMILTON, the conductor of the Society. It is difficult, in connection with a single concert, to give anything like a just acknowledgment of Mr. Hamilton's efficiency.

There are singers from whom the loudest applause of the concert-room is instinctively withheld, as if it were too rude an offering. The sweetness and purity of Mrs. ALLEN's voice ensure the more delicate tribute of a grateful and tender remembrance, that will always welcome her reëpppearance with a smile. In any city, we may find church-windows of stained glass, through which the sunlight falls in gaudy patches. When a lost art shall be restored, the churches will have a more "religious light," transmitted, but not colored, by the many-tinted panes. Truth, in musical execution, seems to be such a faithful rendering of the composer's thought as will preclude any coloring from the performer. Those who have heard Mrs. Allen will appreciate her best, when they reflect that she has the power, while she is singing, of making them forget her, and realize only the music in which she forgets herself. LINDA.

ALABAMA, MARCH, 1858.—From the land of negroes and magnolias, quite out of the world of Music, here, on the banks of the Alabama, I will give you a line from my present location, amid springs, rivers, caves, "tumble-down" buildings, fine gardens, deserted dwellings, and things generally antique. But I must forbear to speak of the beautiful landscape, since I would present a picture of the state of Music, from general observation and experience, in this section.

The hill of a late *Soirée Musicale* was good, but all thought seemed centred on the expected *comio* Finale—sung and acted, to suit popular taste, according to previous custom. It was partially arranged for the occasion, and the music was pronounced charming! Let me add a few sentences that fell on my ear as the crowd passed from the hall. "Was not that a beautiful piece, and so well acted by all?" "We ought to have more of such music—it takes." "I wish the Glee Class would sing 'Jordan am a hard road'!" (Have never heard the melody, and must plead ignorance of its merits.) Then a teacher of Psalmody ventures to express his opinion, that I am "on the right track, now," and that I've been giving them "too much of this high-fallutin music!" The same gentleman declined singing the bass solo in the chorus "Oh, Hail us, ye free!" from *Ernani*, on the ground of its being devoid of melody; also, from being unable to ascertain the key into which it modulated, or to locate "Do," for a starting point! I am here reminded of an anecdote, which I remember to have read somewhere, of the late De Begnis, who was astonished and enraged at the presumption of one who had written a volume of music without ever having heard an Opera! At a Concert, in October last, where a solo from *Il Barbiere* appeared on the programme, from my position in a side-room, during the intervals of performance, I heard a lady inquire if "*Una voce poco fa*," was Dutch! After this, I persuaded the violinist to omit a fine solo, in which I was to accompany him on the piano, and give some familiar air in its place. I find here several fine pianists, who, with others, can appreciate good music, vocal or instrumental; but they join with the crowd in desiring "something that will take"—an expression I hear often, of late.

If concerts in seminaries are to be given as popular entertainments, in place of exhibitions of the skill and improvement of the pupils, I would respectfully suggest the composing and arranging of pieces for such occasions, accompanied with stage directions, costumes, &c. Will you not select a theme for such, worthy the farcical nature of the subject and suggestion?

C.

Dwight's Journal of Music.

BOSTON, APRIL 24, 1858.

Music in Boston—Review of the Season.

Our Concerts are over. This week has given us the last sound of orchestral Symphony, and the last Chamber Concert; the Oratorios had already made a glorious finale in that festival of four nights, with FORMES, and we now can only look back on the musical season of 1857-8. It is quite common to hear it called a very unmusical season for Boston; the commercial "panic" with which it entered prepossessed most minds with the idea that Concerts were impossible, that neither Opera nor Orchestra would "pay," that good music was to be calmly and heroically renounced as a luxury which the times could not afford. Opera, to be sure, we have not had at all,—no other year could that be said since Boston was first bitten by the sweet, delirious poison of Italian Opera. But this privation has

not been without its compensations. To say we have not had any Opera, amounts practically in these times simply to saying that we have not had another round of repetitions of Verdi's *Trovatore*, *Traviata*, and the like. A good Opera, with a repertoire of the best, were a privilege indeed; but surely we can well afford to let the *Trovatore* stimulants lie by until our jaded senses shall have recovered some fresh tone. Such Opera as we might conceive of, as we sometimes read of, would be glorious; but such Opera as we are likely to get (judging from past experience) requires not much philosophy to do without. Yet we must envy our New York and Philadelphia friends their "Huguenots," and "Don Giovanni," and "William Tell," and "L'Italiana in Algieri," with such singers as Formes and Roneoni and Lagrange and D'Angri.

But our consolation is, that the absence of Opera, and of all the exciting, showy, fashionable sort of musical entertainments has left the field free for music of a more quiet, sterling and soul-satisfying character. After all, the best measure of the value of a musical season is, not the number of brilliant and exciting occasions, not the great crowds and *furors*, not the thousands of dollars spent and made,—but it is rather the amount or quality of good sterling music that has been heard. What a true music-lover covets most is opportunities of hearing and appreciating the best compositions of the men of genius. A season in which Beethoven, Bach, Handel, Mozart, Mendelssohn, Schubert, Rossini, Weber, Chopin, Schumann, &c., have been largely represented, is a season to be contemplated with some satisfaction. Judged by this criterion, the past musical winter with us has not been so poverty-stricken. Counting up the fine classical compositions, that have been publicly performed in Boston during the last six months, we may even feel rich. Here is the list, as near complete as we could make it, though it doubtless lacks some items. It is by no means so formidable a list as we were able to present some four or five years ago; but it is pretty solid; it shows that we have had considerable good music—we that are fortunate enough to find music in some forms besides the Opera—and it is interesting to analyze in several points of view:—

1.—SYMPHONIES FOR ORCHESTRA.

BEETHOVEN: No. 1, in C; 2, in D; 3, (*Eroica*), in E flat; 4, in B flat; 5, in C minor; 7, in A; 8, (the *Allegretto* only).

MOZART: in E flat (*played twice*); in C ("Jupiter") twice; in G minor.

HAYDN: in D; in E flat; "Surprise."

MENDELSSOHN: in A major ("Italian"); *Lobgesang*.

SPOHR: "Die Weihe der Töne."

2.—CONCERTOS.

BEETHOVEN: Piano, with Orchestra, in G.

MENDELSSOHN: Piano with Orchestra, in D minor; Violin with Orchestra.

3.—OVERTURES.

BEETHOVEN: *Leonora*, No. 3, in C, (twice.)

MOZART: *Nozze di Figaro*, (twice).

ROSSINI: *William Tell*, (twice).

WEBER: *Freyshütz*, (twice); *Oberon*.

SCHUMANN: *Fest-Overture*.

SPOHR: *Jessonda*.

KALIOWDA: *Concert Overture*.

4.—VIOLIN QUINTETS.

MOZART: No. 4, in D, (three times); 5, in G minor, (twice); in B flat, (twice).

BEETHOVEN: No. 1, in E flat; 2, in C.

MENDELSSOHN: in A, op. 18; in B flat, No. 2 of op. 87.

SPOHR: in C minor (with piano), op. 53.

5.—VIOLIN QUARTETS.

HAYDN: Quartet in B flat, (twice); in D; in C, No. 45; in G; in D minor, No. 76.

MOZART: No. 2, in D minor; 3, in B flat; 4, in E flat; 6, in C.

BEETHOVEN: No. 6, op. 18, in B flat; 1, of op. 59, in F, (twice); 2, of op. 59, in E minor, (three times); 3, of op. 59, in C.

SCHUBERT: in D minor.

MENDELSSOHN: in A minor, op. 13; in D, op. 44; in E minor, op. 44; in E flat, op. 44; Posthumous.

RUBINSTEIN: No. 3, op. 17, in C.

6.—TRIOS FOR PIANO WITH VIOLIN, &c.

BEETHOVEN: Trio in B flat, op. 97, (twice); in E flat, op. 1, no. 1; in G, op. 1, no. 2; in C minor, op. 1, no. 3, (three times).

MOZART: in E flat, (with clarinet and violin).

SCHUBERT: in E flat, op. 100.

FESCA: in E flat, op. 12.

7.—FOR PIANO-FORTE SOLO.

BEETHOVEN: Sonata in C sharp minor, ("Moonlight").

CHOPIN: Ballade in A flat; Two Nocturnes.

MENDELSSOHN: Capriccio; Andante with var., op. 82.

MOZART: Sonata for two pianos; Sonata with violin; Fantasia; Rondo from Concerto; "Jupiter" Symphony, (arranged); Minuetto in E flat, (arran.); "Zauberflöte" Overture, (arranged); "Figaro" Overture, (arranged).

8.—VIOLIN SOLO.

J. S. BACH: Ciaccona.

TARTINI: Sonata.

9.—ORATORIOS, CANTATAS, &c.

HANDEL: Messiah, (twice).

HAYDN: Creation, (twice).

MENDELSSOHN: Elijah, (twice); Hymn of Praise, (*Lobgesang*); Christus, (fragment); Landa Zion; Psalms 43d and 95th, (portions); Athalia, (portions); Hymn, "Hear my Prayer," Ps. 55.

BACH: Motet, No. 5; Crucifixus, from Mass in B; Cantata, No. —.

MOZART: Ave verum corpus, (3 times).

SCHUBERT: "Miriam" Cantata; Psalm, "The Lord is my Shepherd."

HAUPTMANN: Sacred Song, with chorus.

10.—PART-SONGS, CHORUSES, &c.

MENDELSSOHN: Wanderlied; Wasserfahrt; Turkish drinking Song; Choruses from *Oedipus* and *Antigone*.

MOZART: "O Isis und Osiris".

GLUCK: Choruses from *Armida*.

F. HILER: Soprano and Chorus: "Lebenslust".

WEBER: Körner's Battle Prayer.

ROBERT FRANZ: Several Part-Songs.

LENZ, KREUTZER, MARSCHNER, &c., &c., (Ditto).

11.—SONGS, DUETS, &c.

BACH: Air for Soprano, with cello; "My heart ever faithful," &c.

MOZART: Duet from *Così fan tutte*; Trio (tenors and bass) from the *Figaro*; "Deh vieni, non tardar"; Serenade, from *Don Juan*; "Deh per questo," from *Titus*; "Parto, ben mio" (do.); Duet, "Crudel perché," from *Figaro*; "Non mi dir" (*Don Juan*); "Dove sono" (*Figaro*); "In diesen heiligen Hallen"; "Non più andrai".

BEETHOVEN: Recit. and Air, "Abscheulicher," from *Fidelio*; Terzet "Tremate empi"; Scena, "Ah perfido!"; "Adelaide".

WEBER: Trio, with chorus, from *Euryanthe*; Scena and Prayer from *Freyshütz*.

CHERUBINI: *Ave Maria*.

SPOHR: "Das heimliche Lied"; "Die Rose"; Cavatina from *Faust*.

SCHUBERT: "Die Barcarolle"; "Der Wanderer"; "Hark! the Lark!"

R. FRANZ: "Waldfahrt"; "In Walde"; "Er ist gekommen".

MENDELSSOHN: "Zuleika."

ROSSINI: Romanza from *Tell*; "Mira la bianca luna," (duet); Cavatina from *Donna del Lago*, &c.

The above list is limited to works of masters, works which it is customary to term *classical*. Of course it would be more pains than profit to count up all the lighter things that have been given, from clap-trap songs and variations, to the hacknied concert extracts ("gems") from Italian Operas. Yet, strange to say, and happily as strange, the Concerts of the winter have really given an unusually small proportion of this sort of miscellany. Especially has this been the case with songs. Our prima donnas and tenores of the concert room have, in far the majority of cases, had the good sense to select such pieces as are named above; singers feel the public

pulse quite carefully, and therefore we regard this as a good sign of improving taste. Partly let us thank "hard times" for that; they have shut out the fashionable, showy sort of "monster" concerts, such as demoralize us musically, and confuse the taste, exciting more than nourishing or refining; what concerts we have had, were of the quiet kind, in answer to the constant, reasonable demand of genuine music-lovers; and the complexion of the programmes corresponded.

Again, we must remark, the list, although a rich one, is equally remarkable for its deficiencies. Many things one misses there, which he would hardly think could have failed to figure in the winter's programme of so musical a city. The list of overtures is meagre. One department, which has often been the richest, is almost entirely unrepresented; that of classical piano-forte music. We have not had the usual supply of Chopin. Of Beethoven but one Sonata! On the other hand, the pianists have been doing us the best kind of service in concerted music, such as Trios, Quartets and Concertos. In fact, it is in quiet classical Chamber Concerts, that we have been strongest,—thanks principally to the persevering nine years' labors of our Mendelssohn Quintette Club.

We count up well in Symphonies, compared with other cities; especially in those of Beethoven. We have had seven of the nine; but we still wait in vain for a full hearing of that climax of "Joy" and Genius, the Ninth, ever since that first inspiring taste of it which the Germanians and the Handel and Haydn Society gave us in 1853. Nor have we had Schubert's glorious one this season. The reason appears in a still more painful, general confession: We have not had the orchestra for such things. So far "Panic" had the best of it; our orchestra had to be put on an economical footing; it was late before the machinery began to move at all, and then only by the energy and courage of one man, our excellent conductor CARL ZERRAHN, to whom we owe all our orchestral feasts this winter; the orchestra was small, the rehearsals few, the remuneration extremely moderate at that, and the only wonder is, that in such times, with such small means, we have yet been enabled to hear so many noble Symphonies, and most of them so well performed. Boston is still without a permanent grand Orchestra, still without a sure and regular provision for orchestral Concerts of the first class. How long shall this be? We refer the reader for the present to some pertinent suggestions in another column by our "Diarist."

About the Oratorio, and some other points in this connexion, we have yet to speak.

The Drama.

There is little to be recorded this week. The Howard Athenæum continues its career of almost unmeasured success and, what is better, continues to merit it. The week has been devoted to revivals of the best old English comedies, played with remarkable perfection, and set upon the stage with excellent taste. The Boston Theatre, while putting forth strong attractions, has yet failed to receive its reward. Miss Robertson, always delightful and charming, has given a series of her most popular personations, in all of which she has been ably supported by Mr. Bourcault, Mr. Gilbert, and others. But the cloud that darkened the fortunes of the theatre during the opening weeks of the season, seems, since the departure of the Ravels, to have rested more heavily than ever upon it. The Museum prospers with its pleasant piece of pageantry, and the National Theatre is closed.

CONCERTS OF THE WEEK.—The GERMANIA BAND had their Concert Saturday evening. Though the exhibition showed that there is talent enough among our musicians to make up a complete band, it was not so successful as we had expected. There were half a dozen good clarinets, with oboes, flutes, bassoons, French horns, a couple each; but even these, although well played, were but a trifle against such a "power" of brass. There should be less of the noisy, more of the softening element.—Then again the programme was not such as fairly showed the qualities of a band. They played scarcely any marches; but overtures, &c., proper for an orchestra, throwing away the orchestra they had upon Quadrille medleys *a la* Julien. The Germania can and will do better. Proportion is the thing required.

Wednesday brought with it the last of the twelve Afternoon Concerts of the ORCHESTRAL UNION. There was a great audience. It was a rare pleasure, after a long interval, to hear again Mendelssohn's Symphony in A major, full of impressions of his young days in Italy, with its ardent, fresh, exhilarating *Allegro*; the musing, twilight, old cathedral mood of its *Andante con moto*; its perfectly summer-like, blue-skied, genial, Mozart-like Scherzo; its fine delicious finale in form of the Saltarello and Tarantella dances of the land. The orchestra was short of cellos; yet they made shift to play the "Tell" overture quite well.

The GERMAN TRIO gave the last of their six concerts at Chickering's, that evening, with this programme:

Part I. Trio in G, op. 1, No. 2, for Piano, Violin, and Violoncello, Beethoven. Part 2. Song, "Adelaide," Beethoven; Concerto for Violin, op. 41, De Beriot; a. Ballad, "Then you'll remember me," Balfe; b. Song, "Love, my Mary, dwells with thee," Gartner; Fantasia Brilliante for Violin and Piano, (Themes from William Tell), De Beriot and Osborne. Part 3. Trio, op. 12, for Piano, Violin, and Violoncello, Fesca.

The performers were MESSRS. GAERTNER, HAUSE, and WULF FRIES, (Herr JUNGNIKEL and his 'cello having become absorbed, for the nonce, in Musard's orchestra, at New York.) The audience was large and highly pleased. Mr. C. R. ADAMS sang the *Adelaide* very tastefully.

Musical Chit-Chat.

A delightful private concert by an amateur Club, in compliment to their director, OTTO DRESSEL, took place at Chickering's last Monday evening. We shall have more to say of it. . . . A letter from New York, and many more things, must lay over till next week. . . . An admirer of RINK's organ music writes us in distress to find a portrait of the man; he thinks he surely must be in our "Athena." Not to our knowledge. We never saw Rink's portrait; perhaps he was one of those eccentric individuals who would not be taken and could not be caught.

. . . . The *Atlantic Monthly* for May has an admirable article upon the early life of BEETHOVEN, drawn from original sources. It is from the pen of Mr. A. W. THAYER (our "Diarist"), who knows more of that great master's history than any other man. This sample warrants the best anticipations of Mr. Thayer's Biography of Beethoven, which has been so long in preparation.

The new phase of the MUSARD kaleidoscope, this week, has been a couple of "Berlioz Nights," at which the overtures *Le Franc Juges*, *Carnival Romain*, &c., were played by the monster orchestra. (Ullman announces his intention to import Berlioz, and talks of his works as popular and all the rage in Europe! That is a joke.) Another shake of the monster musical kaleidoscope, and we have, on Sunday evening, an Oratorio and Sacred Concert. "Elijah," too, is in rehearsal, and Formes, D'Angri, the Liederkrantz, &c., are engaged. . . . The N. Y. Mendelssohn Union performed Reinthaler's new oratorio: "Jephtha and his Daughter" this week. . . . Messrs. U. C. & C. F. HILL gave a soirée last night at Dodworth's to exhibit their new invention of a "Key-Harp," played like a piano.

We have the first number of a new Philadelphia paper, called the *Sunday Topic*, which seems to dip largely into music, as well as literature. It gives a classified list of all the operatic performances in the Academy of Music there, from its opening (Feb. 25, 1857) till April 14, 1858. It includes 30 different operas, and 102 representations. *La Traviata* takes the lead, 13 times. The *Troatore* comes next, 10 times; then *Lucrezia Borgia*, 8 times; *Linda*, 6 times; *Fidelio*, 4 times; *Lucia*, *Ernani*, *Il Barbiere*, *L'Elisir*, each 4 times; *Freyschutz*, *Don Juan*, *L'Italiana*, &c., &c., 2 each.

Mme. CASTELLAN has arrived in London. . . . Mme. PAULINE VIARDOT GARCIA has arrived in Paris, after her triumphs in Berlin. . . . Mr. CHARLES SALAMAN delivered a lecture on Beethoven lately, to a select circle, at his house in London. . . . We are sorry to learn that Mr. AUGUST FRIES, one of our most esteemed musicians, and leader of the Mendelssohn Quintette Club during the whole nine years of its existence, is soon to leave, having an excellent position offered him in Bergen, Norway, where music is much cultivated. Mr. Fries will leave a host of friends in Boston and its musical dependencies. We wish him God speed, if he *must* go. By the way it has occurred to us that, it would be interesting and well worth while to count up all the valuable works of instrumental chamber music with which the Quintette Club have, first and last, made their circle of listeners acquainted. Perhaps we shall present a list.

Music Abroad.

LONDON.—They love solid programmes in London—good music and a great deal at a time. For instance here is the programme of Mr. JOHN HULLAH's sixth and last Orchestral Concert, at Saint Martin's Hall, selected wholly from the works of Beethoven:

PART I.—Overture: "Men of Prometheus;" Air: "The Call of the Quail;" Air: "In questa tomba;" Choral Fantasia (piano, Miss Arabella Goddard); Trio: "Tremate, empi;" Overture (in E), Fidelio.

PART II.—The Choral Symphony.

MISS ARABELLA GODDARD's first Soirée (second series) for April 14th, is quite as remarkable for weight of programme:

PART I.—Sonata in E flat, Pianoforte and Violin (No. 18), Mozart (Miss Arabella Goddard and M. Sainton); Grand Sonata in D major (Op. 106), the last Pianoforte Sonata composed by Hummel (Pianoforte, Miss Arabella Goddard); Fuga Scherzando and Fuga, in A minor—No. 15 from book 9, and No. 2 from book 4 of F. C. Griepenkerl's "Complete Collection of the Pianoforte Works of J. S. Bach"—(repeated by desire) J. S. Bach (Pianoforte, Miss Arabella Goddard).

PART II.—Sonata in A major (Op. 101), Beethoven (Pianoforte, Miss Arabella Goddard); Grand Quartet in F minor (No. 2), Pianoforte, Violin, Viola, and Violoncello, Mendelssohn (Miss Arabella Goddard, M. Sainton, Herr Goffrie, and Sig. Piatti).

There was a long list of Oratorios produced in the last weeks of March. It includes "Israel in Egypt," by Hullah's upper Singing School; "Samson," the "Lobgesang," and Mozart's "Requiem," by the Sacred Harmonic Society; the "Messiah," by Hullah; and, the great event of all, Bach's "Passion" music (according to St. Matthew), by the Bach Society, whose members, under their enthusiastic chief, Prof. STERNDAL BENNETT, have spent five years in studying it. It is said to have cost Mendelssohn very nearly as much trouble at Leipzig.

Passion week was full of music in London. Besides the Oratorios, &c., above named, a series of five Concerts were commenced at Drury Lane, under the auspices of Miss LOUISA PYNE and Mr. HARRISON. The first part of the first programme contained the "Pastoral Symphony;" Mozart's Piano Concerto, in C (by Miss Goddard), Mendelssohn's *Ruy Blas* overture, airs, scenas, &c., by Rossini, Webber, and Mozart; the second part, selections from *Troatore*.

The Royal Italian Opera, at the new theatre, Covent Garden, is announced to open May 15. Mr. Lumley, too, has issued his prospectus:

The list of *prima donnas* includes Mesdames Alboni, Ortolani, Spezia and Piccolomini—besides Made-moiselle Titiens, or Titiens, from Vienna.

Her Majesty's Theatre opens directly after Easter, and the *Huguenots* will be the first opera.

The list of male singers is the same as last year, Signor Corsi alone is missing. A Signor Mattioli (barytone) is the only novelty. The tenors are Signors Giuglini, Belart and Mercuriali; the barytones, Signors Benevanto, Belletti, Aldighieri and Castelli; the basses, Signors Rossi and Vialletti.

Signor Bonetti retains his post as conductor, but Signor Arditì remains on the establishment.

PARIS.—We gather the following items from the Paris correspondence of the London *Musical World* of March 27.

La Magicienne, after eight month's preparation, has been produced at the Imperial Opera in a style of lavish magnificence. Their Majesties "assisted" at the performance, and the theatre was crowded to suf-

focation. The success of the opera, however, was very equivocal, and I do not think there is much chance of this new production of M. M. Halévy and St. Georges surpassing (if equalling) that of the *Juif Errant*. For my own part I never remember sitting out a more dull performance. The book is one of the silliest ever written. The old legend of Melusine might have been turned to much better purpose. I have no patience to relate the story, which is unworthy of M. St. Georges even in his weakest moments. The music is by no means the best M. Halévy has written; nor could I trace those extraordinary beauties which his admirers detected, in the fifth act. The "interpreters" were Mad. Borghi-Mamo, Mad. Lauters-Gueymard, Mdle. Delisle, MM. Gueymard, Bonnehée, and Belval. In the ballet Mdle. Zina Richard was the principal dancer. At the end of this very heavy and glittering performance I sighed for the days when such operas as *La Muette de Portici*, *Guillaume Tell*, and *Robert le Diable* were produced in rapid succession!

At the Italiens, Prince Joseph Poniatowski's opera buffa, called *Don Desiderio*, was produced on the 10th inst. The excessive lightness (not to say triviality) of this music, though somewhat monotonous at the Imperial Italian Opera, made itself regretted on the following evening at the Imperial French Opera. Mario, Mdle. Donatelli, Zucchini, and Corsi did their utmost for the principal parts.

M. Litoff has given his concert in the *salle Herz* with enormous success. He repeated his "concerto-symphony" (No. 4), and both the playing and the composition pleased more than ever. M. Berlioz (who admires the Brunswick orchestra) praises M. Litoff's music to the skies. My opinion (with deference to MM. Berlioz and Fétis, who do not always agree) is that M. Litoff's music by no means comes up to what they have said of it. As a player, I find that, with immense fire and energy, he does not combine clearness and accuracy. The overture entitled *Le Chant des Guelfes*, and the "Illustrations" of *Faust* were interesting in different degrees, the first in a much less degree than the last. However, M. Litoff left the concert room, his brow covered with laurels. How long the present vogue for him may last depends upon Parisian caprice, which, even as caprice, is wonderfully capricious.

M. Rubinstein has already given his first concert, and although his playing produced just the same sensation as last year, his music seemed to please less.

Tamberlik is to make his first appearance at the Italian Opera on the 28th instant. The opera selected for this event is *Otello*. Grisi is to be the Desdemona; Corsi, Iago; and Belart, Roderigo. M. Calzado has, I am told, made another valuable acquisition for next season, in the shape of Signor Galvani, who made a *fiasco* some years ago at the Royal Italian Opera. *Apropos* of pianists, M. Rosenhain gives a concert for the benefit of a German charity to-day, at which he is to play the *adagio* from an early concerto of Beethoven—a not very classical proceeding by the way, for so classical a musician. M. Alexandre Billet has announced a concert for the 9th prox, in Pleyel's Rooms; and M. Henri Wieniawski, the violinist, who has just arrived, has also indicated his intention of astonishing the Parisian connoisseurs. I have not heard whether he is accompanied by his brother, the pianist. The violinists here, though not quite so numerous as the pianists, are still in flocks. Among the most remarkable is Signor Sivori, who gives a concert on the 29th (Monday), at which perhaps M. Wieniawski may be inclined to take a lesson. Madame Vanden Heuvel-Duprez is engaged for eight months at Marseilles; so that there is no chance of seeing her again at the Opéra-Comique for a considerable period. She has already appeared in *Les Diamants de la Couronne* and the *Etoile du Nord* with great success.

LEIPZIG.—At the seventeenth of the Gewandhaus concerts, (Feb. 11), Mme Viardot Garcia's singing caused the greatest enthusiasm. One of the German critics speaks of her as "perhaps the greatest singer just now in the world" . . . "the only one who still represents the glory of the older Italian school." She sang a scena with chorus from Gluck's *Orfeo*; an aria from the opera *Britannicus*, by Graun; Rossini's *Non piu mesta*; two Spanish songs, and a Mazurka by Chopin. At the last Gewandhaus concert the introduction and finale of the first act of Wagner's *Lohengrin*, and the Ninth Symphony of Beethoven were brought out.

VIENNA.—Schumann's "Paradise and the Peri," much abused by the English, much admired by Jenny

Lind, who brought it out in England, was performed here last month for the first time by the Philharmonic Society, and well received. For the Italian opera season at the Court theatre, Mme. Steffanone, Miss Elise Hensler, and the buffo Zucini are engaged.

M. Roger, the tenor, has been singing in the *Huguenots* and in the *Prophète* with great success at the Karn'thor Theatre, the *prima donna* being Mdle. Tietjens, who has been engaged by Mr. Lumley. M. Colasanti, the ophiclidist, one of M. Jullien's many discoveries, who was reported dead, is performing on his instrument with great liveliness. The Helmsberger *Soirées* have recommenced. One of Schumann's quartets was played at the first. At a *Soirée* of the Männergesang-Verein, several pieces from Schubert's opera of *Fierabras*, including the overture, a duet for tenor and bass with chorus of male voices, and a scena for soprano, also with male voices, were performed. The *Chant des esprits sur les eaux*, by the same composer, and some pieces of M. Berlioz, were also played, and the whole concert excited more than ordinary interest.

BERLIN.—On the 10th of March the three hundredth representation of *Der Freyschütz* was given at the Royal Opera. It was first produced on the 15th of June, 1822. Between that date and 1836 the part of Agatha was sung 91 times by Frau Seidler; that of Caspar, 112 times by Herr Blume, and that of Max 96 times by Herr Stümer. Taubert has composed music for a commemoration *fête*, in honor of the sculptor Rauch, which was to take place on the 30th.

MUNICH, March 2. The *Allgemeine Zeitung* says: "The concert of yesterday, which followed immediately upon Wagner's *Lohengrin*, may be regarded as a lofty Song without Words, with the refrain: What need of a Music of the Future, when that of the sacred Past was made for all eternity! We had Beethoven's *Sinfonia Eroica*; a *Passacaglia* by J. S. Bach; an Andante aria from Mozart's *Il Re Pastore*, and Mendelssohn's "Midsummer Night's Dream" overture!"

BONN.—Sebastian Bach's *Passions-Musik* (according to the Gospel of St. John) was performed on the 11th ult., by the Gesang-verein, under the direction of Albert Dietrich.

COLOGNE.—The programme of the sixth Gesellschafts-Concert consisted of the "Spring" and "Summer" from Haydn's "Seasons," and Beethoven's Symphony in A. Of the seventh concert this was the programme:

PART I.—1. Symphony in C minor, by L. Spohr; 2. "Tantum ego," for chorus and orchestra, by Cherubini; 3. Concerto in G minor, for the pianoforte, by Mendelssohn, performed by Herr Alex. Dreyshock. PART II.—4. Overture ("Nachruf an * * *") by Joachim; 5. *Spinnerlied und Rhapsodie*, by A. Dreyshock; 6. Hymn, for chorus and orchestra, by G. F. Handel; 7. *Concertstück*, by C. M. Von Weber, played by A. Dreyshock.

The Lower Rhine *Musik-Zeitung* is enthusiastic about the playing of Dreyshock.

BORDEAUX.—Spontini's *Fernand Cortez* has been produced with great success. The widow of the celebrated composer was present at the first representation. For the sake of strong contrast the next opera is to be Verdi's *Trovatore*, the French version of his *Trovatore*.

NAPLES.—The directors of the San Carlo have summoned Verdi before the tribunal of commerce for refusing to allow his new opera (to the same book as Auber's *Gustave III.*), to be produced, with certain changes which the political atmosphere of this patriarchally governed state rendered inevitable.

GOtha.—Just as Dr. Liszt at Weimar doses the inhabitants with Wagner, so does the Duke of Saxe Cobourg-Gotha regale his liege subjects with music from his own pen. His third or fourth opera, *Diana von Solange*, is terminated, and though the first performance was originally intended to be given for the benefit of the Parisians, it is understood that the population of Gotha will have the privilege of inaugurating its career.

ST. PETERSBURGH.—Madame Bosio and Signor Tamberlik are both re-engaged for three consecutive years at the Imperial Italian Opera here.

Special Notices.

DESCRIPTIVE LIST OF THE
LATEST MUSIC,
Published by O. Ditson & Co.

Vocal, with Piano Accompaniment.

- Minnie Moore. J. L. Hatton. 25
A Ballad in that sweet and expressive style of which "O whisper what thou feelest" is the prototype.
To Chloe in Sickness (English and German words). Sterndale Bennett. 25
A touching song in B minor, quite worthy of the renown its author enjoys of being the most classical amongst England's modern musical writers.
The Hindoo Maiden (Eng. and German words). Louis Huth. 25
A simple Story with a pathetic Refrain. It tells of a young Hindoo girl, forsaken by her lover, who has returned to his home in Europe. The poor girl still fondly clings to his memory. She sees other friends depart for England, and prays them to find him out and tell him how she still loves him. No answer comes. She pines away and dies, still faithful to the last. Mezzo Soprano.

When the bright waves are dashing. Duet. Mrs. Sullivan. 25

A nice little duet for equal voices.
My Home is a cave by the dark sea-shore (Song of the wild Poet). M. Naughton. 25
Poem and Music breathes a bold, free spirit; quite original.

Annie Lyle (Song and Chorus). H. S. Thompson. 25
A simple, smoothly-flowing Melody; easy and pretty.

The Lake (Eng. and Fr. words). Niedermeyer. 25
This is a celebrated Tenor Song. After a long, passionate outburst of grief, caused by reminiscences of happy days, now gone forever, which are called forth by the sight of an Italian lake, the mood of the Singer relapses into a quiet reverie, not entirely devoid of sunshine. This reverie takes the form of a lovely Romanza in 9-8 time. An excellent Concert Song.

Oh, worship not the Beautiful (Song). Burnham. 25
A simple Song for the Fireside—quite pretty.

Soft skies of sunny Italy (Song). Cherry. 25
This favorite composer sings here of Italy's azure sky, with such a sunny glow and warmth of feeling, as if he was drifting slowly through the water-streets of Venice, reposing on the couch of a gondola, and shaded by proud palaces, improvising, as only Italians can.

The Young Recruit. Kücken. 25
A youth relates to his sweetheart his dreams of future military glory. A march-like melody, full of vivacity, easy to learn and sing by heart. This is the Song of the day in Germany and England. It is enjoyed in every possible shape and arrangement. In England Jatty Treffz had to sing it on sixty consecutive nights, and was encored every night.

List to the gay Castanet ("Rose of Castille"). 25
Another pretty Song from this Opera, the melody happily expressive of Spanish coquetry and stately grace.

Instrumental Music for Piano.

Le Galopin. V. Busch. 25
A spirited Impromptu in the form of a Galop.
Flying Cloud Schottische. D'Albert. 25
Lovetear Landler (Redowa). C. Strauss. 25
Always Cheerful (Galop). P. Bayer. 25
Five Step Waltz, *Valse a cinq temps*, (in 3/4 and 2/4 alternately). Conner. 25
Excellent dance music of moderate difficulty.

Lancer's Polka. A. Scard. 25
A beautiful, spirited and fascinating composition.
La Montagnarde (Mazurka de Salon). Ascher. 40
This "Mountain Girl" is a little gem, bold and handsome, dashing, yet tender. Ascher has written nothing of late that can compare with this unpretentious little piece in point of freshness, originality and beauty of melody. Nor is it at all difficult. The mountain-echo introduced will be found of charming effect.

Books.

PRACTICAL (A) TEXT BOOK OF MUSIC, as connected with the Art of Playing the Piano Forte. By Edward B. Oliver. Price 38 cents.

This volume is the production of a thoroughly educated and skillful teacher, one who has, in the exercise of his professional duties, been much at a loss for a suitable book on the Art of playing the Piano-Forte, as an assistant in communicating much instruction that is most valuable and important, and who therefore has been led, in endeavoring to supply his own wants, to prepare this volume. It will be found to contain those essentials of a musical knowledge, which every student of the Piano, or of any instrument, must possess, as the conditions of intelligent practice; they are presented with an admirable consistency and clearness. Among the multitudes of attempts to state the rudiments of music in a popular form, it is, indeed, seldom that we find so much real thought and judgment brought to the task. The matter is thoroughly digested, and the topics placed in their true relations. The definitions are philosophical, precise, and satisfactory. It is not a book of Exercises, a "School," or "Method," for the Piano-Forte; but it conveys, in the form of question and answer, a very convenient and intelligent solution of those theoretic questions which arise to puzzle every young beginner in the practice of the Art.

Dwight's Journal of Music.

WHOLE No. 317.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, MAY 1, 1858.

VOL. XIII. No. 5.

Schumann on Mendelssohn.

[Scattered through the four volumes of Robert Schumann's collected writings about music and musicians, are various brief reviews and notices of works by MENDELSSOHN, soon after their first publication, which appeared in the *Leipzig Neue Zeitschrift für Musik*. They are interesting as showing the fresh impression made by the works of one great composer upon the mind of another, who was fast rising into prominence. Especially is their pervading tone of sincere, cordial admiration worthy of notice, in connection with the charge of "jealousy" of Mendelssohn's great fame so often brought against him by the Anti-Schumannites of London. (See article from the *Musical World*, copied in this Journal, April 17.) For this and other reasons we have thought these bits of criticism worth translating. We give herewith a few of them, and shall continue them hereafter.—Ed.]

OP. 56. SYMPHONY ("ITALIAN,") IN A MAJOR.

The Symphony by Mendelssohn Bartholdy has been most eagerly expected by all who have thus far followed with a sympathetic interest the shining path of this rare star. They looked forward to it as in some sense his first achievement in the symphonic field; for what was actually his first Symphony, in C minor, falls almost within the artist's earliest period of youth; his second (the "Scotch," in A minor), which he wrote for the Philharmonic Society in London, has not yet been made known through the press (1843); and finally the Symphony-Cantata, *Lobgesang*, cannot be regarded as a pure instrumental work. Thus in the rich wreath of his creations there was only wanting (with the exception of the Opera) the Symphony: in all other kinds he had already shown himself fruitful.

We know it by third hand, that the beginnings of the new Symphony date back to an earlier period, that of Mendelssohn's sojourn in Rome; it was resumed and finished only very recently. This is certainly interesting to know, in estimating its quite singular character. As when from some old book laid aside we suddenly pull out a yellowed leaf, which reminds us of a vanished time, that now comes up again in all its brightness, until we forget the present, so may fair recollections have played around the imagination of the master, when he found once more in his papers melodies once sung in beautiful Italy, so that, consciously or unconsciously, at last sprang up this gentle tone-picture, which, like the description of the Italian journey in Jean Paul's "Titan," can make one for a while forget his sorrow that he has not seen that blessed land. For that the whole Symphony is pervaded by a peculiar peoples'-tone, has many times been said; only a wholly unimaginative man can fail to mark this. It is its peculiarly charming color, then, that secures to this Symphony of Mendelssohn, as well as to that of Franz Schubert, an especial place in symphonic literature. The traditional instrumental pathos, the usual massive breadth you do not find in it,—nothing that looks like bidding against Beethoven; it comes much nearer, and especially in character, to that one by Schubert, with the distinction that, whereas the latter intimates to us a wild and gipsy sort of people's life, Mendelssohn's transports us to beneath Italian skies. And this is equivalent to saying, that a more graceful, polished manner dwells in the new work,

while to Schubert's on the other hand, we must accord other excellencies, especially that of a richer power of invention.

In its ground-plan the Symphony of Mendelssohn is distinguished by the internal connection of all its four movements; even the melodic conduct of the main theme is a kindred one in all the four; one will discover this on the first hasty comparison. Thus more than any other Symphony it forms a closely involved whole; character, key, rhythm, vary but little in the different movements. The composer himself too wishes, as he says in a prefatory remark, that the four movements should be played one after another without long interruption.

As to the purely musical part of the composition, no one can doubt that it is masterly. In beauty and delicacy of structure, as a whole and in the connecting members singly, it takes a place beside his overtures; nor is it less rich in charming instrumental effects. How finely M. knows how to reproduce an earlier thought, and to adorn a repetition, so that the old shall meet us as it were newly transfigured; how rich and interesting the detail, without any overloading or Philister-ish pedantry of learning,—of this every page of the score gives us new proofs.

The effect of the Symphony upon the public will depend in part upon the greater or less virtuosity of the orchestra. This to be sure is always the case, but doubly so here, where there is less question of masses, than of refined delicacy of single instruments. Above all it requires gentle *blowers*. The Scherzo is most irresistible in its effect; a more genial one has scarcely been written in recent times; the instruments talk in it like men.

The piano-forte arrangement is by the composer himself, and certainly the truest transcript that could be conceived of. Still it gives you an idea of only half the charm of the orchestral effects.

The conclusion of the whole Symphony will call forth contradictory opinions; many will expect it in the character of the last movement, whereas he, rounding the whole off as if in a circle, reminds us of the commencement of the first. We find it only poetic; it is like the evening corresponding to a lovely morning.

OP. 30. SIX SONGS WITHOUT WORDS.

(SECOND SET.)

Who has not in some twilight hour sat at the Clavier (a Flügel seems too grand and courtly) and in the midst of his *phantasien* sung to it unconsciously a soft melody? Now should one chance to bind the accompaniment with the melody in the hands alone, especially were he a Mendelssohn, there would result the most beautiful Songs without Words. It would be still easier, were one to compose a text, then strike away the words and so give it to the world—although that is not just the right thing, but a kind of deception,—one might by this means test the power of music to express feelings, and give an opportunity to the poet, whose words have been suppressed, to

put a new text to the composition of his own song. Should the new words chime with the old, it would be one more proof in favor of the certainty of musical expression.

But to our Songs! Clear as sun-light is the face with which they meet you. The first, in beauty and purity of feeling, comes very near the one in E major in the first set; only there it gushes more immediately from the first spring. Florestan said: "Whoever has sung such, may yet expect long life, both in this world and after death; I think, to me it is the most dear of all." The second Song suggests to me the "Hunter's Evening Song (*Jägers Abendlied*) of Goethe: *Im Felde schleich'ich still und wild*, &c.; in delicate and airy structure it reaches that of the poet. The third seems to be less significant, and almost like a roundelay in one of Lafontaine's family scenes; still it is real unadulterated wine, that passes round the table, if it is not the heaviest and rarest. The fourth I find extremely lovely; a little sad and introverted, but hope and home speak in the distance. * * * The next has something undecided in its character, even in the form and rhythm, and its effect is corresponding. The last, a Venetian Barcarole, softly and gently concludes the whole. And thus shall you enjoy anew the gifts of this noble spirit!

TRIO FOR PIANO, VIOLIN AND 'CELLO.

This is the master Trio of the present day, as those of Beethoven in B flat and D, and that of Schubert in E flat, were of their day. A truly beautiful composition, which will delight our children and our children's children years to come. The storm of these last years is beginning gradually to subside, and, we confess, has cast up many a pearl upon the shore. Mendelssohn, although less driven by it than the rest, still remains a son of the time, and has had to struggle, has had to hear continually the prating of some narrow writers, about how "the period of full bloom in Music lies behind us," and has summoned up his energies, so that we well may say: he is the Mozart of the nineteenth century, the most luminous musician, who sees the clearest through the contradictions of the age, and is the first to reconcile them. And he will not be the last artist either. After Mozart came a Beethoven; upon the new Mozart a new Beethoven will follow; perhaps indeed he is already born.

What shall I say about this Trio, which every one, who has heard it, has not said already? Happiest they, who have heard it played by the creator himself! For though there may be bolder virtuosos, it is scarcely possible that any other can reproduce the works of Mendelssohn with such enchanting freshness as himself. Yet let this not deter any one from also playing the Trio; it has in fact, compared with others, Schubert's Trio for example, fewer difficulties; although these in works of Art of the first rank are always in proportion to the effect, increasing as that increases. That the Trio is not one for pianists only, that others too may take it up with spirit, and find

their pleasure and reward in it, needs hardly to be said. Let the new work exert its influence, then, on all sides, as it must, and be to us a new proof of the artistic energy of its creator, which now seems to stand at almost its height of bloom.

OP. 35. PRELUDES AND FUGUES FOR THE PIANO-FORTE.

A hot-brained fellow (he is now in Paris) defined the idea of a Fugue pretty much as follows: "It is a piece of music, in which one part starts off before the others—(*fuga* from *fugere*)—and the hearer before all;" for which reason he himself, whenever fugues occurred in concerts, would begin to talk aloud and not unfrequently to jeer at them. In fact, though, he understood little of the matter and resembled very much the fox in the fable; that is, he could not make a fugue himself, much as he secretly desired it. How differently indeed it is defined by those who can! by cantors, finished students of music, &c. According to these "Beethoven never wrote, and never could write a fugue; and even Bach himself took liberties, at which one can but shrug his shoulders; Marpurg alone gives the best introduction," and so on.

Finally, how differently think others—I for instance, who can revel hours together in the fugues of Beethoven, of Bach and Handel, and who have therefore always maintained that, with the exception of watery, luke-warm, miserable, patch-work affairs, there was no one any longer who could write fugues in our day, until at last I was somewhat silenced by these fugues of Mendelssohn. But ordinary writers of fugues by rule and pattern will deceive themselves if they expect to find applied here certain of their excellent old arts, their *imitationes per augmentationem duplicem, triplicem*, or their *cancricantes motu contrario*, &c. And equally deceived will be the romantic high-fliers, if they hope to find here phœnixes undreamed of, soaring from the ashes of an antique form. But if these persons have a sense for sound and natural music, they will get it in these fugues. I will not indulge in blind praise, and I know well enough, that Bach has made, in fact created fugues of quite another sort. But were he to rise now from his grave, he would—at first perhaps storm away both right and left over the state of music in general; but then too he would certainly rejoice, that there are yet individuals who at least pluck flowers in the field, where he has planted such gigantic oak forests.

In a word, these Fugues have much that is Sebastianic, and might deceive the most sharp-sighted critic, were it not for the melody, the finer blending, by which you recognize the modern period, and here and there those little touches, so peculiar to Mendelssohn, and which betray him among hundreds as the author. Whether the reviewers find it so or not, it is certain that the composer wrote them not for pastime, but to direct the attention of piano-players once more to that old master form, to accustom them again to it. That he chose the right means for this, in that he avoided all those unhappy, good-for-nothing artifices and *imitationes*, and gave more prominence to the melodic element, the *cantilena*, while still holding fast to the Bach form, looks altogether like him. But whether this form might not perhaps be altered to advantage, without thereby losing the essential character of the

Fugue, is a question, at whose answer many a one will yet try his hand. Already Beethoven tugged at it somewhat; but he had occupation enough of another sort, and was too loftily engaged in building out the cupolas of so many other domes, to find time for laying the corner stone of a new Fugue edifice. Reicha also made the attempt; but evidently his creative power fell short of his good intention; yet his often curious ideas are not to be entirely overlooked. At all events that always is the best fugue, which the public takes—for some sort of a Strauss waltz; in other words, in which the artificial root-work is covered up, like that of a flower, so that we only see the flower. Thus it once actually happened that a man, who otherwise was not a bad connoisseur in music, took one of Bach's fugues for an *Etude* of Chopin, to the honor of both; and so might many a maiden take the last part of, say the second of these Mendelssohn fugues (in the first part she might be puzzled by the entrance of the voices) to be a song without words, and in the grace and softness of the forms forget the ceremonial place where, and the abhorred name under which it had been put before her. In short, there are not only Fugues, which are wrought out with the head and according to the receipt, but there are Fugues which are musical pieces, sprung from the soul and executed in poetic fashion. But as the Fugue affords an equally happy organ both for the dignified, and for the bright and merry, this collection contains some too in that short, rapid style, in which Bach flung forth so many with a master hand. Every one will find them out; these especially reveal the facile, genial artist, who plays with his chains as with flowery garlands.

A few words of the Preludes. Perhaps the most of them, like many to be sure of Bach's, stand in no original connection with the Fugues, and seem to have been prefixed to them afterwards. The majority of players will prefer them to the Fugues, since their effect is complete, even when they are played separately; the first especially siezes you at the outset and hurries you along with it to the conclusion. The rest one may examine for himself. The work speaks for itself, even without the name of the composer.

Mendelssohn.

From the New York Musical World.

MENDELSSOHN was a man of small frame, delicate and fragile-looking; yet possessing that distinguishing peculiarity of the Hebrew race—a sinewy elasticity and a power of endurance which you would hardly suppose possible. His head appeared to have been set upon the wrong shoulders—it seemed, in a certain sense, to contradict his body. Not that the head was disproportionately large; but its striking nobility was a standing reproof to the pedestal on which it rested. His eye possessed a peculiarity, which has been ascribed to the eye of Sir Walter Scott—a ray of light seemed often to proceed from its pupil to your own, as from a star. But yet, in the eyes of Mendelssohn there was none of that rapt dreaminess, so often seen among men of genius in Art. The gaze was rather external than internal—the eye had more outwardness than inwardness of expression. Indeed this corresponded very much with the character of Mendelssohn; who, although an inward man, was also an outward one—and although a great artist, was also something of a courtier and diplomatist. In his gait, Mendelssohn was somewhat loose and shambling; he had a flinging motion of the limbs and a supple-jointedness, which, coupled with other little peculiarities of carriage, determined

him—according to popular German tradition—as of Oriental origin. But this listlessness of bearing seemed to disappear entirely the moment he sat down to a piano-forte, or organ, and came into artistic action. Then, like a full-blooded Arabian courser, he showed his points—you had before you a noble creature. All awkwardness disappeared: he was Mendelssohn—and no longer a son of Mendel.

Mendelssohn married into a Gentile family—that of a wealthy banker of Frankfort. The lady of his love was as beautiful as she was high-bred and refined. She bore him children of remarkable personal charms. One boy, particularly, I was never weary of gazing at, for his extreme comeliness. He had his father's eye and his mother's elegance and grace of figure. I used to watch father and son, as hand in hand they sauntered around the charming gardens of Frankfort, and silently applaud the father of such a son—the son of such a father.

Mendelssohn was too much a celebrity to be suffered to rest long in one place, and he became very much a citizen of the world and a traveller. But from all his wanderings, his steps seemed to return oftenest to Frankfort, the home of his wife. Here on his arrival, he was frequently serenaded by the *Liederkrantz* of the city. The house he occupied was on the bank of the river Main; and beneath his windows—illuminated by colored transparencies, or the light of a summer moon—the minstrels were wont to gather. Then were poured forth, from hundreds of manly throats, those tones of welcome, or those songs of Fatherland (chief among which were Mendelssohn's own compositions) that thrilled to their very depths the souls of the listeners. Mendelssohn usually stood at the window above, waving his thanks or addressing his friends. I shall never forget one serenade which was given him from the smooth breast of the river. Starting some distance up the stream, at a point from which the music was but faintly audible, the serenaders floated down in their barges, bearing beautiful colored transparencies, disappearing for a moment beneath the lofty arches of the bridge which spans the river, and then picturesquely reappearing, the music now swelling grandly as they neared the house and wafted to the ears of the master those profound, smooth harmonies which only a German chorus, aided by the softening effect of tone passing over water, is capable of producing.

On occasion of such visits to Frankfort, Mendelssohn was often persuaded by his friends to gratify them by his organ-playing. He generally selected for this purpose the organ in St. Catherine's church—a quaint old edifice on the Zeil—although the organ in St. Paul's is a far larger and better one; this advantage being counterbalanced, however, by the structure of the edifice, which, handsome to the eye (the same, by the way, in which the celebrated German Parliament was held during the revolution), was offensive to the ear, by reason of its bewildering echoes.

I once heard Mendelssohn in St. Catherine's, when he performed in company with Adolphe Hesse—the celebrated organist of Breslau, and pupil of Rink. On this, as on other occasions, Mendelssohn played mostly Bach, for whom, of all the old masters, his reverence seemed deepest. It is mentioned as quite a triumph of Mendelssohn's critical acumen, that he discovered a positive, downright, consecutive fifth in Bach, which had been lying *perdu* ever since the death of the old master, unobserved of any of those who had so sedulously and critically studied him.

The *Cäcilien Verein* of Frankfort—a kind of N. Y. Harmonic Society, or Mendelssohn Union—was one of his favorite places of resort. After the rehearsal, he would occasionally play for his friends; sometimes giving them a sonata of Beethoven—and always by heart. The *allegros* and *prestos* of these sonatas were dashing and brilliantly executed, his high-strung nervous organization seeming to exult in a conquest of whatever mechanical difficulties they might present. He bounded rejoicingly on, like a courser put upon his mettle; but, amid all the heat of the course, he never forgot a certain significant interpretation

of the music—an intelligent and, in some respects, peculiar phrasing of the text. Even the musically uninitiated can understand that a difference in the collocation of notes might produce a marked difference in the significance of music—the effect being the same as, in literature, a change of punctuation; or, in rhetorical delivery, a difference in the breathing places, or pauses. Beethoven's *allegros* were better rendered by Mendelssohn than by any one else I ever had the fortune to hear.

The *andantes*, or more emotional movements, were, to my own ear, less satisfactory, from a certain classic polish and—if I may so express it—half *reserve* of style. Perhaps Mendelssohn felt, as others have felt, that in the matter of feeling, Beethoven had been somewhat overdone. Like persons who would seek deeper significance than really exists in the child-like simplicities of sacred text, so artists, in their morbidly intense manner of rendering the master, had fallen into affected depths of pathos. I would not do Mendelssohn the wrong, however, of representing him as really lacking in feeling. The heart was there; but it was the heart seen through a polite conventionalism of amber—like the insect, perfectly recognizable, but not too exposed to the common view and the touch.

Mendelssohn would occasionally extemporize, also, for his friends of the *Cäcilien Verein*. His improvisation was highly imaginative and masterly. The theme was usually wrought upon in counterpoint style, with occasional dashes into a brilliant *freie fantasia*. The *Cäcilien Verein*, by the way, gave annual performances of oratorio appropriate to the season, similar to those given in New York. On Good Friday, Bach's sublime oratorio of *The Passion* was always sung. Why has this masterpiece never been produced here? It ought to be as regularly and religiously given as the *Messiah*. If we celebrate the birth of the Messiah, we should also celebrate his death. I was once seated next Mendelssohn when the *Verein* was rehearsing Bach's works. He seemed entirely absorbed in the music—a silent movement, only, drawing attention now and then to the wonderful harmonic effects produced by the intertwining of such a mass of independent melodies. The last chord of this masterpiece, uttered to the word *Ruhe* (rest), seems to drop the soul, like a weary child from the arms of its nurse, into a profound slumber, from which it would never more be awakened.

Mendelssohn's influence in Leipzig upon the scholars of the Conservatory was always very salutary. He was in the habit of breaking in upon the usual routine of study and opening new vistas upon them of the world of music. When accidentally present during an exercise, he would sometimes assume the task of teaching himself, and, with crayon in hand, give some invaluable hint in the treatment of orchestral instruments, or elicit knowledge from the pupils themselves, by asking them to accompany a given passage with horns or other less obvious instruments; thus breaking in upon the ordinary routine of the day. This letting in of a little fresh air upon the mind, in teaching, is an excellent device, the uses of which Mendelssohn seemed well to understand.

There existed, at this period in Leipzig, a club of amateur ladies and gentlemen who met to sing part-songs. Mendelssohn and Hauptmann both contributed largely to the compositions used on such occasions. Hauptmann, whose name is not as familiar as it should be on this side of the water, is *Cantor* of the *Thomas Schule* of Leipzig—a post originally filled by grand old Sebastian Bach himself. This school is a kind of seminary for young men mostly intended for the ministry, and all of whom receive a musical education; they rendering, by express stipulation, musical services in the churches during this scholastic period. Once a week they perform motets in the St. Thomas Church adjoining the seminary, sometimes accompanied by orchestra. It is a very ancient and admirable institution. At the time the office of *Cantor* was vacated by the death of the previous incumbent, both Mendelssohn and Hauptmann were candidates for the position; and I have been told that Mendelssohn felt, some-

what, his non-appointment to an office which he would really have liked to fill. Hauptmann, however, is admirably qualified for the position.

The last I ever saw of Mendelssohn was during the summer alluded to in a late article on Freiligrath, in the Taunus mountains, at the small spas Soden and Kronthal. Notwithstanding his great pre-occupation, partly with his own genius and musical productiveness; partly with his engagements to visit England or to conduct great festivals; partly to receive the incessant individual homage offered him, which he was not always able to parry, he was ever ready to see and serve, if he could, a true student of Art. Like all great masters, however, he had a holy aversion to mere dabblers in Art and those who were but in the A B C of progress. And what could he do for such? The schoolmaster was what they needed—not the finished artist; their time for the latter had not come. And this, let me passingly say, is the great mistake our countrymen are constantly making who go abroad to study musical art. They go before they are ready to go. The preliminary schoolmaster is neglected. The scholastic part of Art can at the present day be as well pursued in this country as in any part of Europe. Our artists should not go abroad to learn their A B C's. It is an expensive way of learning the alphabet,—both as to time and money. Let them learn all they can here, first—and by "all" I mean harmony, counterpoint, form, instrumentation; they might then profitably go abroad to exercise themselves in composition, and to hear music. In a word, let them learn the science of music at home—but pursue the Art under the guidance of a great master, if they will, abroad. Most celebrated men in Art are accessible in this way. They are willing to give one lesson, in the sense of examining compositions—but not in the sense of teaching the first rudiments of the Art. Nor let our Art-students think that the Conservatories of Music are the only desirable thing. They are desirable for those whose means are limited—they are the common schools of Art. But Hauptmann himself once told me, that—Professor as he was in the Leipzig Conservatory—he was glad that he was not put through a Conservatory course. The idea being, that, in Art, it is not always well to shape a mind by the square and compass; but it is better to adapt the course to the individual mind, in order not to interfere with its originality, or check its independent development. Mendelssohn would, and did, examine and advise, in case compositions were submitted to him, and his suggestions and his counsel were as invaluable as they were ever readily rendered.

A singular circumstance, to me, at this time, was the approbation which he expressed of certain *Æthiopian* melodies—some of those earliest in use in America—which his friend Hoffmann von Fallersleben had persuaded me one day to put on paper for him, in order that he might write a series of songs to them for German emigrants to America. Hoffmann—much to my astonishment and chagrin—submitted these one day to the classic eyes of Mendelssohn—an act of innocent audacity of which it seemed to me none but a poet, ignorant of musical valuations, and certainly never a musician, would ever have been guilty. We often undervalue trifles, however, and Mendelssohn's opinion of these little bagatelles (like that, subsequently, of other German masters) taught me quite a lesson as to an over-fastidiousness in Art-matters, and a too dignified standard of judgment.

R. S. W.

The Garcias and Da Ponte.

[From an Address before the New York Historical Society, Nov. 17, 1857, by Dr. J. W. FRANCIS.]

Were my individual feelings to be consulted, (says Dr. Francis), I would fain dwell at some length on the introduction of the Garcia Italian Opera troupe in this city, as an historical occurrence in intellectual progress of permanent interest. It was destined to create new feelings, to awaken new sentiments in the circle of refined and social life, and its mission, I believe, is accomplished. The opera, whatever may be the disputes touching its origin, was known to be the offspring of genius. It had universal approval, as an exalted mental recreation to recommend it; its

novelty here secured prompt attention to its claims, and its troupe of artists who honored us with their *entrée* were considered the recognized professors of the highest order in the art. It captivated the eye, it charmed the ear, it awakened the profoundest emotions of the heart. It paralyzed all further eulogiums on the casual song-singing heretofore interspersed in the English comedy, and rendered the popular airs of the drama which had possession of the feelings, the lifeless materials of childish ignorance. Something, perhaps, was to be ascribed to fashionable emotion, for this immediate popular ascendancy. For this advantageous accession to the resources of mental gratification, we were indebted to the taste and refinement of Dominick Lynch, the liberality of the manager of the Park Theatre, Stephen Price, and the distinguished reputation of the Venetian, Lorenzo Da Ponte. Lynch, a native of New York, was the acknowledged head of the fashionable and festive board, a gentleman of the *ton*, and a melodist of great powers and of exquisite taste; he had long striven to enhance the character of our music; he was the master of English song, but he felt, from his close cultivation of music, and his knowledge of the genius of his countrymen, that much was wanting, and that more could be accomplished, and he sought out, while in Europe, an Italian troupe, which his persuasive eloquence, and the liberal spirit of Price, led to embark for our shores, where they arrived in November, 1825. The old Italian poet and composer of the libretto of "Don Giovanni" and "Le Nozze di Figaro," the associate of Mozart, was here in this city to greet them, and on the night of the 29th of October, 1825, at the Park Theatre, we listened to "Il Barbiere di Siviglia," of the matchless Rossini.

More was realized by the immense multitude who filled the house than had been anticipated, and the opera ended with a universal shout of *bravo, bravissimo*. The city reverberated the acclamations. The indomitable energy of Garcia, aided by his melodious strains and his exhaustless powers—the bewitching talents of his daughter, the Signorina Garcia, with her artistic faculties as an actress, and her flights of inspiration, the novelty of her conception and her captivating person—proved that a galaxy of genies in a novel vocation unknown to the New World demanded now its patronage. To these primary personages, as making up the roll, were added Angriani, whose base seemed as the peal of the noted organ at Haerlem; Rosich, a *buffo* of great resources; Crevelli, a promising *debutante*; the younger Garcia, with Signora Garcia, and Madam Barbieri, with her capacious tenor, (?) constituting a musical phalanx which neither London nor Paris could surpass, nay, at that time could not equal. From the moment that first night's entertainment closed, I looked upon the songs of Phillips, (which had made Coleman, the editor, music-mad,) the melodies of Moore, and even the ballads of Scotland, as shorn of their popularity, and even now I think myself not much in error in holding to the same opinion. The Italian opera is an elaboration of many thoughts, of intelligence extensive and various; while it assimilates itself by its harmonious construction and entirety, it becomes effective by external impression and rational combination. It blends instruction with delight; if it does not make heroes, it at least leads captive the noblest attributes of humanity; and, had a larger forethought and wiser government watched over its destinies, it might still exist, in its attractive displays, as a permanent institution in this enlightened and liberal metropolis.

I must add a few words on that great *maestro*, Garcia. It is true, that his vast reputation is secured for the future by his biographer; he was a successful teacher, a composer of many operas, and his merits as a performer are fresh in the recollections of the operatic world; but it is sometimes profitable to cast a backward glance over what we have lost. He was a native of Seville, reared in Spanish music, and, in fulfilling his part in that *role* with enthusiasm, was summoned in 1809 to Paris, where he was the first Spanish musician that appeared in that capital. Garat, on hearing him, exclaimed: "The Andalusian purity of the man makes me all alive." Prince Murat chose him as first tenor of his own chapel in 1812, at Naples. Catalani obtained him for his first tenor, 1816, in Paris. Here Rossini saw him, and arranged affairs so that he appeared in the "Barber of Seville," of which he was the original representative. He visited England in 1817, where his wonderful powers were still higher extolled, from his Othello and his Don Juan. In Paris, our New York friend, Lynch, found him, and proffered inducements for him to visit America. Here his combined qualities as singer and actor have never been equalled; his Othello, for force, just discrimination, and expression, astounded the beholder, and filling the house with raptures. His career in Mexico followed; and, sad to relate, while on his return to Vera Cruz, he was beset by banditti, stripped of his clothing, and plundered of his one

thousand ounces of gold, (about seventeen thousand dollars of our money), the results of his severe earnings. Penniless, he finally reached Paris, to resume his professional labors. His spirits failed him not, but his musical powers were on the wane, and, being the first to detect the decline of his great talents, and too honest to pass a counterfeit note, he left the operatic boards, and died June 2, 1832, aged fifty-eight.

From the sixth year of his age, and through life, Garcia was the arbiter of his own fortunes. He may be pronounced the restorer of Mozart, and the promulgator of Rossini's matchless works. His daughter, afterwards Madame Malibran, eclipsed even the talents of her father; and her abilities are still a popular topic of conversation. She had the rare gift of possessing the *contralto* and the *soprano*. Her ardor, both as actress and as singer, exhibited almost a frantic enthusiasm. Animated by the lofty consciousness of genius, the novelty of her conceptions, her vivid pictures, her inexhaustible spirits, had, in no predecessor in her calling, ever been equalled. She had no Farnelli for an instructor, but the tremendous energy, not to say severity, of her father, brought out the faculties of her voice to the wonder of all who heard her. She may be said to have been consumed by the fire of her own genius. Her "Una Voce," and other airs, reached the highest point of instrumentation, according to the opinion of the most astute judges. She has been followed by no imitator, because none could approach her. Recently, with Alboni and Jenny Lind, we have had a partial echo of her. Perhaps her ravishing person served to swell the tide of public approbation of her ravishing voice. She enchained eyes and ears. Her earlier (not her earliest) efforts were first appreciated at the Park Theatre, and the predictions there uttered of her ultimate victories, were fully verified on her return to England. So far American appreciation did honor to the then state of musical culture with the New Yorkers.

In my medical capacity I became well acquainted with the Garcia *troupe*. They possessed good constitutions, and took little physic. But what I would aim at in the few remarks I have yet to make, is, to show that those who are not artists little know the toil demanded for eminent success in the musical world. Some twelve or sixteen hours' daily labor may secure a medical man from want in this city of great expenses and moderate fees; more than that time may earnestly be devoted for many years to secure the fame of a great opera singer. It seemed to me that the *troupe* were never idle. They had not crossed the Atlantic twenty-four hours ere they were at their notes and their instruments; and when we add their public labors at the theatre, more than half of the twenty-four hours were consumed in their pursuit. A President of the United States or a Lord Chancellor methinks might be easier reared than a Malibran. I dismiss all allusion to nature's gifts and peculiar aptitudes. It is assumed that brains are demanded in all intellectual business. The simplicity of life, and the prescribed temperance of these musical people, was another lesson taught me. How many things are attended to lest the voice may suffer! A taste of claret, a glass of lemonade, *eau sucrée*, were all the drinks tolerated, and scarcely a particle of animal food until the opera was over, when, at midnight, a comfortable supper refreshed their exhausted spirits, and gave repose to their limbs. The youth who aims at distinction in physic, in law, or in divinity, and who is at all cursed with indolence, might profit by studying the lives of these masters in song, as the naturalist philosophizes with the habits of the bee.

Many of this assembly, and particularly the ladies who now grace this audience, must well remember their old teacher, Signor Lorenzo Da Ponte, so long a professor of Italian literature in Columbia College, the stately nonagenarian whose white locks so richly ornamented his classical front and his graceful and elegant person. He falls within the compass of this imperfect address from his "lonely conspicuity," for the taste he cherished and the industry he displayed in the cultivation of Italian letters—more than two thousand scholars having been initiated in the language of Italy by him; and he is still more interwoven with our theme by his enthusiastic efforts to establish the Italian opera with us. He was upwards of sixty years of age upon his arrival in America, but enjoyed sturdy manhood. His credentials to consideration challenged the esteem of the philosopher, the poet, and the man of letters. His long and eventful life deserves an ample record. His own "Memoirs" in part supply our wants, and the sketch of his life by one of the members of our Historical Society, Samuel Ward, is a grateful tribute to his character, from the pen of an accomplished scholar and competent judge of his peculiar merits. I enjoyed the acquaintance of Da Ponte some twenty years. Kelly, in his reminiscences, has given us some idea of his early personal appearance, and his

fanciful costume at the London opera. But his glory and inward consolation had not been attained until the Garcia *troupe* triumphed at New York, as erst at Vienna, in "Don Giovanni." The language of Italy and her music were deeply rooted in his heart. It was a day of lofty thought for the old patriarch, says his American biographer, when came among us Garcia, with his lovely daughter, then in the morning of her renown; Rosich, the inimitable *buffo*; Angrisani, with his tomb note; and Madame Barbieri, all led by our lamented Almaviva, (Dominick Lynch, Esq.) I must refer to the able articles on the introduction of the opera, written by a philosophical critic in the "New York Review and Athenaeum Magazine," for December, 1825. They constitute a record of the social progress of this city that cannot be overlooked. Da Ponte died in New York in August, 1838, at ninety years. His remains were followed to the grave by many of our most distinguished citizens, among whom were the venerable Clement C. Moore, the Hon. G. C. Verplanck, Pietro Maroncelli, the fellow-prisoner of Sylvio Pellico, etc. That his long life created no wasting infirmity of mind, was shown in a striking manner by his publication of a portion of the poet Hillhouse's "Hadad," not long before his final illness, and which he beautifully rendered in Italian with scholastic fidelity. The day before his death he honored me with a series of verses in his native tongue, partly, I concluded, in token of gratitude, and partly to evince to his friends that, though speech had nigh left him, his mind was still entire. He died firm in the Catholic faith, and was buried in the Roman Catholic Cemetery, Second Avenue.

Vicissitudes had made Da Ponte a great observer of life. His intimate associations with Mozart, the countenance and encouragement he received from Joseph II., his acquaintance with Metastasio, the lyric poet and writer of operas and dramas in Italy,* are prominent among the events of his earlier career, at which time he established his reputation as a melodramatist. It was easy to perceive, after a short interview with him, that his capacious intellect was filled with bookish wisdom. He had recitals at command for the diversion of society in which he chanced to be. He loved his beautiful Italy, and was prolific in praise of her authors. He extolled Caldani and Scarpa, and had many charming stories concerning the great illustrator of sound and morbid anatomy, Morgagni. Da Ponte attended the last course of instruction imparted by that pre-eminent philosopher, who had then been professor some sixty years. On that memorable occasion, when Morgagni was to meet his class for the last time, he summoned his *cara sposa*, Signora Morgagni, a lady of noble family, and his surviving children, some ten out of fifteen whom she had blessed him with, and, forming with them a group around his person, he pronounced a benediction on the University and on his class, and then appealed to his venerable wife for the fidelity of his domestic life, and to his children as the tokens of her love and affection. He was now in his ninetieth year. Da Ponte said he was never more in earnest, never more powerful, never more eloquent. Padua then lost the brightest teacher of anatomical knowledge the world possessed, and the University a name in its possession high above all others, which commanded the admiration of the cultivators of real science wherever the dignity and utility of medicine was appreciated. I am aware I have trespassed beyond my proper limits in this notice, but it was difficult to do otherwise. Perhaps at this very day, casting a look over the many schools of medicine established in this land, there is not an individual oftener mentioned in the courses of practical instruction, on certain branches, than Morgagni, though now dead more than two generations. I wished to draw a moral from the story, cheering to the devoted student in his severe toils to qualify him for medical responsibility. Morgagni, besides great professional acquisitions, was a master of elegant literature, an antiquarian of research, a proficient in historical lore. The learned associations of every order in Europe enrolled him as a member. His numerous writings, full of original discoveries, are compressed in five huge folios, and are consulted as a treasury of established facts on a thousand subjects. To his responsible duties, involving life and death, he superadded for more than sixty years, his University teachings, and died at ninety with his mental faculties entire. How was the miracle wrought? In the pressure of herculean labors, if *enun* ever dared to approach, an Italian lyric of Metastasio was all-sufficient for relief. By proper frugality he secured property; by a regular life he preserved health; by system and devotion he secured his immortal renown.

Thus much may suffice as an historical record of the introduction of the Italian Opera in New York, and, consequently in the United States.

* Metastasio came to Vienna in 1729, 20 years before Da Ponte was born. He died there in 1782.

An Impressive Funeral.

From the Home Journal.

The funeral of Mrs. RICHARD STORRS WILLIS, (wife of the Editor of the *Musical World*), which took place on Sunday, the eleventh instant, at the Episcopal Church in Twenty-ninth Street, was, and from many combining circumstances, unusually impressive. Residing opposite the vicarage, and directing the music of the church, Mr. Willis with his family held almost the same relation to its sacred associations as the family of the pastor. The funeral was separate from the usual service of the afternoon; but, as the body was borne across the street, and received at the entrance with the playing of a solemn dirge and with the reciting of the initiatory passage of the burial ceremony, the two naves of the beautiful structure were densely crowded with friends and mourners. The coffin was deposited before the chancel, and then commenced the singing of one of the most affecting beautiful chants it has ever been our privilege to hear. It was composed by Mr. Willis on the occasion of the death of the mother of the clergyman who was now to perform the service, and had been sung before, only on that one occasion. But, in addition to this touching interest, it was sung by one who was a personal friend of the deceased, and who, as a singer of sacred music, is probably without an equal. Julia Bodestein's voice, coming, as it always seems to do, through tears, was intensified, in the singing of this chant, to a weeping agony of sweetness almost supernatural. To the unutterable grief of the mourner it seemed, for that moment, to reach and lend an utterance! The rapt and tearful singer sang with her heart as well as with her wonderful skill, and there was a spell in it, it is not too much to say, which might well make the Angel of Death look back with sorrow on his victim.

Dr. HOUGHTON, the clergyman, departed from his usual custom by coming forward to the railing of the chancel and introducing the service with a brief address over the body. The young mother who lay before him had been one of the purest and loveliest of his flock. She was one of those rare completeness of character for whom their share of happiness in this world seems just enough. In the last hour of her life she expressed her thanks to God, that, as a wife and a mother, she had been as entirely blest as she could conceive it possible to be. Simple from her exceeding purity, beautiful in person and of manners made most winning by her utter unconsciousness and disinterestedness, she was too natural to seem to the common eye the exception that she really was. And, to these qualities alluding delicately, Mr. Houghton paid full tribute to the dead as one of the children of his flock. It was an address of subdued and touching tenderness, and marked throughout with exceeding judgment and good taste.

The service over and the handful of earth thrown upon the coffin, the body was borne to the hearse, attended by the wardens of the church as pall-bearers; and the funeral procession then went upon its way to Greenwood. Mrs. Willis was there laid in the family vault of her father, Mr. Carnes. She leaves three children, the youngest of whom is but three weeks old—a puerperal fever, consequent upon its birth, having been the occasion of her most sudden and unexpected death.

The Encore Nuisance.

(From Punch.)

Certainly in one respect, at any rate, we agree with a contemporary that the new St. James's Hall has been

"—most promisingly opened, and the occasion gave hetero-entertainment and sign of a new era in our musical entertainments."

The respect which we refer to is that on the night of the Inauguration Concert the programme was gone through without there being an encore. As far as our experience enables us to judge, this fact is unparalleled in concerts now-a-days; and on this account alone, if for no other reason, the opening of the Hall deserves a special mention in our world-read columns. A performance of such promise reflects a like credit upon all who took a part in it, whether vocally or instrumentally, or indeed auricularly. The audience did their parts as well as band and singers, and the result was a success beyond the wildest hopes of the well-wishers of the hall. To inaugurate a concert-room without suffering an encore is an achievement such as even the most sanguine would have hardly dared to dream of; and every one of those who had a hand or voice or ear in it, we heartily congratulate upon the triumph they have won.

Encores are not solely matters of bad taste. They result from greediness more even than from ignorance. People have a tendency to try and get as much as they are able for their money, and are espe-

cially delighted if they can manage to get something more than what they've paid for. Your shop-huntress is charmed with half-an-ounce of over-weight, or an inch or two of ribbon more than has been charged her; and persons who contrive to swindle an encore are gratified by thinking that they've got a something given in, and are apt to pride themselves upon their sharpness in so doing. Now it may do these people good to take this ill conceit out of them; and the best cure for their cheating is to show their fancied sharpness only proves them to be flats. It may be assumed that the getters up of concerts know pretty well the money's worth of what they have to offer; and make allowance in their estimates for the chance of being asked to give a trifle over-measure. Caterers of music, in drawing up their programmes, reckon the encores as a part of the performance, and so shorten their selection, in order to make room for them. They have to pay their *artistes* for a fixed amount of work, and of course must keep the quantity within the stipulated limits.

Herr Splittskull, is engaged to sing four songs per night, and as he's sure to be encored, he is announced to sing two only. Herr Splittskull knows the current value of his notes, and of course will not part with them without their aureous equivalent. He is not a whit more likely to give a song in *gratis*, than a pastry-cook would be to let the buyer of a Bath-bun take another without paying for it. In persisting therefore to encore the Herr, the public in reality gains worse than nothing. It gets two songs sung twice over, instead of four distinct and fresh ones. It thinks to cheat the Herr, whilst in fact it cheats itself, getting two stale buns and paying for two new ones; and the verdict we should bring in would be, served it right.

We perfectly agree with our contemporary aforesaid that—

"Mr. Owen Jones has shown both taste and skill in the internal decoration; and the St. James's Hall may be pronounced by far the most complete and highly ornamented concert-room in London."

Nevertheless, as there is nothing which Punch could not improve, if allowed to take his way with it, we think if Mr. Owen Jones had consulted us beforehand, we could have suggested an amendment in the way of decoration which might have pleased the audience as well as the spectators. We should have proposed that on the walls and ceiling of the hall, and especially conspicuous upon the orchestra and organ, the words should be enrolled—

"NO ENCORES ALLOWED."

All caterers of concerts should take this as their motto, and emblazon it on all their programmes and admission tickets; and efficient M. C's should attend at the performances, to take care that the rule be strictly carried out. Anybody wilfully demanding an encore, or aiding and abetting any swindler who might do so, should be taken up and sentenced to attend the House of Commons every evening for a week, to cure him of his wish to hear the same things over twice. If this tremendous punishment were vigorously enforced, we think that the Encore Nuisance would speedily be checked; and Mr. Punch and other sensible and rightly thinking persons might find it possible to go to concert-rooms in peace, without their having nightly to do battle with the fools who clamor for encores.

Dwight's Journal of Music.

BOSTON, MAY 1, 1858.

A Private Concert.

A good thing is not the less a good thing because it is done in a corner, nor is its influence naught. Indeed it is but manly, it is but Christian to believe that real influence for good in the long run is more proportioned to the quality, than to the publicity of any act; that the high purpose and true spirit are worth more than the great display; that the true thing on a small scale is better than the questionable and vulgar thing on the grandest; that a grain of gold outweighs a lump of copper. Such faith as this—for truly it requires *Faith*—is indispensable to the artist. There can be no real progress in musical or other Art without it. One must still have faith,

patience to measure his success by the intrinsic excellence, the truthfulness of his performance, and not by the outward recognition of the world. The best things, those that have won fame worth having for their authors, were never done from the immediate motive of display, and would have miscarried and become superficial, false, and empty things, had they been dragged at once before a general audience. The artist, the public benefactor in Art, is he whose works, whose life still preach, for those who can receive, the highest and the truest, the ideal beauty, and who does not care to keep himself before the public. The popularizers, the great caterers for public amusements more or less artistic, the concert-giving speculators, and so forth, doubtless do good in their way; but the tendency of all this grand display would be to drag Art down, to bring all to the level of the lowest tastes and idlest listeners, were it not counteracted quietly by those who labor in more private spheres to make the highest music loved for its own sake.

In music it is eminently true, that one hears the best in private circles. It is almost impossible that a great concert should be thoroughly pervaded by an artistic tone; the gold it gives you always must have some alloy; the programme must be made up, like a newspaper, for too many and too multifarious tastes; you are inspired by listening to a noble piece, and then are rudely disenchanted by something that is vulgar; or, if the music be all of the best, there will be something to disturb you in the audience, something unmusical in the mere glare and glitter and distractions of the "well-filled, fashionable house." Good things are possible in private, which could not otherwise be realized at all. And it is to be counted among the best signs of musical improvement in our community, that, whether the opera and concert managers drive a thrifty trade or not, there is much excellent music organized in private circles. We have frequently alluded to the Quartet and Quintet parties, by the Mendelssohn Quintet and other Clubs, in private houses, where audiences of thirty, fifty, it may be a hundred, all true listeners,—if not sympathetic, yet at least respectful,—come into closer contact with the inspirations of Beethoven, Mozart, Schubert, &c., than is often possible in concert rooms.

But we have been led into this train of remarks especially at this time by the occurrence of another of the private concerts (the fourth this season) of that fine amateur club of singers, who have for several winters been engaged in the practice of some of the choicest and least known choral compositions, with solos, by Bach, Mozart, Mendelssohn, Schubert, Schumann, Franz, &c., under the severely careful and instructive training of perhaps the most competent musician in the country for that work, Mr. OTTO DRESEL. This gentleman devotes himself heart and

soul, like a self-sacrificing artist, to the rendering of this one thing perfect in its way, (not that it is all he does, by any means), and his efforts are rewarded by the remarkable degree of unity, precision, delicacy and expression of the singing of this choir of twenty-five or thirty voices, and by the eagerness with which every opportunity to witness it is seized upon. Of course delighted listeners have wished that many more, that all the world in fact might hear it too, and get a new idea of what is truly excellent in music. But this in the nature of the case was impossible. The concert referred to, however, was almost an exception. It was a subscription concert given by the Club in compliment to Mr. Dresel, and the Chickering saloon was overflowing. The programme, of the same general character as those of former evenings when the club have invited their friends, was very rich and rare; to-wit:—

PART I.

1. Crucifixus from the Grand Mass by J. S. Bach.
2. Oratorio of Christus, Mendelssohn.
Recitative: Trio for male voices—"Say, where is he born, the King of Judea, for we have seen his star and are come to adore him."
Chorus: "There shall a Star from Jacob come forth and dash in pieces Princes and Nations," and *Chorale*.
Recitative: Chorus—"This man have we found perverting all the nation, and forbidding to render tribute to Cæsar."
Recitative: Chorus—"He stirreth up the Jews by teaching them."
Recitative: Chorus—"Away with Jesus, and give Barabbas to us."
Recitative: Chorus—"Crucify him."
Recitative: Chorus—"We have a sacred Law; guilty by that Law let him suffer."
Recitative: Chorus—"Daughters of Zion, weep for yourselves and your children."
3. Ave Verum. Mozart.
4. Chorus: "Come let us sing,"—"For the Lord is a mighty God,"—from 95th Psalm, Mendelssohn.
5. Morning Song, Robert Franz.

PART II.

6. Hymn (from Psalm 55.) for Soprano Solo and Chorus, Andante: "Hear my prayer," Mendelssohn.
Allegro: "The enemy cries!"
Finale: "O for the wings of a dove!"
7. Duet and Trio for Treble Voices, with Chorus, from "Athalie," Mendelssohn.
8. Two Choruses from "Armida," Gluck.
"Sougs of love in the grove sings the nightingale,"
"Great is the glory when laurels we gather."
9. Volkslied and Hunting Song, Mendelssohn.

That *Crucifixus*, from the great Mass by Bach, was the most tenderly, profoundly solemn music that we ever heard. The whole audience seemed breathless for some moments after the sounds had ceased. The voices rose and swelled and died away together, beautifully blended, in the successive waves of rich and mournful harmony. But we could not describe or analyze; music had done its perfect work; such strains are simply *felt*. This brief taste much increased the desire we have long felt to hear the Mass in B minor complete. The fragments left by Mendelssohn of his unfinished "Christus" were sung by the same choir, in the same place, a year or two ago. We thought then, and still think, that this third Oratorio, judging from the fragments, would have been the greatest of the three. At all events we have had nothing in this kind of music so intensely, thrillingly dramatic (leaving Bach's "Passion" music out of the account). The first fragment, consisting of the Trio of male voices (the three Magi), and chorus, is full of religious hope and wonder. The sympathetic, human tone of the narrative recitatives, by a tenor voice,

contrasted against the angry bits of choral responses: "Crucify, crucify," &c., and "We have a sacred law," &c., seemed almost too painfully tragic. But the mournful chorus: "Daughters of Zion, weep," &c., one of the most beautiful that Mendelssohn has written, commencing with soprani and alti alone, is like the sweet relief of tears. The rendering of the whole was faithful and effective, and greatly helped out by the conductor's piano-forte accompaniment.

Mozart's *Ave verum corpus* is a model of pure, simple, flowing, perfectly blended religious harmony, in which no one voice or part stands out before another; and we never heard a purer specimen of choir singing,—all so true and smooth and balanced, and as it were instinctively regardful of all points of light and shade. We print the music in this number, and commend it to the study of all choirs.

"Come, let us sing," by Mendelssohn, is a bright and quickening chorus, fully rendering the spirit of the words, whose cheerful call sounds out from one set of voices after another, till the harmony is complete. The "Morning Song," by Franz, is one of the six "Songs for Mixed Voices," to which we alluded a few weeks since as having been republished by Messrs. Ditson & Co. They should be known in every circle of part-singers, or "Glee Clubs."

"Hear my prayer" (soprano with chorus) will be recognized as the beautiful piece of music which we have been printing for the benefit of our subscribers, and which is concluded in this number. We only wish that all the musical societies and choirs, who take it up, could have heard it so admirably rendered as it was that evening. There was a soprano of a sweet, pure, sympathetic quality, for which the solo ("O for the wings of a dove!" &c.), might seem almost to have been written; the first choral responses (in unison) were prompt and decided; and the *pianissimo* of the choral accompaniment to the melody, growing softer and softer at the close, gave just the right idea of how it should be sung. The pieces from "Athalia," (music to Racine's tragedy), are of much the same character, a duet of soprani, and then a trio of soprani and alto, each with chorus; sung by voices admirably suited to the music. How refreshing (in these days of overstrained and morbid pathos, of Verdi and the like) were those spontaneous, natural, simple, yet inimitable strains from Gluck, with their quaint, antique accompaniment—the first a warbling of whole forests full of birds, the last a swelling, joyous song of victory! The two little part-songs, by Mendelssohn, the first grave, the other wild and full of life, one of his most imaginative and striking, were finely sung, of course without accompaniment.

Now we have not alluded to this interesting Concert to excite the envy of those who had

not the good fortune to be present. We simply point to it as an example, worthy to be imitated if not emulated; an example of what good things may be done by little social clubs of earnest music-lovers, who have voices, and some skill in reading music, by meeting in this way for practice of such sterling kinds of music, calling to their aid the most high-toned and competent professor they can find for teacher and conductor, and—for this is the condition absolute of all success—trusting him to the extent of letting him be perfect "autocrat" in the whole matter. Such circles will find good material for practice in the compositions we are publishing from week to week in this Journal. Let every member of a Club subscribe, and each will have a copy of a goodly number of such pieces in the course of the year.

From My Diary. No. 4.

April 27. — The Boston Quintet Club gave a concert at Framingham, last evening, which however, to my disappointment, I could not attend. The programme was excellent, made up from Mozart, Schubert, Haydn, &c. A Verdi trio was omitted and something else given instead. Two acquaintances who attended, speak in highest terms of the concert, and report that the audience, though small, was greatly interested in the music, and evidently appreciative and discriminating. One of my friends remarked "that the men played as if they loved their music!"

In looking back through the years during which the said Club has wrought in this field of chamber music, and comparing the state of things then and now, one sees that progress has been made. At first a small and rather variable audience gave the club its support in Boston. Now Chickering's room fills at their regular performances, and the club is called into many of the other cities and larger towns about. Wherever they go, they leave an abiding impression upon some minds that there is something in music above and beyond a mere tune or melody; they enlarge the ideas of those who hear them, and plant seed which will in time produce fruit. The musical public certainly owes a debt of gratitude to the men, who have with so much perseverance, labored on, often at sacrifice and under discouragement, devoting themselves to a conscientious study and performance of works often of great difficulty, when others would have met the wishes of an audience as well. In looking over the "annals" of the club one is surprised at the great variety and the almost invariably high character of their programmes; and it is only by such a review that one can form any adequate conception of the amount of laborious study which must have been devoted to this music, by men who at the same time had regular duties to perform as members of orchestras and as teachers.

Has the pecuniary reward been at all in proportion to the labor? Doubtful. The conviction forces itself upon the mind of any one who will look back, that nothing but a true love of Art—a really artistic spirit—could have kept this club so long together, and made it really one of our musical "institutions."

The announcement is a painful one, that he who has so long been at the head of the Quintette, and whose energy and perseverance must have been powerful elements in its success, leaves us for a residence where the position of the practical musician is other and better than here. But what has the musician here to look forward to? In other countries, where aid is not considered beneath the dignity of Government, and city authorities consider it their duty to use some of the funds, which, in America, are appropriated to fireworks, or the pockets of infa-

mous officials, for the support of good music, whoever can by his talents gain admittance into the orchestra, is sure of receiving an annual stipend and of having something secure, when his active days are over. Thus Leipzig, Cologne, Düsseldorf, Frankfurt, Mayence and other cities, not one of which has a hundred thousand inhabitants, each has its fine orchestra, its club for chamber music, its city music director, and guards all against want, without compelling them to overtask their brains, and when superannuated sending them to the almshouse. But here no such provision is made either by the public or by any private foundation; it is no cause of surprise then that the overtasked artist should gladly accept an offer of a position, which at the same time insures him a less laborious life and a more certain future. Wherever AUGUST FRIES goes, God speed him! There are many who will miss his form and face at the Orchestral and Quintette Concerts.

MUSIC IN THIS NUMBER. — The beautiful Hymn: "Hear my Prayer," by Mendelssohn, which has occupied the last four numbers of the Journal, ends to-day, two pages short of our music printer's first calculation. We find ourselves therefore obliged to fill the two remaining pages at short notice. Fortunately, our publishers' rich stock of plates affords us just the very piece we want, of just two pages, that *Ave verum*, by Mozart, above referred to in the notice of a private concert. It is a leaf from Mr. Werner's capital collection of Masses and shorter pieces for the choirs of Catholic Churches, called "The Memorare," and is a specimen of many good things that may be found there, useful not for Catholics alone. We do not, to be sure, like the cross-grained look occasioned by the shape of the page; but the leaf is easily severed from its mate, so that the Mendelssohn Hymn can be stitched together by itself, or kept to be bound up hereafter with other pieces of like character which we shall publish. The loose leaf containing the entire *Ave verum corpus*, will serve clubs and choirs for practice, and (better still) perhaps induce them to seek more such treasures in the "Memorare."

Reilstab, the German critic, tells us that this *Ave verum* was composed during Mozart's stay in Potsdam and Berlin, in 1789, and gives the following interesting particulars about its origin:

"Mozart was invited to dine with the father of our present oldest and most worthy piano-forte teacher, Türschmid, also known as the excellent hornist of the royal orchestra. The conversation turned upon church music, and its use in sustaining the services of the church, and Mozart spoke with great animation for its employment in the manner of the Catholic Church. He suddenly sprang up, called for music paper, and seated himself at a table to write; the conversation at once ceased, in order not to disturb him, but he called out good-naturedly in his Austrian dialect: "Talk away, that don't disturb me, only no one must sing or utter even a single tone." And so in the midst of the conversation, he wrote in an incredible short time that wonderful piece of music, which he handed to the company with the words: "There you have something that will suit your church!"

Musical Chit-Chat.

This is May Day! May it be a bright one. At all events it will be bright enough in the Music Hall; trust the Warren Street Chapel folks for that, who there hold festival, with flowers and dances, with music in the form of reed band, brass band, and orchestra by the newly re-organized Germania Band. . . . Our School Committee have under consideration an order establishing an annual musical festival of the elder children of the public schools. This measure, if carried out in the spirit which we know to be intended, will do much to lend unity of method and true value to what is called the musical department in our common school education. We shall have more to say of it in due time. . . . The Mozart Society, in Worcester, Mass., gave this week a "ten cent concert" in Mechanics' Hall.

We ask attention to the announcement of the music store of our neighbors, Messrs. RUSSELL & FULLER, the successors of the well known firm of Russell & Richardson. Mr. Nathan Richardson has been compelled by poor health to withdraw from the business, and is now in Smyrna. His interest has been purchased by Messrs. Russell & Fuller, who have abundant capital and knowledge of the business, and whose stock in trade includes that of Geo. P. Reed & Co., and of Richardson's "Exchange," with the additions of the late firm. We congratulate our friends on this arrangement, which places on a solid basis one of the most complete and tasteful music depots in the country. Their publications are very numerous, and generally models of good style. The store itself is an attractive place, truly a musical "Exchange," where artists and music-lovers will meet with every courteous attention, and doubtless find whatever they may want.

The New York Philharmonic Society gave its last Concert for the season on Saturday evening, when were performed Mendelssohn's "Scotch" Symphony, the overture to *Tannhäuser*, and an overture by Schumann. Miss ANNIE MILNER was the vocalist, and Mr. COOPER played a Concerto by Spohr. . . . The Misses HERON, of Philadelphia, have joined an Italian Opera troupe, of which Sig. Morelli is the impresario, and which is to give performances in Caracas, Rio Janeiro, and other parts of South America. Miss AGNES HERON is the soprano; Miss FANNY HERON, the contralto; Sig. GIANNONI, the tenor; MORELLI, the baritone; and ROCCO, the basso. . . . SALVI, the tenor, has become stage manager at Madrid.

The "musical man" of the Philadelphia *Evening Journal* wields a witty pen; witness the following very graphic bit-off of Manager Ullman's style of advertisements:

Suppose that Mr. Ullman is producing "William Tell." The "Amusements" column of this journal is entirely taken up with the announcement of the "colossal" event. Mr. Ullman assumes all sorts of attitudes towards the public. He prostrates himself before them. Tears are in his eyes, his lip quivers, and his whole frame is convulsed with sobs, as he refers to the pure and splendid character he has sustained in past time and asks to be informed whether he has done anything not to deserve their endorsement of his "William Tell" on this occasion.

He woos most tenderly. He represents himself to be devoured by respect and love for this discriminating Philadelphia public, and seductively presses his claims to a place in its affections. He pictures "William Tell." He paints, in sparkling and gorgeous hues, the music and action, and the apparel of the stage. He dwells upon Ronconi. He swells with pride as he points to the magnificent European fame of Ronconi's William Tell. He hints at the probable slovenliness and disrespect with which any other manager but Ullman would have produced Rossini's master-piece. He enumerates the gentlemen of the orchestra, the choristers, the costumers, the carpenters.

He makes his "William Tell" a matter of conscience and duty with the community. With a sublime burst of eloquence he closes his appeal, not, however, before he has depicted, in graphic and agitating terms, the perils of not procuring seats early, and laid down a strict code of laws for cabmen, policemen, and the city authorities generally.

Here is a chance for American composers; they do not shrink from anything; suppose they carry the war now into the enemy's own country,—compete with Italy on her own ground. We have a circular from the *Imperiale e Reale Accademia delle belle Arti* of Florence, offering prizes for the best production on a given subject in each of the Fine Arts: Painting, Sculpture, Architecture, Design, Engraving, and finally in Music. The subject for the latter is "the Canticle of Zacharia: *Benedictus Dominus Deus Israel*, for four voices, with full orchestral accompaniment. The style must be ecclesiastical, in the Sixth Tone, with responses in the different vocal or instrumental parts; it must close with a Fugue with two subjects on *Gloria Patri*, &c. The works must be sent in by the 15th of August.

According to the New York *Times*, "The poor fiddlers had a hard time of it on Saturday—almost twelve hours of constant sawing. At ten o'clock in the morning the final rehearsal of the Philharmonic society; and at three o'clock the Musard Matinée; at eight the concert of the Philharmonic Society. What an opportunity for the purveyor of lager beer," &c. Of the two Berlioz nights the same writer says: "Berlioz's Classical pieces were listened to attentively by five or six august audiences, and it was perhaps owing to the intensity of their veneration that they failed to applaud."

On Tuesday evening the American singer, Miss JULIANA MAY, was added to the attractions of the thirteenth Musard Concert. THALBERG and VIEUXTEMPS' engagement at the same will "positively close" this week. On Tuesday was a "Grand Beethoven night," when were performed the Fifth Symphony; the overtures *Namensfeier* and "King Stephen" (both wholly new in this country, with the exception that the last was once performed in Boston); the violin Concerto (by Vieuxtemps), and the Allegro of the E flat Concerto for piano (Thalberg); followed by promenading and Musard-ing. Under the auspices of the same great Ullman-Musard institution, too, the first Sacred Concert has been given, including Mozart's "Requiem," a Symphony, and smaller selections. Thursday evening was the first night of the Oratorio "Elijah," with FORMES, CARADORI, &c., and the N. Y. Harmonic Society. Meanwhile "in active preparation, the Washington Quadrilles, by 500 performers (!) and the Electric Telegraph Quadrilles:" in short a great deal of every thing.

The *Athenaeum* mentions the death of the sister of Mrs. HEMANS, Mrs. OWEN, who set to music (as Miss BROWN) many of the lyrics of the poetess. She was an accomplished woman and possessed a good deal of musical talent. . . . The *Courrier-Franco-Italien* states the astounding fact (which goes ringing through the newspapers in every land), that ROSSINI has just written a new melody, or *Nottuno*, for the violoncello, which he has presented to M. Servais, the famous solo-player. . . . The New York *Courier and Enquirer* (whose literary and Art criticisms are always well considered), in noticing with just praise the last number of the *Atlantic Monthly*, says: "If any one can point out in a similar English publication of the present day papers equal to those on Intellectual Character, and Beethoven's Childhood and Youth, and the Autocrat of the Breakfast Table's discursive dissertation on Old Age, we should be glad to avail ourselves of his superior knowledge." By the way, the writer on Beethoven desires us to point out some typographical errors, which crept in, owing to his absence: In what is said of B.'s teacher, Pfeiffer, "chorist" should be *Oboist*; and the chivalrous "ballad," which he is said to have composed, should be *ballet*.

The *Athenaeum* speaks of a couple of new operas founded upon English novels:

"Scott's 'Quentin Durward,' done into an opera book by MM. Cormon and Carré,—this set to music by M. Gavaert,—has been just produced at the *Opater Comique* of Paris with elaborate splendor; and with the advantage of such a consummate actor as M. Couderc in the principal character. But, so far as we can trust the *Gazette Musicale*, the drama is found too serious, and (which we can believe, recollecting former compositions by M. Gavaert) the music is "brought in guilty" of heaviness and want of style. We have never augured a better issue for an opera founded on a subject which, however romantic it be, is also grim in the quality of its principal figure. There is no making a *prima donna* out of a Mary Tudor,—no fitting a *Louis Onze* with music by any one less subtle than M. Meyerbeer. What shall we not see next set as an opera? 'Clarissa Harlowe,' we perceive, has been taken in hand for the Vienna Italian season by M. Perelli."

A circular has been sent round in London indicating some of the objects of a proposed new musical Society. It is therein proposed that the Society shall give during each year:

"1. Grand Orchestral Concerts of the highest class. 2. Chamber Concerts, Instrumental and Vocal, including Quartetts, Glee, Madrigals, &c. 3. Illustrated Lectures on subjects relating to the History and Art of Music. 4. We all propose to publish a Periodical, which shall contain Literary matter—Historical, Biographical, and Critical—in connexion with Music. 5. To hold *Conversazioni* of the Members, at which Papers on Musical subjects shall be read. 6. To have Trials of New Compositions, and to give Commissions to Composers."

"M. d'Ortigue's *feuilleton* on 'Don Bruschino,' (says the *Athenaeum*) gives us a new reading of Signor Rossini's indolence, worth adding to the treasury of odd stories and smart sayings to which the composer's life and works have given occasion. The fatal facility of Donizetti is well known,—and such an anecdote being in circulation (for those who believe it) as his having put on paper his best act,—the fourth act of 'La Favorita,'—in a single night. It may have been on this occasion,—at all events, it was in the case of his bringing some prodigious quantity of unexpected music to rehearsal at a few hours' notice,—that some one complimented the fluent *meas-tro* on the feat, and asked whether it was true that Signor Rossini had written 'Il Barbiere' in fourteen days. 'Thereabouts,' was Donizetti's reply, 'for you know he is so lazy.'"

Musical Correspondence.

PHILADELPHIA, APRIL 27.—"William Tell" drew three very fine audiences last week, and while all true connoisseurs recognized in its noble choruses, its admirably wrought concerted pieces, and the more than ordinarily elaborated orchestration, the grandest of our Italian Operas, Miss Flora McFlimsey and her white-kidded cavalier attendant vowed the *chef d'œuvre* of Rossini a "perfect drag," and sighed for the *Gran Dio* of Verdi.

Hereupon, the anxious *impresario* offered, for last night, the following immense combination:

1. The 4th act of *Trovatore*, with GAZZANIGA, BRIGNOLI, AMODIO, and our own (your own—pardon me!) ADELAIDE PHILLIPS, who, by the way, rapidly improves.
2. The 2nd act of *Puritani*, with LA GRANGE, RONCONI, and GASPARDONI.
3. The 3d act of *Traviata*, with GAZZANIGA, AMODIO, and BRIGNOLI.
4. The 3d act of *Maria di Rohan*, with LA GRANGE, RONCONI, and BOTTAEDI.

Certes, this was an immense propitiation to Miss Flora for the *faux pas* of having served up "Tell" three times for supper last week; and it filled the Opera House from parquet to dome. Not that alone, but it aroused a wild, *Havana* enthusiasm, during which the adored Gazzaniga especially received an ovation, the like of which was a sensation even to that *blasé* individual, "the oldest inhabitant." La Grange, too, encountered a spontaneous outburst of applause, which clearly evidenced to what an extent her finished style of vocalization is appreciated by all true lovers of music.

The Adonis of the Opera, Brignoli, drew down upon himself two thousand black lenses, for the ladies stare boldly, and sigh sentimentally, whenever he "goes on." As for Amodio, his welcome consisted in a genial round of applause, which meant something akin to the following: "We don't go wild about you, Fat Boy, but we appreciate you wialth." Ronconi's *Duc de Chevreuse* capped the climax to one of the most successful Opera representations ever offered to an American public, and sent the vast audience to their couches to dream of the most magnificent histrionic achievement of the lyric stage. Tomorrow night, (Wednesday,) this matchless doctor is to enjoy a benefit, for which he offers *Linda di Chamounir*, and the second act of *L'Elisire d'Amore*, with himself in the fine rôles of Antonio and Dr. Dulcamara; the latter being his first appearance here in a *buffo* character. Thereupon a new season, with the same artists, and additional novelties, is to be announced.

The performance last night numbered the 106th, since the opening of the Academy in February of 1857,—an average of two operas per week for the year. The N. Y. *Tribune* has noticed this fact in a most complimentary manner.

The Musical Fund Hall was the scene, last Tuesday evening, of a complimentary Concert, tendered to PHILIP ROHR, Editor of the "*Deutsche Musikalische Zeitung*," and leader of the "Musical Union." He was assisted by Messrs. FRAZER, THUNDER, RUDOLPHSEN, TAYLOR, Mrs. SHEPPARD, Miss FAAS, and others, who perseveringly struggled through a lengthy programme, despite a merciless storm, and an unremunerating audience.

SATTE is coming. At least there are an immense number of dull-red posters, gracing the brick walls and fences of the city, which bear in black letters, of considerable dimensions, the name of "Gustav Satter," and which are unquestionably the *avant couriers* of the pianist, whom some of his admirers beseech us to consider equal to Liszt; and as far superior to Thalberg as "Tell" is to "Traviata." *Nous verrons!* MANRICO.

NEW YORK, APRIL 19.—Our concerts seem to rise in quality as they decrease in number. MASON'S last Matinée, on Saturday, was an entertainment such as we rarely hear anywhere. The five names on the programme were taken from among the highest in Tone-Art. Beethoven, Handel, and Bach, represented different phases of the old school; Mendelssohn and Schumann its more modern development. The "Music of the Future" was left untouched. And various as was the character of the composers who bore these names, so unlike, too, were their works which were laid before us here. Each was a fair type of its creator. First came Beethoven's Quartet, op. 95, No. 11, generally considered, I believe, one of his less comprehensible ones. It was, however, so well interpreted by the excellence of its performance, that it belied its reputation on this occasion at least. The quick passages were played with a clearness and energy, and the slow, serious ones with a pathos, fullness, and depth of feeling, which made it difficult to believe that the performers were the same who "scratched" off this very piece in a most heart and ear rending manner two years ago. The same may be said, too, of Schumann's beautiful Quintet, in which Mr. Mason's uncommonly spirited and expressive playing was most worthily accompanied by the stringed instruments. The solemn, mournful march was particularly beautiful. The two remaining numbers of the programme were solos by Messrs. MASON and THOMAS. The former gave us a Fugue in E minor, by Handel,—the same, I think, which he played repeatedly just after his return from Europe, but now infinitely superior in its rendering—and a most characteristic *Rondo Capriccioso* by Mendelssohn—sparkling, fairy-like, and then again flowing on in lovely melody—a mixture of the "Midsummer Night's Dream" style and that of the Songs without Words. This was loudly *encored*, in answer to which demonstration the pianist gave us his pretty, rippling little "Silver Spring."

Decidedly the most wonderful performance of the concert was Mr. THOMAS'S playing of the celebrated *Chaconne*, by Bach. This young artist (and very young he is, although the stamp of genius matures his almost boyish face) bids fair to rise high in the musical world. His tone is pure and full, his command of his instrument very great, and his interpretation of the music he plays most faithful and artistic. The *Chaconne* is a strange composition, which must be heard often to be thoroughly appreciated; though even in first listening to it, you discover enough to wish to know it better. It is extremely difficult, and must be very fatiguing for the performer. It is intricate, and has no regular forms or themes to assist the memory; and yet young Thomas played the whole unflinchingly, without notes, and consequently with all the more freedom and abandon. His mechanism, too, gave proof of untiring industry in practice; but more than all, his evident enjoyment of what he was

playing, and his thorough entering into the spirit of the music, showed the true artist in him. His choice of pieces also betokens real Art-love and reverence: he never plays any but *good* music. Such men are and ought to be the Missionaries of Art in this country. Few of them visit it; but in proportion as their numbers increase, and they keep steadily on their path, without letting necessity, or flattery, or thirst for fame turn them from it, their own true creed will spread and gain influence. Will the day ever come when Humbug succumbs to true Art in our land! This was once a hopeless question, but of late years a faint light has begun to appear. True, it breaks but slowly, very slowly, and the rays of the rising sun are still dimmed and thickened by the clouds which they shall finally disperse; but there is at least hope of fair weather. Of these sun-rays Mason's concerts are among the most effective; and we owe him and his fellow-laborers a vast debt of gratitude for their winter's work. Every one of these quiet, unpretending concerts has brought us something new, and nothing but what was good; and though at first the little hall was but scantily filled, the end of the series found it so crowded that a large room will be needed in its place next winter, when we hope that the ground now broken, will be farther tilled.

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BROOKLYN, N. Y., APRIL 27.—Your compositor takes it upon himself to make nonsense out of one part of my last letter. For "time and money," it was printed "tissue and money."

Having made a good beginning by establishing a good and efficient "Philharmonic Society" in this "city of churches," we now propose to follow on with a "Harmonic Society," which is already organized and in working order. It is made up out of two small societies, one of which is the "Harmonic Society," a small vocal body, organized some two years ago, but which has never made much progress; and the other, a small band of twenty instrumental performers under Mr. CARL PROX. These two, united in one, under Mr. Prox as conductor, and styled the "Brooklyn Harmonic Society," propose to give two Concerts during the month of May, and the following are among the things to be performed:

Symphony in C, No. 1, Beethoven.
Overture "Magic Flute," Mozart.
Terzetto from "Titus," Mozart.
Easter Morn'ing, Chevalier Neukomm.
Cantata for Solo, Chorus and Orchestra.

In addition to the regular Orchestra belonging to the Society, some dozen instruments or more will be added from New York for these Concerts, and by the beginning of the next winter's season we shall have all we want as regular members of the Society.

LUTHER B. WYMAN, Esq., the President of the "Philharmonic," was unanimously elected President of this new society, and of course no better selection could have been made. Mr. Wyman is to Brooklyn in musical matters what your lamented CHICKERING was to Boston.

I regret exceedingly to learn that there is a feeling of jealousy on the part of the New York Philharmonic Society towards our Brooklyn Philharmonic, and a Resolution, I am told, is already pending before that Society to prevent the conductor or members of the N. Y. Society from taking any part in a similar Society out of New York. I do not believe such a resolution can pass, but if it does, depend upon it the New York Society will be the one most to suffer by it.

For the benefit of those who have taken any interest in the Brooklyn Congregational Singing discussion, I cut the following from Mason's *Musical Review and Gazette*: "At the Plymouth Church (Beecher's) we find congregational singing prevailing with an effect beyond the power of description."

BELLINI.

Special Notices.

DESCRIPTIVE LIST OF THE LATEST MUSIC, Published by O. Ditson & Co.

Vocal, with Piano Accompaniment.

- Fly away o'er the Deep. Quartet and Solo. *Thompson.* 25
This Quartet has a very fine effect when sung by well blended voices. It is followed by a plaintive Solo for Soprano or Tenor voice, after which the Quartet is repeated.
- You need na come courting o' me. *Wrighton.* 25
In happy imitation of the peculiar style of Scotland's little national songs.
- My Father's a Drunkard. Song. *E. F. C.* 25
Describing the evils of intemperance.
- The two Rivers. German and English words. *Franz Keiser.* 25
A well-sustained, pathetic melody.
- Rouse, Brothers, Rouse. *Russell.* 25
Stirring music to a poem, by *Charles Mackay*.
- The Reason Why. *Macfarren.* 25
Playful and pretty. A Song for the parlor.
- Tell me, ye Winged Winds. Song with invisible Chorus. *Thompson.* 30
This well-known poem has received a very effective musical treatment at the hands of this favorite Song writer.
- Under a Hedge. Song. *T. German Reed.* 25
For friends of the beauties of nature, and particularly the lovers of flowers.

Instrumental Music for Piano.

- The Dripping Well. Characteristic piece. *Gollmick.* 30
This piece, when neatly played, with a light, crisp touch, sounds quite charming. You see the little sparkling drops trickle down, now slow, and now faster, as if following some little caprice of their own.
- Polka, Mazurka Brillante. *F. Abt.* 40
It is very seldom that this Composer, whose proper calling seems to be the Field of Song, writes for the Piano. If he does, however, his cleverness and polished taste do not show to less advantage. This Polka Mazurka is fresh and sparkling, and should be a welcome addition to a Lady's Music Portfolio.
- Auld Lang Syne. Varied. *Charles Grobe.* 50
A very fine arrangement and variations, showing forth this familiar melody in all its simple beauty.
- Lucknow Quadrille, founded on popular Scotch airs. *T. Comer.* 30
It will be unnecessary to commend this Quadrille to any one who has seen the performance of "Jessie's Dream on the Fall of Lucknow." To others we will remark that Mr. Comer has collated the Gems of Caledonia and wrought them into a graceful Ballet, for the benefit of all lovers of dance music.
- Avonia Waltz. *J. W. Turner.* 25
- Speedwell March. *A. B.* 10
- Fair Star Waltz. *D'Albert.* 15
- Rockriver Waltz. *D. N. Hood.* 25
Dance Music, well adapted for its purpose.
- Le Jeune Artiste. *F. Beyer,* each 50
This is a collection of very brilliant Fantasias, composed expressly for far advanced pupils, whose hands cannot yet reach an Octave. Three numbers issued, viz.: No. 1 on "Lucia," No. 2 on a Favorite Tyrolean air, and No. 3 on a Melody in Bellini's "Romeo and Juliet." These are the only Compositions of this kind extant. Teachers, therefore, will do well to keep them in mind.
- The Fall of Delhi. Characteristic March. *Glover.* 25
Pretty March, with bits of Indian melody.
- Vaillancé. Polka militaire. Varied. *Charles Grobe.* 50
The beauty of this much admired Polka is but enhanced by this arrangement.

Books.

THE NEW GERMANIA. A collection of the most favorite Operatic Airs, Marches, Polkas, Waltzes, Quadrilles, and Melodies of the day. Arranged in an easy and familiar style for four, five, and six instruments. By *B. A. Burditt.* Price, \$1.25
A very desirable collection of instrumental music; one that the musical community have long required, and one for which the thousands of small hands and amateur clubs throughout the country will be very thankful. The Melodies are of that class which the great mass of the people, both as performers and listeners, at once adopt as their own and stamp as "favorites." They are very finely arranged, and, as the title indicates, in a style easy, familiar and acceptable to all. Mr. Burditt has been long and favorably known as the leader of one of the best Bands in this city, and as a composer and arranger of this class of music. His long experience has enabled him to determine correctly as to what was wanted in a collection of this kind, and how it was wanted; he has therefore acted understandingly in the preparation of this volume.

Dwight's Journal of Music.

WHOLE No. 318.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, MAY 8, 1858.

VOL. XIII. No. 6.

Schumann on Mendelssohn.

(Continued.)

OVERTURE TO THE LEGEND OF THE FAIR MELUSINA.

[First heard in the Leipzig Concerts in December, 1835.]

Nothing troubles many persons more, than the impossibility of deciding, which of the overtures of Mendelssohn is really the most beautiful, the best. Even about the earlier ones the question was difficult enough,—and now a fourth appears. Florestan therefore divides the parties into Midsummer-Night's-Dreamers (by far the strongest), Fingallers (not the weakest, especially in the other sex), and so on. That of the Melusinites may indeed be called the smallest, since at this time the overture has been heard nowhere in Germany, except in Leipzig; and England, where the Philharmonic Society first brought it out as their own property, could only be called in as a *corps du reserve*.

There are works of so fine a spiritual structure, that hearish criticism stands before them quite abashed and only offers compliments. This was the case with the "Midsummer-Night's-Dream" overture (at least I do not remember to have read any but poetical reviews of it); and it is now again the case with the overture to "The Fair Melusina."

We think that, to understand it, no one needs to read the long-spun, although very richly imaginative tale of Tieck, but at the most simply to know, that the charming Melusina was inflamed with violent love for the handsome knight Lusignan, and married him under the promise that he would leave her certain days in the year alone. One day it breaks upon Lusignan, that Melusina is a mermaid—half woman and half fish. The matter has been variously worked up, in words, as well as in tones. But one must not seek in this, any more than in the overture to Shakespeare's "Midsummer-Night's-Dream," to trace any such coarse historical thread.* True to his poetic manner of conceiving every subject, Mendelssohn here sketches only the characters of the husband and the wife, of the proud, knightly Lusignan and the enticing, self-surrendering Melusina; but it is as if the waves of the sea came over their embraces and overwhelmed and parted them again. And here may every listener perchance feel revived in him those pleasant images, with which the youthful fancy so delights to linger, those legends of a life deep down beneath the waves, full of shooting fishes with gold scales, full of pearls in open shells, full of buried treasures, which the sea has taken from man, full of emerald castles towering one above another, &c. This, it seems to us, is what distinguishes this overture from the earlier ones: that it as it were narrates these sort of things right on, quite in the manner of the legend, and does not itself live them. Hence at first sight, superficially regarded, it seems somewhat cold and dumb;

* A curious person once asked Mendelssohn, what the Overture to Melusina meant peculiarly. M. quickly answered: "Um—a mesalliance."

but how things live and weave there in the deep, admits of clearer expression through music, than through words; wherefore the overture (we must confess) is better, by far, than this description of it.

What we find to say of the musical composition, after twice hearing and a few occasional peeps into the score, limits itself to what is understood of course,—that it is written by one who is a master in the handling of form and of material. The whole begins and ends with a magical wave figure, which now and then emerges in the course of the piece, and which has the effect, before alluded to, as if one were suddenly transported from the battle place of violent human passions out into the vast, earth-embracing element of water, particularly from the point where it modulates from A flat through G to C. The rhythm of the knightly theme in F minor would gain in pride and consequence by a still slower tempo. Tenderly and caressingly still sounds to us the melody in A flat, behind which we descry the head of Melusina. Of single instrumental effects we still hear the beautiful B flat of the trumpet (near the beginning), which forms the seventh to the chord;—a tone out of the primeval time.

At first we supposed the overture written in six-eight measure, owing perhaps to the too quick tempo of the first performance, which took place without the presence of the composer. The six-four measure, which we then saw in the score, has, to be sure, a less impassioned and a more fantastic look, and keeps the player at all events more quiet; yet it always seems to us too broad, too extended. To many this perhaps seems insignificant; yet it rests upon a feeling not to be suppressed, which in this case I can only utter, but not prove its justice. Whether written so or so, the overture remains as it is.

OP. 33. THREE CAPRICCIOS.

It often seems as if this artist, whom chance already at his baptism called by the right name (Felix), broke certain bars, nay chords out of his "Midsummer-Night's-Dream," and expanded them and worked them up again into single works, somewhat as a painter works up his Madonna for all sorts of angels' heads. In that "Dream" for once the artist's dearest wishes flowed together to their goal: it is the result of his whole being—and how significant and beautiful it is, we all know.

Two of the above Caprices might belong to an earlier period; the middle one alone seems recent. The others, too, could have been written by other masters; but in this middle one stands upon every page as in great letters: F. M. B.; above all I love this one and hold it to be a Genius, which has secretly stolen upon the earth. Here is no straining and storming; no spectre haunts, and never a fairy teases; everywhere you tread upon firm ground, upon flowery, German ground; it is like a Walt's summer flight over the country, from Jean Paul. And though

I am almost convinced that no one can play this piece with such inimitable grace as the composer, and see some reason in the opinion of Eusebius, that "he (the composer) might with this music make the most loving maiden for some moments false," yet this transparent, shimmering vein, this opaline color, this finest play of features cannot be entirely suppressed by any one.

How different from this are the other Capriccios! They seem in no way related to the middle one. In the last especially there is a certain suppressed, speechless rage, which becomes tolerably subdued towards the end, but then breaks out again to heart's content. Why? who can tell! one is at times even wild, not about this or that, but as if he would like with "a most gentle fist" to dash right and left into the world in general, and dash himself out of existence, should this humor not be tolerated. The Caprice may affect others differently; this is the way that it affects me. But on the other hand we shall all agree about the first of the three, in the feeling of a gentler sadness, asking and receiving comfort from the music into which it plunges. More we reveal not; let the next look of the reader fly to the book itself.

Mass Music—New Mass by Gounod.

From the London Athenæum, (H. F. CHORLEY.)

Solemn Mass, for Soli, Chorus, Orchestra and Organ Obligato—[*Masse Solennelle, &c.*] By Charles Gounod. (Paris, Lebeau.) We are acquainted with no monograph on "The Mass" which treats the Roman Catholic Church Service as affording scope for the musician. Yet a more fertile subject could hardly be propounded:—even to a writer who avoided the traditional and canonical sides of the question, and who did not presume to decide how many genuflections at the altar—accompanied or not by certain voices in choir or orchestra—are (because they were) to be provided for, as matters of first and last importance. Such an essayist, supposing him neither Ambrosian nor Gregorian, would have to begin with a pausing pause at Palestrina, who by his "Missa Papæ Marcelli" replaced the school of church pedants, and who carried unaccompanied choral Service-music to a perfection which no successor has reached. Later must come an appreciation of the dilution or difference of style, in Roman Service-music, wrought by the permission of rhythmical melody, of individual display, and of orchestral admixture in the Church; or, to put it otherwise, by the admission there of operatic materials. The writer would presently arrive at the Claris, Colonnas, Erbas, and other writers in church vogue when Handel was in Italy. It would be impossible for him to pass such an example of out-lying divination or dramatic force as is displayed in the Roman Catholic music of Sebastian Bach—a composer who has been pronounced by the Separatists in their jargon as the Protestant writer of Service-music,—a Lutheran living in a far country,—within the limits of a homelier (not narrower) creed,—beyond the spells of Italian vocal seduction; and yet who was capable of producing the loftiest contemporary work of its class. Such is Bach's mass in B minor. Parts of this "Credo" could not be exceeded, though in other passages of this Confession of Roman Catholic faith, it is curious to observe how the Protestant writer availed himself of modern Romish example to produce merely

sweet sounds and delicious melodies, without any relation to the text, save such as could be established by a herald discussing a *canting* motto. An apologist of this order might possibly, by stretch of ingenuity, defend Sebastian's setting of the "*et unam sanctam et apostolicam ecclesiam*," to the pastoral melody with which it is mated; but by no one less far-fetched could the mood of the musician, as interpreting a text, be defended. Nevertheless, allowing for these specks, aberrations, puerilities, as may be, this Mass by old Protestant Bach towers among other Roman Catholic orchestral Masses written during the first half of the eighteenth century. Nor can we recall any specimen by Italian writer of corresponding or later date, which so notably stands its ground. Tuneable and gracious Motets and Sacred Songs have been given out in plenty—fragments as admirable as Pergolesi's well-known "Gloria" (the *Gloria of Glorius* for Christmas time, in right of its cheerful and pastoral beauty); but a single Southern grand Mass of the period (except in the form of a *Requiem*), which lives, does not occur to us.

The first name among the newer people who conciliated instrumental and choral writing, with something like an equal balance, written in the Mass-books, to be remembered, is that of Haydn: whose Catholic Service-music, taken as a whole, rises higher in strain than Mozart's. It is true that at times Haydn gave way to his cheerfulness of temper more than befits the text, that some of his "*Kyries*" are anything but supplicatory,—that more than one "*Benedictus*" by him could be cited in a tone approaching hilarity,—yet there is hardly one Service in which the consummate melodist and man of science does not rise in some one movement or phrase to the height of the words; and Haydn's third or "Imperial Mass," as it is called, has a glow and a charm which, in spite of our severer judgment, are irresistible. With Haydn's Masses, those by Mozart are generally coupled, though somewhat unfairly—because to the disadvantage of the more modern and greater composer. Setting aside his "*Requiem*" and his "*Ave Verum*" (that hymn of hymns most exquisite), in no place does Mozart seem to us to have been so little present to himself, so little master of his art, as he was in the Catholic church. He could not write what was otherwise than melodious. He had at his fingers' ends—as a plaything—all the science and tradition which his predecessors had accumulated;—but whether his compelled service in the family of the Prince Archbishop had given him a distaste for the Church, or whether his predilections propelled him towards the stage, let others say—certain it is, that his Masses are (for Mozart) theatrical, mundane, slight, inexpressive,—ranking low—the stature of their writer considered, and without question inferior to productions for the same purposes by Hummel, Cherubini, and Beethoven.

The masses of the last two composers claim a few words. The first are admirable in the balance of power which they exhibit—sedate, superb, stately: often expressive, without any sacrifice of voices to orchestra or of orchestra to voices. The very dryness—to repeat an epithet employed by us before—which characterizes Cherubini, in part ascribable perhaps to the influences of German study and French residence over not the most genial of Italian natures,—gives to his Masses that certain dignity which belongs to the utterances of those who are reserved and chary of displaying emotion. He is often august,—seldom warm,—more rarely still tender. No science is obtruded, but we feel that science has been there. The brain of understanding, as well as the heart of love, are in his prayer and in his praise. With reference to more technical considerations, it may be remarked that the peculiar richness of Cherubini's orchestral arrangements eminently fitted him to write full Services for the Church. Sustained and complete fullness like his, without heaviness (such as may be found in the full writing of Dr. Spohr)—his brilliancy, without strident acuteness (such as wears out the ear in the music of Dr. Marschner, Lindpaintner, and certain French composers)—eminently fitted Cherubini for any Temple in which the pomp should not oppress nor the glory pierce too keenly. We

have elsewhere spoken of the transcendent solemnity of his Funeral Mass. On former occasions, too, we have endeavored to range aright the two Catholic Services left us by Beethoven—the last, however, a Service of which no use could possibly be made. Among all existing Masses, Beethoven's first, in C, ranks perhaps the highest: for the manner in which it is sustained throughout, for its nobility of design, and for its completeness of execution. Yet, it is the work of Beethoven which has found the fewest commentators. M. Berlioz, with true French *insouciance*, dismisses it as a sort of *pasticcio*, into which music written for other uses had been unwrought. MM. Lenz and Oulibicheff are too violently partizan on the gold and the pewter sides of the shield, respectively, to have troubled themselves to analyze a whole which gives no space for dithyrambics concerning "styles,"—nor outlet for that mystical jargon to which the mathematical rejoinder is commonplace sarcasm. This Mass in C seems to have crept forth from Beethoven's desk, little thought of, little prized,—no object of its maker's own rhapsodies nor of the study of his pupils,—to have been made, in short, with less consciousness than distinguished Beethoven generally when he was making any work of importance. Is it for this very reason that it is one of Beethoven's highest works? that the strain which is observable in all his later productions is nowhere to be recognized? It would be useless to speculate how far the self-effacement enjoined by Catholicism,—how far the indifference of a stubborn man of genius (who could only conform when he was indifferent) have contributed to the natural beauty and the devotional propriety of this work. This Mass remains, and its fame, we fancy, may grow—when time shall have swept away the haze, and the cobweb, and the false light, which in days of the early present are sure to gather round the memory of the dead.

Though the matter for remark seems to grow under the eye, while we are offering remarks,—we must restrain ourselves simply to point out, that, besides the pure Italian, and Italian-German, and pure German school of Mass writers, there has been, ever since the days when pilgrimages to Val de Grace were made, a school of French Catholic Church composers, distinct and national. Let us name but two recent writers—Gossec and Lesueur:—the one dry and scholastic; the other, grand, dull, and a little sickly, but both as far from Italy or Germany as are the Churches of Saint-Eustache or Saint-Sulpice from the Cathedrals of Cologne and Bamberg, Magdeburg, Ratisbon, or from the sacred buildings of Venice, Ravenna, Pisa, or Rome.

The above slight outlines could be doubled in number, and filled up by any amount of examples required. From such mere indications, as they offer, however, it will be gathered that "The Mass" has been considered susceptible of every variety of musical treatment, in spite of the attempt from time to time to establish certain forms as final and canonical. Man's genius will have its play when it is laid on the altar—let the purists and disciplinarians say what they will, concerning chosen herbs as orthodox, or elect chords as not to be transgressed without overleaping the boundaries which separate sanctity from propriety. Michael Angelo will have his Church of Santa Maria degli Angeli, as well as Erwin von Steinbach his Strasburg spire. So, to come to our point, this French Mass, with its novelties, is religious music of the loftiest tone; though its author follows in the wake of none of the great composers; and though, therefore, he must abide to be ill spoken of, for awhile, by those who can only endure certain works, or certain authors, or a certain period: who can pray under the dome of St. Mark's, but not beneath the dome of St. Peter's; who can sigh in unison to the "*Lachrymosa*" of Mozart's "*Requiem*," while they are shocked past consolation by the opening of Rossini's "*Stabat*." A solemnly devout spirit breathes through this Mass, but the "conventionalities" have not trammelled M. Gounod. He appears to have treated the text of the Service at once spiritually and scenically, (and that the rite, when performed on a grand scale, is scenic, none will

deny). While there is not a bar from first to last which can be complained of as secular in its excitements and associations, a taste for what is ornate and picturesque is present everywhere, pointing out the scene of the Mass to be some vast temple, and its occupation one of those grand festivals when praise rather than prayer is the mood of the hour. The work is grand in design, simple in detail, rich in color, exquisite in finish, always pompous, never severe; neither Italian nor German in its tone and style, but as French as the Gothic of La Sainte Chapelle, or as the pulpit eloquence of Massillon, or as the finest cloister-picture by Philippe de Champagne; a new national hymn, in short, to be laid together with those of Palestrina, Mozart, Cherubini, and Beethoven.

Let us specify the peculiarities which mark the country of this Mass. The *solis* are a *trio* of voices, not a quartet; our neighbors, till the other day, having hardly possessed such a commodity as an *alto* voice (their "*haut-contre*" in no respect representing this). The harp is a necessity in the score; the bassoons are in quartet, not in duet, as with us. For the disregard of an uniform tonality in all the movements, precedent may be offered in Mozart's and Beethoven's Masses. On the other hand, M. Gounod's administration of the organ is masterly; the vocal parts are written in that part of everybody's voice where everybody sings best—and the instrumentation is ingenious without being super-refined. The "*Gloria*" contains the greatest innovation, though the conception of what may be called a celestial treatment of the words was anticipated in "*The Messiah*." M. Gounod opens this division of his Hymn with a single *soprano* voice, supported by a chorus, breathing, not uttering words, and these aided by a *tremolando* of violins, a few harp-chords, and a delicate wind instrument or two; reserving the full burst of jubilation for the phrase "*Laudamus te*." The subsequent passage for the *solis*, "*Domine Deus*," is both powerful and elegant. In the "*Credo*," by way, it may be presumed, of giving an effect of recitation, the principal clauses are given out in large unisonal phrases—M. Gounod having thrown the weight of his contrapuntal science into the orchestra, which at once diversifies and supports the *cantilena* of the voices, by a phrase not less muscular but more rapid in motion and susceptible of being heightened and enriched at every return of the theme. The effect of climax thus obtained is singularly vigorous and legitimate. Very ample, serene and lofty is the close, in which the movement finishes on the words, "*Et vitam venturi seculi*," where the aerial commencement of the *Gloria* is reproduced with an intense depth of glory added to its luminous coloring. Another novelty in the "*Credo*" to be signalized, is the manner in which the verse "*Et Incarnatus*" is set—to be breathed *pianissimo* almost without accompaniment, a few chromatic progressions adding a tone of mystery and awe to the recitation. The usual practice has been to treat this verse with great intricacy; but we are here shown how the desired result may be obtained by a totally opposite mode of procedure.

The "*Credo*" is followed by a short, instrumental *offertorium* in A flat; felicitous as a specimen of melody and harmony, drawn out by that thorough use of the powers of the stringed quartet, to which imperfectly taught musicians can never attain. Then succeed the "*Sanctus*" and "*Benedictus*," which have been already heard in London. The former, to our thinking, contains one of the noblest *solos* for a tenor voice in the library of religious music. There has been some change in the instrumentation of both movements. After this comes a rich and flowing "*Agnus Dei*,"—lastly, the "*Dominum salvum fac*," (to bring home the Mass to the key of G, in which it began), which is as ingeniously presented for the army and the people, with obstinate intrusions of characteristic instrumentation, as though M. Meyerbeer had done it. The best of such settings is a mere *tour de force*, and one, under any circumstances, which appears more difficult of accomplishment than it is.

In conclusion, we commend M. Gounod's "Mass" to the care of all who in music have open minds

For Dwight's Journal of Music.

Awful Announcement.

A Gigantic Musical Festival, on a scale of unprecedented pretentiousness, and unmitigated impudence, will be given in this village on Wednesday evening, the 32d instant, under the entire direction, and sole Conductorship of Major General, Brigadier Lieutenant Colonel, the Captain Dooemall, Esq., standing Professor of rafts, steamboats, law, music and Brass, and the Managing Committee being fully sensible of the fact, "that it is better to perform good music badly, than not at all," have secured for this purpose, at an "Awful Sacrifice," with the most reckless prodigality, and without the slightest regard to either cost, or propriety, the following Imminent Talent: Professor English, with a name, and a reputation. Dingleby Dabbler, Esq.; Wilful Dauntless, Esq.; A. Barytone, Esq.

Low Doubledee, Esq.; Primo Subbasso; Profondo Orphicleido (positively his first appearance).

The Managing Committee having made extensive and costly arrangements for the speedy issuing of the Programmes, most respectfully announce that they will be in readiness for delivery at our Music Shop, on Wednesday morning the 32d instant, (only) between the hours of 12, and 10 minutes past, and at that time the Clergy, heads of Families, and Family circles will be taken in, but no paper money, on any consideration.

Among the experiments announced in the Programme, are the following:

Mr. Dauntless will attempt the performance of a difficult Song, and be frustrated on the Piano-forte by Mr. Dabbler.

Mr. Barytone will practice (to no purpose) a very difficult Recitative and Air, accompanied by circumstances beyond his control—Circumstances, Mr. Dabbler.

IMMENSE ATTRACTION.

In order to test the acoustic properties of the Hall, Mr. Doubledee has consented to sing his celebrated variations, on the well known air "Oft in the Stilly Night," accompanied by the boys outside, and at the conclusion he will slowly go down to the double B flat, and after holding it with a gradual crescendo for eighteen bars, he will sit down. N. B.—If this piece should be redemanded by the audience, Mr. Doubledee will sing "Deeper and Deeper Still."

The appearance of the last English Pianist in his world-renowned Phantasmagoria, entitled "Gemon-tioskiontigon," (for the 9386th time,) introducing such a wonderful imitation of the Drum and Fife, that the audience will collectively march out of the Hall. N. B. A silver cup of the value of \$50, will be given to any person remaining in the Hall at the close of this performance. No words can adequately convey the slightest conception of the enormous and frightful difficulties contained in the "Gemon-tioskiontigon," but the audience will find that Professor English will meet, and vanquish them with an ease which staggers credulity, bewilders the imagination, and baffles description.

N. B.—No one should fail to be present at this performance, "whose wish it is to promote the general welfare of the Arts and Sciences in their purity."

Professor English has kindly consented to teach the Drum and Fife business, to a very limited number of pupils. Terms, \$1.00 for thirty lessons, payment invariably in advance. Parsons, Lawyers, Farmers, and Tinkers, traded with, but most positively no paper money taken.

The following striking notices are extracted from newspapers, books, and other sources, proving beyond the shadow of a doubt, that He is no ordinary musician:

"He is the greatest Pianist of modern times."—*London Court Journal.*

"Everywhere shines conspicuously his comprehensive knowledge of all the secrets of great piano-forte

playing, his execution is prodigious, his style faultless, and his compositions marvels of high classical art."—*London Times.*

"In the performance of compositions embracing every known difficulty he is without a rival, and in the bringing out of the Canto fermo, with the prodigious thunder of both wrists, the auditor staggers into the belief of impossibilities."—*Berlin Musical World.*

Who would dare to question such an authority as this?

"He is a most a splendid Organist."—*Greenland Courier.*

The Managing Committee have the honor to inform the musical public, that they are in treaty with the Messrs. Broadwoods of Boston, for the extensive use of FOUR of their incomparable Piano-fortes, each of them containing a high pressure Sheriff's attachment. These instruments will contain the double patented, grand diagonal sided, top and bottom inverted repeating action, with magnificently rounded scales, and heavily embossed strings, inlaid with the richest mother of pearl, ivory, and sandal wood. Roman arch rest brace, patent Corrugated Treble, Alto, Tenor, and Bass sounding boards (warranted unfathomable) double side nuts, round cornered all over, with five square toed, bow legs, carved late in the autumn, including a patent double inverted cast iron Suspension Bridge, with side lights back and front and thoroughly macadamized in all directions with the most expensive, and richest variety of the choicest metals.

At the conclusion of the Concert, these Piano-fortes will be offered at private sale. Each of them cost \$500, reduced price \$75.00. No paper money taken, on any consideration.

An intermission of two hours between the First and Second parts, during which "The New Band," (consisting of nine distinct Amateurs) will practice an endless variety of new and difficult music.

Special Notice—The Managing Committee having learned from a local newspaper, that the surrounding towns abound with musical talent, they have determined to enter into immediate negotiations for the engagement of 250 of these unknown Professors and Artists, with the intention of bringing before the public, (and without any previous rehearsal,) the following Classical Works:

Bach's "Passion" music.

Joe Hinks's Anthem—"My friends, I am going a long and tedious journey."

Handel's (Dettingen Te Deum).

A selection of twenty-eight tunes from the "Pious Triangle," a new work for Choirs, Congregations and Family Circles, price \$5.00 per dozen.

Beethoven's (Grand Mass in D).

The whole to conclude with Ebenezer Psalm-Smither's arrangement of the Old Hundred Psalm Tune, led off by Consider Meekins, and joined in by the audience "With one consent."

The Last Years of Robert Schumann.

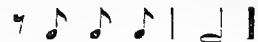
From the Biography of Wastielewsky.

The symptoms of disease which had shown themselves already in the year 1852, were augmented by additional ones in 1853. Especially was it the so-called moving of the tables which put Schumann in real ecstasies, and in the full sense of the word, moved his senses.* He wrote about it to Ferdinand Hiller, April 25th, 1853:

"Yesterday, for the first time, we have been moving tables. A strange power! Imagine: I asked him, how the rhythm was of the two first measures of the Symphony in C minor, (Beethoven's?) He hesi-

* When I visited him in May, 1853, I found him lying on the sofa, reading a book. Asking him what it was, he answered with emphasis: "Don't you know about the spiritual manifestations?" "Well, well," I said, smilingly. But then his eyes, usually half-closed, became large and ghastly, and with a mysterious expression he almost whispered, in a slow manner: "The tables know every thing." When I saw this fearful seriousness, I acquiesced in his strange opinion. Then he called in his second daughter, and commenced to experiment with her, upon a small table. The whole scene frightened me very much.—*Author of the Biography.*

tated with the answer longer than usual; but at last he began:



but first a little slowly. But when I told him that the tempo was quicker, he hastened to heat the right time. I also asked him whether he could tell me the number of which I thought? He said, quite right, "Three!" All of us were filled with astonishment." And also, under April 29th: "We have repeated our experiments; nothing but wonders!"

At this time he suffered also occasionally from delusions of hearing, by saying that he heard a certain tone, which in reality nobody but he could hear. One of his acquaintances meeting him in a public place one night, at Dusseldorf, saw him putting down the newspaper, exclaiming: "I cannot read any longer; I hear continually, A." However, as these symptoms went off again, no particular notice was taken of them.

That Schumann suffered constantly, may be seen from a letter he wrote in July, 1853, in which he said: "I have not got back my full strength, and have to avoid all greater works of a fatiguing character." It was for this reason that he could only partly share the conducting the musical festival at Dusseldorf, 1853, by leading only the first concert (in which he had once more a decided triumph with his Symphony in D minor) and two numbers on the third day.

The end of the year 1853 brought for Schumann two events of joy, the last he had in his life. The first refers to his acquaintance with Johannes Brahms, whom he introduced in the columns of his former newspaper, *Neue Zeitschrift für Musik*, as the musical Messiah of the coming age; and the second was his journey with his wife through Holland, which, according to all the statements in the papers, as well as of eye-witnesses, was like a "triumphal procession."

At the end of December, Schumann returned from this journey to Dusseldorf, 1853, where that fearful event soon happened which took him forever away from the world and from Art. With exception of a short excursion to Hanover, Schumann lived very retired in the months of January and February, 1854, the last time which he spent with his family. Besides the inditing of the *Gesammelte Schriften*, which he prepared for publication, he occupied himself with a literary work which he called, "Garden of Poets." The leading idea was to collect every thing which had been said by the principal poets of all ages about music. He had contemplated this work in former years, and for this purpose also collected the sayings of Jean Paul and Shakspeare. He was about to continue the work with regard to the Bible, and the Greek and Latin classics, when the old symptoms of his disease appeared with renewed vehemence, and rose to such a height as to darken his intellect forever.

First the old delusions of hearing came back. Schumann thought a tone was pursuing him constantly, and which developed itself by and by into harmonies and entire compositions. At last he heard also voices of spirits, which spoke to him sometimes mildly, occasionally in a tone of reproach, and which during the last fortnight of his stay at Dusseldorf took every night's rest from him. One night he suddenly left his bed, and asked for a light, saying that Schubert and Mendelssohn had sent him a theme, which he had to write down immediately; which he did, in spite of all the remonstrances of his wife. Upon this theme he even composed five variations for piano-forte, during his last sickness. Then suddenly he wanted to go to a medical asylum, to be entirely with a doctor; for "I can not get cured at home," he said, with full conviction. In such a moment he ordered a carriage, arranged his papers, his compositions, and made himself ready to leave. He saw quite clearly what was the matter with him; and especially when he felt approaching scenes of excitement, he begged to stay away from them.

His wife tried constantly to draw away his mind from the phantoms of his imagination; but as soon as she succeeded to do so with one, another made its appearance. He also repeatedly exclaimed that he was a sinner, and did not deserve the love of the people. And so it went on until at last the anguish of his soul drove him to despair.

It was February 27th, 1854, when about noon Schumann received the visit of his doctor, Mr. Hasenclever, and his brother artist, Albert Dietrich. They sat down together. During the conversation Schumann left the room without saying a word. They thought he would return; but when a long time had elapsed, his wife went to look for him. He could not be found in the house. The friends hurried into the street to find him—in vain. He had quietly, without his hat, gone to the bridge of the Rhine, and tried, through a plunge into the river, to free himself from his life of torment. Some boatmen present rowed

after him, and took him out of the water. They said afterwards, that Schumann begged them earnestly to let him die, and that he made a second trial to plunge into the water. His life was saved, but what a life! Passers-by recognized the master, and took care of his removal to his home. His wife, herself greatly suffering, was fortunately prevented from seeing him. A second medical attendant was called, for his case became so dangerous that he had to be constantly watched.

Then at last he was removed near Bonn, to the care of Dr. Richarz, at Enderick. Here he staid until the latter part of July, 1856. During this time he received, with the consent of his doctor, the visits of Bettina, Arnim, Joachim, and Brahms, which, however, had to be avoided at last, because they were always followed by a state of great excitement. With his wife he was for some time in correspondence; she did not see him except just before his death, which was about four o'clock in the afternoon of July 29th, 1856.—*N. Y. Musical Review.*

From My Diary. No. 5.

April 28.—A typographical error in the notice of the Concert at Holliston, makes me say, speaking of the choir there, that no number of *their* voices can make a full, round volume of tone. *Thin*—thin voices—gentlemen;—it was the statement of a general fact, not a special "cut."

The trouble is—and it is one which I notice almost everywhere, and which is the result of the style of tunes now in vogue—that most of our choirs sing in a sort of a sentimental, nasal, half-whining manner, as if they could not sustain a note above B or C.—Whereas they should sing solid chorals and slow flowing melodies, which of themselves would bring out the voice. The same person who calls her companion an eighth of a mile away across the fields in firm, full tone upon E or F, will just hint at a note on D in the thinnest, flimsiest voice imaginable, when she undertakes to sing.

Let her get some chorals by Bach and practice them, and learn to hold a long breath, and sing with force and vigor.

April 30.—I cut the following from the Report of the School Committee of the town of Holliston, in this State: Messrs. O. B. Bullard, S. G. Burnap, and A. N. Miller.

Music in the School-room.—Nearly every teacher employed the past year had some knowledge of music, and introduced singing into the school-room. This is a healthy exercise for youth, and where proper attention is given to the mode of practice, tends to improve the voice for reading and speaking. This should be a general exercise for all the scholars who wish to join in it, and not as in some instances we noticed, where a few of the best singers only were selected out to do all the singing. We noticed that teachers frequently selected music for their pupils which was too difficult, and beyond the capacity of the majority to learn. But the worst evil connected with the singing in our schools, for a few years past, has been the formation of a corrupt taste in the pupils, by introducing negro-melodies and hackneyed street songs, and permitting every music-book agent who comes along, to peddle his trash in the school-room. The effect of learning such music in the school-room, is to destroy the pupils' taste for music as a science. And we find that in proportion to the number, there are fewer youth who now acquire, or have any desire to acquire, a knowledge of the elements of music, than there were five or ten years since. Music should be taught in our public schools as a science, and not used wholly as an amusement for the scholars. Every grammar and district school-room should be furnished with a music blackboard; that the teacher may have an opportunity whenever time will permit, of introducing general elementary exercises, which would be valuable to the pupils as a discipline of the mind. If no other object was sought. We would suggest to the next school committee, that they prescribe the singing books to be used, in their list of text-books. Among the teachers who have been the more successful and judicious in teaching their pupils to sing during the past year, we would name the teacher of the Primary School No. 4, and the teacher of the Intermediate School No. 8. In these schools nearly every scholar learned to sing.

This appears to me to contain sound doctrine and gives one a very favorable impression of the gentlemen who compose the committee.

Whether music should be taught as a "science" exactly, in common schools, I am not prepared to say; but that every pupil, whose ears are not defective to sounds, as some eyes are to colors, should before reaching the age of twelve years be able to read common tunes as easily as the words set to them, I have long been convinced. The mere reading of simple music is as easy a thing as to learn the reading of articulate speech. Let some half a dozen things be firmly fixed in the memory—the letters of the staff,

the use of the clefs and signatures, and the comparative duration of notes and rests—which might certainly be effected with far less labor than the four simple rules of arithmetic, and then nothing but practice even under ordinary teachers is necessary, to enable the pupil to go on without let or hindrance as far as his opportunities and capacity allow. But unluckily I generally find that just these things are neglected, and the time of teacher and pupil is taken up in learning songs and feeble choruses by rote, to sing at the school examination. Why not omit the cardinal rules of arithmetic, and teach the pupils a set of problems by rote, in proportion, interest, and fractions, to show off upon, before the school committee?

What great difficulty hinders any teacher from drawing eleven parallel lines upon the blackboard, and having the pupils learn to distinguish lines and spaces by the letters of the alphabet? The lowest one shall be G, and of course the highest will be F. Would it be a difficult thing then for the teacher to make the pupil comprehend that, when music is written upon the lower five lines and spaces, it is for deep men's voices, and then these lines are designated by the F, or bass cleff, and when upon the upper five, that they are distinguished by the G cleff, and the music is for high voices?

Under every system of instruction lies the practice of the scales as the chief corner stone. Now, what difficulty is there in showing the pupil that so far as his singing of simple tunes is concerned, the signatures at the beginning of them are mere indications of pitch, and are used to tell him upon what letter is the *One* or *Do*, of the scale? Let the list of signatures be learned by him as he would learn a lesson in punctuation, grammar or arithmetic. It is a good exercise of the memory. And now for aught I can see, you can begin with regular practice in singing simple tunes of equal rhythm. Were I a teacher, while I should not neglect the regular processes of the musical gospel according to Pestalozzi, I should certainly have a lesson at regular intervals in the "old fashioned way of teaching" just indicated!

April 30.—What is the use of printing the results of long-continued studies and researches? Of trying to correct errors in history, especially in such small matters as questions relating to Art?

For instance, the authorship of the celebrated tune which we call "Old Hundred," has been a mooted question since Hawkins and Burney wrote, but all trustworthy authorities agree that it was in print as early as 1561–2. It has been the subject of discussion in the Harmonicon, and other musical periodicals, until recently many articles have appeared upon it in the London Notes and Queries. Rev. Mr. Havergal has written a history of it which has reached the second edition, and he shows it to have been in print as early as 1660. I have in two or three communications to Dwight's Journal of Music stated that I have seen the tune in a psalter of 1559, and more recently an Englishman announces (see Dwight's Journal a few months since) that he has it in one of 1556. Yet, after all this, the Boston Journal of this morning gravely gives us this item:

"A correspondent of the Athenæum thinks he has at last found the author of 'Old Hundred.' This has been a vexed question for years. He claims the authorship for one J. Dowland or Howland, who was born in 1562, and died in 1615."

All Dowland did was to harmonize it for Ravenscroft, when the tune had already been in use half a century.

May 3.—A friend has handed me a slip from the Boston Journal, containing a notice of a monument recently erected in Mount Auburn Cemetery, to Miss E. W. Bruce, of Cambridgeport, who was placed there last autumn. The following description is copied from it:

The monument consists of a plinth, base, die and cap, the whole forming a small Grecian Temple, about five feet in height, and of pure classic form. In front of the die is a deep niche, in which is inserted a tablet of statuary marble; on this tablet is sculptured, in bas relief, a figure symbolizing the Genius of Music playing on the lyre, with the face turned heavenward as if in the act of devotion. A mass of drapery falls in rich and graceful folds over it. It is a thing of great beauty of soul rather than of sense, and forms the principal object of the monument.

Miss Bruce was one of the rarest instances of highly refined taste, and great artistic culture, gained with no more advantages than are within the reach of us all here at home, that I have known. The instinctive love of the beautiful was in her case very strong, and gave her an unerring perception of the true, whether in painting, sculpture, literature or music. Her studies, however, were devoted to the last, and though it was adopted as a profession, and each day brought its wearying round of the teacher's duties, her interest and delight in the divine art never flagged. Beethoven, Mozart, Mendelssohn, Chopin,—their works were her delight and constant study—her standards of comparison; and yet she was so catholic in taste, that whatever was good of its kind, the simplest song, or the most profound orchestral work, found in her ready appreciation, and just acknowledgement of its merit. Her facility in reading music at sight was very uncommon, and during the years that I knew her, I never saw her at fault but once, and that was—of all things in the world—upon an arrangement of Handel's overture to the "Messiah."

It was an old arrangement of the last century, and so very much opposed to the present style, that, to her infinite amusement, she was forced to stop after a few bars, to study out the means of reproducing with her skilful fingers, the thin looking score before her. In a moment she caught the secret and henceforth there was no difficulty.

No member of the musical association, to which for several years she belonged, will ever forget the perfect ease with which she played our accompaniments, or how much her steadiness in the time and rhythm conduced to our success in the cantatas, choruses, and other music, which was studied.

But she began young, studied with judicious teachers, and laid a solid foundation, so that afterwards every step was forward. She had nothing to unlearn. While acquiring and perfecting her technical knowledge of the piano-forte, she at the same time neglected no opportunity to add to her knowledge of musical literature; to gain higher and broader views of the art; to penetrate into the very heart of music. I had the pleasure of first calling her attention to the musical essays in the *Harbinger*, and remember well the intense delight with which she read them. It was not more what she knew of music, than what she knew about it, that made her superior. She was indeed a rare proof of the value of general musical culture to the teacher. She was one, who showed her love of the beautiful in everything. Not only in art and literature; it was equally visible in her love of flowers and her enjoyment of fine scenery.

Sometimes she expressed her feelings in composition, but from a rare modesty—in her case too great—none but her intimate friends ever heard her own music, either vocal or for the piano-forte.

All who knew Elizabeth Bruce will rejoice to learn that the respect and love of friends for her, has been shown in the neat and appropriate monument above described, and will agree that they are few; who, engaged constantly in the laborious profession of teaching, have attained so high a culture in their art, or by their decease have left so great a vacancy in the circle in which they moved.

Dwight's Journal of Music.

BOSTON, MAY 8, 1858.

Music in New York.

From our Correspondent.

On Friday of last week, I attended a *matinée* (in so far private as it had not been advertised, and the tickets were sold by private circulation) given by a Mr. von BREUNING. I was curious to know whether this gentleman stood in any con-

nection with Beethoven's Breunings—but could not gain any satisfactory information on that point. All that I could learn about him was that he had been an *amateur*—had occupied some official position at the Court of Würtemberg, I think, but, having, for some reason, emigrated to this country, wished to give lessons, and took this method of making himself known. His playing, without being remarkable in any way, gave token of a thorough understanding of music, and of steady practice and study. He gave us transcriptions of his own of the March from the *Prophète* and that from *Tannhäuser* (the latter for two pianos, one of which was played by Mr. SCHARFENBERG); a Concert Waltz, also by himself, and the first movement of a Trio by Fesca, with Messrs. THOMAS and BERGMANN. The remainder of the programme was divided between a Signor ALAIMO, Mme. JOHANSEN, and, the que of the whole, VIEUXTEMPS. This latter played, nothing of great value, a fantasia or *Ernani*, and Variations on "Willie we have missed you,"—but how did he play these! He turns everything to gold by his touch. The little simple popular air, which had always seemed common-place before, acquired plaintive pathos under his hands which might immortalize it. Of Signor Alaimo the least said the better. I could not understand why he should sing in public, or, indeed, in private either. Mme. Johansen being indisposed, CARADORI appeared in her place at very short notice, and sang an aria from *Torquato Tasso* very finely.

On Saturday was our last Philharmonic. The "poor fiddlers" did indeed "have a hard time of it" that day—and it was surprising how they could play as well as they did in the evening. Mendelssohn's "Scotch" Symphony, a composition by Schumann, and the *Tannhäuser* Overture were the orchestral pieces. Of the first and third I can tell you nothing new; you know them better than I do. I wish, however, that you could have heard how magnificent the *Tannhäuser* sounded in the amphitheatre. It came up to us there in a perfect ocean of sound. Schumann's composition, though called an Overture, was, in fact, a short Symphony, consisting of three movements, an Overture, Scherzo, and Finale. I liked it much—finding it full of freshness and sprightliness, with some quite new instrumental effects, and original combinations. It fell rather dead upon the audience, however. The soloists were Mr. COOPER, the violinist, and Miss MILNER, (or rather, as it is said, Mrs. Cooper.) The latter was hoarse, and sang an indifferent English song instead of the *Non mi dir*, from "Don Giovanni." She also sang in a duet by Pacini, for voice and violin. Mr. Cooper, whom I heard for the first time, played very beautifully a Concerto by Spohr. He has an exceedingly pure and tender stroke, and very great skill and power of expression; one cannot mistake the artist in him, even though he is not quite a *Vieuxtemps*. The difference was obvious in one respect. The composition which he played was, like many of Spohr's, very dry and heavy, and rather drew Mr. Cooper, with all his excellencies, down to its level. With *Vieuxtemps* the contrary would have been the case. He would have raised the music to his level, and by infusing a spirit of his own into it, (without, however, sacrificing the characteristics of the composer) would have given it the interest it lacked.

Miss BRAINERD gave a concert at Dodworth's this week, which, though the programme as a whole did not promise much, gave me a great deal of pleasure, because it was in most respects so thoroughly successful. The audience was numerous and select, the fair *bénéficiaire* in excellent voice and looks, and her assistants evidently desirous of doing their best. I could only have wished that Mr. APTOMMAS's harp had been in better tune in the first piece, and that he had altogether a better idea of harmony and composition. I enclose the programme:

1. Aria, "Roberto Devereux," Donizetti; Mr. W. H. Cooke. 2. Solo—Harp, Favorite Melodies, Aptommas; Mr. Aptommas. 3. "Angels ever bright and fair," Handel; Miss Brainerd. 4. Grand Fantasia, "Ernani," Satter; Gustav Satter. 5. Aria, "De miei dolenti spiriti," Verdi; Mr. Cooke. 6. Song of the Page, Meyerbeer; Miss Brainerd. 7. Cavatina, "D'Amor sull'ali rosee," (Trovatore,) Verdi; Miss Brainerd. 8. Solo—Harp, Grand Fantasia, Aptommas; Mr. Aptommas. 9. Ballad, "Say my heart can this be love," words by Watson, music by Wallace; Miss Brainerd. 10. Solo—Piano, a "Etude in Ab," b "Les belles de New York," Valse, Satter; Mr. Satter. 11. Song, "The Serenade," Schubert; Mr. Cooke. 12. Ballad, "The Harp that once through Tara's halls," Moore; Miss Brainerd.

Miss Brainerd succeeded best, I think, in the two Italian arias; Handel's exquisite song, which suited her voice admirably, dragged a little. Both the song by Wallace, which is hardly interesting enough for a concert piece, and Moore's beautiful melody was sung very well; the latter with a simplicity that proved Miss Brainerd to have the right feeling for such music. It is by no means an easy task to sing a *Volkstied* well. Mr. SATER astonished his audience, as usual; and was naturally *encored* both times. I, for one, liked his second pieces better than the first ones, for after No. 4, he gave us the charming little Minuet from Mozart's E flat Symphony, and after No. 10, a beautiful transcription of Weber's "last Waltz." One of the most enjoyable features of the evening was the singing of Mr. COOKE. This young gentleman has an exceedingly sweet, pure tenor voice, and knows how to manage it. He sings, too, with great earnestness and simplicity. Good tenors are so rare now-a-days, that the advent of a new one must be hailed with joy. Mr. Cooke, with a very little more experience, will rank among the first of our native singers. A wag-gish friend even suggested the possibility of his appearing some day on the stage, with his name Italianized to Signor Cooki(e)!

On Saturday we enjoyed a privilege which has been yours twice already; we heard FORMES in "Elijah." I am sorry to say, however, that this same privilege did not seem to be adequately appreciated by our public, for the Academy was not by any means full. Yet the ardor of the singers did not seem at all damped by this circumstance, but rather increased. The choruses were remarkably good—for the *Harmonic Society*—and manifested a very uncommon degree of spirit. And what can I say of FORMES, but subscribe entirely to your high eulogium of his rendering of the Prophet's part. He was often out of tune, it is true; but as you say, his many other excellencies make one forget that defect. How completely he merges himself in his part—what awful seriousness in his denunciation—what touching pathos in "It is enough!" Truly, it was a *great* performance, such as leaves its impression for a life-time. Madame D'ANGRI stands next in the ranks. In her two arias she was wonderful. Particularly in "Woe unto them." In "O, rest in the Lord," there was perhaps not quite enough of the simple, trusting spirit of submission which the words and music so thoroughly express. I am sorry to say, however, that she

rather marred the "Angel Trio" by falling somewhat out of time. Miss MILNER took the Soprano in the first part, and Madame CARADORI in the second, while the Tenor was divided in the same way, between Messrs. PERRING and SIMPSON. The voices of the two ladies are both rather unsympathetic, and not suited to music so expressive as that of "Elijah;" the tenors were happier in this respect. Mr. Simpson, particularly, has a very beautiful voice, sweet, yet powerful, and perfectly clear. He sings, too, with a great deal of feeling, only occasionally not quite in time. Altogether, though the performance was by no means *perfect*, it was sufficiently free from fault to give me very great enjoyment.

Musard's Concerts will continue nightly. For this week two new attractions are held out. "Formes as a Concert-singer" (*i. e.* in two songs per night), and the "GOTHAM QUADRILLE," of which I subjoin the analysis:

GOTHAM:
OR THE ELECTRIC TELEGRAPH QUADRILLE,
On popular American airs,
WITH BRILLIANT SOLOS AND VARIATIONS,
concluding with a COMIC POTPOURRI, comprising the following selections:
Introduction—"Star Spangled Banner," "Willie we have missed you," Quadrille.
1st Figure—"Ellen Bayne," "Yankee Doodle."
2d Figure—"We'll have a little dance to-night, boys."
3d Figure—"Oh, my love is a sailor."
4th Figure—"Jenny with the light brown hair."
5th Figure—"Kiss me quick," "Willie we have missed you."
The Quadrille will conclude with a grand finale, called the Five Sets, on the most popular airs; followed by the ELECTRIC TELEGRAPH POTPOURRI, in which will be introduced the following airs: "You will Remember Me," (Bohemian Girl); "Lucy Long," march, (Le Prophet); Chorus, (Norma); "Cachuca," with castagnettes; "Dipsacatore," (violinello); "Prima Donna waltz," (trumpet); "On Yonder Rock Reclining," (Fra Diavolo); "Carnival of Venice," (Bride Polka); "Sontag Polka," Choral; "Huguenots," (opheleide); "Il Balen," (Trovatore); "Bobbing Around," "Arkansas Traveller," (flageolet); "Love Not," (march); "Highland Fling," "Oh, Susannah," "Grace, Robert," (cornet); "Kiss me Quick," "Cattle Show Quadrille," "Anvil Chorus," (Trovatore); "Express Train Gallop," "Death March," (Saul); Quartet, (Lucia di Lammermoor); "Jim Crow," "St. Patrick's Day," "Home, Sweet Home." To conclude with "Yankee Doodle."

One would think that Formes might feel rather ashamed of his company. On Saturday a "Grand Presentation Matinée" will take place, "at which every lady will be presented with a copy of the Express Train Gallop, arranged for the Piano." What an inducement! Surely, "Humbug is great, and Ullman is his prophet!" This same Ullman, however, does not succeed as well in making himself popular in other ways as by the attractions he holds out to the public. I give you an instance, which I have from the best authority. It has always been the rule, since the Philharmonic Society has leased the Academy from Ullman, that their rent for each concert should be paid in the intermission. Last Saturday they were informed that the rent must be paid before the opening of the doors, and not by check, but in cash. This was found rather inconvenient, but the Treasurer nevertheless managed to be at the Academy in good time with the money in his pocket. As he had ladies with him, he could not leave them to go to the back door, but the Impresario, appearing to *take it for granted* that the money would not be forthcoming, kept the doors firmly closed, and a great portion of the audience shivering before them in the cold damp night, until nearly a quarter of eight, when he probably could no longer resist the conviction that he was not going to be cheated. Various complaints of the delay subsequently appeared in the dailies, but they were all directed against the Philharmonic Society, and as none of them has been answered, it is but just that the true circumstances of the case should be known.

Beauties of the Italian Opera.

We speak of the Italian Opera as here administered. We mean the would-be institution, not the art; its management and not its music. Opera in this country is not an institution, but a speculation; and though the speculators, first and last, have given us some really high and memorable pleasures, and many are indebted to them for a new sense of harmony and beauty, still it is too plain that they have looked upon us as a gullible and simple race, and humbugged us to their heart's content. The system has been beautifully illustrated during the past week in Philadelphia. That city prided itself upon its patronage of Opera; it doted upon the Opera; it built a superb Academy a year ago, wherein it inaugurated a "good time coming"—an eternal summer—of Italian Opera, with brilliant ovations, extolling Gazzaniga to the skies and crowning her their lyric Queen, enjoying over an hundred performances during the year, glorifying Max—"our Max," and our Opera Company, and welcoming them eagerly back from Havana this Spring for another round of triumphs. A brief flush, and the novelty of the thing was gone; disappointment, thin houses; and on Saturday night the grand Italian Opera season came to a sudden and disgraceful end. Max, "glorious Max," the handsome, the "Napoleonic" Max ingloriously fled! The *Bulletin* explains the matter thus:

It has been a season of disappointments, broken promises and failures, with only a few redeeming features on which the public can look back with satisfaction. One of these was the appearance of Signor Ronconi, and another was the production of *William Tell*. It was a treat to see Ronconi, even though he does sing dreadfully out of tune; and it was a treat to hear *William Tell*, even though it was badly performed. On the other side of the account there is a great deal to say; first, was the unpleasant quarrel with Signor Tagliafico, and the loss of that excellent artist, and his wife—the best and most useful of second ladies that has sung in this country. The places of neither of these members of the company have been adequately filled since their departure. Next we had a repetition of old operas, of which the public had grown weary, especially as they had been promised new operas. The only fresh pieces brought out were *William Tell*, *Don Pasquale* and *Maria di Rohan*, the first having been presented in a slovenly, imperfect manner, and with an inadequate cast; the second requiring no great preparation, as there is but one chorus, and the burden of the piece rested on Mme. Lagrange and Signor Ronconi, and the third being still easier of production. There were promises made of *The Huguenots*, *Le Prophète*, *L'Etoile du Nord*, and other great works, not one of which was ever fulfilled. The public were disappointed, also, in having few opportunities of hearing Mme. Gazzaniga, who was sent off with a few others to sing in smaller cities. There were quarrels inside and outside of the opera house; complaints of failures to pay salaries to artists, &c. On Thursday evening, after some day-light scenes of which report speaks, but which we do not choose to mention, the leader of the orchestra, Sig. Torriani, placed there by Mr. Maretzek, deserted his post after the first act of *La Favorita*, in the evident expectation that the opera, in which Mme. Gazzaniga and Signor Brignoli were singing, would have to be stopped. This design failed, as another person was got for the post and the opera was finished satisfactorily. On Saturday evening, when this Signor Torriani showed himself in the vestibule of the Academy, he was driven out, amid the jeers of one or two hundred gentlemen who discovered him. There was some talk of pursuing the same course with Mr. Maretzek, if he had remained in the house.

Such was the fifth act of Italian Opera in Philadelphia. It was followed (or preceded) by a farce, which came off in the same Academy of Music, under the title of "Grand Musical Festival," given in the name of the Pennsylvania "Musical Institute," at which all the Italian Opera singers sang, by way of prelude to a grand lottery distribution of prizes—\$2,000 worth of musical instruments—among the purchasers of tickets to the entertainment. As we have been speaking of musical speculations, as opposed to musical Art, we may fitly conclude with this sublime example of the art of humbug. This high-sounding "Musical Institute," it seems, is simply a lottery, got up by a music-dealer, Mr. E. L. Walker, for the readier disposal of his stock in trade. By some strange process the legislature of Pennsylvania were persuaded to regard the scheme as an educational institution, and granted it (or him) an act of incorporation, whereby an annual lottery, or "Gift Concert," for the private interest of an individual, but gilded over with the fiction of an educational and public object, goes on with the sanction of the State! Everybody knows this; there is no concealment; we simply state the facts; they certainly require no comment.

Musical Chit-Chat.

We are now ready to supply orders for Bound Volumes of the last year of the Journal of Music, as well as the earlier volumes. . . . We heartily rejoice in the announcement of what is but an act of justice on the part of the musical public of Boston, a Complimentary Concert to Mr. AUGUST FRIES, before he leaves us to reside in Europe. Who has claims upon us, if not he who for nine years has so steadfastly and so ably persisted in the long thankless task of creating an audience for classical chamber music? . . . Mr. CARL GAERTNER informs us that he, too, is going to Europe (shall we lose all our best violinists—few enough at best?) and that he will give a concert on the 22d inst., in the Music Hall, assisted by Mrs. LONG, Mr. ADAMS, Mr. CARL HAUSE, and an orchestra under ZERRAHN. . . . Among hallad singers and song writers, who have enjoyed popularity in this country, no one seems to sustain himself so long and so fresh as Mr. DEMPSTER. Our publishers, who are his publishers (see advertising columns), can vouch for that. His songs are always in demand, and he still makes his singing circuits, year after year, from State to State, with all the regularity of the U. S. Courts. Just now we hear of him gathering his own charmed circles in Utica and Buffalo, and other cities of the Empire State. . . . Musical "Conventions" are early in the field this season. We read of one on the 6th ult., at Ann Arbor, Michigan, conducted by Mr. C. M. CADY; another at Washington, which soared above all "sectional" distinctions, rejoicing in the name of "National," "American," or what not, Mr. BRADBURY being the presiding genius and patriot. Another has been held, apparently with great success, in Bridgton, N. J., under the well-known teacher of this city, Mr. B. F. BAKER. The class assembled and the local press are warm in his praises. It is true that these "Conventions" are contrivances, too often, to sell new music-books; yet we believe that they have done much good; they have excited interest in music where there was none before, discussions of the best mode of teaching, &c., and mingled with much trash, have generally given thousands of people a hearing of much better music than they would otherwise have heard; and even set them to practising choruses from the "Messiah," &c.

The Chevalier SIGISMUND NEUKOMM, composer of the oratorio of "David," &c., died at Paris on the 3d of April, at the age of eighty-one. . . . GUSTAV SATTER ("the most eminent of European pianists" [1], according to a Philadelphia paper), and Mme. JOHANNSEN, announce their first concert in that city. The Philadelphia Harmonic Society gave their last concert this week, with selections from the "Creation" and "Elijah," overture to "Tell," airs and choruses from *Linda*, *Robert*, *Masaniello*, &c.

It were worth the journey to hear *Don Giovanni* performed with such a cast as is said to be in contemplation at the Royal Italian Opera, London. MARIO, for a novelty, is to take Don Giovanni; TAMBERLIK, Don Ottavio; GRISI, Donna Anna; BOSIO (!) Zerlina; MARAI, Donna Elvira; FORMES, Leporello; RONCONI, Masetto; and TAGLIAFICO, the Commandant. . . . TAMBERLIK, the tenor, has made his debut at the Grand Opera in Rossini's *Otello*, and has taken Paris by assault with a *C sharp in alt*, as Duprez did before him with his *C natural* (or *Ut de poitrine*), in "Tell." The safe delivery of such a note seems more to the Parisians than all the music of those operas. A foreign paper says: "In stead of saying 'Rossini's *Gillaume Tell*,' it has been the habit among elevated Parisians to say, 'Rossini's *Ut de poitrine*;' it will now become equally the vogue, instead of 'Rossini's *Otello*,' to say 'Rossini's *Ut dièse*.'"

LONDON.—The first of a series of six concerts was given early last month by the Vocal Association under the direction of Mr. Benedict. The programme was purely Mendelssohn.

The Opera season at her Majesty's Theatre opened on the 13th ult., with the *Huguenots*. Mr. Lumley is

proverbial for good luck in finding singers just at the critical moment. This time it is not clear that he has found another Lind; but his new German soprano, Mlle. Titien, created a new sensation in the part of Valentine. Her success was immense. The other principals were Sigs. Belletti, Aldighieri, Giuglini, Vialetti, Mlle. Ortolani, and a new contralto, Mme. Lucioni Landi, (not destined, it is thought, to eclipse Alboni or Didiée).

Mr. Gye, announces that he will open the Royal Italian Opera on the 15th of May. His company will be one of the strongest ever collected. It will include Grisi, Bosio, Marai, and Victoria Balfe, sopranos; Didiée, contralto; Mario, Tamberlik, Neri Beraldi, and Gardoni, tenors; Ronconi, Polononi, and Graziani, baritones; Formes, Tagliafico, and Zelger, basses.

The first Philharmonic Concert of the season was given April 12. The Programme included two Symphonies: Mozart's in D, and Beethoven's in A; two Concertos: Bennett's for piano, in F minor, played by Mr. W. G. Cusins, and F. David's for violin, in E, played by Mr. Sainton; two overtures: *Athalie* and *Freyschütz*; and arias by Mozart, Stradella and Rossini, sung by Castellani and Miss Dolby. Sterndale Bennett was conductor.

Fine Arts.

For Dwight's Journal of Music.

The Athenæum Exhibition.

II.

OIL PICTURES.

In the third chapter of the fourth volume of "Modern Painters," Mr. Ruskin, in treating of the relation of color to form, uses the following words: "If color be introduced at all, it is necessary that, whatever else may be wrong, *that* should be right; just as, though the music of a song may not be so essential to its influence as the meaning of the words, yet if the music be given at all, *it* must be right, or its discord will spoil the words; and it would be better, of the two, that the words should be indistinct, than the notes false. Hence, as I have said elsewhere, the business of a painter is to paint. If he cannot color, he is no painter, though he may do every thing else."

Now, in what the absolute right of color consists, I shall shirk the labor and responsibility of determining at present; but will offer as an approximate definition: a use which constitutes it an integral, nobly expressive and indispensable element in the painter's Art.

Bearing in mind the simple axiom "that the business of a painter is to paint"—to use color rightly, within the meaning of the definition above given, this exhibition as a whole does not embody a large amount of genuine Art. The want of good color is indeed its characteristic deficiency.

Of Color that is non-essential, of agreeable color wrongly used, of crude, harsh, and repulsive color there is no lack; but the truly noble power of color finds few interpreters. Technically, a want of solidity and texture, and the artistic want of a high imaginative or clear power of color, in the examples of the old School, are quite sufficient to confirm our received impressions concerning it—whilst the prevailing dryness, unhealthy coldness of the flesh tones, and want of true freshness and geniality in the color of some of the (so-called) Pre-Raphaelites, are qualities certainly calculated to excite some distrust of their influence as representatives of the new school. Were it not for the water colors and a few of the oil paintings, I should hesitate about applying to these pictures a principle of criticism perfectly applicable to our own.

In the Feejee Islands tattooing is an expression of the highest Art instinct. What to us seems barbarous and ugly, to the *native*, is beautiful and true Art; and but for the exceptions noticed, I should incline to con-

sider whatever in the color of this exhibition seems harsh and discordant to us, as peculiar to the English ideal of excellence and only properly to be judged by it. These exceptions however establish the æsthetic affinities existing between the English people and our own, and I here appeal to them to give currency to what, but for them, might seem ill-considered and unjust. Let us follow the pictures in the general order of their merit, beginning at the lowest.

Nos. 132, 146, 153, 158, 159, 165, and 175, form a group of what may be comprehensively termed "non-sense" pictures — pictures of very little value to their respective painters or the public, and a disgrace to the Exhibition. Nos. 131, 137, 140, 142, 168 and 174, effectually conceal their agreeableness of subject or skillful drawing by color that is either expressionless or repulsive. The figures, in "The First Ride," No. 95 — "Children crossing the Brook," 196, are pleasantly grouped and contain considerable richness of color, perhaps somewhat enhanced in value by the expressionless back ground of the one and the positively offensive character of the other. Nos. 86, 97 and 164, are three pictures by Wm. Davis, mainly noticeable from their peculiar manipulation and confused expression of purpose, albeit the gray evening sky and flush of reflected light in the distance of No. 97, are very purely felt and effectively wrought.

In the "Fern Case," No. 89, Wm. Gale exhibits a nice sense of expression, very careful drawing and modelling, nearly neutralized in their effect by the offensive flesh-tones and generally inharmonious color. It would seem unnecessary that the author of the sunny little "Wood-Gatherer," No. 109, should have rendered such color as abounds in the "Fern Case" and No. 131. "A Hastings Fishing Boat," No. 87, by John Thorpe, is a quiet English coast scene, simply arranged and characterized by a delicate feeling for color and breadth of effect. In No. 99 the delicacy sinks to vapidness.

No. 176, "An Old Mill," is a rich, suggestive subject, freely drawn and basely colored. With only an average excellence in color this picture would form one of the small loadstones of the Exhibition.

"The Nest," No. 96, is a very successful realization of the Artist's perception of form and power of color. Under the limitation of an imperfect sense of the subtle gradations of color this is very complete — wrought in love, I doubt not, and approximately true; it is also clear, clean and agreeable. The refinement of line and drowsiness of atmosphere in the "Siesta," No. 102, successfully struggle through a veil of color which is not true enough to be agreeable, nor false enough to be repulsive.

"White Cliff," No. 134, contains a very happy rendering of picturesque cloud-forms and warm vapory sun-light — and but for the weak conventionalism of the foreground and a little crudeness in the sky tones, Mr. Gray would have furnished us with a good picture. The "Old English Market Town," 139, affords a clear and unpretentious statement of "things as they really are" at "Hexham," the locality of this scene. It is a misfortune to the young lady sitting at the window, that she should have lived so unpicturesquely ugly, and a still greater one that Mr. Scott should have found her there just at the time he wanted to commence his picture. With this exception, the arrangement is exceedingly good and well treated. What with its solidity, directness and simplicity of rendering, and withal a pervading sense of a cheerful, homely beauty, this is one of the sterling pictures.

In the "Mistletoe Bough," No. 160, the simple pathos of the familiar story of Ginevra finds no adequate expression. The Ginevra of this picture is merely a "lay figure," employed to display an elaborate costume, and in this capacity does very good service. The background, drapery, and other accessories, evincing a more than average perception of color, need only a modification of their hardness to render them quite admirable.

Amongst the pleasant pictures by Edmund Eagles, "The Mother's Treasure," No. 121, and "The Thread of Life," are good examples of what artists learn to do at Rome. The recipe by which pictures are made in the modern Italian school appears to be as infallible as the one followed in the family of "Mr. Dusseldorf." It would be curious to know how broad an immortality the figures in these pictures have secured in the exercise of their vocation as professional models to the artists residing at Rome; as also whether each one serves exclusively in a peculiar line of character or commands the entire range of dramatic expression. In meaninglessness of conception Mr. Eagles has not deviated from the practice of the school. He has given us some pretty tableaux however, and made picturesqueness of costume the material out of which he has wrought a full, warm and rich tone of color. If we are to have "costume" pictures, these furnish good types of excellence, both in design and execution, and would well repay the study of some of the other exhibitors who, with a more pretentious purpose, reach a less worthy result. The color is solid, always agreeable, and the best of its kind in the exhibition.

MESOS.

(To be continued).

A Letter about Florence.

BARBERINO, (TUSCANY,) MARCH 25, 1858. — Would you not like to have a little harmless enthoosy-moosy about Florence? That charming city, the home of Galileo, Michael Angelo, the Venus de Medici, Niobe and *La Mia Cara Padrona*? I feel convinced that nothing would you swallow with more angelic docility than a little harmless enthoosy-moosy about dear delightful Florence.

The greatest difficulty is to know where to begin; there is so much to admire that I am fairly distracted with the contending claims of the different churches, the various palaces, the picture galleries, the gardens and the suburbs; and were it not for the Campanile, which is something so unique that it at once attracts attention, even amid all these splendors, I should really be at a loss.

The first few weeks I was in Florence I went every day to the Campanile to feast my eyes upon Giotto's wondrous work; for, though somewhat altered by succeeding architects, the plan was his, and he is fairly entitled to the credit. You can scarcely conceive the exquisite beauty of this tower, clothed as it is in its rich garb of vari-colored marble. And then but a few steps from this, are others of the most famous Art wonders of Florence — the well known bronze doors by Ghiberti, that lead into the Baptistery (or Church as it also is) of San Giovanni.

Do not dread that I am going to attempt a description of these objects, familiar already to every one, from engravings and books of travels. I am only indulging in a little enthoosy-moosy, you know, and mean only to allude to them; yet I must speak a little of these doors. They are, in spite of their high appreciation by Michael Angelo, somewhat decried by modern artists, who think that Ghiberti in his relievos attempted too much and intruded upon the domain of painting, instead of confining himself solely to the legitimate effects of sculpture. Westmacott, the sculptor, in some lectures, he has just delivered in London, explains the defects of the work so plainly and forcibly, that I will quote his remarks:

"The error in these compositions," says Westmacott, "is that they are arranged on the principles of Painting and not of Sculpture. They exhibit a variety of planes, groups of foreground figures, other groups and objects retiring in the background, and the whole intermingled with landscape, mountains, trees, cattle and other objects. You will at once perceive how much interest is lost by the confusion caused by the crowding of so many small parts together; and next how each portion of the composi-

tion is injured by the overpowering force of the part or object near it, especially in the foreground figures. The effects produced by the attempts to represent miles of distance by distinct objects in several planes, when the whole distance from the foreground to the remotest perspective is scarcely an inch, are most anomalous and unsatisfactory. In Painting, where there is no difference at all in surface, between foreground and background, no disappointment or dissatisfaction is felt, because the painter can supply the illusion of atmosphere by color; but in Sculpture, trees cast their dark shadows against the clouds; figures reduced in size with the view of making them appear more distant, are, for want of atmosphere, as distinct and clear as foreground objects; and though they may be intended to be represented as at miles off, they may and indeed do throw their shadows on and over the objects nearest to the front plane of the composition."

Whenever I stand before these gates, I cannot help thinking of the mighty procession of great men, headed by Michael Angelo, who have marched before them and given them their meed of admiration. Artists, sculptors, architects and poets have all admired the gates of Ghiberti, and the Campanile of Giotto. As when before the *Dying Gladiator* and the *Apollo Belvidere* you think that here, not many years ago stood Byron, so before these works of Florentine Art, the mind recalls that glorious company of mighty men who, each in their turn, have stood before these wondrous doors. Yet the last time I visited them I could raise little enthoosy-moosy, because of the unpoetic objects by which they were surrounded. You know that the Place in front of the Cathedral and Baptistery is given over to hucksters of every kind. The steps of the Cathedral, which bears Brunelleschi's wondrous dome, accommodates vast mass meetings of earthen pots, — the Campanile of Giotto is surrounded by vendors of old brass — second-hand bedsteads most do congregate about the Baptistery, and I actually had to force a passage, wading ankle deep in gridirons, to approach

— those doors so marvellously wrought
That they might serve to be the gates of Heaven.

Just to think of the Uffizii Gallery, and to remember that many long years will elapse before I see it again, is enough of itself to set me crazy. There is the *Tribuna*, that marvellous chamber that contains so many gems of Art! I will say nothing of the *Venus de Medici*, or of the Venuses of Titian; every body knows what they are, and for my part they did not afford me near as much pleasure as one comparatively unnoticed picture of Guercino — a sleeping Endymion. It represents nothing but a boy sitting against a rock, with his head supported by his arm. His eyes are closed. A staff leans against the rock, and were it not for the crescent moon above, he would be taken for a *St. John*, rather than an Endymion. But such a beautiful face! It is of the kind that Guercino alone can paint. Of course my words can give you no idea of its angelic beauty, and I can only say that it is equal to the boy face of Guercino's *San Sebastian* at the Capitol in Rome. If you have never seen that either, I can do nothing further to make you comprehend the beauty of this Endymion, and my advice is for you to sell all your goods and chattels, and go right away to Florence. If you can't afford to ride in the Diligence or rail-car, *walk!* run, crawl — get there some way — I don't care how — only get there, and then go right to the Tribuna and tell me whether you have ever seen a more lovely picture than the *Endymion* of Guercino.

Now I hold it to be an undeniable fact, that the easiest thing in the world for a traveller to write about is a picture-gallery, and nothing offers such a temptation to the scribbling tourist as the Uffizii. A traveller who will visit one of these glorious galleries and not write about it, is a miracle of abstemiousness. Your genuine scribbling tourist, although he knows nothing at all about paintings, will never let such an opportunity pass without indulging in a series of wise and owlish criticisms, and the less he knows upon the subject, the more he will write, and the more

the folks who read will be pleased with his remarks, and when they lay down the book or paper will say, like Sir Leicester Dedlock, "The man that wrote that article has a well-balanced mind." So, if so many people who know nothing of the subject may scrawl about paintings, why may not I? And why may not some poor deluded creature read my remarks and give me too, the credit of having a well-balanced mind?

There is the *St. John* of Rafael in the Tribuna; but of that I shall not speak; nor of the Holy Family of Michael Angelo. I would like to dilate a little about the *Madonna and child* of Correggio, but a more fitting tribute to its merits than any I could frame, is in the fact, that at present there are over three hundred applications registered from different artists for permission to copy it!

If one wants a contrast from this lovely little picture, he can find it by stepping into the next room and examining that awful *Head of Medusa* by Caravaggio. It is in every respect a startling production. Instead of being painted on an ordinary plane of canvass, it appears upon a convex, almost hemispherical surface, making the subject stand out the more vividly. The mouth is open, as if you could hear the shriek of desperate agony; the eyes are awful with their look of malice and revenge, as yet unweakened by the horrors of death. It is such a picture that you dream about it at night. It is a picture that haunts you. Vasari tells a story of some artist who painted a picture in a church at Perugia, in which he introduced the devil, and he called up before his mind such a vivid idea of Satan, that the evil spirit he himself had conjured overcame him, and he went crazy, haunted by the dreadful picture he himself had painted. This *Medusa* is capable of producing such an effect.

Then there is the better known *Medusa's Head*, by Leonardo da Vinci, with its cold slimy snakes, that make you dread to approach it, and with the toads and lizards and other reptiles creeping about. But there is a great difference between the *Medusa* of Da Vinci and that of Caravaggio. In the former, it is a dead relic of past horrors—in the latter it is still gifted with life, though but a bodiless head; it actually seems too wicked to die.

Then, from these frightful objects what a relief to turn to the beautiful little cabinet pictures of Albano. I remember a lovely one—a *Repose on the Flight into Egypt*. Angels have accompanied the Holy Family, and as they rest, one is offering flowers to the Infant Jesus—another is flying with a water-jug under his arm to fill it at a neighboring spring, while three little cherubs are hovering above. The cherubs of Albano are perfect, and in none of his works do they appear more lovely than in one principal picture, which at once arrests the attention of the visitor. It is a circular picture, and represents a Christ-child, arrayed in simple drapery, standing with his hands upraised and his face upturned, as if praying for strength to fulfil his mighty destiny of suffering. Little angels and cherubs are floating around through the air. Some with their tiny strength are vainly trying to push down a cross that, rooted in the ground, resists their efforts; others are examining the instruments of "His Passion;" one is looking with sympathizing grief and wonder at the nails—one is grasping the hammer—one upholding the spear—one has the scourge—while another, hovering above, upholds the crown of thorns over the head of the Christ-child, on whom the Heavenly Father is looking with love and compassion.

* * * *

During my stay at Florence, I went to Fiesolè, where Galileo gazed at the stars. I was especially induced to make this visit by having once heard a powerful and interesting account of it given by an acquaintance at a "little music" and tea *conversazione*. It was a vivid description and I envied the

writer who had enjoyed the reality, until one day I learned from his own lips that *he had never been there!* Then I became pensive at the thought of the duplicity of mankind, and might have become a hypochondriac, had I not been consoled by remembering that after all, this was but another argument in favor of my well-known and stupendous theory, viz, namely, to wit: that every living human creature is more or less of a humbug, and generally more. Nevertheless I had a delightful visit to Fiesolè, and enjoyed especially the view from the little mountain city of the Campagna of Florence, the same view which Rogers so beautifully describes:

—let us from the top of Fiesolè,
Whence Galileo's glass by night observed
The phases of the moon, look round below
On Arno's vale, where the dove-colored steer
Is ploughing up and down among the vines,
While many a careless note is flung around
Filling the air with sweetness,—and on thee,
Beautiful Florence, all within thy walls.
Thy groves and gardens, pinnacles and towers
Drawn to our feet.

To make an instantaneous leap over any required amount of time or space is one of the undeniable prerogatives of novelists, and people afflicted with enthoosy-moosy. So you will at once accompany me as I fly from the heights of Fiesolè and alight in the Cascine.

Of course you now what the Cascine is. You are perfectly aware that it is the fashionable resort of all Florence every fair afternoon, and that it extends for miles along the Arno; but still if you have never been there you can form little idea of its exquisite beauty. Long drives on the smoothest of roads, embowered in trees, offer every inducement to those who wish to ride, while the pedestrian finds a still greater delight in strolling along the wide path that skirts the river's bank. There is always a perpetual verdure in the Cascine, for even in mid winter, when the trees are denuded of leaves, the creeping vines that flourish at that season, and that cover their trunks and their lower boughs with the emerald drapery, quite make up the deficiency. Then the sunsets from the Cascine! Ah! how glorious they are! I have seen a great many sunsets,—I have seen the sun set from the Pincian Hill of Rome, over the Calton Hill of Edinburgh,—behind the mighty banks of the Saguenay, and behind the mountains of New Hampshire, but never have I seen more richly glorious sunsets than from the Cascine of Florence. On the opposite side of the Arno are long rows of poplars, at this season denuded of foliage, and their long slender trunks seem like the bars of some enormous cage, behind which the captive sun is slowly dying. What a pleasure it is at that sweet hour, to stroll away from the gay crowds that throng the most frequented part of the Cascine, and wander along the river's bank, listen to the ringing of the convent bell, and yield oneself entirely to the mild, pensive influence of the scene. That poet, who has so sweetly sung of Italy, Rogers, beautifully describes such an hour and such a scene:

But lo! the sun is setting; earth and sky
One blaze of glory—what we see but now
As tho' it were not, tho' it had not been!
He lingers yet; and, lessening to a point,
Shines like the eye of Heaven; then withdraws!
And from the zenith to the utmost skirts,
All is celestial red! the hour is come
When they that sail along the distant seas
Languish for home, and they that in the morn
Said to sweet friends, "farewell," melt as at parting;
When, just gone forth, the pilgrim, if he hears
As now we hear it—echoing round the hill,
The bell that seems to mourn the dying day,
Slackens his pace and sighs, and those he loved,
Loves more than ever.

Well, at last I have left Florence—perhaps, forever—and though I meant to say something about my poor dear Casa Padrona, I will let it pass and dream awhile about this loved and lost Florence.

TROVATOR.

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Dwight's Journal of Music.

WHOLE No. 319.

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VOL. XIII. No. 7.

The Sanctus.

From the German of E. T. A. HOFFMANN.

THE Doctor thoughtfully shook his head. "So," said the Chapel-master, impetuously, as he sprang from the seat, "Bettina's catarrh is actually to prove serious?"

The Doctor tapped the floor three or four times quite softly, with his Spanish cane, took out his snuff box and replaced it without sniffing; looked upward fixedly as if counting the rosettes on the curtain, and coughed harshly, without speaking a word.

Then burst forth the Chapel-master, half beside himself, for he understood this pantomime of the Doctor, as clearly as if he had uttered in living words:—A bad, bad case—I know not how to counsel or advise. I am as completely frustrated in my attempts as that Doctor in Gil Blas of Santillana.

"Speak it out plainly!" cried he, angrily. "Do you mean to say that this simple hoarseness, which Bettina brought upon herself by the careless manner in which she wrapped her shawl around her, as she left the church, is to cost the young girl her life?"

"Not exactly," said the Doctor, while he again took out his snuff box, this time actually sniffing; "but the probability is that during her whole life she will never sing another note."

The Chapel-master clenched both hands in his hair, till the powder flew all around him, and ran up and down the room crying, as if mad:

"Never sing again? never sing again? Bettina never sing again? Give up all her magnificent canzonets—her wonderful Boleros and Seguidillas, that stream from her lips like sounding flower fragrance? Never again hear from her a pious *Agnus* or consoling *Benedictus*? Oh! oh! no *Miserere*, that purified my soul from every earthly strain, from all wicked thoughts, and opened upon me a whole rich world of pure spiritual themes? You lie! Doctor, you lie! Satan tempts you to deceive me. The church organist, who has felt for me the most bitter envy, since I brought out that astonishing *Qui tollis*, which has delighted the world, has bribed you to this. You seek to plunge me in despair, that I may throw my new mass into the fire; but if he thought the plan would succeed, you shall find to the contrary. Here—here I swear it, Bettina's solo (and he struck the marble table till every thing on it rattled,) shall be as magnificent as ever; she shall sing again her high notes, as clear as a bell."

The Chapel-master seized his hat and was going out, but the Doctor held him back, saying, in a soft, low voice: "I honor your praiseworthy enthusiasm, most esteemed friend, but I really do not exaggerate the case, neither do I know the organist, and this is simply the fact. Since Bettina sang the solos in the *Gloria* and *Credo*, in the mass, in the Catholic Church, she has been troubled with the self-same hoarseness, and has even at times lost her voice still more, so defying both my art and me, that, as I said before, I fear she will never sing again."

"Well, then," said the Chapel-master, resigning himself to his despair, "give her opium—opium, and continue to give it to her until she sinks gently in the arms of death; then will she sing no more, for she will live no more. She lives only when she sings; she exists but in song. Most worthy Doctor, do me the favor to poison her—the sooner the better. I have connections in the criminal college; I studied with the President, in Halle; he was a great bugler—we blew together the Bizinien, in the night time, with an obligato chorus of little dogs and cats chiming in. No harm shall happen to you on account of this honorable murder; but poison her—poison her."

"He," said the Doctor, interrupting the sputtering Chapel-master, "is already advanced in years and has worn his hair powdered for a long time, and though distinguished for music, concerning this matter would be a coward. Such a sinful murder and death-blow is not so lightly spoken of. But sit down quietly in this comfortable arm-chair, and listen to what I have to say to you."

The Chapel-master answered in a whining voice: "What shall I hear now?" at the same time, however, taking the seat.

"Bettina's case," continued the Doctor, "is indeed singular and remarkable. In speaking, she has the full use of her organs; one can hardly think it a common disease of the throat, for she can give out very clearly some musical tones; but the moment she attempts a high note, an incomprehensible something seizes her, which, though neither sticking, pricking, nor scratching, nor anything else which is affirmative, proves a diseased principle, so that every attempted tone, besides being impure and thick, is short and husky, and suddenly vanishes. Bettina herself compares her situation to that of one in a dream, who, with the fullest conviction of power to fly, vainly strives to move at all. This morbid, negative condition mocks my art, and renders all the usual remedies unavailing. The foe that I have to encounter, like a bodiless apparition, evades all my blows. In that point, Chapel-master, you are right, for Bettina's whole existence is in song; one can only think of this little bird of Paradise as singing. It is through her imagination, which continually incites her, that her song, and with it herself, is sinking away; and I am very nearly convinced, that her ill health is owing to this continued mental excitement, which renders my art useless. She is, as she acknowledges, of a very sensitive nature, and I have thought, for this month past, like a ship-wrecked person, who now snatches at that splinter, now at this, and grasping at every means, yet after a while becomes dismayed, that Bettina's whole illness is more psychical than physical."

"Right, Doctor," broke in the wandering Enthusiast, who all this time had been sitting silently in the corner, rubbing his hands together. "This once you have hit the right point, most excellent physician! Bettina's diseased state is the physical effect of a spiritual cause, but on that account all the worse and more dangerous. I, I alone, gentlemen, can explain it all to you."

"What shall I hear now?" again said the Chapel-master, in the same whining voice as before; and the Doctor drew his chair nearer to the Enthusiast, and gazed upon him with a singular smile on his face. The wandering Enthusiast glanced upward, and commenced, without looking at the Doctor or Chapel-master.

"Chapel-master, I have seen a many-colored butterfly who had engaged himself between the strings of your double clavichord. As the little creature fluttered delightedly up and down, he struck with his bright winglets now the upper, now the lower strings, which breathed so softly, so gently, that only the acutest and most accustomed ear could distinguish the tone and accord, till at last the fragile thing appeared to swim in the oscillations, as on soft heaving waves, which seemed to be produced by him. But it happened, that a more strongly touched string vibrated, as if irritated by the wings of the merry flutterer, so that wounded, it scattered around its variegated flower dust. Yet still the butterfly continued to flit about, with its joyous murmur and song, till, the string wounding it more and more sharply, it at length silently sank into the aperture of the sounding board."

"What would you have that say to me?" asked the Chapel-master.

"*Fiat applicatio*, dear sir," said the Doctor.

"I did not intend a special application," said the Enthusiast. "I actually heard the above-mentioned butterfly play upon the Chapel-master's clavichord. I only wished to convey in general an idea that then came to me, and so tolerably introduce what I would say of Bettina's illness. You know the whole, but look at it as an allegory written in the Album of a wandering virtuoso. It seems to me as if nature had surrounded us with a clavichord of a thousand strings, upon whose strings we play, believing its tones and chords to be voluntarily produced, and are often wounded to death without knowing that an unharmoniously touched string has given us the fatal blow."

"Very obscure!" said the Chapel-master.

"Oh!" cried the Doctor, laughing, "only patience. He will sit upon his hobby-horse, and take a gallop through the world of forebodings, dreams, spiritual influences, sympathies, idiosyncracies, &c., till he arrives at the station of magnetism, where he will dismount and take breakfast."

"Peace, peace, my wise Doctor," said the wandering Enthusiast. "Revile not things that you, struggle against them as you will, must yet acknowledge with humility, and highly respect. Have you not yourself said that Bettina's illness was produced by a spiritual cause—or, rather, is only a spiritual disease?"

"But what has Bettina to do with the unfortunate butterfly?" broke in the Doctor.

"If one," continued the Enthusiast, "would attempt to sift it, dividing all to a nicety, weighing each little grain, it would be a labor that would extend itself most tediously. Let the butterfly rest in the Chapel-master's clavichord. And besides, say yourself, Chapel-master, is it not a genuine misfortune that most holy music has become an integral part of our conversation? This glorious gift will be dragged down into common, every-day life. Instead of dwelling, as before, in the holy distance, even in the wondrous Heaven-realm, tones and melodies have strayed down to us, till we have the whole matter fairly by the hand, and know exactly how many cups of tea the Soprano, how many glasses of wine the Bass must drink, in order to come to the necessary exaltation. I know well that it aids a club, who, seized with the true spirit of music, practise together with earnest devotion. But each miserable, ornamented, overloaded, . . . Pshaw! I will not vex myself. When I was here last year, Bettina was exactly in the same condition. She was, as one may say, bewitched—she could do nothing without tea. It became a necessary ingredient of a Spanish romance, an Italian canzonet, or even the little French love-song, *Souvent l'amour*, &c., which she so often sang. I feared, indeed, that the poor child would drown herself and her glorious talent in the sea of tea-water that she poured down. It happened not so; but the catastrophe draws near."

"What catastrophe?" cried, at once, the Doctor and the Chapel-master.

"See, dear sir," continued the Enthusiast, "the poor Bettina is entirely, as one may say, enchanted, or bewitched; and, hard as it is for me to confess it, I acknowledge that I—I alone, am the wizard who has accomplished this bad work; and now, like a dabbler in magic, cannot undo what I have done."

"Nonsense! nonsense! and we sit here, with the utmost patience, and allow ourselves to be mystified by the irony of this miscreant," exclaimed the Doctor, springing up.

"To the Devil with you!" cried the Doctor. "The catastrophe! the catastrophe!"

"Quietly, gentlemen, quietly," said the Enthusiast. "Now comes a matter of fact, that I can vouch for, holding my witchcraft as a jest, notwithstanding, which sometimes falls heavily on my heart—that I, unacquainted with Bettina, without wish or intention, may have exercised over her this power, by means of spiritual influences. In the manner of a conductor, I mean, as in the electric circle, where the shock passes from one to the other, without any volition of their own."

"Heyday!" cried the Doctor, "see how the hobby-horse bears away its gallant rider."

"But the story, the story," said the Doctor.

"You have already mentioned, Chapel-master," continued the Enthusiast, "that Bettina, the last time she lost her voice, had been singing in the Catholic Church. You remembered, that this happened on Easter day, last year. You were dressed in your dark robes of honor, and led that glorious mass of Haydn's in D flat. A young, gracefully dressed maiden sang the Soprano, and yet did not sing it wholly; near her stood Bettina, who, with a wonderfully strong, full voice, poured forth the Solo. You know that I myself sang the Tenor. The *Sanctus* had commenced. A thrill of the deepest devotion vibrated through me. A disturbance behind me caused me suddenly to turn round, and I saw, to my great astonishment, Bettina seeking to press through the rows of musicians and singers, to leave the choir. 'Are you going?' asked I. 'It is high time,' she replied very kindly, 'that I should repair to the church of —, where I have promised to sing in a cantata, and I must also practise two duets before noon, that I must execute this evening, one at the tea-party at —, and the other at the little supper at —. Shall you be there! There will be two choruses from Handel's 'Messiah,' and the first Finale to 'Figaro's Wedding.'"

"As we spoke, the full accord of the *Sanctus* sounded forth, and the frankincense rolled in blue clouds through the roof of the church. 'Know you not,' said I, 'that it is sinful? that one does not go unpunished, who leaves the church during the *Sanctus*? You will never sing again in the church.' I said it in joke, and knew not how savagely my words sounded. She turned pale and left the church in silence. From that moment she lost her voice."

During all this time, the Doctor sat with his chin resting on the head of his cane. He remained silent, but the Chapel-master exclaimed, "Wonderful indeed! very wonderful!"

"Indeed," continued the Enthusiast, "at that time I had no especial meaning in my words, and I did not connect Bettina's loss of voice with the occurrence in the church in the slightest degree. But now, since I returned here, and learned from you, Doctor, that Bettina had ever since suffered from this miserable illness, it at once reminded me of a story which I read many years ago in an old book, which I will relate to you, for it is a graceful and touching tale."

"Tell it," cried the Chapel-master; "one may find a good subject for a fine opera therein."

"Do you know, Chapel-master," said the Doctor, "if you can set dreams, forebodings, and magnetic cases, to music, you may be greatly helped, for so the story will turn out."

Without waiting for the Chapel-master to answer, the wandering Enthusiast cleared his throat, and with loud voice began:

"The camp of Ferdinand and Isabella of Arragon spread itself out to a vast extent before the walls of Granada."

"Lord of Heaven and Earth!" burst forth the Doctor, interrupting the story-teller—"beginning there it would not end for nine days and nine nights, and I must sit here and let my patients suffer. To the devil with your Moorish tale! I have read Gonsalvo of Cordova and listened to Bettina's Seguidillas—but this Basta—all that it's fit for, is . . . Adieu."

The Doctor quickly sprang out at the door, but the Chapel-master remained quietly sitting, whilst he said:

"It will be a tale about the wars of the Moors and Spaniards, as I observe; about which I have languished to compose something. Wars, tumults, romances, processions, cymbals, chorals, drums, and kettle-drums—ah, yes, kettle-drums—these can all be introduced. Go on, most worthy Enthusiast; who knows what valuable seed-corn this wished for story may cast into my mind, and what giant flowers may spring therefrom?"

"You are now Chapel-master," answered the Enthusiast. "It would be too much like the opera, thence it would happen that rational people, whom the music would affect like a strong dram, though one now and then might enjoy it in small doses, as a cordial, would pronounce you mad. But I will tell it you, and you may fearlessly act upon it at your pleasure—occasionally throwing in accords."

The writer feels himself obliged, before copying the story of the Enthusiast, to say to the worthy reader, that for brevity's sake, when he would point out where the Chapel-master comes in, with his accords, instead of writing—"Here speaks the Chapel-master," he will simply say—The Chapel-master.

"The camp of Ferdinand and Isabella of Arragon spread itself out to a vast extent before the walls of Granada. Vainly hoping for succor, and daily shut in more and more closely, the faint-hearted Boabdil was discouraged. He was bitterly hated by the people, who in mockery called him the Little King, and found only a momentary confidence in offerings of the most bloodthirsty cruelty. Ever in the degree in which cowardice and despair seized on the inhabitants and army of Granada, faith in victory and delight in battle filled the Spanish camp. There was no need of attack. Ferdinand contented himself with besieging the walls, and repulsing the attacks of the besieged. These little skirmishes appeared more like joyous tournaments, than severe battles; and after them they collected the dead, and celebrated their decease, with all the pageantry of the church service, as if for holy martyrs. Isabella lived retired in the camp, where she had caused to be erected, in the midst, a high wooden building, with many towers, from the summit of which waved the banner of the cross. It was arranged within as a monastery and a church, where the Benedictine nuns daily held divine service. The Queen with her followers, accompanied by her riders, came each morning to hear the mass which the confessor read, and the nuns sang together in the choir. It happened one morning that Isabella noticed a voice, that, with wonderful bell-like clearness, drowned all the others. The song was listened to, as the desponding warbler listens to the nightingale, who, Princess of the woods, surpassed all the other tribes. And there was something so foreign in the pronunciation, so peculiar in the whole style, that it was evident the singer was unaccustomed to church music, and perhaps now sang in a mass for the first time in her life. Isabella seemed greatly surprised, and observed that her followers were seized with the same astonishment. She at once anticipated that some strange adventure was going on, for the brave General Aguillar, who had joined her train, caught her eye. Kneeling in the oratory, his eyes were fixed upon the choir, with an expression of most fervent, intense aspiration. As the mass was ended, Isabella went to the chamber of Donna Maria, the Prioress, and inquired about the strange singer. 'Will you, O Queen,' said Donna Maria, 'call to mind that for a month past, whilst Don Aguillar has sought to overthrow the outworks and conquer Granada, that the walls, surrounded by a magnificent terrace, have served as a place of pleasure. Each night the wanton song of the heathen, from that enticing syren voice, sounded over into our camp, and Don Aguillar was the more zealous, therefore, to destroy this nest of sin. Already were the works taken, already were the women, imprisoned during the battle, carried away, when an unexpected reinforcement, notwithstanding a brave defence, overpowered him, and drove him back into the camp. The enemy ventured not to follow him; therefore the prisoners and all the rich

booty remained his. Among the female prisoners, there was one, whose inconsolable grief, whose despair, excited the attention of Don Aguillar.

"He approached the veiled one, with friendly words, but in her grief she had no speech but music. She took a cithern, suspended by a golden band from her neck, and played thereon a romance that moaned in profound sighs, heart-rending tones, the separation from the beloved, from all life's joys. Aguillar, deeply impressed by the wonderful tones, concluded to send back the prisoner to Granada. She prostrated herself before him, whilst she threw back her veil. Aguillar cried out, 'Art thou not Zulema, the light of song in Granada?' It was indeed Zulema, whom Aguillar had seen when Ambassador at Boabdil's Court, whose wonderful music had sunk deep in his breast. 'I give you your freedom,' said the General. But the worthy father Agostino Sanchez, who marched forward, cross in hand, exclaimed, 'Rememberest thou, my lord, that when thou settest this prisoner free, thou doest her great injustice; for thou returnest her to idolatry, when, perhaps, with us the grace of God may enlighten her, and she may be received into the bosom of the Mother Church.' Aguillar answered, 'she shall remain with us a month, and then, if the Spirit of the Lord prevails not with her, she shall return to Granada.' And so it happened, O! Queen, that Zulema was received by us into the Convent. At first she yielded entirely to her inconsolable grief; but soon wild and mournful music was heard, and then heart-touching romances, which filled the whole convent, and over all, the outgushing of her clear, bell-like voice. It happened one night, that we sang together in the church, after midnight, the wonderfully beautiful *Ora*, which that high master of song, Ferrera, had taught. In the bright light I observed Zulema standing in the open door-way of the choir, quiet and thoughtful, gazing upon us with earnest look. As we in couples left the choir, Zulema knelt and sang before an image of the Virgin. Since that day she has sung no romances, but remained still in inward contemplation. Soon she sought to recall, upon her deep voiced cithern, the chorals which we sang in the church, and then would sing them in a low, gentle voice, seeking to remember the words of our hymns, and pronouncing them with strange beauty in her foreign tongue. I marked well that the spirit of the Lord, in mild, confiding tones, spoke to her in music; and that her heart was open to His grace. Therefore I sent to her the sister Emanuela, mistress of the choir, that she might fan the glimmering torch to a flame; and thus it happened, that in holy song the faith of the Church has been enkindled in her. Zulema has not yet been received through holy baptism into the bosom of the Church; but we shall permit her to join our choir, and so devote her wonderful voice to the glory of religion.' The Queen now understood what passed in Aguillar's mind, when he yielded to Father Agostino's remonstrance, and did not send Zulema back to Granada, but placed her in the convent, and rejoiced greatly at her conversion to the true faith. In a few days, Zulema was baptized, and took the name of Julia. The Queen herself, the Marquis of Cadiz, Henry of Gusman, and the Generals Mendoza and Villena, were the witnesses of this holy act.

[Conclusion next week.]

From the Boston Courier.

An Ancient Song:

Recently discovered and modernized by a member of the Percy Society, and now first made public.

I.

I know a little impresario,
And a multum in parvo is he.
If you ever should meet him, prepare ye, oh,
To behold "the industrious flea."
Sing heigh, my jolly jolly Yule-man, O!
Sing ho, my jolly jolly Yule-man, O!
For he's rough and he's bluff, and he's ever so tough,
And if that's not enough,
He's a most astonishingly cool man, O!

II.

His friends they call him a Napoleon,*
And he reigns over musical Gotham.
His wisdom and wit they reckon solely on—
His enemies—he's sure to overthrow them.
Sing heigh, my jolly jolly Yule-man, O!
Sing ho, my jolly jolly Yule-man, O!
For he's shy and he's sly, and he's ever so spry,
And he's got such an eye;
He's a most astonishingly cool man, O!

III.

He walks in the glittering Academy,
And he watches the fine people enter.
And he mutters—"These gay crowds foreshadow me
That mine is no profitless venture."
Sing heigh, my jolly jolly Yule-man, O!
Sing ho, my jolly jolly Yule-man, O!
For he smirks and he jerks, and he's full of his quirks,
And his wise head he perks;
He's a most astonishingly cool man, O!

IV.

When business falls off, he seizes his pen,
And comes out with a stunning bulletin.
Then he stands like a crafty old fox in his den,
To watch for the cash and to pull it in.
Sing heigh, my jolly jolly Yule-man, O!
Sing ho, my jolly jolly Yule-man, O!
For he winks and he blinks, as he hears the sweet chinks,
And complacently thinks
He's a most astonishingly cool man, O!

V.

He laughs at the ninnies who rush to and fro
In the mazes of musical factions,
For he knows very well how to manage it so
As to profit by all their mad actions.
Sing heigh, my jolly jolly Yule-man, O!
Sing ho, my jolly jolly Yule-man, O!
For his foes he can pose, so he turns up his nose,
And every way shows,
He's a most astonishingly cool man, O!

VI.

So he prospers and thrives with his operas gay,
And his concerts so fashionable;
And he ne'er finds himself—what'er he may say—
To make out his cash unahle.
Sing heigh, my jolly jolly Yule-man, O!
Sing ho, my jolly jolly Yule-man, O!
For he knows all the throws, and just how the wind blows,
And with it he goes—
He's a most astonishingly cool man, O!

* The antiquity of the song is so great that some portions are very difficult to decipher. Thus it is very nearly impossible to determine whether this line terminates "a Napoleon," or "an Apollyon."

† There is some doubt about the orthography of this word. "Yule" is an ancient term for a festival day, more especially Christmas. It is supposed that "Yule-man" signifies, in this case, one who has to do with festivals and shows. In one or two places in the manuscript it is spelt "Ule-man," and in others "Ullman." It has been deemed best, however, to adopt a uniform style.

Halévy's New Opera, "La Magicienne."

Correspondence of the New Orleans Picayune.

PARIS, MARCH 21, 1858. — Halévy has given us his new opera, after six months' rehearsals—changes innumerable—forty thousand dollars of expenditure—(such are the conditions precedent to the execution of a grand opera; it is no wonder they appear only once in two years!) We have had a surfeit of "properties;" tastes of hell and glimpses of hell—genii, spirits, naiads, syrens, butterflies, gnomes, salamanders, devils, pages, hinds, swains, nobles, vassals, heralds, chessmen, feudal castles and gothic cathedrals—brimstone and electric light—nude girls and vested priests—rivers and lakes—moonlight nights and amber sunrises—the "Child's Own Book" and the "Arabian Nights" rolled into five hours—in fine, forty thousand dollars of "properties;" for that is all—the music is but the Vauxhall slice of ham between two great hunches of bread; it is the mere pretext, the "talking of guns," which introduces a fairy piece from the Porte Saint Martin to the Grand Opera. It is evident that the new managers of the Opera are homeopaths of music, and relegate the old-fashioned allopathic mode of giving little scenery and much music to the Italian opera. They hold with the manager M. Hector Berlioz recently described; him who said,

"The best music is that which in opera spoils nothing."

"I must, however, analyze the "book" (which is by M. de Saint Georges) for you. The title of the opera is *La Magicienne*, and although the "book" is not an adaptation of the old legend of Melusina, it is founded upon it. According to the legend, Melusina married Raimondin, Count de Forêt, one of the founders of the family of Lusignan. She possessed great beauty and fascinating grace, but during the night she was half woman and half serpent. In their marriage contract was a clause providing that the husband should be satisfied to love his wife only during the day, but that he should never see her at night. The indiscreet husband, however, did not keep his promises, and he saw her during the transformation; she gave a terrible scream and never appeared more. When the curtain rises on the new opera, it discovers the young Countess Blanche de Poitou in the hall of her castle, surrounded by her ladies and servants. Her betrothed, René, who had long been absent on a crusade, is about returning, for the crusade is ended. A mysterious stranger, who has entered to crave hospitality, tells her that he met René encamped in a neighboring forest. The second scene shows us (and it is beautifully gotten up) this forest lighted up by one of those Neapolitan moons which are indeed "but daylight sick." Fairies and genii sport in their unhallowed games, for there is Melusina's, the Magician's, court. René is seen sleeping under a small tent. Melusina, who has fallen in love with him, in love like the panther "who strikes his claws into his female's loins when in the transports of his love," bends over the sleeper and sends him a dream in which he sees her in all her brilliant beauty. His heart thrills at the sight. Blanche fades away from his memory, and Melusina occupies the heart she once possessed. He wakes, and the sprites fade away into thin air.

The stage represents in the second act a subterranean hall in Lusignan's castle, in the Oriental style, and adorned in a rich cabalistic manner, befitting Melusina's residence. She is seen consulting an old black art manuscript. Melusina was seduced by Stello, a famous necromancer, who revealed to her a portion of his infernal science, but retaining enough to enable him to exercise an absolute power over her. She is tired of this slavery, and ashamed of the love she had for a moment for Stello, and pores over the book to procure some secret mode of breaking his spell. She is interrupted by the opening of the mazy wall—Stello enters, and the wall closes again. He knows her love for René, and threatens her with his torments if she does not abandon it. She flies away while he is menacing her. Now we see René in the castle of Blanche's father; the latter presents René to everybody as his son-in-law; his return is celebrated by dances, in the midst of which meek priests enter, bearing a tripod filled with burning incense, and followed by a veiled woman, who is called the Samnian sybil, but who is in reality Melusina. She comes to prevent the marriage of René and Blanche: "Your bride deceives you," says she to him; "meet me at midnight in the castle garden and you shall see with your own eyes."

"In the third act Melusina and René meet in the garden; he recognizes in her the beauty of his dreams, and swears eternal fidelity to her if she proves Blanche false. "Look!" says she. He looks and sees a handsome page singing under Blanche's windows; the magician raises a phantom which appears on the balcony, makes signs to the page, throws him a bouquet; it seems Blanche, and René believes; while the open window of a chapel discloses to the spectator the real Blanche on her knees at prayer, praying for her own René, while he takes Melusina's land and swears love to her.

Day breaks. A troop of peasants appear bearing a May-pole; they erect it and dance rustic measures around it. Blanche and René are left together; he reproaches her for her frailty in unmeasured terms, when her father enters and sees her kneeling with disheveled hair at René's feet; the latter openly accuses her. Blanche,

fearing her father's anger for René, confesses her guilt, and declares her intention of retiring to a convent. Melusina, who is afraid that René will relent at the sight of all this grief, causes a violent tempest and carries him off amid terrible peals of thunder, vivid flashes of lightning and the hissing of fast falling rain.

The fourth act opens with the palace of Melusina, which is resplendent with light and precious stones, and golden plate. René has forgotten Blanche. But Stello bursts through these palace rocks, which close behind him; René asks who is this intruder; they exchange bitter words and draw their swords, but René's sword drops from his hand (what is ordinary steel to a magician's wand?) and Stello spares his life that he may tell him his new mistress is Melusina, that Blanche is pure, that his senses were juggled by the perfidious Melusina when he took a phantom for his true-love, that at day-break Melusina assumes a form beyond expression horrible; as he speaks the sun rises, a greenish light like the color which mantles the loathsome, stagnant pool, or the livery of the frog, steals over her. René curses her, myriads of devils rise on all sides to join in his malediction.

A picturesque valley appears with the fifth act; it is filled with ruined altars, crumbling, ivy-crowned abbeys and venerable convent walls. Blanche appears, followed by her servants. Melusina enters; she is a repentant woman, and seeks Blanche to obtain her pardon for all the wrongs she had done her. Blanche refuses to pardon her, but hearing that the now undeceived René still loves her, she determines to abandon her resolution of entering the convent.—Melusina in her despair turns her mind to the cloister, but here Stello appears, and claims her as hell's property; Blanche retires, praying for Melusina as she goes into the convent where her father and René await her. Trumpets are heard in the bowels of the earth, and on every side spring from the firm soil demons and imps, who strive to drag Melusina down to their bottomless pit. The prayers of René, Blanche and her father are heard in the convent praying for Melusina. The damned gnash their teeth and wail in agony at being so foiled; Melusina cries "I believe! I am a Christian!" Hell's pensioners retire in dismay, buried in a convulsion of nature which, amid loud peals of thunder and the quaking of the earth and lurid flames, swallows them up; while in the distance a beautiful landscape, bathed in soft light, appears; a village procession advances to meet Blanche and René. On the other side Melusina expires in the arms of an abbess, the heavens open, a radiant cross is seen, angels fly up and down in the effulgence which pours from the realms of bliss, and Melusina's soul ascends to heaven.

Mr. Berlioz says: "The leading qualities of the score of *La Magicienne* are strength and grandeur. It contains none of those combinations which require from the auditor a sort of laborious analysis, which is always fatiguing. All is clear and simple." M. Fiorentino expresses a still more favorable opinion: "The author of *La Juive*, *la Reine de Chypre*, *Charles VI.*, and so many other profound and popular operas, has written a master score. The last act is, everybody agrees, a *chef d'œuvre*; M. Halévy has never been more happily inspired."

While the opinions of judges are so favorable they also hold that it is impossible to execute this opera in any theatre except the two or three grand opera houses of Europe. M. Halévy—like every other composer who writes for the grand opera—has been obliged to cut his piece a great deal to please the "property man" and the ballet master, and the chances are, the *residuum* of music will not please, unless framed in as much carved gold as when it first appeared.

GAMMA.

(From Punch.)

The German Liszt Confederation.

There seems to be in the continental papers a grand Germanic confederation to praise Liszt. It is *toujours* Liszt, as with the Ghost in *Hamlet*. It is the rule, apparently, with all Teutonic editors, if there happens to be a crack, or a small cranny, in their paper, that

wants filling up, to dab in, invariably, a bit of Liszt. This prevalence of the same commodity, that German editors resort to as often as their wits are woolgathering, reminds one of an invalid's room. The constant look, and monotonous sound of the thing begins to weary one.

However, we are not indisposed to believe all the magnificent things that are being perpetually dinged in honor of this wonderful Kapellmeister. On the contrary, we are most anxious to open our ears wide to every stunning peal of praise that his followers are daily ringing in commemoration of his victorious merits. It is one glorious privilege, attached to the happy fact of being a musician, that the homage addressed to him is always of the most superlative kind. There are no pigmies in the art; they are all giants. What a musician of the most gigantic proportions is Wagner! what a Titan of music is Liszt! The old Titans, we believe, tried to take Heaven by means of ladders. But these stupendous Titans of the fiddle and the piano-forte are in the habit of running up monster scales to Heaven, and bringing down with them on the tips of their fingers all the melody and music that is stored there in the keeping of the angels. At least, this is what their mad pupils tell you, and what we are consequently bound to believe. The Future, too, sings to them, years in advance of other mortals; and so quick are they of hearing, that, like *Fine-ear*, who was a member of *Fortunio's* celebrated band, they have only to put their ears to the ground, and they will hear sounds such as no one else can hear. In this way, they listen to operas ten, fifteen, fifty years before the rest of the world; but it pains us to state that these favored giants, with their *oreilles* in a future world, are rather apt to get angry, because the world is weak enough to prefer good music of the present day to bad music that would be popular half-a-century hence. When we are fifty years older, perhaps we shall know better.

We will now take up again the golden thread that we had dropped for a few sentences, of our great admiration for Liszt. To prove how credulous we are in his noble favor, and only too ready to believe every incredible thing that is drivelled about him, we have written, and with no small amount of pleasure, the following startling paragraphs, all of which bear record to his surpassing genius. We present them cordially to the German editors, and they are at liberty to use every one of them:—

"Liszt wears out a piano every day. If it were not for his colossal fortune, he would not be able to do this."

"At the coronation of the Emperor of Russia, Alexander walked before Liszt; the gifted young composer was so hurt at this, that he got up instantly and left the church. He has never forgiven the insult to the present day."

"It is a libel to say that Liszt's hair is two yards long. It is true that it is of such a length that, on state occasions, a beautiful young Gräfin walks with conscious pride behind him, and is enabled to hold it up, as a page does the train of a lady's dress. The fact is that, not being able to endure the *cuisson* of the hair-cutter's scissors, he does not have his hair cut oftener than once every fifteen years. The effect of that operation on his sensitive nature is such that he cries for weeks afterwards. However, if his hair is a yard and a half long, it is to the full as much as it is; but then when I saw it, it was only in its sixth year."

"To show how nice he is in his distinctions, he calls himself the Raphael of music, and Wagner the Michael Angelo."

"He will not endure the slightest affront paid to his art. One day the Grand Duke of Grosshunderhoshen accidentally put his hat upon the lid of his piano. It was his cherished piano—the one that he would allow no one to touch but himself. Instantly Liszt seized hold of the recreant *chapeau*, and with a frenzy that almost made his long hair stand bolt upright he flung it out of window. The next day he had the piano (it was made of sandal-wood, ornamented with turquoises, and standing on spiral legs of malachite) chopped up for fagots for the poor. Notwithstanding the most abject apologies, he would never permit the Grand Duke to enter into his presence again."

"As a proof of the wonderful spell he exercises over all listeners, we may mention the following well-authenticated fact: One night he was playing on the balcony of the *Goldene Gans* at Prague. An immense crowd was collected below—all Prague, in fact. With the greatest good-nature, he played for several hours, though the weather was intensely cold. The mob seemed never to tire of listening to him. What was the lamentable consequence? The next morning, three peasants, nineteen market-women, a Field-Marshal, and a dog, were found frozen to death on the spot! Since then, not all the entreaties in the world will ever induce Liszt to play for more than half-an-hour at a time."

Liszt's influence over the fair sex is too well known to be doubted by any one. Ladies have disguised themselves as water-carriers, as porters, even as chimney-sweeps, to gain admission into his divine presence. Sometimes he is obliged to have the police pull the women away from his house, before he has been able to get in at the street door. On each finger, Liszt has a valuable ring—each ring was the gift of an empress, a queen, or a crowned princess. He will not take any more rings now. He will give as many as you like—but he's too proud to receive an obligation from any one. It was from Berlioz, we think, that he once took a pot of beer; but the Grand Dowager Duchess Fylybithijijiskoi, had to go on her knees to get Liszt to accept of her a pearl that was almost as big as a swan's egg! It was valued at several thousands of pounds, but imprudently he sat upon it one day, and smashed it! He has an immense box of love-letters: they are from

countesses, washerwomen, poetesses, little school-pupils, actresses, even from beggar-girls. Appreciating the spirit that dictates the homage of them all, he has deigned to receive *billets-doux* from the poorest, or the highest, or the most degraded! Well, before Liszt sits down to compose, he dips his hands into this trunk full of letters, and allows them to remain there for at least half-an-hour, steeped up to his elbows, in the electric current of the tender epistles. He says it permeates his fingers to the very tips with the purest inspiration! He calls it his Fountain of Jouvence—his Egeria of love."

"Liszt has made more money, perhaps, than any one else in the world. To show what little value he places upon wealth, he has been known to throw big handfuls of gold into the pit of the Opera. It has been calculated that if all the princely sums he has received in exchange for the exercise of his sublime talents, were changed into gold Napoleons, and placed side by side, that they would make an auriferous pavement round the circumference of the globe more than sufficiently wide to allow a couple of Saloon Omnibuses to drive about upon it. Change the same enormous sums into £5 bank notes, and you could paste the Wall of China all over with them, and in addition, have several park-palings to spare. It is certainly stupendous!"

We have scarcely done laughing at the humor of the above, when we receive the following report about the great pianist, which possibly is quite as much an invention of the enemy:

LISZT A MONK.—A year ago it was reported that the great pianist, Liszt, had become a monk; but the report proved untrue. We find it now repeated circumstantially. The *Lloyd* of Pesth, in one of its latest issues, contains a paragraph which the Philadelphia *Bulletin* translates as follows:

"The celebrated pianist, Francis Liszt, was last Sunday solemnly received into the brotherhood of the Order of St. Francis d'Assises, at Pesth. A mass was said at noon in the church of the Franciscan Fathers, and then Becker's vocal mass was performed by the members of a singing society and others, admirers of Liszt. After the mass, those attending it repaired to the refectory, where Liszt, wearing the Portuguese Order of Christ, entered and took a place of honor reserved for him, after which a prayer was offered. A priest of the Order then presented Liszt the document of reception, from the Provincial Father at Presburg, and made him an address in Latin, in which he spoke of the new brother's great merits as an artist and a man. After several addresses by different church dignitaries, by Baron Augustus, Vice President of the government of Buda, and others, the ceremony was followed by a dinner."

Tamberlik's Debut in Paris.

Correspondence of the Boston Traveller.

PARIS, April 8.—We have had the appearance of M. Tamberlik before a Paris audience. He trembled, believe it, when he saw that many-headed monster, the public, filling the Italian Opera house, for he was afraid that his reputation might receive a blow which would wound it for many a long day. Success hangs by so slight a thread! An indigestion, an importunate dun, a scolding wife, the cloudy sky; who can number all the gossamer lines on which fame hangs? No wonder the veteran trembled, for who could vaticinate the humor of that audience, disposed to be critical, easier to offend than to please, (what can please the palled, whose most exquisite sensation is the consciousness of being not offended!) The theatre was crammed, for who knew the issue of that evening, and what a pleasure it would have been to be able to say, I was there! I saw that Tamberlik, of such boasted fame at London, St. Petersburg, Rio, fail, signally fail, prove worse than our third-rate tenors. The curtain rose, and M. Tamberlik appeared, trembling like an aspen leaf. Grisi was there too, but (oh, for the taste of a Paris audience!) The whole object of the curiosity of the evening, was to know if he could give the *ut dieze* (or *re bemol*); if he failed in this note, he would have been hissed, though he had been perfect in every other particular. So the first act went off lamely enough; M. Tamberlik was greatly applauded. Mme. Grisi (who was furious in consequence of mistakes Emilia made) sang and acted admirably.

Between this and the next act, the late comers poured into their places, afraid they were after the *ut*. Has he given it? Not yet. Thank Heaven, I pay a hundred francs for my seat to-night, and I was afraid I might miss that note rarer than a black swan, the *ut de poitrine*. *Ut de poitrine, Monsieur!* why that is what Duprez gave in his palmy days, while Tamberlik give an *ut dieze*. Hush! hush! gentlemen, if you please, say another person, he is going to give an admirable *re*. You could have heard a pin drop as the curtain rose on the second act. The audience seemed changed to marble statues. The duo between Iago (Corsi) and Otello (Tamberlik) was listened to with breathless curiosity, which soon became impatience, when the audience found the *note* so long in coming. Nobody breathed, afraid lest his respiration might make him lose the note. Here is the famous *stretta*, whispered the old opera goers. Tamberlik sang with poignant grief and ferocious vengeance:

Morro ma vendicato,

Si dipo lei morro.

But he gave no *do!!* He came near being hissed . . . but absorbed in his part, sure of himself, he advanced to the footlights, and beginning his phrase

with tenfold energy and fury he gave the famous *ut dieze*—no scream—no doubtful forced sound—but a full, round, equal, silvery, irreproachably accurate and of rare power. The opera house shook to its foundations, the orchestra and pit rose and cheered. The boxes applauded. You remember to have seen Webster in Faneuil Hall: "If those pictures could speak . . . I do hear them speak!" and Boston hurrah itself hoarse! Such was the scene the other night at the Italian Opera after Tamberlik gave his *ut dieze*.

A novel musical instrument, called a Key Harp, is attracting attention. Its external construction is nearly like that of a piano, with a similar arrangement of keys and pedals, but its musical principle is entirely different. The mystery of the invention is understood to consist in the adjustment of tuning forks of various pitches (answering to the keys) over cavities of sonorous metal, which, if struck, would give out corresponding sounds. The tuning forks are vibrated by strokes of the keys, and the result is a sweet, mellow tone, very much like that of a music-box or a harp. If the volume of the sound can be doubled (which it is claimed can be done by an additional mechanical contrivance) the Key Harp may yet share household honors with the piano.

Musical Correspondence.

BROOKLYN, N. Y., MAY 11.—The first Concert of the "Brooklyn Harmonic Society" comes off to-morrow night at the Polytechnic Institute, and the Rehearsals so far angrar well for the success of the very excellent programme, which is as follows:

PART I.

1. Symphony in C, Beethoven.
2. Forest Birding, Air for Soprano, Horn Obligato, Lachner.

Miss Marie Elina Couran.

3. Terzetto from Titus, Mozart.
5. Oberon's Magic Horn, Fantasia for Piano-forte, with Orchestral accompaniment by Hummel.

1. Allegro energico; 2. Larghetto cantabile; 3. Tempo di Marcia; 4. Tempesto di Mare (Tempest on the sea); 5. Allegretto con moto.

Mr. John Suckert.

PART II.

5. Overture—Magic Flute, Mozart.
6. Easter Morning Cantata, Neukomm.

Much praise is due Mr. Prox, for the energy and perseverance he has given to the best interest of this new Society and other matters connected with the promotion and growth of a good, healthy, and genuine musical taste among us. Miss COURAN, the Soprano soloist of the Society, possesses an excellent voice and sings with much feeling and taste.

With close application and careful study under good teachers, Miss Couran will rank among our best Concert singers.

The "Brooklyn Philharmonic Society" propose giving, in conjunction with the Horticultural Society, a Floral and Musical entertainment at the Athenæum, about the first of June.

The particulars I cannot give you as they are not yet decided upon. It is designed however to be an unique and elegant affair, combining the highest enjoyment of the loveliest and purest products of nature, with the greatest and noblest production of Art.

Madame Rumour says we are to have Opera at the Academy again in New York next week, with GAZANIGA as principal attraction. The Philadelphia company at Burton's are meeting with fair success. LAGRANGE and RONCONI are the proprietors as well as the principal attraction. I prefer not to speak of Ronconi till I have seen him in "*Il Barbiere*," on Wednesday, when he plays Figaro. In the meantime I would commend to the attention of your readers, the characteristic but admirable notice in the *Tribune* of this morning, by Mr. Fry, of Signior Ronconi, and the performance last night at Burton's of *Elisir d'Amore*. It is much to be regretted that Mr. Fry so seldom gives us notices of this kind both of the artists and the operas performed.

The MUSARD Concerts are a very bad failure. The whole thing has fallen flat. The audiences are never large, and sometimes they are quite meagre.

The enthusiasm was never above blood-heat and often down at Zero. Mons. Musard is always intensely graceful, never in earnest, for fear it might be vulgar. The ladies think him "such a love of a man," and Mons. thinks the "American poobleck don't know good mooseek."

Mr. Ullmann is losing money every night. This is really too bad, for the Concerts are certainly well worth attending. Mr. Ullman must come out with another "card to the public." Give us a little more "grape" and "canister," Mr. Ullman; there's nothing like it.

We are to have this week, "Two Sacred Oratorios (under the immediate patronage of the most distinguished clergymen of New York and Brooklyn)."

What a sad and deplorable state of things, when our "most distinguished clergymen" allow themselves to be used in countenancing the production of such heathenish works as those by Handel, Haydn and Mendelssohn! BELLINI.

PHILADELPHIA, MAY 5. — RONCONI is unquestionably the most versatile actor on the lyric stage. His Dr. Dulcamara, in *L'Elisir d'Amore*, was a perfect masterpiece of comic delineation,—the most laughter-provoking, quaint, and life-like picture of the charlatan imaginable. The elegant audience, which generally regards an open display of risibility to be a sure index of an unsophisticated mind, was forced, *nolens volens*, into constant paroxysms of mirth by the vagaries of this Burton of the lyric boards. We have never known even an approximation to him.

The Opera season closed with LA GRANGE's benefit, last Saturday evening. It came to a most unpleasant termination. Pecuniary difficulties, intrigues, plots and counterplots, quarrels, and many other concomitant features of this peculiar and sensitive institution hurried it to a finale somewhat premature. The *chef d'Orchestre* and a subaltern of his had rendered themselves obnoxious to a large body of the regular habitués of the Opera house; to such an extent, in fact, that the promenaders of the lobby hissed and hooted the twain from the precincts, on Saturday night. All this created a vast deal of excitement, during which disclosures of the most extraordinary character, with regard to the management of the internal economy of the Academy, sped through the saloon and streets of the city, upon the wings of rumor. How well authenticated these were I know not; but, if true, they would furnish sufficient intrigue for a "yellow-kivered" novel. GAZZANIGA was to have been rejoiced by a monster complimentary benefit on Monday night last, but the cruel Fates, or rather the complicated troubles at Broad and Locust, have cheated her out of the high honor, the wreaths, and the profits.

SATTER announces his first Concert for next Tuesday evening, at the Musical Fund Hall. He comes to Philadelphia at a most inauspicious moment, when a long Opera season has drawn heavily upon the exchequer of individual connoisseurs, and when the fond mamma and her aspiring daughter, deeming the winter season over, commence to direct their whole thoughts upon the coming watering-place dissipation. His audiences may prove sufficiently select, appreciative, and enthusiastic, but they can scarcely be remunerative. Still, Mme. JOHANNSEN, his *cantatrice*, may draw the Germans forth.

The Harmonia Sacred Music Society announces its final Concert of the season for to-morrow night (9th inst.) A most excellent programme, (comprising choruses from the "Elijah" and the "Creation," together with many fine sacred and secular Solos) has been prepared. This popular society has contributed greatly to the dissemination of a taste for classical music here. "High Art" seems to be its watchword; and although, in a desire to please all of its subscribers, light ballads and other works, not strictly up to an elevated standard, are allowed to

appear upon its programmes, still infinite credit is due to its persevering efforts to render the works of Handel, Haydn, Mozart, and other kindred spirits, appreciated by the masses at large.

The soprano of to-morrow night is to be Mrs. EMILY REED (a Bostonian, I believe) who has been here for some time, and who recently acquitted herself nobly in a performance of the "Creation" by our Handel and Haydn Society. MANRICO.

MILAN, APRIL 18. — I have recently been poking about — excuse the inelegance of the term, but it is so eminently expressive of my style of travelling — I have been poking about a part of Italy not often visited by travelers — the Adriatic coast. I have made a discovery, to wit, that this Oriental side of Italy is the most musical part of this land of song.

In the course of my pokings, I visited a number of curious old towns, among them Rimini, where they have a theatre that surpasses anything in even Paris itself. It was only erected last year, is replete with all the modern improvements, and, as a piece of architecture, is a handsome embellishment to the interesting old town. The architect is immortalized by having his name placed in large letters over the portal, accompanied with a complimentary Latin inscription. When the theatre was finished, Verdi was engaged to write an opera for the opening night, and in response to the call, the enchanter waved his wand, and forth came that poor, mis-shapen thing, *Aroldo*. In a previous letter I mentioned that this opera was first produced in Parma; but it appears I was wrong, and as the error is one of such colossal importance, I hasten to make a retraction. Verdi wrote *Aroldo* "to order," for the splendid new theatre of Rimini, which, though a village of but about 12,000 inhabitants, possesses a finer opera house than Boston, with all its musical taste, can boast of.

Having written his opera and personally presided at its production at Rimini, the good people of the place, and the city authorities and everybody else put their heads together, and besides paying the lucky Verdi handsomely for *Aroldo*, they decided to compliment him with a special testimonial of their regard. So a number of handsome lithograph portraits of the Maestro were struck off with a suitable inscription beneath, stating the circumstances of the case, and copies of this portrait may be found in almost every shop window on the Adriatic coast, from Ravenna to Ancona. This is a frequent compliment in Italy. When a Prima Donna has a benefit, her admirers have a portrait printed of the lady, with some such inscription as this: "To the egregious and talented Signora So and So, on the occasion of her benefit at such a place. An humble testimonial of regard from admiring friends." Then follows the date.

At Pesaro, which you know perfectly well is on the Adriatic coast, about 25 miles from Rimini, was born ROSSINI, and I therefore looked about this lively and good-sized town with special interest. It is not a very agreeable place. It has no railroads and no steamboats, and it is no wonder that Rossini deserts it for the more genial Paris. In fact he decidedly snubs his birthplace, and has not visited it for some time. I must say that he enjoys at Pesaro the unenviable reputation of being rich and stingy. A number of his relatives still live there, engaged in various pursuits. In his youth he was wild and wanted to go to sea. However he became a composer and thus immortal, for which interesting and novel information I am indebted to the landlord of the inn I stopped at.

Yet after all, Rossini is the greatest man Pesaro ever brought forth, and the Pesarese are perfectly well aware of it. A few years ago they placed his statue in the public square, where you may now behold him grasping the inevitable roll of music and looking upwards as if struck with a sudden idea. There are few, if any musicians, who have been so

fortunate as Rossini. All over the civilized world he is spoken of with the most enthusiastic admiration. At Paris his society is courted by the most intelligent and aristocratic classes, and it would be the same in whatever country he lived. He gets the credit of saying a great many more clever things than he really does say, and newspaper folks are continually making him the hero of apocryphal anecdotes. Yet, at the same time, in the midst of all his popularity, it may be fairly asked whether he has not already seen its decline — whether his music is not already more talked about than listened to.

The fact is my hawk eye has been scanning with acute attention the operatic campaign in Italy for the past six months, and only two of Rossini's numerous operas have been in that time produced in all this country — that is, if I may depend upon the faithfulness of said hawk eye. His *Otello* was produced in some little town, the name of which I now forget, while his *Barbiere* was the chief attraction of the musical season at Rome. The latter opera seems to be immortal, but it is the only one of Rossini's numerous works that is now really popular here. *William Tell* has been hitherto a great favorite in Milan, but this last season it only drew thin, unpaying houses to La Scala. The *Gazza Ladra*, both the French and Italian musical press unite in condemning as utterly old fogeyish and as an opera which, having lived an honorable and respectable existence, should now be allowed to quietly depart this life. I think there can be no doubt that the genuine popularity of Rossini's music is on the wane in Italy at least — though if such glorious works as *Tell* and *Semiramide* do not enjoy a hundred years of healthy life, what operatic music can?

At the same time Bellini seems to be as popular as ever. Not only are the three favorites, *Norma*, *Puritani*, and *Sonnambula*, still frequently produced, but his other operas, not so well known in America — *Pirata*, *Montecchi e Capuletti*, and *La Straniera* — are also occasionally produced. Last night I heard at the theatre Santa Radegonda, in this city, his *Beatrice di Tenda*, a lovely little opera, worthy of the composer of *Sonnambula*.

There is at present a rising composer in Italy, who promises to become a star of the first magnitude. It is FERRARI, whose opera, *L'ultimi giorni di Suli*, has had a success, which is however quite eclipsed by the great enthusiasm created by his new work, *Pipele*. This *Pipele* is a comic opera, full of life and spirit, and abounding in striking melodies. There is a burlesque oath scene, which seems to be a musical parody upon the grand oath-scene in *William Tell*. There is a drunken scene which nightly draws an encore, though perhaps more on account of the acting than the music. There is a grand trio for male voices, with any amount of brilliant airs for the prima donna, concluding with a spirited bravura finale à la *Mazurka*. This opera is now meeting with great success all over Italy, and it is very probable it will cross the water and be heard ere long in America.

La Scala is closed at present, and I was disappointed in not being able to get a glimpse at the interior of this famous theatre. The owners of La Scala also have a smaller theatre here, La Cannobina, which serves as a substitute for the larger, the latter being open only in winter. At the Cannobina the operas for the spring season are Rossini's *Barbiere*, and Bellini's *Sonnambula*. There will be this spring three opera houses open in Milan.

TROVATOR.

FLORENCE, APRIL 15. — Compared with the frequent opportunities of listening to good music which you enjoy in Boston, we temporary Florentines are but poorly situated. Nevertheless, now and then a matinee, or a soirée, private or public, enables us to realize that there is other than Verdi's music in the world, and that Beethoven and his compeers are not unsubstantial realities, formed of the "stuff which dreams are made of." Of this class were two evening concerts given by "Il maestro MAGLIONI, (a well-known composer, and piano-forte teacher here), at the first of which we had the C minor Trio of Beethoven, very well played by MANETTI, CASORTI and SBOGLI. Manetti, with a slightly too Italian tendency to the

seeking of expression by such illegitimate means as "ad libitum" *rallentandos* and *accelerandos* afford, has a feeling for classical music, a good pianist. Casorti is a pupil of De Beriot, and resident at Turin; while Sholei is the best violoncellist in Florence; a first rate player for expression and execution, and conversant with the works of the great masters. We had some very good singing at this and the second soirée, and at both pleasing compositions for Piano, Harmonium and strings of Maglioni's, entitled "Serenade," "Hymn to Flora," &c., &c., somewhat too full of Italian cadences and climaxes to suit a Germanized ear. Maglioni's best work is a Cantata, called "Manfred," which judging from inspection of the printed Piano and Voice score, is of no ordinary merit. At his second soirée he produced with Chorus, Meyerbeer's new *Pater Noster*, which being very well sung, and a striking composition, produced great effect, and was encored. At the house of GIORACCHINI, (the Violin Professor at the Accademia delle Belle Arti) we have had matinées of even a higher quality. At the second one, which took place a week ago, the Signora SACERDOTE played Mendelssohn's D minor Trio with Gioracchini and Sholei, admirably well—and afterwards Weber's G minor Trio for Piano, Flute, and 'Cello. We had also the first movement of a Concerto by De Beriot, for two Violins, in which the parts were tripled, by Gioracchini and five of his scholars—their unity of style, bowing and execution showed what a very excellent master Gioracchini must be to have such pupils in the difficult art of Violin playing. At the first matinée the 3d Trio of Mayseider was very well played, and the Abbate FEDERIGHT, an excellent Baritone singer, sang among other things, Schubert's "Adieu," (which is not Schubert's, I am aware) with great effect.

The crowning glory of our musical performances took place last week under the direction of Maestro SNOLEI, the father of the Violoncellist, at the Accademia delle Belle Arti. It consisted of Marcello's magnificent version of the 50th Psalm, a *Miserere* for Alto, Tenor, Bass, and Chorus, one of the noblest compositions it has ever been my lot to listen to. Once before I had the pleasure of hearing one of Marcello's Psalms, at the Paris Conservatoire: *I cieli immensi narrano la Gloria d'Iddio*. I have also frequently examined the printed collection of his works, and now that the opportunity has been again offered to me of listening to one of these truly Handel-like compositions, my previous impressions have been strengthened, and I can only wonder that Choral Societies do not more frequently address themselves to this unexplored mine of beauty and grandeur. Excepting in the works of Handel, I know nothing in music, judging from a single hearing, that can at all compare with the Chorus upon the words of the 18th verse: *L'immensa tua pietà deh fa che splende, Signor, sopra Sionne, onde le mure rieggiam di Gerusalemme innalzarsi*. Remember, too, that there were no Violins or wind instruments in the Orchestra, which was formed of 12 Altos, 4 Cellos, and 4 Double Basses, and in the Chorus about 30 Contraltos—9 youths of both sexes, about 20 Tenors and 30 Basses; and yet our modern masters with all the resources of orchestration, and vast bodies of voices and instruments at their command, cannot, and do not approach the majesty and dignity and seeming body of true sonority which Marcello attained with such comparatively feeble means. It occurred to me a few evenings since, as I sat with my fingers in my ears, behind a Brass Band who were thundering forth Verdi at the Pergola, that Torture by Sound had been forgotten by the Inquisition, and neglected by Dante in his enumeration of the sufferings of the wicked in the Inferno.

How intense such sufferings may be, I had full opportunity of imagining during the quarter of an hour which preceded the entrance of a celebrated Improvisatrice upon the stage—a certain Signora MILLA, who astonished and delighted a very large audience

for two hours and a half by her wonderful facility in improvising upon given subjects. No matter whether the audience furnished her with rhymes for a sonnet, or left her free to find her lines as she saw fit, she poured forth with equal readiness verse after verse, seeming like one possessed by a spirit, pacing the stage, rapt in thought; with fixed eyes, and hurried pantomime; now grasping, now losing the thread, and then when the moment came uttering her stanzas with great eloquence and without the slightest hesitation. But I have wandered far from Marcello and the Soirée given by the so called "Society for the Study of Classical Music," which that evening numbered its 241st performance. No tickets are sold, and so secretly do they carry on their praise-worthy exertions in the production of good music, that of many persons whom I knew in Florence, old residents here, and eager to hear good music, not one had ever heard of the existence of such a society or the fact that such Concerts ever took place. The Concert concluded with the 2d Trio of Mayseider beautifully played by Sholei, his sister, and a violinist named BRUNI—and the *O Salutaris* of Rossini, for four voices, which was extremely well sung, without accompaniment. The Florentines evidently have a passion for Mayseider, who serves as a sort of middle ground and resting place, between Italian and German music, sufficiently "cantabile" to make them feel at home.

Some weeks ago, a Mass by a Florentine Maestro named MABELLINI was performed by the Philharmonic Society. This I did not hear, having supposed it to be an evening ahead of what it turned out to be, a morning performance. I was assured, however, by a competent judge that I did not lose a great deal. The Philharmonic is an almost dead, and rapidly expiring body. Concerts are rarely given, and the standard of selection for programme of performances becomes every year poorer. An effort was lately made by the brother of Maestro BIAGI, leader of the Pergola Orchestra, to obtain subscribers for a series of Classical Chamber Concerts, at which the best Florentine Artists should perform, and the whole be conducted on the most economical principles, in regard to cheapness of admission, but so little interest was excited in the undertaking, that it speedily fell through. The materials for a good Orchestra are abundant in Florence, and interest in, and knowledge of, the best music is shown in the conversation of many artists with whom I have conversed here. But the public is uneducated, and cares not to be musically instructed, so that it is probable the musicians will be left as now, to earn their livelihood by giving lessons, and wearing out their real appreciation of good music by nightly performances of Verdi's operas at the theatres. That Verdi's reign is nearly over, may be predicated from the total failure of his last three or four operas in the principal cities of Italy. During the spring season we are promised "William Tell" at the Pergola, and a better "troupe." Certainly it could hardly be worse than that which sang during the Carnival.

I should not forget to mention the performances of the sisters, FERRI—violinists of great talent, who gave some ten or twelve concerts at the Opera House. Both excellent artists; the younger plays with remarkable power and purity of tone; her executive skill is of the highest kind. Like the Milanollo's, these talented sisters will doubtless gain a world-wide reputation. Among the distinguished musicians of Florence is a certain Maestro GIORGETTI, admirable violinist, and composer of some very beautiful quartets I am assured. He is a paralytic, and having lost the use of his limbs never leaves his chamber, so that I know him only by his reputation. There is also a German, Maestro KRATZ, who gives soirées at which his pupils perform; he being a well known piano-forte teacher.

One of the best players of Chopin I have ever heard is a celebrated amateur pianist, a lady long resident in Paris, where her husband held a high diplomatic position. She has great powers of execution and exquisite delicacy of touch. Some years since, she played Mendelssohn's Piano-forte Concerto at a concert given for the benefit of the poor, and, I am told, with great effect.

In the last number of the "Armonia," a very good musical journal published twice a month in Florence, I see it announced that Sig. Sholei's Society for the study of classical music, is rehearsing the celebrated mass, "Aeterna Christi," and the *O Salutaris* of Palestrina. "These two scores," says the Armonia, "have been given to the Society by his Excellency the Duke S. Clemente, one of the few noblemen in Florence who patronize and promote music."

The Society has been in existence now about six years. Its members pay two pauls a month; meet for practice once a week, and propose to give at least four public performances a year. P.

Dwight's Journal of Music.

BOSTON, MAY 15, 1858.

MUSIC IN THIS NUMBER.—Conclusion of the beautiful Duet for Soprani, with Chorus: "I waited for the Lord," from Mendelssohn's "Hymn of Praise."

Complimentary Concert to August Fries.

Illness balked our strong desire and purpose to be present at the Concert given by the Mendelssohn Quintette Club, Tuesday evening, by way of a Farewell to their esteemed leader, who for nine years has so ably borne the first violin in the long list of classical Quartets and Quintets, of which we owe our knowledge to the Club, and who therefore will ever be associated with many of our purest and most edifying pleasures. The evening was most stormy, but the Chickering saloon was full of music-lovers, eager to express their gratitude to Mr. FRIES, as well as to secure the last feast for this season of choice chamber music. We did not need to be told that it proved an occasion of great interest. All speak highly of the performance, which gave fine opportunity to listen once more to FRIES's violin in favorite strains in which it used to be peculiarly impressive; and the programme was capital, as follows:

1. Quintet in C, op. 29, Beethoven.
Allegro Moderato—Adagio.
2. Aria from *Le nozze di Figaro*—"Porgi amor," Mozart.
Mrs. J. H. Long.
3. Kreutzer Sonata, for Piano and Violin, in A, op. 47, Beethoven.
Messrs. Parker and A. Fries.
4. Meditation on Bach's Prelude in C, with Violin obligato, (by request,) Gounod.
August Fries.
5. Recitative and Aria from "Omano," L. H. Southard.
Mrs. J. H. Long.
6. Ottetto for four Violins, two Altos and two Violoncellos, in E flat, op. 20, Mendelssohn.

We would fain have heard once more that Octet of Mendelssohn, which we believe was never played but once before in Boston. We still remember the vigorous, strongly-wrought Allegro, with its bold theme springing through wide intervals and peremptory octaves; and especially the fairy flutter of the Scherzo, one of the happiest yields of that vein of his young peculiar fancy.

And so August Fries goes from us, — not over-strong in bodily health, after so many years of concert-giving and no little drudging to maintain a position wherefrom to labor as an artist in the cause of high and noble music, — to a new home in Norway, where the musician's services are not forgotten in the rendering, and where there is some forethought for the artist's comfort in the future. When will that reasonable state of things exist here? We wish him plenty of occupation — not too much — and such as suits his taste, with due appreciation and reward, with length of days and happiness. The Club, meanwhile, has lived too long and too well to die, and doubtless will find one to fill the old leader's place acceptably, and give for years to come these Chamber Concerts which they have taught us to feel to be a necessity, as well as a luxury. We have not forgotten our design of giving a list of the fine Quartets, Quintets, Trios, &c., which this Club has first and last brought to our ears, — perhaps the worthy Secretary of the Club will help us.

THE BOARD OF MUSIC TRADE.—We have been desired to call the attention of publishers, and others interested, to the annual meeting of the Board, which will take place at Cincinnati on the second of June. It promises to be an unusually interesting gathering of the craft. For some time have the Cincinnati, Louisville and St. Louis members been engaged in active preparations to return the hospitalities extended to them by their Eastern brethren, who are anticipating a rare pleasure in this first meeting of the Board

west of the Alleghanies. The Louisville members have offered their services as escort on a general excursion to the Mammoth Cave. Who would not be a music publisher! Should they take composers with them (as is not unlikely), what a harvest of unsunned inspirations we shall have! What Mammoth Cave songs and fantasias, what Torch-light Tone-pictures, "Star Chamber" waltzes and Stalactite polkas, what Blind Fish *Reveries* and *Meditations*!

This association was formed a few years since for mutual protection and better unity of operation among those engaged in this country in the now formidably large business of music publishing. It establishes a unitary scale of prices, generally lower than the public were before accustomed to; and it prevents unwise and unnecessary reprinting upon one another, so that a publisher is no longer discouraged from reprinting any sterling work by the fear of rival editions. So we (the musical public) get access to many good things, which otherwise the fears begot of competition would have kept from us, deterring *all* from publishing.

In these ways the association has proved extremely beneficial, and has done away with much of the asperity that commonly exists between rivals in trade. Mr. Horace Waters, the last who took stand in opposition to the Board, has abandoned his "reduced prices," and applied for admission as a member.

An "Association of Music Teachers" (of the Western and South Western States),—a sort of league for fancied mutual protection against music-publishers—is to meet in the same city at about the same time, and it is confidently hoped the difficulties between the two bodies will be amicably settled.

Musical Chit-Chat.

This evening the old BRIGADE BAND of Boston give a concert in the Music Hall, in which they will appear both as a Reed Band of twenty-five instruments, and a Brass Band of eighteen. Their selections will be of the right kind, proper band music, marches and quicksteps, with some operatic arrangements; and the well known skill of this oldest band in the Union (with what ravished sense we used to follow them when we were a boy—before this vulgar and degenerate age of brass!) gives earnest of a fine concert of its kind. We rejoice to see other Bands following the example of the Germania in this good direction of a return to clarinets and oboes, and bassoons and French-horns: but pray take care to have enough of them, for this noisy, bullying and unregenerate Sax family requires a deal of softening and subduing, if not snubbing into utter silence sometimes. . . . Mrs. HARWOOD has been singing with *éclat* in a couple of Concerts given at Portland by Mr. KOTZSCHMAR. . . . Mrs. J. H. LONG offers her services as a teacher of singing. She has the art herself, in an eminent degree, and judging from the zeal and the intelligence she always shows, the art also we doubt not of imparting art. . . . Many of our readers are familiar with the beautiful editions of THALBERG's *Fantasias*, *Etudes*, *Barcaroles*, &c., published by our worthy neighbors, Messrs. Russell & Fuller (late Russell & Richardson); here is a pleasant note they have received from the composer:

NEW YORK, APRIL 28, 1858.

GENTLEMEN—I accept with pleasure the copy of your beautifully bound edition of my Piano arrangements. I find them to be very correctly scored, and equal, if not superior, in all respects, to any yet published, either in the United States or Europe.

Yours, Very Respectfully,
Messrs. Russell & Richardson, Boston.

S. THALBERG.

A fragment of the wreck of the late Philadelphia troupe, headed by RONCONI and LAGRANGE, are giving three performances this week at Burton's in New York, assisted by TIBERINI, COLETTI, &c. The first piece was *L'Élixir d'Anore*; the second *Il Barbieri*. The *Courier and Enquirer* says: "Ronconi's Dr. Dulcamara was as real and consistent a creation as ever came from the pencil of a painter or

the pen of a dramatic poet." Ronconi sails for Europe on the 19th;—and we shall not see "the first of lyric actors!" . . . At the New York Academy they have had a Musard "Mendelssohn night," and performances of the "Messiah" and "Elijah," (for the benefit of the clergy, &c., during Anniversary week), by the Harmonia Society, with D'ANGRAI, FORMES, &c. . . . In Philadelphia, Mme. GAZZANIGA, justly a great favorite, had a complimentary benefit concert at the Academy on Wednesday evening; Mr. SATTER gave his first concert on Tuesday at the Musical Fund Hall; and the Handel and Haydn Society, on the same night, at their last concert, gave Mendelssohn's "Hymn of Praise," choruses from the "Messiah," glees, solos, and the overtures to *Ruy Blas* and *Felsenmühle*. (Our Philadelphia letter, with interesting account of the Harmonia Society, unfortunately, is just too late for this week—but it will keep.)

CARL GAERTNER gives a Concert in the Music Hall, next Saturday evening, previous to his departure for Europe. He will be aided by a full orchestra, conducted by ZERRAHN, and by Mrs. LONG and Mr. ADAMS, vocalists. Mr. G. himself will play two violin Concertos with orchestra, viz.: Beethoven's in D, and Hummel's in A. . . . Mr. G. W. STRATTON, who has done so much to create a taste for the higher kind of music in Manchester, N. H., and whose talents as a composer, conductor of orchestras, teacher of piano, &c., are highly esteemed, has made arrangements to give lessons two days in the week in Boston (see card in another column). Mr. S. is an earnest and industrious musician, and his services are worth seeking.

Handel's "Messiah" was performed on April 12th and May 4th at St. Joseph's Cathedral, Buffalo, N. Y. for the benefit of the Magdalen Asylum. . . . ALFRED JAEHL, in his capacity of Court pianist, at Hanover, played last month in the last two Symphony concerts given by the Ducal Chapel at Brunswick. In the first, he played Weber's *Concertstück*, and a couple of salon pieces of his own; in the second a Concerto by Mendelssohn, two of his own transcriptions, and a Waltz by Chopin. He caused great enthusiasm and was presented by the Chapel with a laurel crown.

In Chicago two sets of orchestral Concerts have been going on, and both well patronized. One is Mrs. MOZART's, with the great Western Band (!) as orchestra, on Saturday afternoons; the other Wednesday afternoons, by JULIUS UNGER's Orchestra, with Mrs. BOSTWICK as vocalist. This "fast" young Western city, too, has caught the contagion (merely cutaneous) of "Old Folks' Concerts," in which some of the "first citizens" sing "Coronation," "Lenox," &c., in "scoop-shovel bonnets, wigs and knee buckles," for the benefit of certain industrial schools. The Chicago "Musical Union" are to perform the "Creation" about the middle of this month, aided by Mesdames Bostwick and Mozart, and an orchestra. The Opera *Alessandro Stradella* was lately given in the same city, to a full house, under the direction of Julius Unger; the *Church Record* can only say of it that "some parts were no worse than others." . . . The "Messiah" is said to have been creditably performed by a local society in Davenport, Iowa, Mr. and Mrs. Mozart singing the principal solos.

BETTINA VON ARNIM, who has been ill all winter, is recovering her strength. Her youngest daughter, Gisela, has just published several tragedies, one of which, "Michael Angelo," is said to be very fine. She is said to combine the talents of both parents. . . . Mozart's early opera, "Belmont and Costanza" (*Entführung aus dem Serail*) has been produced, as a novelty, at the Royal Opera in Berlin. Our informant, who was present, writes that this opera is so different from its author's late works, that one learns by it to know Mozart from a wholly new side. The whole flows on with wondrous grace and witchery, brilliant as a many-colored butterfly. A young Englishwoman sings finely in it." The same writer speaks of Liszt as sitting quietly in Weimar, but says not a word of his having joined the Franciscan order, as the newspapers report.

JEAN BAPTISTE CRAMER, the oldest of contemporary pianists and composers for the piano, died at London, April 9th, at the advanced age of eighty-eight. He was a German, but came to England at a very early age, and accomplished the greater part of his artistic career in London, where his lessons were more in request than those of any other professor. Joseph Haydn was among his early friends. No composer has written more copiously for the piano-forte than Cramer.

Mlle. COLSON, the popular prima donna of the French opera at New Orleans, has been engaged for a year by Mr. Strakosch, and will appear next season in Italian opera, together with the basso, JUNCA. . . . Mr. STRAKOSCH, accompanied by Mlle. FREZZOLINI, Mme. STRAKOSCH, and one or two other singers, has been giving operatic representations at St. Louis, with a piano for orchestra and no chorus. They are now in Chicago.

Fine Arts.

For Dwight's Journal of Music.

The Athenæum Exhibition.

III. OIL PICTURES. (CONTINUED).

The "Long Engagement," No. 178, is a queer compound of good feeling and bad judgment. The ugliness of the picture is, I doubt not, a part of the artist's conception.

Believing that the expression of the drying up of hope and the "sickening of the heart" consequent upon a too long engagement, would be enforced in the lines of the face by the addition of analogous qualities of color, he has perfectly embodied his belief. The general result is, that its only real merit, subtlety of expression, passes for naught.

"Nuggets," 179, by Mrs. Anderson, is a very happy rendering of a child at play out of doors, without the usual accompaniments of artificial arrangement and insipidity of expression. But for a breaking off in the background and a want of aerial gradation, the unity of this picture would be quite complete. As it is, in clearness of drawing, delicacy of expression, truth of color and play of sunlight, it is noticeable amongst its fellows and is a real "nugget."

"Sketches of Character," Nos. 188 and 189, are two heads in grey tints, by James Hayllar, evincing a remarkable feeling for lines of character, and a general power of form, which are less effectively displayed in the more elaborate works numbered 122 and 187. The suggestiveness of the sketches fills a higher place than the realization of the larger pictures.

"An English Village Church," No. 112, by A. McCallum, occupies a medium position between the savorless generalization of the Old and the intense realization of the New School. Of solidity, truth and refinement of color there is a little lack, and yet it combines in more than the usual degree merit in all these. Its marked excellence consists in a genial representation of the external aspect of Nature by simple and unaffected imitation. Its companion, No. 115, is much less meritorious.

The clownish dissimulation of "Bottom enacting Pyramus, No. 197, is a very suggestive reflex of the strange humor which Shakspeare has made to constitute a generic part of the beautiful *Midsummer Night's Dream*. The dyspeptic looking Hamlet, No. 198, does not reach the rank of a respectable walking gentleman, and is manifestly weak enough to meet Goethe's idea, that, "Shakspeare's intention was to exhibit the effects of a great action, imposed as a duty upon a mind too feeble for its accomplishment. As here presented, Osric is almost the better man, albeit he is a fop in the very essence. This character Mr. Marks has rightly understood and admirably rendered, although with an exaggeration of the facial expression which weakens the conception, and carries it close upon the borders of caricature. In exuberant richness, solid force, and unobtrusive rendering of color, these pictures evidence rare powers of perception and genuine realization.

The collection contains but three portraits in color, neither of which is a complete example of what a

good portrait should be. No. 166, by John Robertson, is broadly treated, freely and forcibly drawn, well modelled and unaffected in expression. It has a negative merit in the general tone of color, but is afflicted by the prevailing hardness, and lacks beauty and truth of texture in the flesh.

The portrait of Hiram Powers, No. 135, by H. W. Phillips, like the preceding, is admirably, though more delicately drawn, and with its direct, genial earnestness of expression, refinement and agreeableness of tone, and approximate excellence in the flesh quality, forms one of the good features of the exhibition. In No. 120, Mr. Phillips presents us with a masked portrait of "Charles Kean as Louis XI," which, as is usual in such essays, combines a diluted expression of each, but embodies the integrity of neither character: at least, such, in view of its merely theatrical intenseness and utter want of true dramatic force, is the testimony of the picture.

In No. 94, James Sant exhibits a duplicate head of his favorite type, made familiar to us through the engravings of the infant "Samuel," "Early Dawn," &c., Replete with sweet aspirations and feminine delicacy, the face is a pleasant one to see and is drawn with marked knowledge and refinement of touch. A feeling for harmonious combinations in subdued tones of color, lends a charm to the picture, which the already too familiar and ubiquitous hardness constantly denies.

"Bywell Tower," No. 125, by James Peel, displays considerable knowledge of effect and power of execution, surrendered to the service of false generalization and muddy impurity.

That men having hearts to love or eyes to see nature, can thus wilfully distort their vision and debase their love, involves a problem that it would be difficult to solve. The expression of light, and near approach to tenderness of color in some parts of the sky, only serve to render more conspicuous the deliberate falseness with which the body of the picture is painted.

"The Hypæthral Temple," No. 129½, by Frank Dillon, is painted with breadth and force, and marked solidity in the architecture. From a clear, permeable sky, the light spreads itself over the distance, slants through the open areas of the temple, and glistens along the fallen blocks of stone in the foreground, with a glowing flash that but few other pictures here equal. There is a tendency to generalization in the shadow running down the slope near the Temple, and a noticeable petrification in the trees and figures. But better stony flesh in these accessories, than fleshy stone in the shoulder of a mountain. Again, let us thank Mr. Dillon for solidity and light.

"Black Agnes," No. 150, is a specimen of the mock-heroic class, in which a want of real motive endeavors to conceal itself in the attitudinized expression of an assumed one.

In No. 172, Charles Lucy presents some admirably painted draperies, with historical accessories in the form of the "Royal Captives of Carisbrooke." In No. 155, he offers us an illustration of Tennyson's "Dora," telling the story sincerely, and with considerable power. The chief merit of the picture, however, lies in its solidity and clear strength of color.

The dull monotony of the color throughout the lower part of "The Wood Yard," No. 104, unrelied by a single touch of reflected light from the glowing sky, nearly neutralizes the great breadth with which it is painted, as also the effect it was intended to represent. In the "Monarch Oak," No. 150½, Mr. Anthony displays the same breadth of treatment with greater variety and strength of color, and power of effect. The foliage of the tree lacks care in drawing and truth of color, and the whole tree is wanting in that noble dignity of expression which, it would seem, should especially characterize such a "Monarch." In the color-massing of the ferns in the fore-ground, and in leading the eye along

over their bending tops out into the flecky light of the middle distance, he evinces a mastery of the means of Art, which is doubtless often more successfully exercised than in either of these pictures.

The "Last Supper," No. 149, furnishes an example of the lamentable mistake men make in thinking that an illustration of a scriptural subject necessarily constitutes a religious picture. The knowledge of form and power of expression evinced in this picture, would be quite adequate for the limning of "Shakespeare and his friends," but I can scarcely conceive of its exciting the religious sympathy, or warming the faith of the most impressible of devotees.

John Cross, No. 141, buries the "Princes in the Tower of London," amidst a goodly array of bodies with well drawn legs and arms, encased in garments of a pleasing hue, and all grouped about with a most histrionic force and beauty of effect. When will artists learn to heed the fact, that, by their directness and simplicity of narrative, their sympathy with or conception of a story is gauged?

No. 101, by J. Linnell, is another of the pseudo-religious pictures which attracts you by its partial beauty of color and dexterous manipulation, and tires you in less time than it takes to become fairly introduced to a genuine work of Art.

"The Bowlers," No. 151, by George Harvey, is a very spirited representation of field sport. Genially conceived, and drawn with much nerve and truth of action, it would prove a very attractive picture but for its hardness, (a nearly constant quantity in the collection), and the dreary waste of unmeaning color that is extended over the entire scene.

Inversely to their superficial areas, would form a nearly reliable formula by which to determine the pleasure-yielding power of the works in this Exhibition.

"Installation of Capt. Rock," No. 124, by D. MacLise, is full of material, so arranged that the less shall be greater, and the greater, less. Unity of purpose in such a crowd is hardly to be expected, and yet without it, the picture glistens with points that serve only to dull each other.

"Mountain Scenery," No. 117, by J. W. Oakes, forms one of the most noticeable features in the central room. Catching your eye with its sparkling, glittering spray, it leads you up over the frolicking rapids and tiny leaps of a pure mountain stream—tangles you awhile in its eddies and then leads off again to the hills. Intercepted in your flight by a thicket of wood that stands across the stream, you raise your eyes and meet—not the grim, gray walls of the mountain slopes exposed in all their rugged, massive grandeur, or softened and subdued by curving waves of solemn green and gray, flowing from crest to crest—nor yet a filmy veil of God's pure ether floating there in tenderest blue—nothing of this—nothing of anything that nature loves or is, but you are left to wander about amongst hills without substance or beauty, under a sky more solid than the hills, and reeking with a crude dissonance of color that shuts out the light and drives you back to the stream. The drawing of this picture is vigorous throughout, parts of it painted with rare knowledge and beauty, and even the distance has a remote suggestiveness of natural subtleties of color which the grasp of form and hue shown in the rendering of the water, foreground rocks, and tufts of herbage, should have made real and true; as here presented however, it is only suggestiveness, and that, very remote. Its fellow, No. 123, has all the crudity without the merit of this, and is upon the whole flippant, false, and repulsive.

In the next article I shall endeavor to present the leading characteristics of the old and new Schools as embodied in this collection. MESOS.

NOTE.—For "absolute right of color" in the beginning of the second paragraph of last week's article, read *absolutely right use*, &c.

Special Notices.

DESCRIPTIVE LIST OF THE LATEST MUSIC, Published by O. Ditson & Co.

Vocal, with Piano.

The Prayer of the Orphan, (La prece dell' Orfana.) Mercadante. 30

This is the last and justly most celebrated number of the well known little Cyclos of Romanes, called "A Summer at Sorrento," in which the genius of Mercadante, enlivened by the charms of that Paradise on earth, outstrips stars of far greater magnitude. All lovers of Italian song will bid a fair welcome to this Romanza, finely rendered into English by Mr. Barker.

The Herd-Bells. Duet. F. Gumbert. 25

The first of a series of eight duets, written especially for little folks, quite easy and very pleasing, although not at all common-place. The want of compositions of just this kind has long been felt.

Down among the Lilies. Trio for female voices. Glover. 50

In Glover's best vein, with solos for each of the three voices. Particularly recommended to the attention of Teachers in Seminaries.

Sunday, Pearl of Days. W. West. 25

The Soldiers' Dream of Home. Perkins. 25

A touching subject treated with feeling and skill.

Out in the Cold. Emerson. 25

A narrative of the stern conflict between the poor and unhouse-d little beggar-child, and stern, grim king winter, kindling a fire of sympathy in every hearer's heart.

Be Merry to Night. Cherry. 25

Lively and sprightly. An excellent Song in a gay company.

Instrumental Music for Piano.

Reverie. Coria. 30

Dreams of serene bliss. Smooth flow of ideas, without agitation; great eloquence in form and expression. It requires some skill to perform it well, but will repay the pains taken.

When the Swallows Homeward Fly. Arranged for four hands. Mullen. 30

A simple transcription, which confines itself to the melody, throwing in only such alterations as must serve to hold out the melody itself more prominent.

Overture, William Tell, for four performers on two Pianos. Arranged by G. M. Schmidt. 1.75

This fascinating and brilliant Overture of the celebrated "Maestro," which pleases every taste, no matter whether classical or profane, is here adapted with admirable skill and propriety to the resources of two Pianos and four pairs of skilful hands. Hardly a better piece could be selected for an Exhibition than this Overture with its mysterious opening, the storm following, the Swiss melodies, so happily arranged and varied, and after all this, the sparkling, dashing finale.

Ever be Happy. Rondo. Le Ducque. 25

Country Charms. Rondo. Le Ducque. 25

Merry Cotton Field. Rondo. Le Ducque. 25

Instructive Rondos for pupils in the second or third Quarter.

Virginia Galop. Busch. 25

Flint Harmonia Club Polka. Mrs. Reed. 25

Fairy Bird Polka. C. H. Mitchell, Jr. 25

Kiss Polka. Jullien. 25

Night Bell Galop. D'Albert. 10

A fresh supply of Dance Music; good and not difficult.

Books.

CALLCOTT'S MUSICAL GRAMMAR. In four Parts. I. Notation; II. Melody; III. Harmony; IV. Rhythm. By Dr. J. W. Callcott. Cloth, 75

This is a new edition of one of the most valuable and indispensable companions to teachers and scholars extant. Several years since a number of publications made their appearance in this country, having for their object, the refinement of the public taste as it was related to the science of music. Of these none has had a more universal influence than this Musical Grammar. The general character which it has sustained for correctness among the best judges, and the high estimation in which it continues to be held, has induced the publisher to present a new and improved edition. He has been careful to preserve its original accuracy, by obtaining a careful revision and examination of the work by a gentleman eminent for judgment and taste in the science in which it treats. The author has endeavored to present in a small volume the leading principles of practical music. From the analogy which exists between music and language, the author has presumed to adopt a classification first suggested by the German theorists. An examination of the book will convince any one of its great value to all persons who would thoroughly and scientifically cultivate a musical taste.

Dwight's Journal of Music.

WHOLE No. 320.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, MAY 22, 1858.

VOL. XIII. No. 8.

(From the Atlantic Monthly, for June.)

La Cantatrice.

By day, at a high oak desk I stand,
And trace in a ledger line by line;
But at five o'clock yon dial's hand
Opens the cage wherein I pine;
And as faintly the stroke from the belfry peals
Down through the thunder of hoofs and wheels,
I wonder if ever a monarch feels
Such royal joy as mine!

Beatrice is dressed and her carriage waits;
I know she has heard that signal-chime;
And my strong heart leaps and palpitates,
As lightly the winding stair I climb
To her fragrant room, where the winter's gloom
Is changed by the heliotrope's perfume,
And the curtained sunset's crimson bloom,
To love's own summer prime.

She meets me there, so strangely fair
That my soul aches with a happy pain;—
A pressure, a touch of her true lips, such
As a seraph might give and take again;
A hurried whisper, "Adieu! adieu!
They wait for me while I stay for you!"
And a parting smile of her blue eyes through
The glimmering carriage-pane.

Then thoughts of the past come crowding fast
On a blissful track of love and sighs;—
Oh, well I toiled, and these poor hands soiled,
That her song might bloom in Italian skies!—
The pains and fears of those lonely years,
The nights of longing and hope and tears,—
Her heart's sweet debt, and the long arrears
Of love in those faithful eyes!

O night! be friendly to her and me!—
To box and pit and gallery swarm
The expectant throngs;—I am there to see;—
And now she is bending her radiant form
To the clapping crowd;—I am thrilled and proud;
My dim eyes look through a misty cloud,
And my joy mounts up on the plaudits loud,
Like a sea-bird on a storm!

She has waved her hand; the noisy rush
Of applause sinks down; and silverly
Her voice glides forth on the quivering hush,
Like the white-robed moon on a tremulous sea!
And wherever her shining influence calls,
I swing on the billow that swells and falls,—
I know no more,—till the very walls
Seem shouting with jubilee!

Oh, little she cares for the fop who airs
His glove and glass, or the gay array
Of fans and perfumes, of jewels and plumes,
Where wealth and pleasure have met to pay
Their nightly homage to her sweet song;
But over the bravas clear and strong,
Over all the flaunting and fluttering throng,
She smiles my soul away!

Why am I happy? why am I proud?
Oh, can it be true she is all my own?—
I make my way through the ignorant crowd;
I know, I know where my love hath flown.
Again we meet; I am here at her feet,
And with kindling kisses and promises sweet,
Her glowing, victorious lips repeat
That they sing for me alone!

The Sanctus.

From the German of E. T. A. HOFFMANN.

(Concluded.)

One would have believed that Julia's song would ever have risen higher and truer, in proclaiming the glory of her faith; and so it actually happened for a short time. But soon Emanuela remarked that Julia often departed from the choral, in a strange manner, intermingling foreign tones. Often suddenly would break the hollow sound of a deep voiced cithern through the choir. The tone was like the resounding of the storm, rushing through its strings. Then Julia would become restless, and it frequently happened that she would introduce a Moorish word into the Latin hymn. Emanuela warned the novice steadfastly to withstand the foe; but inconsiderately Julia heeded this not, and to the anguish of the Sisters, often sang, when even the earnest, holy chorals of the old Ferrera were sounding, light Moorish love songs to the cithern, which she had newly attuned. —Wonderfully sounded then the tones of the cithern, that often rushed through the choir high and sharp, similar to the shrill whistling of the little Moorish flute."

THE CHAPEL-MASTER. "*Flauti piccoli*—The octave flute. But, dear sir, there is yet nothing, really nothing for the Opera. No exposition, and that is the main point,—though the deep and high voice of the cithern has touched me. Do you not believe that the Devil is a Tenor? He is as false as the Devil, and therefore does everything that is falsetto."

THE ENTHUSIAST. "God in Heaven! you grow wittier every day, Chapel-master. But you are right. Leave to the devilish principle all over-high, unnatural whistlings, pipings, &c. But to return to the tale, that grows ever more difficult to me, for I run the danger every moment of jumping away at the very right point."

"It happened one day that the Queen, accompanied by the noble generals of the camp, went towards the church, to hear the mass, as usual. A miserable tattered beggar lay by the gate, whom the halberdiers sought to remove, but he half raised himself, then threw himself down, howling, so near the Queen that he touched her in his fall. Aguillar sprang angrily before her and kicked the beggar from her path, who turned, and half raising his body cried: 'Trample on the snake,—trample on the snake, and he will sting you, it may be, to death;' then touching the strings of his cithern, which was concealed beneath his rags, it sent forth a shrill, wailing, piping sound, that seized all with an unearthly terror, and drove them back. The halberdiers removed the loathsome apparition, saying: 'The wretch is a prisoner, a frantic Moor, who by his mad jokes and his wonderful cithern-playing amuses the soldiers in the camp.' The Queen went on, and the mass began. The sisters in the choir sounded the Sanctus, but as Julia with powerful voice burst forth: *Pleni sunt caeli gloria tua*, there wailed through the church a shrill tone from the cithern, and Julia suddenly closing the book sought to leave the choir."

"What would'st thou do?" asked Emanuela. "Oh," said Julia, "hearest thou not the mighty tone of the Master? there by him, with him, must I sing!" and she turned towards the door, but Emanuela spoke with deep, earnest, haughty voice:

"Sinner, wouldst thou profane the service of the Lord, that thou takest his praise upon thy lips, whilst worldly thoughts are in thy heart? Wouldst thou fly from hence? Broken is the power of song in thee; silent are the wonderful tones in thy breast, which the Lord enkindled in thee."

"At Emanuela's words, as struck by lightning, Julia sank to the floor."

"As the nuns were assembled at night time, to sing the *Ora*, a thick smoke suddenly filled the whole church. Soon the flames hissed and crackled through the walls of the wing of the building, and reached the convent. With much difficulty the nuns succeeded in saving their lives. Trumpets and horns pealed through the camp, arousing the soldiers from their first sleep; General Aguillar, with singed hair and half-burnt clothes, left the convent where he had vainly sought to rescue the missing Julia, of whom no trace could be found. The soldiers fruitlessly combated against the fire, which, upheaving itself higher and higher, and spreading far and wide, seized upon all within its reach, and in a short time the whole of Isabella's rich, beautiful camp lay in ashes. The Moors, in full confidence that the misfortunes of the Christians would give them the victory, ventured with a considerable force upon an attack. But never was there more brilliant repulse than that by the Spaniards, who, led on by the triumphant tones of the trumpets, returned crowned with victory to their fortifications, where Queen Isabella ascended the throne which had been erected in the open air, and gave orders that on the site of the burnt camp, a new city should at once be built, thus showing to the Moors in Granada that the siege would never be raised."

THE CHAPEL-MASTER. "If one were only permitted to introduce spiritual subjects into the Theatre Already have I brought myself into difficulty with the dear public, for introducing here and there a bit of choral; else would this Julia be no bad part. What do you think of the double style, in which they can intermingle, first the romance, then church music? Some charming little Moorish and Spanish songs I have already prepared; also the besieging march of the Spaniards, which is not bad, and I have contrived to melo-dramatize the commandment of the Queen; but how to arrange the whole together, Heaven only knows! But go on with the story. We must hear again from Julia; it is to be hoped that she was not burnt."

THE ENTHUSIAST. "Did you know, Chapel-master, that that city which the Spaniards, though envied by the Moors, built in twenty-one days, is still standing, and is called Santa Fe? But whilst I turn upon you such an unceasing flood of words, I am losing the solemn tone, which alone befits so solemn a subject. I wish you would play to us from Palestrina's Responsories, that now lies open upon the desk of the Piano."

The Chapel-master complied with his request, and when he had finished, the Enthusiast went on:

"The Moors did not cease to annoy the Spaniards, in manifold ways, during the building of the city; despair drove them to acts of astonishing boldness, and the contest went on more earnestly than ever. One day, Aguillar, with the Spanish out-posts, attacked a Moorish squadron, and drove them back to the walls of Granada. He turned back with his troops, and halting near the first fortification, in a myrtle wood, sent on his followers, and resigned himself to his earnest thoughts and sad recollections. Julia stood living before his mind's eye. Often, during the battle, had he heard her voice resounding; now complaining, now lamenting, and, even at this very moment, it seemed to him that there rustled a strange song—half Moorish love tale, half Christian church music—through the dark myrtles. Then there rushed suddenly forward a Moorish rider, in silver armor, on a light Arabian steed, into the wood, and immediately there whistled a spear close to Aguillar's head. He

sprang with drawn sword upon his foe, as the second spear flew, and remained plunged deep in his horse's breast, who, smarting with pain and anguish, reared himself on high, so that Aguillar, to avoid a heavy fall, was obliged to swing himself quickly from his side. The Moor raised himself, and struck with his crescent blade at Aguillar's uncovered head. But he dexterously parried this death blow, and returned it so powerfully, that the Moor barely saved himself, as he almost fell from the horse. In the same moment he pressed his horse close upon Aguillar, so that he could not give a second blow, and rising, drew his dagger; but before he could plunge it into his enemy, Aguillar, with great strength, had seized him, drawn him from his horse, and dashed him ringing to the ground. He knelt upon the Moor's breast, and, grasping with his left hand his right arm so forcibly, that he remained motionless, drew his dagger. Already had he raised his arm to plunge it in the Moor's throat, when he sighed out deeply, 'Zulema!'—Chilled to a statue, Aguillar had no power to fulfil his intention.

"Wretch!" exclaimed he, 'what name did you utter?'

"Strike!" cried the Moor, 'you kill one who has sworn death and destruction to you. Yes! know, treacherous Christian, know that it is Hichem, the last of the race of Alhamar, from whom you stole Zulema. Know that that tattered beggar, who with the demeanor of a maniac, sneaked around in your camp, was Hichem. Know that I succeeded, in that gloomy prison, in which you consigned me to the light of my own thoughts, to set it on fire, to set it on fire, and to rescue Zulema.'

"Zulema—Julia lives!" cried Aguillar.

"Then laughed out the Moor, shrilly, in fiend-like scorn—'Yes, she lives; but your bloody, thorn-crowned idol has with execrable magic surrounded her, and all the fragrant, glowing bloom of life is enveloped in the pall of the frantic women, that you call the brides of your deity. Know that all music in her breast, breathed upon by the poisonous breath of the Saminus, is dead. All the pleasure of life is gone from me, with Zulema's sweet songs; therefore kill me—kill me, that I may take no revenge on you. You have already robbed me of more than life.' Aguillar relaxed his hold upon Hichem, and raised himself slowly, taking up his sword from the ground. 'Hichem,' said he, 'Zulema, that in holy baptism has taken the name of Julia, became my captive in honorable, open warfare. Enlightened by the grace of God, she renounced Mahomet's contemptible service, and what you, traitorous Moor, call the bad magic of an idol, was a temptation of the devil, which she could not withstand. Do you call Zulema your beloved! so is Julia, converted to the true faith, the mistress of my thoughts and of my heart; and for the glory of the true faith will I meet you in open battle. Choose your own weapon, and meet me according to your own custom.'

"Quickly Hichem seized his sword and target, and when Aguillar released his hold, he staggered back, roaring aloud, then threw himself upon his horse, which had remained standing near him, and sprang away at a full gallop—Aguillar knew not how to understand it, but in a moment the worthy old man, Agostino Sanchez, stood behind him and said with a smile, 'Did I frighten Hichem, or the Lord who dwells in me, and whose love he scorns?'

"Aguillar repeated to him all that he had heard concerning Julia, and they both recalled the prophetic words of Emannela, as Julia, seduced by Hichem's cithern, all devotion dying within her, left the church during the Sanctus."

THE CHAPEL-MASTER.—"I think no more about the opera, but how shall I set to music the conflict between the Moorish Hichem, in his silver armor, and the General Aguillar. How can one make them sally forth better than Mozart has done it in Don Giovanni? You know, however, in the first place . . ."

THE WANDERING ENTHUSIAST.—"Silence, Chapel-master. I must now bring this long tale to a close. Still, various things occurred, and it

is necessary to collect all your thoughts; the more so that I still think of Bettina, who puzzles me not a little. I cannot escape from the thought that she has heard my Spanish tale, and it seems to me as if she must be listening outside of that door. This thought, however, must be all pure fancy. But to go on:

"Continually beaten in all the skirmishes; pressed by daily, hourly increasing famine, the Moors at last found themselves necessitated to capitulate; and in festive pomp, amid the thunder of the artillery, Ferdinand and Isabella marched into Granada. The priests had consecrated the great mosque as a cathedral, and thither marched the troops, to thank the God of Hosts, in the devout *Te Deum laudamus* of the solemn mass, for the glorious victory over the followers of Mahomet, the false prophet. It is impossible to tell the difficulty of suppressing the ever newly outbursting rage of the Moors, and to restrain the divisions of troops, who from the darkest streets skilfully attacked the already excited procession, as it wound along the main road. As Aguillar, at the head of a division of foot, marched along the highway, toward the cathedral, where the mass had already commenced, he felt himself suddenly wounded in the left shoulder by an arrow. At the same moment a band of Moors started from a dusky arcade, and attacked the Christians with despairing rage. Hichem, at the head, rushed upon Aguillar, who, but slightly hurt, hardly felt the pain of his wound, and dextrously parried the powerful blow, at the same time striking Hichem dead at his feet. The Spaniards pressed frantically on the treacherous Moors, who soon fled, shrieking, and took shelter in a stone building, whose doors they quickly closed. The Spaniards stormed the house, and they rained arrows upon them from the windows. Aguillar ordered firebrands thrown in upon them. Already the flames streamed from the roof, when, above the thunder of the artillery, a wonderful voice sounded from the burning building, *Sanctus—Sanctus Dominus, Deus Sabaoth*. 'Julia! Julia!' cried Aguillar, in inconsolable anguish. At this moment the door opened, and Julia, in the dress of the Benedictine nuns, stepped forth, singing with strong voice, *Sanctus—Sanctus Dominus, Deus Sabaoth!* Behind her followed the Moors, in a bending attitude, with their hands crossed upon their breasts. The Spaniards, astonished, fell back, and between their ranks Julia marched on with the Moors towards the cathedral, singing as she went, *Benedictus qui venit in nomine Domini*. Involuntarily, as when an angel descends from Heaven to announce the blessings of the Lord, all the people bowed the knee. Stepping quickly, with eyes directed to Heaven, Julia stood before the high altar, between Ferdinand and Isabella, singing the mass, and performing the holy ceremonies with fervent devotion. As the last sound of the *Dona nobis pacem* died out, Julia sank lifeless in the arms of the Queen. All the Moors who followed her, converted to the true faith, were baptized that very day."

As the Enthusiast ended his tale, the Doctor entered with much bustle, striking his cane upon the floor, and crying angrily: "There you still sit, telling your mad, fantastic stories, without regard to those in the vicinity, and making people sick."

"Tell me what has happened, my dear sir," cried the Chapel-master, quite terrified.

"I understand it perfectly," said the Enthusiast, very composedly. "It is nothing more nor less than that Bettina has heard our conversation. She went into the cabinet there, and knows all."

"You have," sputtered the Doctor, "by your lying tale, you frantic Enthusiast, poisoned her sensitive mind—ruined her with your foolish trash; but I will be even with you for this deed."

"Honored Doctor," said the Enthusiast to the enraged man, "you grow warm, and do not think that Bettina's mental disease demands a mental remedy, and that perhaps my story . . ."

"Enough, enough," replied the Doctor, very temperately. "I already know what you would say."

"It is good for nothing for an opera, but it produced some strange sounding accords." So murmured the Chapel-master, whilst he seized his hat, and his friends followed.

When, three months after, the wandering Enthusiast, who had cured Bettina, who, with magnificently clear voice, had sung Pergolesi's *Stabat Mater*, (though not in a church, but in a large sized room,) full of joy and ecstatic rapture, kissed her hand, she said: "You are not quite a wizard, but sometimes of a nature a little perverse."

"Like all enthusiasts," added the Chapel-master.

John Cramer.

(From the London Athenæum, April 24.)

The longevity of musicians has been anew brought before us this week:—since we must register the death of JOHN BAPTIST CRAMER, aged eighty-nine. It is twenty years or more since he took public leave of professional life. He was one of the Manheim Cramers—a family well known in the annals of music—was born in the Rhine town, which then had a considerable musical importance—came early to England, where his father was in high repute as a violin-player—completed under Clementi the piano-forte studies which he had begun under Benser and Schröter—profited by the science of Abel—travelled the Continent for some few years as a show pianist in request—and about the year 1791 fixed himself in London; thenceforward chiefly devoting his time and talent to this country. It is not too much to say that during a large portion of Cramer's residence here he was idolized for certain qualities in his playing—for smoothness of touch and elegance of finger—to a degree beyond what seems to us just,—since his delicacy and taste were not accompanied by that animation which is required to rescue music, let it be ever so sweet and tender, from insipidity. Hence, from the moment when the incomparable hands of Hummel were heard on a piano in England, unprejudiced persons became aware that he possessed the beauty which had been claimed for John Cramer, and, in addition, masterly solidity and fluency of execution. The amount of music published by John Cramer during his long life was enormous—a large portion of it in the strictest forms of composition. More than a hundred Sonatas bear his signature; several *Concertos*, &c.; besides these, a huge mass of lighter and ephemeral music, flung out for the profit of shops and the use of schools, and of classical works, edited with an amount of license which seems now inconceivable in one vaunted to be so impeccable as a purist.* But of all this vast heap of music, much of which was correctly made, one work alone remains, and, we fancy, will remain; we allude to the well-known "Piano forte Studies;" which no more recent productions of the kind have superseded, and through which (as through a gate) every pianist has gone at some stage of his career. Of this we were reminded the last time we ever heard Cramer play. On the occasion of M. Liszt's first visit to England, a party had been arranged to bring together the veteran and the "young lion." Before the latter appeared, John Cramer, whose charity to his successors was but slender, moved to and fro in the room, dropping all manner of smooth little sarcasms, in that "good-old-times" tone of conscious virtue, which is the easiest form of criticism. When the new-comer entered, all crowded round him to ask him to play.—Cramer among the most honeyed and complimentary of the crowd. "Yes," said M. Liszt; "I will play a duet with you." Down the two sat to Hummel's four-handed *Sonata* in A flat. Anything more excellent than the manner with which M. Liszt, as *secondo*, subdued his force and assimilated his style to

* Though the matter has been already adverted to in the *Athenæum*, we must here again instance John Cramer's editions of Mozart's pianoforte *Concertos*. In these every grace which might have been thrown out for once, but which ought to have been varied *ad infinitum* by every competent grace-player,—are coolly incorporated with the text, without word or sign to tell which was Cramer, which was Mozart. Yet he long passed for a model in all matters of tradition and observance.

that of his partner we never heard. When the duet was done, M. Liszt must play alone. This he did—but how?—for an hour he played, and by memory, one study of John Cramer's after another,—with a force, a delicacy, and a purity of style, not to be surpassed. Never was ungenerous old man more gracefully rebuked; because the rebuke was unconsciously administered by its giver. Till very lately, John Cramer might be seen at most concerts, sitting in somewhat cynical judgment on the doings of a younger generation, talking, as from *Olympus*, of former wholesome days,—days when the Symphony of Beethoven in B flat was denounced, at its trial by our Philharmonic orchestra, as something too shocking for ears pure and polite to endure! To complete the picture, we may add, that John Cramer is said to have been a handsome man in his youth—that his manners had the polish of one conversant with good society—and that, as was only just, his long life of professional exertions had secured him a modest competency, in the enjoyment of which he grew old.

(From the London Musical World, April 24.)

John Cramer died on the evening of Friday the 16th instant, and was interred at Brompton Cemetery, on the morning of Thursday last. He had reached the advanced age of eighty-eight, and till within a year or two of his decease was in all the vigor of health and the fullest enjoyment of his faculties.

Cramer was a celebrity both of the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries. In early youth he had attained the highest rank as a pianist, and his fame spread everywhere. In the course of his long career he was esteemed a worthy rival and associate of Clementi, Woelfl, Steibelt, John Field, Dussek, Hummel, Ferdinand Ries, Moscheles, and other eminent "*virtuosi*"* who made the age in which they lived, and wrote and played, an age as famous for pianists as the Byronic age for poets. From Clementi's counsels, and the study and practice of Clementi's works, Cramer derived that faultless mechanism for which he was distinguished. His peculiar style of playing (especially in the performance of *adagios*) may, however, be traced to Dussek, who was his model in composition. Certainly, a greater genius than Clementi, Dussek, nevertheless, was not to be compared with the renowned Italian as a musician of acquirement; and it was easier to imitate Dussek's strongly defined *manner* than Clementi's marvellous ingenuity. Although one of the most prolific composers that ever lived, Cramer was by no means learned. The number of his published works is prodigious, and still more remarkable the fact that they are now almost all forgotten. The reason of this is evident. Not one of them bears the stamp of genius. Cramer had no genius; he possessed that extraordinary faculty which is so often mistaken for genius at first sight, but which is as remote from it as mere oratorical fluency from the godlike gift of poesy. Those who have access to his works can verify by reference the truth of our assertion. They were made for the hour. His concertos and sonatas—in short, his important compositions without exception—examined from the point at which musical taste has now arrived, are like ancient dresses and decorations, that may have shone and sparkled in their day, but are now worn and faded, and if handled at all roughly will fall to pieces. A concerto of Cramer can no more bear looking at in the present time than a quartet of his historically illustrious patron, Prince Ferdinand of Prussia, whose death, by the way, inspired the genial Dussek with an effusion of such deep feeling, and glowingly imaginative beauty, as could never at any time have proceeded from Cramer.†

Cramer passed the greater part of his life in England, but his fame, both as a pianist and composer for the piano-forte, was European. He was acquainted with almost all the contemporary celebrities. The date of his birth is interesting, from the fact that Haydn, Mozart, and Beethoven were all living—Haydn in the prime of life, Mo-

zart, a very young man, already in the vigor of production, Beethoven, the future giant, in his cradle. Cramer knew Haydn intimately, and frequently profited by his advice. It may, therefore, be said of him that he was nursed in the lap of music. How it was that in such a nursery the boy grew up to be little better than a first-class *virtuoso*, it is not for us to say. Suffice it, Cramer was a meteor, dazzling in its course, but, once departed, lost in utter darkness—

"Drunk up by thirsty nothing."

But let us be just. One work of Cramer's is, in all probability, destined to immortal honors. His *Studio per il Piano* (famously known as *Cramer's Studies*) is the most valuable bequest in its way that was ever made to the world of pianists. Professors and amateurs have alike profited by the study of this admirable guide, and will continue to profit by it so long as the pianoforte holds its place among musical instruments. In the face of similar works from some of the greatest of composers, it continues to maintain its rank and has every chance of going down to posterity with the *Clavier bien Tempéré* of John Sebastian Bach, and the *Gradus ad Parnassum* of Clementi, with which, although of course it can bear no comparison in a certain elevated sense, it has an evident affinity. Just as the fugues of Clementi, Bach, and Handel form the mind, the exercises of Cramer train the fingers of the student. But this is not all the praise to which the *Studio* is entitled. It consists of beautiful and finely written music from end to end; and upon this one production must rest the future fame of Jean Baptiste Cramer.

The Chevalier Neukomm.

(From the London Athenæum, April 17.)

Adopting the significance given to the word by Douglass Jerrold, Music has lost few "men of character" more peculiar than the Chevalier Sigismund Neukomm,—who died in Paris the other day, at the patriarchal age of eighty—in appearance even older. He was a Salzburger by birth,—was carefully educated by his father,—was taught much that he knew of music, first by Michael Haydn, afterwards by the greater Joseph, who treated him with almost paternal kindness. Early in life, at the age when so many a genius in his art has been struggling for bread and opportunity, he seemed tranquilly to enter on the field of occupation for which he was best fitted. For some years he held musical appointments in Russia,—afterwards he became domiciled with that Archimage of statecraft, M. Talleyrand. While thus situated he composed a Requiem for *Louis Seize*, which was performed at the Congress of Vienna. Later he figured in the society of the Duke of Luxembourg, at the court of Don Pedro in the Brazils. There he remained for some four years, and on returning to the Old World, made "the Grand Tour," as it used to be called,—lighting some thirty years since on England. In this country he took an instant root and gained a transient popularity which it is now curious to recall. His Oratorio, "Mount Sinai," (produced at a festival at Derby),—his "David," written for Birmingham,—his Psalms, his sacred music and his pieces for the organ,—poured out with a correct fluency which became almost oppressive,—have all passed into the shadow from which there is small chance of their being recalled. If his English Songs, which he wrote by fifties, (for every voice, for every singer, for every principal instrumentalist to accompany) be somewhat better recollected,—it must be because in a large number of them he had the good fortune to be associated with our delightful and genial lyric poet known as Barry Cornwall. We hardly know such a mass of well made music in which there are so few bars that deserve to live. What is published, however, bears a small proportion to what was produced. The ebbing of the tide of popularity did not seem to discourage the Chevalier Neukomm, nor to slacken the sinews of his industry. He continued to write and to accumulate manuscript till a very late period of his life. It will not surprise us if we hear that he

has also left literary memoirs. The portrait will be musically complete if we add that the Chevalier was fond of playing on the organ,—though in no respect extraordinary in point of fancy or of execution. Nor do his compositions for that instrument rise to any high amount of value, though they are grave and respectable.

As a man of the world—parcel diplomate, parcel man of science, parcel *Nestor* to a younger generation—the Chevalier Neukomm had a place of his own in society. For, in spite of a gentle selfishness, under which every one conversant with him suffered, he maintained during the last thirty years a home of many homes in the houses of distinguished and gifted people belonging to many different worlds—passing from one to another—tarrying as long (and sometimes it was very long) as it pleased him, with a steady suavity, against which it was hard to protest. Wherever he came, hours must be altered—habits adopted to gratify him—some system of diet or of doctoring must be practised as he preached it:—yet his company was admitted to be a recompense for such exactions. He was found equable and pleasant as a household companion, if not striking as a talker,—he was thought instructive by women, affable by children. He avoided rather than sought the society of artists—kept aloof from the interests of the world from which he had drawn his full share of praise and glory—and quietly demeaned himself, as though, his own participation in its bustle being ended, there was nothing left in it to care for. As regards ease and companionship in the decline of life, his object was thoroughly accomplished,—but he cannot be numbered among the musicians or the men who will be largely missed or deeply regretted now that his round of mortal visits has ended.

Ronconi in New York.

(From the Courier and Enquirer.)

Italian Opera.—Burton's theatre was not so well filled as it should have been last evening, on occasion of the first appearance of Signor RONCONI. But the audience was appreciative and was well interspersed with persons of some distinction, although it could hardly be called either fashionable or brilliant. The task of criticism upon the performance is a brief one: for the opera *L'Elisir d'Amore* is known by heart to all opera goers, and of Madame DE LA GRANGE and Signor TIBERINI there is nothing new to be said. The former looked very well last evening, and acted charmingly; but her singing was hardly worthy of her reputation. As to Signor Ronconi, he is an artist from crown to sole, and his power is, and evidently has ever been, far more in his mental than in his vocal faculties. Not that his voice is gone, or was always poor. It never could have been a great voice, it is true; but report among critical people has underrated him in this regard. We were prepared to find the wreck of a third-rate organ, we found one of the second rank in tolerable preservation. It lacks power when heard with the orchestra and against another voice in loud passages; but alone it is sonorous, and of more agreeable quality than buffo voices usually are. But it is chiefly in impersonation and in expression that Ronconi is great. His *Dr. Dulcamara* was as real and consistent a creation as ever came from the pencil of a painter or the pen of a dramatic poet. It is impossible that Signor Ronconi can be an intellectually vulgar man; and yet every movement of his body expressed intellectual vulgarity. The low cunning and grovelling humor by which the charlatan imposes upon the ignorant peasant, and keeps him in a merry, receptive mood could not be better assumed than by this eminent artist. All was done, too, with a quiet mastery of art and instinctive knowledge of the "not too much," which marks skill of the highest order. The picture was finished to the minutest detail; even the walking and the snuff-taking had its own peculiar character; and humor lurked in the slightest inflections of the voice. The performance was a very fine one, and was well received.

(From the Tribune, May 11.)

For reasons not necessary to analyze, the Italian Comic Opera has never been popular in this country. Our people, who exhibit at present a distaste amounting almost to dislike for spoken tragedy in its severest form, without the interjection of comedy, have—by what seems an illogical contrariety—an admiration for serious or tragic opera of the Italian school. Accordingly, to call together an audience of full remun-

* To say nothing of the giant, Beethoven, who stood aloof from and surpassed them all.

† Elegy on the Death of Prince Ferdinand, op. 61.

nerating size to hear an Italian comic opera is almost an impossibility, such is the indifference for that school of art. Only the reputation of Signor Ronconi attracted the moderately good house of last night. If not great as to numbers, it was instinctively ready to enjoy the actor, being composed largely of connoisseurs.

To judge properly of an Italian actor representing an Italian character of real life, we should for the nonce make Italians of ourselves. We must take into consideration the superior vivacity of the people—their rapid face play—their numerous gesticulations—their southern vehemence. If added to this, the eccentricities of the person portrayed heighten these traits, we must all the more remember that southern fire is not northern phlegm. This is a general rule for safe criticism. But the powers of the actor may be so great as to cause the spectator to forget latitude and longitude, temperament and nationality, in the intense vividness and truthfulness of his portraiture. We know nothing here of the Quack Doctor ambulant as he flourishes, and above all as he flourished in Europe. The great Baron Spolascio has (or had) an office, and his rig and turnout were simply anti-genuine and out of place. But in Europe, where the peasantry of certain countries believe in any nonsense, and the greater the nonsense the more intense the belief, as a matter of course—the Quack Doctor is an enormous fact. His wagon or gig, and his horse or donkey; his liveried assistant; his big drum and trumpet; his pitch-plasters, tooth-tweezers, love-potions and miracle-mongers, are all displayed in the open air. In some of the "old-women's remedies" he has, unquestionably, skill, which the simple logic of his customers applies to all his professions and pretensions.

To say that Signor Ronconi was in every detail the head of that school of quack-doctors on the stage, is saying very little. The supreme merit of his action was that he caused the spectator to overlook the speciality of the character in the splendid histrionic resources, the comic universalism he exhibited at every turn. His costume was sufficiently charlatanism but not over-pronounced; his representation vulgar, but not impertinently so; his triumphant aside chucklings over his success; his facial discharges of fun, in which every muscle was harmonious Italian jocularity—are all studies. His voice is worn and hard, and yet, by the force of his method, which is perfection, he manages it, and in some mere hints of the mock-heroic he gave a faint impression of his graver powers. His enunciation of the most rapid phraseology, as to distinctness and meaning, cannot be surpassed. Great as are his powers, he leaves the impression of much greater things unexpressed. His force is genius and not talent—it is a spring and not a reservoir. If he repeat a passage under an encore he varies it so as to give a new painting; and one feels sure that he could go on doing so doing without detriment to the effect. What constitutes the greatest wonder in regard to Ronconi is, that he has a voice rasping and ungracious, a figure not commanding, a face not handsome; an eye not dark or mysterious; and yet notwithstanding, in addition to all this in comedy, he is the Edmund Kean among his countrymen in the lyrical tragedy. The mobility of the face is simply intensified; the quality of the electrical man simply altered; and the smile becomes the tear. By the same rule all the most passionate dramatic writers in plays or out of them are the wittiest.

Music Abroad.

London.

ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA.—The new Theatre at Covent Garden, under Mr. Gye's management, was announced to open May 15, with *Les Huguenots*. The list of artists is the same as last year, with the addition of the tenor, Tamberlik, who is to sing in *Zampa*. Other pieces mentioned as forthcoming are: *Don Giovanni*, with Mario, tenor, as the Don—for which there has been precedent in the cases of Garcia, Donzelli, Braham, if not other tenors—, Mercadante's *Giamento*, and Flotow's *Martha*.

HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.—The *Athenæum* of April 24, says:

"Three representations of 'Les Huguenots' have strengthened our conviction of the excellence of the upper notes of Mlle. Titiens' voice. Altogether, it may be described as ringing with the voices of Mesdames Jenny Ney and Stöckl Heinefetter; a stout soprano, able to abide 'tear' as well as 'wear' on its top notes. The lower register holds out less bravely, and the lady on acquaintance proves more remarkable as a voice than as a singer; familiarity with her public having de-

veloped certain tricks of style, which do not stand in stead of vocal completeness. Among the latter are the disposition to speak (not to sing), recitative, to which a greater predecessor, Madame Schroeder-Devrient, could never reconcile us, and a large amount of make-believe execution. The new lady attempts to shake without commanding a shake; and though she executes one scale-passage effectively—the descent from C in *all* in her duet with *Marcel*—elsewhere, in place of real execution, she exhibits the same sort of evasion as vexes us in the singing of Herr Fornes and Herr Reichardt, and which (in fact) amounts to the German idea of "how to get through." So did not formerly—so do not now—the great singers slog. But Mlle. Titiens has time enough before her to add to her accomplishments what she has not, and to correct what is amiss.—On Tuesday, Mlle. Piccolomini appeared as *Norina* in *Don Pasquale*. The house was thinly attended. The lady did her best to warm her audience,—forced her voice,—thus sung considerably out of tune,—and dashed through the part with a vehement animation, which told of a struggle to maintain a declining popularity. Had any one about her understood her position, this need not have been. Of Signor Rossi's *Don Pasquale*—of any one's *Don Pasquale*—we will not speak in the year of Lahlache's death. Let us turn to something more welcome—to M. Belart's real success as *Ernesto*. He is a thorough, honest musical artist; sings in tune—in time—attacks his note to the second—and legitimately carries his public by a manly fervor and reality, which are full of relish.

SADLER'S WELLS THEATRE.—The last opera produced here has been "Lucrezia Borgia," in which Madame Enderssohn, a lady, we believe more familiar with the concert-room than the stage, has made her appearance as Lucrezia. Of her acting, we cannot yet say much in praise, but her voice is so full, and her style so well adapted to the lyric boards, that we believe she may find it her interest to pursue the path into which she has diverged. Her singing is indicative of great natural powers, that only require a little judicious training to be largely developed. Miss Fanny Huddart was the Orsini, and gave the famous Brindisi with great heartiness and spirit. Mr. Borani steadily upheld the minor importance of Alphonso, and Mr. Millard perseveringly reduced Gennaro to the smallest possible pretensions. This gentleman is not likely to attain any prominent position as the tenor of the lyric stage, though he may prove of advantage to the concert-room.—*Times*, April 25.

NEW PHILHARMONIC CONCERTS.—The first of the seventh season took place, April 19, in the new St. James's Hall, which building, it is now said, owes its origin to the founder and supporters of the New Philharmonic. The programme was as follows:

Overture (Egmont), Beethoven.
Duet, "If such thy will" (Mount of Olives), Madame Borchardt and Mr. Tennant, Beethoven.
Concerto, in E flat, pianoforte and Orchestra—Allegro—Andante—Rondo Allegro—Miss Arabella Goddard, Beethoven.
Aria, "Ah, qual furor" (Fidelio), Madame Castellan, Beethoven.
Symphony in C minor, Allegro con Brio—Andante—Scherzo, March Finale, Beethoven.

Overture (Freischütz), Weber.
Aria, "Della Rosa" (Bianca e Faliero), Madame Castellan, Rossini.
Aria, "Oh, quelle nuit," "Le moindre bruit" (Le Domino Noir), Madame Borchardt, Auber.
Aria, "O luce di quest'anima," Madame Castellan, Donizetti.
Overture (Masaniello), Auber.

The *Times* says the vocal performances were not brilliant; but the instrumental parts are highly praised, especially Miss Goddard's playing of the Concerto. The orchestra, of sixty performers, was conducted by Dr. Wyld, who is now considered to represent the "Society" in his own person.

ORATORIO. Handel's "Samson" was performed, April 21st, by Mr. Hullah's First Upper Singing School.

The principal singers were Miss Banks, Miss Fanny Rowland, Miss Palmer, Mr. Sims Reeves, Mr. W. Evans, Mr. Santley, and Mr. Thomas. The singing was not all first-rate. Miss Palmer spoils a nice talent by exaggeration of style and forcing the lower notes. Mr. Sims Reeves sang as grandly as ever, and created an immense effect in "Why does the God of Israel sleep?"—one of his very finest efforts—and in the duet, "Go, coward, go," with Mr. Thomas. The last-named gentleman was loudly and universally applauded in the air, "Honor and arms." The Hall was crowded in every part.

CRYSTAL PALACE.—The directors have issued their summer prospectus—a "document of portentous significance, replete with a variety of promises."

"The season opens on the first of May, with a grand musical, floricultural, and artistical display. A series of monster concerts follows, and the public is called upon to be joyful for great choral demonstrations of National School Children, combinations of choirs, on a large scale, from remote provinces, gigantic entertainments by the children of the Tonic Sol-Fa Association, Titanic performances of the Handel Metropolitan Festival Chorus, with all the means and appliances of the Sacred Harmonic Society, first-class concerts, vocal and instrumental,

under the direction of Mr. Manns, others by Mr. Henry Leslie's choir and the celebrated band of the Garde Nationale of Paris, three Grand Horticultural and Floricultural Fêtes, two Shows of Poultry," &c., &c.

The people hear a great deal of good music, mixed up with what is hacknied and indifferent, at the Saturday Crystal Palace Concerts. Here are some of the programmes:

April 3.
Overture, "Coriolan," Beethoven.
Aria, "Non piu andrai," Mr. Thomas; Mozart.
Concerto Dramatique, Violin, M. Reményi; Spohr.
Aria, "Batti, batti," Madame Castellan; Mozart.
Symphony in D: Haydn.
Song, "The tribute of a tear," Mr. Thomas; Loder.
Aria, "Ah, non erodea," Madame Castellan; Bellini.
Violin Solo, "Carneval de Venise," M. Reményi.
Overture, "The Siege of Rochelle," Balfe.

April 10.
Overture, "Die Vestalton," Spontini.
Cavatina (Donna Carlotta), Madlle. Ventaldi; Mercadante.
Fantasia, piano-forte (on a German melody), Herr Theodore Mauss.
Recitative and aria, "Dove Sono," Madame Castellan; Mozart.
Symphony, No. 6 (Pastoral); Beethoven.
Rataplan, Madlle. Ventaldi; Malibran.
Solo, flute "Blue bells of Scotland," Mr. Svendsen; Arzt.
Aria, "O luce di quest'anima," Madame Castellan; Donizetti.
Gipsy March, "Preciosa," Weber.

April 17.
Overture (Demetrius); Cusins.
Scene, "Non Temer," Madame Borchardt; Mozart.
Introduction and Rondo, piano-forte, "Le Retour à Londres," Mr. W. G. Cusins; Hummel.
Scene, "Ah, si, ben mio," Mr. George Perren; Verdi.
Symphony in C (Jupiter); Mozart.
Air, "Ah, quelle nuit," Madame Borchardt; Auber.
Piano-forte solo, Fantasia Etude, "Perles d'Ecume," Mr. W. G. Cusins; Kullak.
Ballad, "In this old chair," Mr. George Perren; Balfe.
Overture (Ruy Blas); Mendelssohn.

COLOGNE. The eighth Gesellschafts-Concert took place in the large Gürzenich room, on Tuesday, the 23d of March, 1858. The programme was as follows:

1. Spontini, overture to *Olympia*; 2. B. Klein, alto aria from the oratorio of *David* (sung by a female amateur); 3. L. Spohr, 7th concerto for the violin in E minor, executed by Herr Otto von Königsloew; 4. F. Hiller, "O, weint um sie," from Byron, for alto solo, chorus and orchestra.
5. L. van Beethoven, Pastoral Symphony; 6. *Nocturno* for the violin, by Ernst; 7. Tarantella for the violin, by Vieuxtemps (Herr O. von Königsloew); 8. C. M. von Weber, Overture to *Der Freischütz*.

VIENNA.—On the 22d and 23d March, Liszt's solemn mass was performed, in the Redouten-Saal, under the direction of the author, by the chorus and orchestra of the Imperial Opera house and a great number of the pupils of the Conservatory. Some of his very warm admirers offered him, during his stay here, a conductor's desk of chased silver. This handsome piece of furniture does not weigh less than 75 kilograms, and is a real masterpiece of finished workmanship. According to a computation, which we have every reason to believe exact, it is worth more than 15,000 francs. M. Roger is still pursuing his successful career at the Kärnthner-Theater. The following are a few particulars, but little known, concerning the early life of this celebrated singer. M. Roger held a completely subordinate position in a commercial establishment. He was received in the house of a lady, a widow, of a certain age, who, having heard him sing, was struck by his voice and advised him to take lessons, which might enable him to procure an engagement as chorister at the Opera. As Roger was not able to afford, out of his moderate salary, the necessary twenty francs a month, the widow advanced them, and, after a certain period, the young virtuoso was engaged as a chorister. After migrating, without any marked success, to the Opéra-Comique, he returned to the theatre at which he had first appeared, and it was not long, thanks to his talent and a proper feeling of ambition, before he obtained the first place. Out of gratitude, he married the widow, who was the cause of his elevation, and who, treating him more as her child than her husband, fakes the most touching care of him. Roger has been heard and admired in most of the capitals of Europe, and, though the Paris Opera-house may, perhaps, be rather too large for his voice, is greatly esteemed and liked, especially by the ladies.—*Humorist*.

(From La France Musicale, March 27.)

NAPLES.—Since the month of October, when the winter season commenced, the following operas have been played in succession:—*I Lombardi, Il Trovatore, Violetta, La Traviata, Matilde di Turenna (Les Vêpres), Lionello, Rigoletto, Luisa Miller, and I Due Foscari*. The amount received for these works, compared with that received for the *Vestale, I Puritani*, and *Linda*, is an eloquent testimony of the preference evinced by the public for Verdi's compositions.

The management of the theatre here, wishing to give the illustrious composer a mark of their gratitude, have brought an action to recover special damages from him. Why? Because he would not write an opera to a fearfully mutilated libretto.

Signor Jacovacci (the manager of the theatre at Rome) was here for three days, during which period he was clever enough to come to terms with Signor Verdi about a new opera. The composer signed the engagement, on condition that Fraschini, the tenor, and a contralto should be engaged. Signor Jacovacci engaged Fraschini the same day, and then set out for a contralto. By this time he must have found one. This is a good reason for our managers. Rome has chiselled them out of the composer and their best artist. Long deliberations and longer correspondence were required to engage Signor Verdi at Naples. To engage him for Rome, Signor Jacovacci needed only five minutes and a signature at the bottom of a letter. Luckily, the public protest loudly against such faults on the part of managers.

While on the subject, I cannot pass over in silence the brilliant ovation offered to Verdi, a few days since, by the pupils of the Conservatory of Music. His Royal Highness the Prince of Syracuse having expressed a desire to hear some pieces of classical music well executed, the pupils of the college performed, under Mercadante's direction, Beethoven's symphony in E flat, and Mozart's *Zauberflöte*. The audience consisted of our most distinguished musicians and of members of the most fashionable circles. The performance was irreproachable.—After the above selection, the overtures to *Stifelio* and the *Vêpres Siciliennes* were played. At the conclusion of the concert, Verdi visited the archives of the Conservatory, the Chevalier Florimo, the keeper of them, doing the honors. The illustrious visitor examined successively the manuscripts of the most celebrated composers, and, among them, those of Scarlatti, Cimarosa, Piccini, Jomelli, Paisiello, &c. On his arrival at the Conservatory he was received by the principal professors of the school. The pupils greeted him with a triple round of cheers. Signor Mercadante went to meet him, and the pupils again cheered the two celebrated composers.

Fine Arts.

For Dwight's Journal of Music.

The Athenæum Exhibition.

IV. OIL PICTURES. (CONTINUED).

The various efforts made to engraft the "grand style" of Italian Art upon English stock during the latter half of the last century, were succeeded by a result whose influence has been perpetuated to the present day. Previous to the time of Reynolds, English Art, (in painting) had no recognized existence. For two hundred years before, men of "taste" in England, of whatever rank, virtually anticipating the idea of "British incapacity for Arts," as subsequently promulgated by Winckelman and others, had been content to measure their interest in Art by the importation and employment of inferior Dutch and Italian painters, and the nearly utter neglect of all those whose misfortune it was to be native-born. Regarding painting as only a higher class of decorative upholstery, it is not strange that practical skill should have been sought in those countries, where natural aptitude seemed to be an inheritance, and the principles of working were thoroughly understood.

Holbein, Vandyke, and a few others, form notable exceptions to the mean average ability of these importations, and George the Second's subscription of one guinea to Hogarth's print of the "March to Finchley," is not unfairly illustrative of the kind of patronage which was extended to the native artists of that period.

Meantime, the purpose and power of demonstrating the fact that Art could be produced on English soil and by English hands, was gradually maturing, and ultimately found utterance in Reynolds and his contemporaries.

The Art they sought to secure a recognition of, was not indigenuous however. England must be planted with an exotic. Her native shrubs were coarse growing plants and must be exterminated. Artists must lend themselves to the propagation of the noble tree from over the sea.

The government and the people of England were only called upon to acknowledge and encourage the ability of England to supply her own Art needs, and, since these needs, howsoever palpable, were purely extrinsic, and could be fed without impairing the dignity and solidity of the state, this appeal, so strongly urged, was readily responded to.

True, at that time England had nothing to express which required the medium of "great" Art to give it voice. Her life was devoted to the formation of political states and the consolidation of wealth; yet, as an accompaniment and proof of the highest civilization, patronage of Art was necessary, and there seems to have been a peculiar fitness in offering to a commercial people, as a bait for their countenance and support, the establishment of that Art which had shed such lustre over the commercial renown of Italy.

In considering this subject of adoption and acclimation, however, some fatal errors were committed—errors natural and inevitable to the "common sense" of the English mind, which, Emerson says, consists in a "perception of all the conditions of our earthly

existence, of laws that can be stated, and of laws that cannot be stated, or that are learned only by practice in which allowance for friction is made."

Proceeding by induction, Mr. Reynolds and his fellows sought to analyze the causes which had conducted to the perfect ripening of this perfect fruit of Italian Art.

In rendering their decision, due allowance was made for the diffusion of Art culture in Italy, and the fostering care of munificent patrons. Beyond, there was the ennobling influence of lofty and sublime subjects, which, together with the patronage, (itself a sufficient incentive to great efforts,) was deemed an adequate cause to the production of these transcendent results.

The true significance of the Art whose spirit itself created, and was not created by, the long line of noble worshippers that moved in one unbroken column from Cimabue to Raphael—the Art that was born out of the great religious heart of the age, and grew into divinest stature whilst accomplishing its appointed mission, and, when its work was finished—the highest spiritual reach attained—died utterly out, never again to be revived save by that power which first called it into being,—the great Catholic Art; whose mighty pulse had quickened with the religious devotion of three centuries, was not rightly understood by those men who thought to renew its life in the cold Protestant heart of England.

Religious enthusiasm as a motor in Italian Art, was not indeed entirely overlooked; but it was so slightly valued that its non-existence in England was not considered as a radical defect in the condition necessary to ensure success in the proposed transference.

Regarding the subject mainly from the stand-point of "common sense," Art was merely a superinduction upon civilization, the worth of which, as an exponent of the highest social and political culture, could not be overrated, but which, as a manifestation of the essential individual, or national life, deserved little consideration in the polity of a commonwealth. Its real value then, lay in its form of expression, rather than in the idea expressed. Hence, the scions to be engrafted upon the stock of English civilization and "common sense," were to be cut from the decadence of Art, when power of thought and intensity of feeling were superseded by technical skill, rather than from its culmination, in which perfect knowledge was lost in its spiritual sublimity.

Had there been any real need of noble Art in England, it might have been supplied without drawing upon Italy for inspiration. The heart that cries in strong yearning answers itself. Hogarth had a mission and he performed it, quite in his own, self-asserting way. He stood nearly alone however. There was no path leading to him, and beyond, is untrodden grass. Doubtless his work was so completely done, he needs no follower.

Had there been a real want, Art would have sprung up to give itself utterance. It might have been feeble, and homely, but integrity would have made it strong, and beauty would have been born unto it out of the soul of faith.

The want expressed was purely external however, and it naturally sought artificial means of supply. The stock chosen for the experiment of inoculation, was young, and full of life.

The "Royal Academy"—then only a few years from the seed, and destined to bear the representative fruit of English Art,—was headed in, and the imported scion inserted. With very little care the graft "set," and English Art thenceforward had a "local habitation and a name."

Occasionally the native stock threw out new buds below the point of inoculation, which, thriving, bore fruit that smelt of English soil. It was not in the "grand style," however, nor did it often secure the endorsement of the "Academy" seal.

A new climate and new treatment wrought a marked change in the quality of the engrafted Art. The difference between its native and adopted conditions, was too great to allow a preservation of other than the most superficial characteristics; yet this Art, such as it was, however we name it, pure or hybrid, during many years was presumed to represent the highest Art culture possible to England.

Suppose then, retracing our steps, we superinduce the meretricious seventeenth century art of Italy upon honest, fact-loving England, to meet a demand which escapes inspection because, to the apprehension of English "common sense," it has nothing to do with truth or morals—a demand created solely by a thirst for culture and the power which comes of it—add thereto a large quota of that universal cleverness which is said to characterize the true son of Albion; and the result is the "Old School" of English Art; its leading characteristics, pretentiousness, superficialness, falseness, and an ostentatious cleverness which seeks to cover all its defects.

Follow down the stream of patronage—English truth unwittingly aiding and abetting English lies, until the national "common sense" revolts, and, demanding truth for truth in all things else, finds it a condition that can also be met in Art, and you have the motive which underlies the Art of the "New School"—its leading characteristic—uncompromising fidelity to truth.

Now, since it is written, that "everything English is a fusion of distant and antagonistic elements"—that England is a "country of extremes," and that "nothing can be praised in it without damning exceptions, and nothing denounced without salvos of praise," I shall take further occasion to mark the just exceptions to the general ruling of this article, and award the due measure of praise in some additional detailed criticisms which I propose to make.

MESOS.

(To be continued.)

From My Diary. No. 7.

May 17. I hear a sad piece of news from Berlin, that S. W. Dehn (pronounced *Dane*) is dead!

He received a university education, I think, at Leipzig, and studied Law, but like so many thus educated in Germany he afterwards devoted himself to music. His student life fell in the era when duelling was so much in vogue, and a wound in the arm, received in a duel, put an end to his pianoforte playing, after which he made the violoncello his instrument. For many years he played in the orchestra, I think I have heard him say, both in Leipzig and Berlin.

One day speaking of some point in the score of Don Juan, he remarked that he had played in *seventy five* performances of that work. He was also for several years one of the directors of the famous "Dom Choir" at Berlin, and much of the perfection of that remarkable choir of boys and men is due to the training he gave it in the music of the old Italian church composers. Fifteen or twenty years ago he was appointed Librarian of the musical department of the Royal Library, with the title of Professor, a place for which he was qualified to the very highest degree.

Dehn's knowledge of musical bibliography was altogether beyond that of any other man living, not excepting Fétis of Brussels, or Becker of Leipzig. He had a special love for it, had charge of the finest musical library in the world, and had travelled extensively through central and southern Europe, at the expense of the Prussian government, for the express object of collecting music and musical works, of historical or artistic value. His articles in the "Cæcilia," the last half dozen volumes of which he edited, prove his immense and minute erudition. For many years Fétis has been in correspondence with him, and the new edition of the "Biographies des Musiciens" will owe much, very much, to the communications of Dehn.

He had an extraordinary memory and was the living encyclopædia for all of us, who used to frequent the Royal Library. One day a gentleman came in and asked whether the "Herr Professor" could direct him to some passage in a work, which had escaped his memory, but which he (Dehn) had shown him some fifteen years before. He then related the substance of the extract as he recollected it.

Dehn thought a moment. "I think," said he, "you will find it in a small thin octavo on that shelf, (pointing up) and about such a page—naming it—at the top of the page; but I have never opened the book since that time. Let me see." He climbed the steps to the shelf indicated, took down the book, opened it to the page—and there was the passage! He was one of the very first of living contrapuntists, and his knowledge of the old Italian and German church composers was wonderful. He had read more of Bach's works than any man living and had made it a special object for many years to make the collection in the Royal Library complete. But, although a Bachist in the extreme, Rossini was the hero of this century to him, after Beethoven. He knew Rossini personally and some of his reminiscences of him I sent long ago to Dwight's Journal.

Several of the first of the rising musicians of Germany have been his pupils. Rubinstein, for instance, and one, now in St. Petersburg—whose name has escaped me,—but who has struck out a path of his own in vocal composition as original, perhaps, as Schubert himself. His pupils, of whom I knew several, idolized him. He made them do their own work. He gave an hour to them in the morning at his house, and they might come every morning if they chose. He said but little to them about their exercises, but a word from him was often better than a lecture from another man. His course with them was similar to that of Albrechtsberger, as illustrated in the work known as "Beethoven's Studies." "Come down to the Library," he would say, "and I will give you something to copy." You would see sometimes half a dozen young men employed at the table, one copying a fugue by Bach, another a movement of a trio by Beethoven, a third something from Mozart, and so on. As soon as possible he set his pupils upon canon and fugue—for if they once had mastered those the rest was easy, if they had ideas—if not, why waste their time upon music? A pupil hands in his fugue; he has perhaps introduced a pet idea and thinks wonders of it. Dehn, as Channing used to do to our college themes—glances over the exercises and draw his pencil through the pet idea, with the enquiry possibly, "what is all that for?"

He was short, abrupt and most plainly spoken in his address; overflowing with anecdote, and possessed of the keenest sense of the ridiculous. Sometimes when in the humor for talking, every pen would be laid aside and the large room of the library would ring with shouts of laughter, as he heaped anecdote upon anecdote of the men whom he had known in his younger days and whose names stand high in musical history—men who knowing only music, naturally enough presented queer and grotesque phases of character away from it.

His contempt for the "music of the future" equalled that of Chorley himself, and was based upon a profound knowledge of the art through all its modern developments. Of all men whom I have happened to meet at home and abroad Professor Dehn has impressed me most by the vast extent and the minute accuracy of his knowledge upon all musical topics.

His manual of harmony and counterpoint, judging from my own limited knowledge of the subject, and from what the students of music in Berlin used to tell me, is the best yet written. Besides this he published a translation of a work upon Orlando Lasso, enriched by notes and additions, which make it a model for works of the kind.

Dehn was a tall, finely formed, rather large man, with a decidedly handsome face, and the kindest smile! He must have been about sixty-two years of age. He leaves a wife much younger than himself, and two children, a son and a daughter some ten or twelve years of age.

He was a most valuable acquaintance to me and it will be a sad day indeed, when I enter that library again and find a stranger at his desk!

A number of Vienna authors and artists gave a dinner to the Nestor of Austrian poets, Herr Castelli, — on his seventy-eighth birthday, on the 2d of March. All the partakers appeared in the peasant costume of the different provinces of Austria; and the table-music, — in keeping with the characters of a peasant meeting, — consisted solely in performances on the national instrument of the Cither.

Dwight's Journal of Music.

BOSTON, MAY 22, 1858.

MUSIC IN THIS NUMBER. — To-day, by way of variety, we give a couple of the famous Part-Songs, by Mendelssohn. They are leaves from the entire book full of the same, published by Messrs. Ditson & Co., with the German words translated by our townsman, Mr. J. C. D. PARKER. There can be no pleasanter practice for Glee Clubs, Singing societies, Liedertafel, &c.; and the social musical example of the Germans must be followed more and more in our own country. The first selection is for mixed voices, a bright and joyous thing, full of birds and the exhilaration of the woods. It should be studied till it goes with perfect ease, precision, lightness, and almost sings itself; it is by no means easy to sing as it should be sung. The Serenade is for male voices only, easy enough to sing "after a fashion," but very difficult to sing well; the choir that shall fully master it, will be master of the highest art in singing, that of the pure, sustained, perfectly blended *cantabile* style.

So far we have given enough of Mendelssohn to satisfy even our London Mentor. Next week we shall commence a beautiful piece by Franz Schubert, for four female voices.

Music in the Public Schools.

In the report of the doings of our School Committee, in the papers last week, we notice the adoption of the following order:

Ordered. That for this year the usual school festival at Faneuil Hall be suspended, and in place thereof that there be given at the Music Hall, on the day of the exhibitions of the grammar schools, a musical exhibition by the members of the public schools, in connection with the ceremony of the introduction of the medal scholars to the Mayor, addresses and the presentation of bouquets, and that a committee of five be appointed to make the necessary arrangements therefor.

So far so good. The annual "scramble" (as it has been called) in Faneuil Hall on medal day is virtually transformed for this year into a musical festival. It will take place in the latter part of July. We notice further in the same report that a proposition to establish an annual musical festival, to consist of singing by the older pupils of the grammar schools, was tabled — we trust only for the present. Should next July's experiment succeed, as under proper management it may, it will be found worth repeating year after year upon a larger scale and more matured plan; it naturally will pass into an institution. And there are several reasons why we hope it may.

To be sure, our past experience of musical school exhibitions has been dreary and unprofitable. Spare us from more such attempts as we have heard at children's singing *en masse* by the thousand! We had a specimen when Thalberg played to the children, and the children sought to return the compliment by shouting and drawing through a hacknied melody. This certainly is not the thing we want, nor what is contemplated by the movers of this measure. The time, too, is short for preparing any thing much better. Yet something better can, and we have reason to believe, will be done. Let anyone read an account of the Charity Children's Anniversary, at St. Paul's, in London (Berlioz witnessed and described it — see Vol. VII. page 146 of this Journal,) and he will see what good results are possible from a right, unitary training of multitudes of young voices to sing in unison.

In the first place there should be unity of method in the singing exercises throughout all the schools. The best plan should be found and uniformly practised. To train separate masses of children in twenty different schools so that they shall sing even the plainest chant or choral well when brought together, is to train them thoroughly and truly; the discipline must be exact as clock-work in each separate body,

or they can never chime together as a whole. Therefore, we look upon this earnest attempt to prepare the children for the festival in question, as a measure naturally involving and necessitating the adoption of some real, *bonâ fide*, unitary mode of teaching the first rudiments of vocal music in our schools. Of course the first experiment can but be most imperfect; it will be unfair to expect too much from it; but it is placed in such hands, that we know the best use will be made of such poor opportunity as is afforded. Much depends on right selection of the pieces to be sung. Away with trivial, infantile, sentimental and mock-patriotic songs. Something simple, solemn, slow, appropriate to a thousand voices — some grand old chants or chorals, something religious and yet strong and cheerful, sung in sustained full tones, that swell up grandly from a multitude, — and not light, sing-song measures, without time or measure — is obviously the true material for such exercises. Then let the great organ fill the pauses, let a master hand conduct the whole, and we may get something somewhat suggestive of the sublime, instead of the ridiculous.

Besides, the practice of such tunes, of long, sustained, open notes, does really train both voice and ear, and lays the true foundation of the power of singing.

We believe in having music taught in all our schools. We cannot go as far as some, who would have music taught there as a *science*. A child's mind should not be burdened with indigestible abstractions; for facts and applications it has natural appetite and aptitude, but not for rules and principles. Colburn's First Lessons in Arithmetic taught us the true secret here. A child may learn *music*, learn to sing, without learning the musical science. Let him learn the names of the notes, the intervals of the scale, &c., and how to read a simple piece; but this is not the *science*, it is only the A B C of music; a brief convenient routine, which one learns as he does the names of the streets and how to find his way about in them. The great thing is to form the ear, to exercise the voice, to cultivate the inborn sense of rhythm, tune and harmony, and make all more or less susceptible to the refining, elevating influence of music, and able in some slight and simple way to lend a voice in its production. This may be done, in some schools has been done, for *all*; special aptitude of course is limited to few, and will need special culture.

Now singing lessons were introduced into the public schools of Boston twenty years ago; and stated hours have been devoted to them ever since. Public opinion has not to be converted to the favoring of music in the schools. For twenty years it has existed there; it is an institution. But what a feeble, half-alive and heterogeneous institution for the most part it is! How the thing is trifled with! Mere routine, pastime (although that is better than nothing), and no real teaching! What want of method and of unity among teachers! If we are agreed to have music recognized and taught at all, is it not best to have it taught in earnest? If a thing is worth doing, is it not worth doing *well*? It never will and never can be done well until there shall be one method and one mind presiding over all the music teaching in the schools. There should be one inspiring and controlling genius in the matter; one competent, live man, who has it in him, who has enthusiasm, knowledge, tact and power of influencing others; and for him it should be an office of dignity and trust, publicly valued as we value all high functions, to infuse true life and order into what it now is but a joke to call the musical department of our public schools. As tending, remotely, but, if rightly managed, surely, to this end, we hail the proposed school festival with satisfaction, and deem it worthy of more notice than we are here able to bestow upon it.

CONCERT OF THE BOSTON BRIGADE BAND.—

This oldest of our military bands, originally organized as a Reed Band in 1821, but converted to the noisier fashion of the Brass Bands in 1849, returned last Saturday evening for the first time publicly to the good old style, much to the delight of as many people as the Music Hall could hold. We confess we really enjoyed the first part of the entertainment.—It was a pleasure we have not had from bands for many years, to hear a couple of those inspiring old quicksteps by Walsch, so much in vogue some twenty years ago, with such a faithful reproduction of the old impression of the Band, that did so delight and stimulate the musical sense of Boston boys in that day. Those marches had more music and more metal in them, after all, than the mongrel operatic affairs now-a-days arranged for brass. They sounded finely; the brass instruments, full numerous enough, were carefully subdued and blended richly with the half-dozen clarinets, the bassoons, the four French horns and octave flute. Such a band is not intolerable in the Music Hall, and is capable of some rich and delicate effects. Auber's military Overture to *Le Serment*, an overture well suited to such instruments, was quite clearly, nicely rendered for the opening piece. There was also a medley of Scotch Airs, cleverly strung together by Mr. BURDITT, which was rapturously encored.

We did not stay to hear the all-brass portion of the programme, the waltzes, Galopades, &c., nor the Potpourri descriptive of a battle. Such claptrap is indeed too childish, and a degradation of the art of music. But what we did hear was enough to satisfy us of the complete success of this experiment of a return to the reed band system, and warrant pleasant expectations of summer evening promenade concerts, which will have something of the refined charm of music, and not merely minister to a barbarian love of noise,—music for civilized humanity, and not for mere gamins or rowdies.

Musical Chit-Chat.

Mr. CARL GAERTNER, one of the ablest violinists who has lived among us, and whom, in our present poverty in that sort of talent, we can ill afford to lose, gives his farewell concert in the Music Hall, this evening. Mr. G., with small remuneration, has provided many feasts of classical music for the music-lovers of Boston, and should not go away from us without some token that his talent and his labors are appreciated. He offers us to-night an orchestra, led by ZERRAEN, accompanied by which he will play Beethoven's grand Concerto for the violin, and a Fantasia by Vieuxtemps. Mr. HAUSE will play Hummel's Piano Concerto in A; Mrs. LONG will sing the scena from the *Freyschütz*; and Mr. ADAMS will sing an Italian patriotic song, composed for Orsini. Indeed the second part of the programme appears to be wholly patriotic.

Among the passengers for Europe by the Europa from this port on Wednesday, were Mme. DE LAGRANGE and Sig. RONCONI; so all the rumors of an opera company including them to open next week at the Boston Theatre, are at fault. Of Lagrange the *Courier des Etats Unis* says:

Engagements come after her here, and M. Galeotti has crossed the ocean to make offers to her that resemble the wedding gifts of a fairy's god-child. It is easily seen, from the terms of the contract, that it relates to a country where diamonds are raised. What other country, indeed, than Brazil would give her prima donna sixty thousand dollars a year, travelling expenses for ten persons, the use of a furnished country house outside the gates of Rio Janeiro, including the service of the stables, liveries, &c., and all guaranteed by the government? And fifty thousand francs paid in advance at Paris! and no more Ullman to submit to! Rio Janeiro is far off, it may be said; but then \$120,000 in two years, without counting the chances of more!

There is rumor of the importation to this country next Fall of Lumley's entire London Company—not by Ullman, but by Hammer!

In Philadelphia, SATTER and Mme. JOHANSEN have given four concerts, productive of few dollars, but a most exuberant crop of newspaper eulogiums. Mme. GAZZANIGA's benefit at the Academy of Music was a splendid tribute. Parts of *Lucrezia*, *Traviata* and *Favorita* were performed; the orchestra was the

"Germanic," led by CARL SENTZ. Sig. AMODIO also had a benefit on Monday; Gazzaniga, Brignoli, &c., assisting. The Philadelphia papers are full of one CHARLES GRONE, who, it seems, has composed his *Opus 1,000* (!), in honor of which a banquet has been given him by his publishers, Messrs. Lee and Walker, and Beck & Lawton. He is evidently a man whom publishers delight in.

Deaths of musical notorieties abound in Europe these last weeks. Besides those of CRAMER and NEUKOMM, and Professor DEHN, of Berlin, noticed in preceding columns, we read that CARL VAN BEETHOVEN, nephew and heir of the great composer, died at Vienna about the middle of April; and also in the same city, a well-known musician and publisher, whose name is much associated with that of Beethoven, ANTON DIABELLI. He composed the so-called Diabelli waltz, which served Beethoven for a theme for thirty-three variations, which together form one of the most original, imaginative and masterly of his piano works. . . . Among the recent arrivals of musical artists in London we notice those of JOACHIM, the violinist, engaged for the new Philharmonic Concerts; Mme. SZARDY (WILHELMINA CLAUS), the pianist; Mme. GASSIER, and Mlle. VICTOIRE BALFE, who was to sing in Dublin. . . . OLE BULL is reported at Vienna, intending to give some concerts there. . . . THALBERG and VIEUXTEMPS seem to have a wonderful faculty of developing strange eloquence in musical critics who live in the remote outskirts of music-dom. We gave a curious leaf from their experience in the South West. They have been more recently in Canada, and the *Courier* culls for us the following rare hits from a Toronto paper:

"As usual, Thalberg was gigantic in harmonies, and superb in originality. His Fantasia on themes from 'Masaniello' was absolutely overpowering. Nothing could exceed his execution or equal his pathos. . . . Like that of Dante, every heart appeared undone by the golden shower of his fingers. Strong men wept at his 'prayer,' and were foolish enough to smile at their own weakness when he moved off into the Allegro Moderato. In his dolce passages he held a nightingale in his right hand, and an Eolian Harp in his left, while his fortissimos were harmonious thunders hurled about him in every direction."

Now Vieuxtemps, your turn! "When he commenced his performance the theme was going on smoothly, but how beautifully was it accompanied. Now a trio—now a quartet, and all enveloped in an exquisite tremolo that quickened your pulses till the sensation became almost agonizing. His Fantasia, from 'Lucia' was entrancing. The 'Fra Pece' has never been outdone in the world, and never can be so long as there are only four strings on the violin. His impassioned rendering of the dying scene made it as palpable to our senses as if we had the whole Opera before us. Every cadence, every modulation, every accelerando, every delicious note was sung instead of played, and those who were conversant with the libretto felt the whole power of his genius overshadowing them. His harmonies were little diamond points that actually glittered before you, and the sweep of his bow won from every part of the instrument he touched, such a stream of melody, or such a torrent of harmony, as to totally sweep you away."

Musical Correspondence.

MILAN, APRIL 18.—Under La Scala is the famous music establishment of RICORDI, the great music-monopolist of Italy. He owns almost all the popular modern operas, and enjoys in Italy at least, the exclusive right of their publication. His store is quite a museum of artistic portraits; for almost every opera singer in Italy has a lithograph of himself, either paid for by himself or his admirers. Mr. Carlo Jacopi, of New York, figures among the goodly company. In looking over the list of Ricordi's publications, I was struck with the great number of operas that have been produced and published, and yet whose names are utterly unknown in the United States. One of the most fecund of Italian composers, MERCADANTE, is only known to us by name, for few opera-goers in America can say they have ever heard any of his works. PACINI, is another grand composer, who deserves to be made familiar to an American audience; his *Elisa Velasco*, of which I have spoken in a previous letter, is an opera that could not be otherwise than successful, and I noticed on the list nearly a dozen others, from the same pen. As to VERDI, the number of his operas, of which we do not even know the names, is perfectly amazing, and it is the same with Donizetti. Then there are the two Riccis, who enjoy a certain popularity, and there are many other unknown composers, who have not yet obtained fame and probably never will. For instance, how many of your readers are familiar with the music of Fontana, Foroni, Gabrielli, Galli, Malipiero, Pappa-

lardo, Pedrotti, Pistilli, Puzone, Sanelli, Schober-lechner, Speranza, Vera, Altavilla, Aspa, Baroni, Bona, Boniforti, Butera, Buzzzi, Buzzola, Cagnoli, Capecciatro, Coccia, Coppola, Corbi and Fioravanti? Yet every individual here mentioned has written a half a dozen operas at least, and the majority of them may be found in the immense stock of Ricordi. I might go on for a column with other names of the unknown musicians of Italy.

In one of the musical papers here, I noticed the other day amid the list of *artisti disponibili*, the name of ANNA DE LA GRANGE, who will, in June, return from America. If this be true, you are about to lose a prima donna, who, it is no exaggeration to say, has obtained in the United States a more general and solid popularity than any other that has visited our country.

I understand that almost every musical artist of note in Italy is looking forward to a pilgrimage to America. I was a short time ago, in my pokings on the Adriatic coast, at a little town called Fano, whence comes GIUGLINI, the popular tenor of Lumley's troupe; there I heard that this excellent tenor had sailed or was on the point of sailing for America, and his friends in Fano were expecting him to return to Italy staggering under the weight of gold and precious stones he was to collect in the American El Dorado. By the way Lumley is in Italy, doing what I have been doing—poking about—only his pokings have a more definite object than mine. He is hunting up rare musical novelties,—great tenors and wondrous sopranos, who have hitherto been wasting their sweetness upon the desert air of the provincial towns of Italy; it was in a similar foray that he discovered that great musical nugget, GIUGLINI, who owes to the London manager the opportunity of being heard in a northern capital, and thus obtaining the fame he now enjoys.

The musical people here entertain the most exaggerated notions about the prospect offered for opera singers in the United States, though they are singularly apt to confound New York with Buenos Ayres, and Rio Janeiro, and the city of Cuba—these places having a European fame for their devotion to Italian music. At the same time, the Italians (of course I do not include the traveled and better educated classes) seem to think that in America, as we are not accustomed to the best of music, any second-rate prima donna has only to open her mouth there, to be pelted with gold dollars and diamond bracelets. It was under the influence of some such delusion that a kind Italian friend suggested to me the propriety of espousing some handsome young *comprimaria*, and taking her to America, where she would make my fortune and her own by singing to the natives, who in accordance with their usual custom would immediately shower her with gold. With that striking prudence and sagacity which I so frequently manifest, I at once remarked, that perhaps there would be some difficulty in finding such a valuable lady. "Not at all, caro mio," replied my friend, "every woman in Italy can sing a little, and as there are just eight times as many women as men in the country, any young man, especially a stranger from America, can get eight wives, at least, if he wants them." Those are the very identical Mormonish and heathenish words of my good friend, as translated with singular fidelity, from the original Italian, by

Trovator.

PHILADELPHIA, MAY 11.—The Concert of the Harmonia Sacred Music Society, last week, proved a perfect godsend to those who, conscientiously opposed to the Italian Opera, have languished for a musical entertainment ever since the Lyric performances at the Academy rendered it precarious to risk a plain Concert.

The Harmonia rejoices in the prestige of a long established name, an energetically managed business department, and an excellent corps of amateur chor-

isters and soloists. Its Concerts have been assiduously (perhaps hitherto detrimentally to the interests of its exchequer) directed to the dissemination of high-art compositions, merely inserting in its programmes operatic and balladic trifles, at times, in order to appease the grumbling legion which demands Stephen Glover or Verdi.

Some years since its department of active, performing members was very extended and imposing, comprising within its limits many of the best amateurs and Professors of the city. Other societies, however, sprang into existence, and the Harmonia lost quite a number of its vocalists, who clustered around another nucleus and formed the present Handel and Haydn. Nevertheless, its energies have remained unimpaired, *malgré* its wasting *physique*, and its rehearsals are rigorously, punctually, and artistically accomplished, each week.

LEOPOLD MEIGNEN, Mus. Doct., *Societatis Harmonie gratia*, conducts this association with signal ability. His musical and literary attainments are of a very high order, both having been permanently established, one year since, by the triumphant production of an oratorio, "the Deluge," which, in its main features, conclusively proved that a Frenchman may attain to classic distinction after all.

MICHAEL H. CROSS, the Organist of the Society, is endowed with brilliant talents, and as a Concert-Organ performer stands the peer of the proudest names in the country. Seat him before the noble instrument with a request for "Wm. Tell," the "Crown Diamonds," or, if you prefer it, a Fugue from Bach; and you will not fail to marvel at the fine orchestral effects, the brilliancy of execution, and the steadfastness of tone, which your request has evoked. But this accomplished concert-performer assumes a different guise in the sanctuary. His voluntaries lack the ideal, and his accompaniments are boisterous.

Mrs. EMILY REED, a Bostonian, I believe, generally "leads off" upon the bills as the principal Soprano at present. Her voice is a pure soprano, of considerable compass, and a fair degree of power, which, however, frequently appears to disadvantage through incorrect intonation, howbeit that her uniform appreciation of subject and strict regard to time evince unmistakable evidence of close application.

Some of the finest choruses from the "Elijah" and the "Creation" graced the programme of last week, and were enthusiastically received by the intellectual audience assembled, in spite of a serious drawback to their striking effects, in the lack of an adequate corps of basses. *Eh! bien*—Mendelssohn and Haydn were not present; and the public here is not super-critical.

A novelty of this entertainment consisted in the debut of a youthful Soprano. Verily she flashed upon us like a dazzling meteor! Her voice, what with immense power, extraordinary compass, and singular purity, warmed into new enthusiasm an audience which the length of the programme had driven into somewhat of listlessness. Mark me, most worthy Journal, that lady (anonymous by request of her doting friends) must make a wide spread sensation.

A few words concerning the German Orchestra, and then adieu. The Germanians perform every Saturday afternoon, Overtures, Symphonies, and Strauss Waltzes before an immense array of crinoline belles, who "most do congregate" at the Musical Fund Hall at the hour appointed, and there drink in the inspirations of the great *maestros* for 12½ cents; to say nothing of the opportunity thus afforded for displaying spring bonnets, straw-colored kids, and the latest importations of Levy & Co. SENTZ, whilom drummer in ordinary to the *quondam* "Germania," and now leader of the orchestra above mentioned, directs the movements of this body of musicians with fascinating grace and judicious ability. His popular-

ity with the fair frequenters of these fashionable rehearsals (Ullman would dub them *Matinées*) is unbounded. Sentz, à la Toots, patronizes eminent but "doothid expentthif" tailors. These Germania Rehearsals, as they are termed, have become a fixed institution with us.

SATTER gave his introductory concert last night. Circumstances prevented me from hearing him; but he is represented to have taken the city by storm. I shall hear him to-morrow night. Au Revoir!

MANRICO.

CHICAGO, ILL., MAY 12.—We had the "Creation" last evening. The "Musical Union" numbered on this occasion about ninety singers, and was supported by the "Great Western Band." Mrs. BOSTWICK and Mrs. MOZART were the soloists. The Tenor and Bass parts were sung by members of the Society. Mr. LUMBARD has a beautiful and rich bass voice, and though he has not much style, his performance was very acceptable. The tenor was rather weak. The Chorus was well balanced but wanted training. It was, however, the first attempt of this Society at a large work. Our materials are very good, much better than you would expect to find in Chicago. But their Conductor—!!!—alas! is a country singing school teacher. We enjoyed quietly a very capital joke. The gas remained turned down when the audience was gathering, and was to be turned on at the word *light* in the opening chorus. This was the great idea of the Conductor. The leader of the Band, a thorough musician, however, got hold of the secret and ordered his band not to commence at all until the gas was turned on. So on the stage they come. All is ready. The Conductor gives a sign and is about to commence his first beat, when the players inform him they cannot see. Conductor tries again. Orchestra can't see. Conductor, very much disappointed, gives order to turn on the gas. Light. Performance begins. All sensible people delighted at seeing this trickery defeated.

The audience filled the hall to overflowing, and the Concert will soon be repeated. A. M.

BANGOR, ME., APRIL 30.—The "Choral Society" of our city, gave a Concert on Fast Day evening, which we think worthy a brief chronicling in your admirable paper. Their programme was a selection of solos, tunes, trios, choruses, &c., from Haydn's "Creation," which has been their study during the past winter. These were all rendered in a manner highly creditable to the society, and gratifying to their audience.

To instance a few of the more prominent individual performances: those beautiful solos, "The Marvellous work" and "With verdure clad," were very happily rendered by Mrs. FORBES and Mrs. CARRELL, respectively. "Rolling in foaming billows," was given in noble style by Mr. WARREN, and "In splendor bright," by Mr. BURBANK. Mr. J. W. MERRILL sang the favorite air, "Now vanish before the holy beams," with remarkable distinctness of enunciation, and discriminating taste and skill. Mrs. BROWN sang in several trios, sustaining a long and difficult soprano with entire success. "The Lord is great," was given in splendid style, by this lady with Messrs. Merrill and Warren (three members of the admirable Quartet Choir of St. John's Episcopal Church in this city), as well as "On thee each living soul awaits," where she sang with Messrs. Guild and Wilder. Mr. Wilder and Mrs. Crowell gave the Duet "Graceful consort," very brilliantly.

The choruses throughout indicate careful training on the part of the choir, and were very effective. The organ was well played, though not a superior instrument, by Mr. TRACY.

We rejoice in the existence of this society, and its influence over the musical development of our city. Its aims are high, and its spirit a noble one.

Special Notices.

DESCRIPTIVE LIST OF THE
LATEST MUSIC,
Published by O. Ditson & Co.

Vocal, with Piano.

Unhappy Love, (L'amor funesto). Donizetti. 30
Donizetti's celebrated Baritone Song, which has proved a taking concert piece many a time. Our Boston concert-goers of last winter can bear testimony to this. It is a lovely Romanza for a fine voice, either Baritone or Mezzo Soprano. The English version is by Th. T. Barker.

Winnie Bell. Song and Chorus. Upton. 25
Light and melodious, with a good and effective chorus. Of quite a popular cast. Will find hosts of friends.

I've got a Little Bible. Sunday School Song. S. B. Ball. 25
A nice little ballad for the young, even for the very young. This ought to become a household melody.

Love's Letter Box. Song. Wrighton. 50
This is a charming song, by the composer of "The Dearest Spot on Earth to me is Home." The title-page is adorned by a beautiful colored lithograph, representing a dark-eyed young beauty, who just slips a small envelope into an aperture, which a solemn, old oak tree opportunely offers for a "Lover's Letter-box."

The Longest Day will have an End. Song. Anne Ticknor. 25
This Song of the popular English authoress will prove quite a treasure to those, who, in expectation of good things to come on the morrow, complain of "Long, long weary days."

Instrumental Music for Piano.

La Traviata (Revue melodique), for two performers. Beyer. 60
An excellent Four hand Arrangement of all the Principal Melodies in this Opera, in the form of a Fantasia. Of medium difficulty.

Spinnlied. Impromptu. Littloff. 50
A pleasant Melody, in the style of those impressive "people's airs," which Mendelssohn and others have already so happily imitated, sustained by the left hand, while the right keeps up a constant whirl of Arpeggio passages, imitating the noise of a spinning-wheel, when in rapid motion. This piece of the eminent young composer, whom the fastidious Parisians have made the lion of the musical season, and whose works have been introduced into this country by the genial interpretation of Madame Graever Johnson, must become a favorite with good players.

Musard's Grand March. Ingraham. 25
Hymeneal March. G. D. Smith. 25
Polka de Grand. Baldwin. 35
Surprise Party Polka. Avery. 25
Pretty and pleasing in their line. Neither of them offers any difficulty to a player of common ability.

For Brass Bands.

Shells of Ocean and Silver Lake Waltz, arranged for a Brass Band of fourteen or a less number of instruments by Burditt. 1.00
This is a new number of "Ditson's Band Music," printed neatly on cards.

Books.

MOORE'S IRISH MELODIES, with symphonies and accompaniments, by Sir John Stevenson, and characteristic words by Thomas Moore. With a portrait. Price, \$1.50; in cloth, \$2.50; cloth, full gilt, \$3.00.

In a very neat, convenient, and durable form we have in this volume the fine old Melodies of Ireland wedded to the charming ballads which have, more than any other of his works, immortalized the name of Moore, and made it a familiar household word throughout the civilized world. There has been, and always will be, a peculiar charm about the music and the poetry of this work, and though the expression in reference to a new book, has become somewhat hackneyed that "no library is complete without it," we may venture to say, that, used in connection with this elegant edition of "Moore's Melodies," it will come to each of our readers as a very truthful declaration. There are many editions of these Melodies published in this country, but this is the only one in which the words are accompanied by the music, and here we may mention that with Moore's words and the music were one. "So intimately," says an English writer, "were they united in his mind, that the sight of the songs crowded together in one volume unaccompanied by music notes inflicted upon him positive pain."

Dwight's Journal of Music.

WHOLE No. 321.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, MAY 29, 1858.

VOL. XIII. No. 9.

To the Moon.

From GOETHE.

Fillest hill and vale again,
Still, with softening light !
Loosest from the world's cold chain
All my soul to-night !

Spreadest round me, far and nigh,
Soothingly, thy smile ;
For thee, as from friendship's eye,
Sorrow shrinks the while.

Every echo thrills my heart—
Glad and gloomy mood,
Joy and sorrow both have part
In my solitude.

River, river, glide along !
I am sad, alas !
Fleeting things are love and song—
Even so they pass !

I have had and I have lost
What I long for yet ;
Ah ! why will we, to our cost,
Simple joys forget ?

River, river, glide along,
Without stop or stay !
Murmur, whisper to my song
In melodious play,—

Whether on a winter's night
Rise thy swollen floods,
Or in spring thou hast delight
Watering the young buds.

Happy he, who, hating none,
Leaves the world's dull noise,
And, with trusty friend alone,
Quietly enjoys

What, forever unexpressed,
Hid from common sight,
Through the mazes of the breast
Softly steals by night !

J. S. D.

[Translated for this Journal.]

Musical Orthodoxy.

From the German of Mme. JOHANNA KINKEL.

"Better after all not try to learn the F minor Sonata," said Ida, rising wearily from the piano-forte, and after a pause adding: "In fact it does go well enough, and my old master, severe as he was, would have been satisfied with it. What I still feel to be wanting in my performance of it, I fear will not be brought out by farther practice. The incomprehensible fantastic element, which pervades the first Allegro, the desperate dalliance with agony in the Adagio, this laughter upon the verge of destruction in the finale, all this I expressed better at first. But while I have been laboring to polish the rapid passages, and have acquired a smoother and more elegant execution, I have become unable to return again to the grand style. I play the Sonata now with great precision, but quite without soul,—and this is fatal."

"But you take up everything with a too pedantic severity," answered an old lady, who sat listening on the sofa, "and labor to infuse into

the music what no human being could detect in the hearing."

The pianist had early been left an orphan, and had found a home with certain distant relatives. A wise guardian had appropriated the greater portion of her small fortune to the cultivation of her uncommon talents for music. She was now of age and independent, and had spent what remained in the purchase of an Erard grand piano-forte. Hardly so much had been left as sufficed to pay her expenses to the place which she had chosen for her future abode, and to set up her exceedingly simple house-keeping there.

She had no wish to engage in travelling and concert giving, her musical tastes being too strongly opposed to those of the public; nor could her retiring disposition have borne the thousand little discouragements, which no one can escape, who, unknowing and unknown, seeks this mode of gaining a subsistence among strangers. She chose rather to labor for the means of living as a music teacher in some large town, hoping, while bearing the cross of lesson-giving to beginners, to gain sufficient to enable her to reach that high place in Art, which was not possible in the small, retired place which was her home.

At present she was the guest of a friend of her deceased mother. The old lady was the wife of Bailiff Werl in Waldheim, a small town in a narrow valley, about an hour's walk from the capital. Here she was to remain until she should find a suitable place of abode and a few pupils in the city. Frau Werl kindly went to town with her daily to make the needful visits and inquiries, and took thereby, unluckily a great many useless steps.

Her reception by most of her fellow-musicians was forbidding, or at least seemed so to Ida. Having from childhood been accustomed to unrestrained intercourse with relatives and friends, the manners and forms of the great city appeared to her indescribably cold, and the brevity, with which musical notabilities replied to her inquiries, positively frightened her. Most comforted her with: "Things would go well enough by-and-by, if she could only wait until people discovered what she could do;" but nobody troubled himself to aid her in showing what she could do, although in her case everything depended upon its being done as soon as possible.

Not far from the Waldheim bailiff's house was the villa of Count Selvar, which he occupied every year from opening spring until the storms of November. The Bailiff and his wife were always welcome there, and the Count never met them without urging them to come more frequently; for Frau Werl visited there only when the bad weather cut off the constant stream of visitors from the higher classes, who, during the summer months, filled the saloons and the garden. For the sake of Ida, however, she now overcame her repugnance to fashionable society. At the villa music was a passion, and should the

family once become interested in Ida, she would almost of necessity be introduced into the first families of the city.

Frau Werl explained her plan and warned Ida by all means to play none of Sebastian Bach's fugues, as that would spoil everything.

"Why should I not do my very best?" said Ida. "I know of nothing which so keeps alive the attention as a fugue. I can only compare the movement of the parts to the everlasting courses of the stars. The strange embellishments so interwoven with each other in the preludes, on the other hand, remind me of the curious mosses and mosaics which I have sometimes seen."

Frau Werl described to the young Bach-enthusiast her own experience of the musical taste of the higher classes, and was in the end fortunate enough to persuade her to practice anew certain of the compositions of Hummel and Carl Maria von Weber, which may very well be said to form the boundary lines between the learned and trivial styles in music. About the hour of tea she went over with Ida. "The company to-day is at the end of the garden under the new tent," said the servant.

"That is also one of the fancies of the Count," said Frau Werl, as they passed down the garden, "to be always laying out new pleasure-grounds; and it must be confessed that he has a good deal of taste."

Ida had never seen so delightful a spot as this, where the elegant and fanciful were well combined. Small fruit and flower gardens, and promenades regularly laid out, had always been her abhorrence,—the wild forest the only place in which she could walk with pleasure. Here, for the first time, the rich poetry of the world of plants, carefully arranged in picturesque groups, met her eye. The snow-white and beautifully proportioned villa was projected against a background of lofty dark green lindens. From the hall on the garden side one stepped into a broad circle of aloes and orange trees in blossom. The park, spreading full a mile on either side of a small brook, extended to the village, which appeared to be a part of the domain.

Ida and her protectress passed along through arcades of clematis and wild vine, by beautiful beds of flowers, fountains and groups of flowering shrubs, to the tent, where a company of gentlemen and ladies were apparently too much engrossed in their light conversation, to heed the modest figures of the approaching strangers. The Count was at the time in a distant part of the garden, doing the honors to another group of his visitors. His sister, who received them, gave the elder lady a place by her side and entered politely into conversation with Ida, but upon the approach of each new carriage was obliged to leave them; and thus they were seldom free from that oppressive feeling—loneliness in a crowd. True, the lady of the house was thoughtful enough to turn to them as often as possible, but all had a claim upon her attention. No others present would condescend to trouble themselves about

persons evidently lower in the social scale than the circles in which they moved. Friend talked with friend, and acquaintance with acquaintance, but no one took notice of the two women, who, after half an hour's talk with each other upon the beauty of the scene around them, embraced the first favorable opportunity to retire.

Again in the garden, Ida breathed freely once more, and was upon the point of expressing her determination never to breathe that close and oppressive atmosphere again, when a man, whom she took for the head gardener, hastily crossed a bridge directly before them, without however happening to notice the two women. He wore a cool summer dress of gray stuff and a large straw hat pressed deeply down over his brow.

"What a striking and beautiful face is that!" said Ida, "I thought such were only to be seen in museums of antiquities, not in actual life."

"Oh, that is the Count," said Frau Werl, laughing: "Well he is indeed an antique, if he does dress like a young, romantic painter."

To Ida's utter astonishment she learned that the gentleman, who she supposed had hardly passed his fortieth year, was at least eight-and-fifty. He was one of those rare instances of lasting manly beauty, which even in age can exert a magic influence. Though in youth slender and thin to a remarkable degree, he, as he advanced in years, had gained a fullness of person consistent with great strength, but which never passed beyond the limit of perfect proportion. His profile, with full Roman nose, gracefully rounded lips and slightly protruding chin, was truly majestic. Though deep blue or black eyes usually in age lose somewhat of their lustre, his, of a dark gray, had gained a sort of intellectual clearness, which gave to his glance a quality peculiarly fascinating and irresistible.

"What an immeasurable advantage is a beautiful face," sighed Ida. "I give this man full credit for an appreciation of all that is good and beautiful, simply because he looks so intellectual. — Were I beautiful or had I anything at all imposing in my appearance or manners, surely some one in that circle, which I have just left with such a feeling of oppression, would have spoken to me; as it is, it has occurred to no one, that a soul dwells behind this pale face, in this uninviting form."

Some days later came a friendly invitation to the Werls and their guest to spend a quiet evening with Count Selvar and his family.

"Thank God, it rains," said Frau Werl, "there will be no one there!"

And so it proved. No one came except the married daughter of the Count and her husband. The Bailiff, a jovial old fellow, whose company Selvar highly relished, made the Count acquainted with Ida's situation and wishes, while she was deep in a discussion of the merits of Bellini and Donizetti, with the young Countess. Like most aristocratic ladies, the latter loved these two composers beyond all bounds, considering everything from their pens *magnifique, superbe*, &c.

Ida on the other hand insisted upon great poverty of idea as characterizing the modern Italian style of composition. She spoke of their ever-recurring insipid melodies, sweet but without character, and equally unfitted for the expression of the highest rapture or the deepest anguish of the soul; of the piling up of instrumentation in passages meant to be forcible, which

invariably prove to be affected and ridiculous, and show their nakedness, when parodied ever so slightly; of the monotonous march rhythm; of the harmony, which is always within the circle of two or three keys, as if in a tread mill, and of the utter nothingness of their accompaniments and interludes.

"And yet this music throws all the world into ecstasies," said the Countess: "people hear and sing it with delight day after day, while at an Oratorio by Bach or Handel, they go to sleep from very weariness."

"Whoever can weary of those masters," returned Ida, "to him I give no credit for any artistic sense and feeling. There is perhaps an indolence of thought in many persons of much real natural feeling for music, which entices them to give themselves up with half an ear and half their soul to the mere sensual gratification of a pleasing melody, without stopping to think whether it belong to the true and noble in Art. If you would once take the trouble, Madame Countess, to follow carefully each separate part in one of Bach's Fugues, or to study a Sonata by Beethoven so thoroughly as to feel its infinite depths, you could never again, after such a spiritual delight, turn back to that empty juggle with tones."

The Countess laughed and would like to know, why she should go through with a laborious course of study, when the lighter music, which she understood at once without difficulty, sounded just as pleasantly? "This may all be very well for the learned, who understand what you call counterpoint," added she. "We are contented with a melody, which lies upon the surface and is made no clearer by the bass and the middle parts. Artistic elaboration is only a disadvantage, since it renders the beautiful less apparent. It is certainly a proof of a finer taste, that the Italians compose in a style so elegant and simple."

The Count at this moment hinted that the company would derive more pleasure from music itself than from discussions upon it, and offered Ida his arm to conduct her to the piano-forte. She chose Hummel's fantasia in E, a piece, which stands upon the farthest limit of that territory, which a performer familiar with Sebastian Bach never leaves, and which on the other hand abounds in beauties sufficient to attract even a Bellini fanatic.

Ida's peculiar excellence as a pianist was in the great variety of light and shade, which she threw into her playing. If she occasionally found a rival, who surpassed her in mere mechanical execution, she was inimitable in the interest which she could throw into a piece of music, by the free unfolding of her own individual conception of it; now it seemed like a drama, now like a picture, and yet she never passed the limits of the composer's design. As she became excited, her fingers were winged, her cheeks flushed, her black eyes sparkled.

Selvar watched her closely during her performance and wondered at the change in those features, which had before seemed so ordinary. With great tact, he so worded the usual flatteries paid to a performer, that they seemed more like his opinion soberly addressed to the company, than mere compliments.

"Can your mouth sing like your fingers?" he asked.

"Singing is not my forte," said Ida, "though I

delight in songs, whose texts appeal to my feelings; but I can execute them well only when I am alone; in presence of others it seems laying bare the secrets of the heart, to sing with expression.

"That is a very unartist-like feeling. I should not have thought it of you."

After much hesitation, which in her case arose from real modesty, Ida sang in a full, deep contralto voice several beautiful popular songs of various nations, which were new to the company. Selvar was thoroughly charmed; and his natural enthusiasm, not calmed in the least by the lapse of years, led him into expressions of delight, which had their full effect upon the singer. The fire of her soul, hitherto hidden, broke forth in songs, now tender, now joyous, now despondent, now playful, and flash after flash of various sentiment aroused the remains of similar emotions in the heart of her listener. Inexhaustible was her store of, insatiable his appetite for her songs. In time the rest of the company were surfeited. At first they had joined in the desire for more; then withdrew from the cabinet in which the piano-forte stood, into the next room, to chat without disturbing the music. There the lamps were lighted. But the Count forbade lights in the music-room, as a hindrance to the pure influence of song. The moon alone glanced in at the open window, which looked out upon the garden, through the branches of orange trees, and the gentle sounds of the waterfall came lightly dashing, splashing to the ever delicious and magical song of Goethe:

"Füllest wieder Busch und Thal
Still mit Nebelglanz." *

Ida at last arose, fearing that Frau Werl might chide her for withdrawing too much from the company. As she passed through the door the Count suddenly seized her hand, pressed it to his heart, called her "a dear, precious friend," and told her in flattering terms, how she had conjured up the most delicious dreams out of the chaos of the past, and that to her voice seemed to be given a magical power over his soul, which he could not explain.

At the supper table Ida was absent-minded and ill at ease. Her thoughts seemed to her too feeble and worthless to be addressed to him. Her wit and humor deserted her, when she looked up into his piercing eyes and beheld them fastened upon her with deep and earnest expression. From her childhood Ida's intercourse had been only with very common-place people, her guardian and music teacher the only exceptions. The young men of her native place were mostly merchant's clerks or were fitting themselves to become agriculturists. As she now called to remembrance the few who had once seemed to her men of higher cultivation, and in whose company she had found pleasure, men whose attentions had even excited some slight emotion in her breast, she felt humbled and ashamed at her want of perception. How graceful was every motion, how calm the deliberate tones of this really cultivated and refined man; with what a strange feeling of reverence was she impressed by his air of native dignity!

And this man of royal presence had pressed her hand to his heart — had called her his dear and precious friend. He felt drawn toward her as she to him; so she at last believed, with feel-

* See translation of the poem: "To the Moon," above.

ings of mingled awe and delight. Utterly inexperienced in the arts of dissembling, it did not occur to her to hide her feelings. At home she was taciturn, oftentimes sitting long silent, and looking vacantly towards the white house; but when the Count appeared her face would flush, and her agitation rise to the point of trembling, when he called upon her. Frau Werl soon saw through her and set herself zealously at work to cure her of such an unnatural piece of folly, for such appeared to her the passion of a young girl for a man, who, with whatever profusion of amiable qualities, was fast drawing near to old age.

She told Ida a multitude of love stories, of which he, according to common report, had been the hero, both during the life of the Countess and after her decease, and warned her against attaching too much value to his attentions, and thus exposing herself to ridicule. Her ever recurring topic at their meals, in which the Bailiff joined her, though perhaps less harshly, was, "Selvar is a male coquette, and all the more dangerous because he is himself susceptible. But his passion lasts only until he has made a deep and lasting impression; then, his vanity being satisfied, he is once more just as coldly polite and complimentary as before. And what is there which does not attract him? Beauty, talents, elegance, unaffected simplicity—in short, whatever is remarkable. That which exerts the most lasting influence upon him is a cool, witty, acute understanding. When he is surrounded by companions who do not call out his higher qualities, it is not unusual with him to condescend to pay special attention to talent in a calico dress."

Of all this Ida naturally believed not one word and saw in it only the evidence of some private end on the part of her friends. In fact, the picture was hardly as true as it was well meant. There was heart in that passion for the lofty and intellectual, even down to external graces and accomplishments, which moved Selvar in his intercourse with women. True, there was a spice of vanity with a fashionable disregard to consequences among the motives of his conduct, but this was not all, nor were his engaging qualities mere external show.

(To be continued.)

Truth about Music and Musicians.

ON MODERN GERMAN OPERA MUSIC.

Translated from the German by SABILLA NOVELLO.

I must now answer you on a subject mentioned in your first letter,—the melancholy fact, that in Germany, at the present epoch, so many operas are written which appear, only to disappear.

Were a statistic register to be laid before us of the prodigious mortality among new-born operas in Germany, we should be seized with piteous horror. Has the musical climate of Germany deteriorated, or do composers but bring forth weaklings into existence?

I must declare myself without reserve, to be of the latter opinion, and will at once indicate to you four causes why no opera can succeed, until these be obviated. The first of these causes is, that many of our present composers, especially the most gifted of them, pay no attention to Schiller's maxim: "He who has satisfied his *own* times, has lived for *all* times." They forget or ignore that they should, above everything, write for their contemporaries—they anticipate futurity and hope for fame by creating for posterity, and by establishing a "music of the future" (for the PRESENT!!!). Many of these gentlemen, notwithstanding the intelligence they possess, cannot perceive that they attempt that in which it is impossible they should succeed; for, allowing that a period should arrive, in which operas like theirs might really please, it is evident that they cannot please at present, as we do not exist in futurity, and are not ripe for enjoyments ultimately possible.

We desire not and cannot prevent our compo-

sers beatifying posterity with their music, but it were surely expedient that those who compose for "the future" should let their "operas for the future" rest quietly in their desks until rescued thence by posterity; thus they would save themselves the trouble of fretting at the ignorant public "of the present," and save this same public from much weariness. And then, what are the composers to do, who will exist in the future? Shall they, too, write, not for their own times, but for a further future? Or do those gentlemen who rave about the "opera of the future," believe that nothing better than these, their works, can possibly arise! Notwithstanding the large portion of vanity possessed by some, I cannot imagine them capable of such insanity.

A remarkable fact is, that precisely those individuals who dream about the opera as it should be and must be in the future, are always zealous politicians, and constantly use such phrases as: "We should live, heart and hand, for the present time," and "We should well understand the prevalent spirit of the age," &c. They therefore sin doubly,—firstly in acting contrary to their own words, and secondly in not satisfying the musical requirements of their own times. Succeeding ages will take care of themselves, and he who has created a beauteous work will please posterity as well as contemporaries.

A second cause is the want of good opera texts. Earlier opera-composers required less care in the choice of a libretto, because, if the music pleased, a public was very indulgent as to the faults of its text; in later days, an audience is much more exacting on this point, especially since some French poets have produced excellent opera texts. So much is this the case, that success is more likely to attend an opera with good text but indifferent music, than an opera with bad text and good music. Besides the desire for good opera texts, public taste now also expects more from singers, since some of these, such as Wild and Schröder-Devrient, who were distinguished dramatic artists, gave proof that good singing and great acting might well be combined. Formerly, the poor, dear German public suffered any wooden, awkward fellow to succeed on the stage had he but a fine voice; now, however, a composer must consider the acting powers of each singer. Lortzing once refused a capital libretto (*Donna Diana*), because he believed that no singers could be found who could *act* it! (See the biography of Düringer.)

These increased pretensions on the part of the public have greatly increased the difficulties of an already onerous task,—that of writing a good opera text,—and this especially to our Germans, who, as a rule, possess more talent for lyric than for dramatic poetry, while the contrary is the case with French authors.

In addition to this want of dramatic talent, most German authors are utterly ignorant of the rules by which a drama should be governed. Therefore, they *fantastically* write down their pieces; they do not calculate effect with due consideration, without which, no well-organized, developed, and impressive work can be produced.

Even a gigantic genius like Shakespeare might not create a drama without careful calculation, study, and rumination. It would be far more easy to create a piece by intellectual calculation without innate lyrical talent than vice-versa. Examine our dramatic literature, and you will readily find confirmations of this assertion, without my pointing them out by name. The history of literature shows us that all truly great dramatists tested their plots a thousand fold, as great generals have pondered their plans of battle, or great chess-players their stratagems. And lastly, we know that all French dramatic writers zealously study the technicalities of their art, which our authors, with utter misprision of duty, treat with contempt, or even consider a defect.

A third cause is, that our modern German composers give too little consideration, in their operas, to singers, and to the art of song; and, on the contrary, employ a singer only as an instrument,—nay, not even as a solo-instrument, but as a ripieno member of the orchestra. The natural result of this perversity is, that, in the first place, all singers view such operas with displeasure and repugnance, for which they cannot be blamed; why should they undertake the difficult task of learning a long part, when they can foresee that they will receive no acknowledgement from the public in reward of their trouble? Whence should they derive ardor, when an audience sits before them, cold, indifferent, or even disgusted?

The public does not enter a theatre merely for the sake of a composer and his caprices. It requires not only to hear music, or to be entertained by dramatic action; it seeks also the eximious charm which lies in expressive *song*. Why does the Italian opera hold its place in every country? What was, and is, the irresistible attraction it exerts over the public?

Song, in the first place, and then the comprehensible melodies which the Italians, wisely enough, never disdain.

Our modern German composers, on the contrary, despise singers; they despise the public longing for beautiful, *pre-eminent* melody, and thus they are justly recompensed when, in their turn, they are despised by the public, and their operas gain no success.

Look through the scores of our masters—Weigl, Winter, Mozart, Weber;—they wrote for singers, and for the public. Reckon the arias, scenas, &c., &c., out of different operas, which are oftentimes executed at concerts, or sung in public and private meetings,—they are the most melodious. Count up the operas which singers perform by preference,—in which they produce their greatest effect,—and which they therefore select as their *Star-performance* (*Gastrollen*) characters;—they are those in which *song* is prevailing,—in which singers may display to advantage their voice and vocal art.

Let all those desist from operatic composition who are incapable of writing such (*Gastrollen*) parts, or who cannot create a melody which shall find its way to street-organs. Yes, however strange this axiom may sound, I maintain its truth; and this brings me to a fourth cause, perhaps the most important one, why our operas so seldom succeed. Existing German composers have no perception of simple, popular melody: *they will not, or cannot create such*. And yet, without contradiction, *simple melody*, completely entrusted to *song*, should be and ever remain the pre-eminent element of operatic music.

Melody may be constructed, and has been constructed, in three different manners.

1stly.—The declamation of words by a performer may be imitated by heightening and lowering vocal tones,—by retarding or hurrying their progression in conjunction with certain syllables or words,—and by observing the different duration of pauses indicated by punctuation in the text. Melody, constructed on these principles, will be conscientiously adapted to its words, but readily becomes stiff and dry, and, in reality, is only a musical and regularly measured declamation of a poem.

2ndly.—Single syllables, words, or verses, may be less taken into consideration than the sense thereof, and the sentiment expressed through them; the poet is not followed minutely line for line, but the whole musical piece represents the whole poem.

3rdly.—The only aim may be, to caress the ear, little or no importance being attached to words, sense, or character in a piece; the care of rendering such a vocal work expressive and pleasing being incumbent entirely on a singer.

In the first-named manner of forming melody, intellect is conspicuously active.

The third manner is often employed by modern Italians and French,—but no one can wonder that this leads to a display of the most unnatural contradiction and the most outrageous incompatibility; sorrowful, conflicting, or wild passions being portrayed in dance-rhythms: yet these lovely melodies enchant the ear with sweet magic tones, and meet with approval from those who desire melody *only*,—those who either cannot rightly judge whether music express what, in such circumstances, it should express, or who blind themselves on this point, and merely desire to luxuriate in the rich flow of a tonal stream.

Only the second manner of constructing melody, in which intellect and feeling are active in combination, will always remain the best and most worthy of Art. Mozart, in this, serves as an unsurpassed model; his melodies fulfil all the conditions which may and ought to be exacted, and they please both uninitiated and initiated, for they are at once true, beautiful, and intelligible,—they are to poetry what color is to drawing.

In most of our modern German operas, we too often merely hear a medley of tones, instead of a connected melody; for even when our present composers produce a melody, they seldom give it entirely to the voice-part, but dismember it, and take portions of it out of the singer's mouth, as it were, and entrust these scraps to instruments; besides this, they overcharge a melody with harmony and modulation,—accompany almost every note by a different chord,—modulate into a fresh key in each bar,—and thus, especially if depicting simple sentiments, sin against true expression, destroy artistic unity, and confuse the perceptions of their listeners.

When they really entrust a voice-part with an entire melody, they overwhelm and suffocate it by full accompaniment of instrumental masses, which they construct above or beneath it. We should, with justice, laugh at any painter who should paint sunlight or bright moonlight, and then cover the whole landscape with thick, dark colors; but similar folly is too constantly committed by our modern opera composers; they daub their melodies with thick tone-color

until they disappear. It is nothing uncommon for an aria, for instance, which excites little or no effect when performed in its opera, to please when accompanied on the pianoforte. This is easily explained. —the melody is then relieved of its superfluous instrumentation, and gains its appropriate importance.

Furthermore, the moderns construct too small melodies,—unconnected melodious sentences,—undeveloped melody-seeds. A continuous melody of eight bars duration appears to them a too "habitual" creation,—a too clear and simple—abomination. And as to writing a second section, to give symmetry to the whole!—if ever they be visited by melodious inspiration, they quickly shake it from them, in order to plunge again into their scientific hurly-burly. Verily they are infanticides; for no sooner have they been delivered of a melody, than they strangle or smother it. They resemble, not the nightingale, but the stormy petrel, who feels most at ease amidst howling winds and roaring waves.

On this account, they entrust all expression of violent passion to their darling orchestra, which, under their spiritual direction, storms and rages, puffs and blows, roars and surges, until the voice of a singer is completely overpowered and drowned;—we hear him no longer,—we merely see how he desperately strides about the stage, and, like a speaker on the hustings, strainingly endeavors to gain a hearing above the wild noise of assembled multitudes. Singers are now no longer enabled to produce those powerful, exciting and pathetic effects, which the varied human voice is capable of affording in passionate situations. A whole host of horns, trumpets, trombones, drums, kettle-drums, piccolo-flutes, &c., &c., are arrayed in the battle-field against him.

Many of my readers have doubtless heard the great Schröder-Devrient in *Fidelio*, and remember the prison-scene, in which, while the orchestra remains dead-silent, she thunders forth: "First kill my wife!" Every one who has heard this will feel a thrill at even the recollection of the extraordinary emotion these few words called forth in his soul. Notwithstanding, however, that such convincing facts stand before them, our moderns believe that they forward the "progress" of operatic composition by trying to depict strong passions in their perverse fashion.

In operatic music, *passion can only be faithfully and appropriately expressed by the human voice*. I will admit that, in order to support or to add to effect, an orchestra may burst forth during the pauses in song, but must subdue its thunders whenever the human voice sings. Unfortunately, no opera composer has thoroughly attended to this law,—not even Mozart, at all times.

I could quote many wondrously beautiful examples, besides the one already mentioned, in which highest passion is expressed by the voice, while orchestral power is subdued; for instance, the song of Simon and his brothers, in the first act of Méhul's *Joseph in Egypt*,—in which Simon utters his remorse and despair while his brothers endeavor to tranquilize and console him.

In addition to all that I have already adduced, modern opera-composers do not understand how to characterize persons and situations. We generally hear, in new operas, not the personæ of the piece, but the vanity and errors of the composer. For each piece they employ the same instrumentation (almost always the full orchestra), the same rhythms, the same harmonies, &c., &c. A painter who introduces all colors into every picture, and into each part of his picture, is at best a dauber, but no artist. If our moderns would only examine the opera-scores of our great Mozart! In them, each part is different from all others, and individually characteristic,—a self-contained, living impersonation. Let them, above all, study the *Zauberflöte*, in order to learn the means by which a true musician can elevate each personage into—a character!

OPERA MANAGEMENT IN ITALY.—The London *Musical World* is publishing a series of articles from its Milan Correspondent on "The Theatres in Italy," from which we take the following:

It is, in the first place, necessary to state that all the engagements for the theatres in Italy are made by a set of men who swarm in the capital cities, and are called *agenti teatrali*. These "theatrical agents," with few exceptions, are the "footpads" upon the artists' road. With regard to male singers, they sell engagements to the highest bidder in the shape of "commission," independent of fitness or ability, which keeps the poor, and perhaps more talented, singer out of the field. The female artist, it is notorious (and these gentlemen make no secret of the "mysteries" of their profession), too commonly purchases the honor of being on Mr. A. or Mr. B.'s list by sacrifices that shall be nameless.

An Italian *impresario* is generally a jack-of-all-trades,—now an hotel-keeper, now a pastry-cook, now a bankrupt, now starting up again, and exclaiming, like Tate Wilkinson to Tony Lebrun the actor, "Cus-a-God, Tony, I'm a manager!" Sometimes he is a man of little judgment, but no money; at others with a little money, but no judgment. In the first case, he borrows the "needful" of some friend, who is a "damn'd unconscionable dog," and charges him awful interest, keeping him completely under his thumb; in the second, he is sure to be surrounded by a set of intriguing charlatans connected with the theatre, who, under the pretext of devotion to his interests, swindle him right and left, and when his means are exhausted, shake him off, and call him "asino!" A practice prevails in Italy when an *impresario* takes a theatre, great or small, of "going round with the hat"—the contributors to the "hat" being for the most part the same persons from season to season. These chiefly consist of respectable tradesmen or persons in the city or town who are fond of music, and form the only intelligent and honest part of the "direction" of the theatre; for as such their contribution entitles them to be considered. They are entitled "Socios." Thus we have Manager No. 1, Mr. Impresario, in his own person; Managers No. 2, the Socios; and Managers No. 3, the "Direction," or, as it is designated in several theatres, "the Noble Direction!" This improper power behind the throne—the more improper because irresponsible—is a fatal stumbling-block in the progress of the lyric art, and highly injurious to the interests of the honorable artists, as well as ruinous to managers. "The Noble Direction" is omnipotent. The operas to be performed, the singers to be engaged, must eventually meet with its high and mighty approval. Its members are the Solons—the Meccenasas (I feel tempted to write the Midases) of the theatres.

And of what materials, you will naturally ask, is this enlightened body composed! In the first place, of such of the aristocracy as hold shares or interest in the theatre; next, of some of the Government officials (the theatres in Italy being under their surveillance); and, lastly, of two or three conceited "dilettanti." The first rarely take an active part, and are to be commended for their good sense; the second are generally passive, except on important occasions; but the last are always thrusting themselves forward, as if to prove that "a little learning is a dangerous thing." The period for the exercise of this despotic power is generally reserved for the *gran prova* (last rehearsal), when, according to the unwholesome regulations of Italian theatres, the direction may "protest" any of the artists; and against such decision neither manager nor artist has any appeal. Thus, if the manager has engaged a singer who does not how down and worship Mr. Director, or has refused to engage the *prima donna* of his recommendation (and the "actives" have always some "*chère amie*" at hand)—no matter the talent of the artist—no matter however satisfied the manager and disinterested judges may be of their ability—the moment for the gratification of vanity, spite, or malevolence has arrived, and the singer is "protested"; the theatre must be closed until another singer is "up" in the part, and if the "protested" artist be a *débütante*, or even young in the profession, a serious, a fatal, an irrecoverable blow is inflicted. We well know that the ability of judging may exist separately from the power of execution. An amateur may not be an artist, though an artist should always be an amateur; and it therefore behoves the *dilettanti* to exhibit some show of modesty—some evidence of education—when they take upon themselves to issue fiat against professional artists, the result of which may be to deprive them of their means of support, and to blast their prospects of fame and emolument, for which they have anxiously laboured during years of laborious study.

OPERA IN NEW ORLEANS.—The *Picayune* of May 16, after alluding to the financial gloom of the past season, thus proceeds to tell how well the French Opera has weathered the storm:

Such was the prestige with which M. Boudousquie opened the Orleans opera season of 1857-8. He will doubtless, long remember it. With the resolution which alone achieves success under such circumstances, he persevered. Further trials fell upon him, through sickness in his company. These, too, he combated. And now, at the close of the season, thanks to the soundness of the basis on which our commerce and financial business stand, to the elasticity of character which is so marked an attribute of our community, and to his judicious management, he is able to look back upon his course and to contemplate its result with decided satisfaction, with far more than he could have reasonably expected at the outset, if not with all that we might wish him.

His company was one of which New Orleans has occasion to be proud. In M^{me} Colson and M^{lle} Bourgeois he presented two artistes of high merit, in both lyric and dramatic phases. Throughout the season they have been admired with enthusiasm, and at its close retire with every mark of appreciation that a generous public has known how to confer upon them. And they have been well supported by a company, a choir, an orchestra, and scenic accessories, fully worthy of them and of the world-wide reputation of the Orleans theatre.

The great variety of operas which have been given during the season is worthy of especial note. What that is excellent has it not comprised? We have had the *chefs d'œuvres* of all the greatest masters. "La Juive," "Robert le Diable," "Les Huguenots," "Le Trovatore," "La Favorite," "Le Prophète," "Ernani," "Guillaume Tell," "Charles VI.," "Si J'Étais Roi," "Les Mousquetaires," "Les Diamants de la Couronne," "Jaguarita," "La Fille du Regiment," "Les Amours du Diable," "Le Caïd," "Le Tableau Parlant," "L'Italienne en Alger," and others, all given, too, to the complete satisfaction of large and critical audiences.

In addition to these we have had the Frezzolini concerts, which were among the prime features of the season, and the numerous and always well received vaudevilles and other pieces of an excellent company.

For such success as this, M. Boudousquie, it will not be questioned, merits all commendation, and we have pleasure, for our part, in according it to him. The subscribers to the support of his enterprise have been honorably and handsomely considered, and the general public afforded a bounteousness and excellence of entertainment which must have equalled all desires. The result will, of course, be the continuance of that patronage and appreciation of the Orleans theatre which it has ever stood alone in commanding throughout the continent.

M. Boudousquie will soon leave on his usual annual trip to Europe, to secure for next season such artistes as will again charm and edify, inspire and cultivate us.

Music Among the Blind.

We take the following from the *Tribune's* report of the anniversary exhibition of the New York Institution for the Blind, which took place last week:

"There were about 150 pupils on the stage, of whom about 80 were males. They were arranged on the stage in tiers, the youngest in the back-ground. The young women were, for the most part, attired in white and blue, and presented an appearance of uniformity in costume that was not discoverable on the part of the young men. The band, composed of fifteen blind boys, occupied one corner of the stage, and on one corner was a large pile of brooms, baskets, mats and other utilitarian products of the industry of the pupils of the institution. The teachers, of whom are eleven blind graduates of the school, occupied the front rows. Probably three quarters of the audience were ladies, and many went away, being utterly unable to obtain seats in any part of the house.

The exercises began with an introductory piece by the band. The performances of these musicians, which were interspersed throughout the exercises, were most creditable and excited much laudatory comment in the auditory. The course of musical instruction given, is thorough, and is especially insisted on in the case of all who develop the slightest talent in that direction. It is esteemed by those most familiar with the education of the blind, that the study of music is, of all others, calculated to afford them the purest and most intense gratification.

There is little in its pursuit to remind them of their great misfortunes, and it is not only a great solace to all who make any proficiency in it, but in many cases it has proved a means of obtaining a comfortable livelihood, where special excellence has been attained. So all the pupils study music, and there are now 64 of them under instruction in vocal music, 83 are practising piano-forte music, and the 15 youths before mentioned, who compose the band, have regular instruction in the art of blending the harsh voices of the clarionets, bugles, horns, drums and other curious inventions, into a "concert of sweet sounds." More than \$1,400 dollars have been expended during the last twelve months in the Musical department, for salaries of teachers, musical instruments, &c., and the attainment of the scholars, as yesterday shown, are proof unquestionable that the money has been well invested. There were a number of solos, duets and choruses sung by the vocal proficient, admirably and with applause.

From My Diary. No. 8.

MAY 9th. — Reading a German paper over "a' bissel Käs," and a "Seidel," I find an anecdote of which this is the substance:

Scene. Hall of the Gewandhaus at Leipzig.

Dramatis personæ. Excitable gentleman and a very sober, phlegmatic individual.

Occasion. Concert by Clara Schumann.

Excitable gentleman becomes almost beside himself in his rapture, and is "fidgetted" to the extremity of endurance by the phlegmatic individual, who hears Clara S. play piece after piece cold as an icicle.

Ex't Gent. (Who after a splendid performance of a piece by Chopin, can endure it no longer). I say, Sir, do you not like her playing?

Phleg. Ind. Why, yes, I like it very well.

Ex't Gent. Why the devil, then, Sir, don't you applaud?

Phleg. Ind. I—? Applaud? Oh, I am her husband.

Note. (By J. Yellowplush). Phancy that man's pheelinks.

Dwight's Journal of Music.

BOSTON, MAY 29, 1858.

MUSIC IN THIS NUMBER.—We commence to-day a Psalm; *The Lord is my Shepherd*, for four female voices, by FRANZ SCHUBERT. It will occupy ten pages. Music in three and four parts for soprano and contralto voices is a desideratum, especially in female seminaries; and the want has been too commonly supplied with easy, sentimental trash, for lack of better. Here is a more difficult, but a profoundly beautiful composition, which will reward study; one of the innumerable works left to the world, in all forms,—for church, for orchestra, for the opera, for the piano, &c., besides the hundreds of wonderful songs and ballads by which he is chiefly known, by perhaps the greatest musical genius, after Beethoven, of this century. Schubert died in 1828, before he had attained his thirty-second year!

The Psalm may be sung by one or many voices on each part. It is also available for four men's voices (two tenors and two basses); although it would be better, in that case, to transpose it a half-tone lower. It was so sung at a recent sacred concert by the German "Orpheus," in this city.

Madame Johanna Kinkel.

The interesting tale of musical life, commenced on our first page, will naturally awaken a desire to know something of the author; which will be gratified by perusing the following letter from the translator, in whom the reader will recognize an old friend.

MY DEAR DWIGHT.—In one of the early volumes of 'Dickens's Household Words' there is a sketch of Prof. Kinkel of Bonn, which no doubt many of your subscribers have read. He was Lecturer in the university of that city upon Art in the Middle Ages, and drew, perhaps, larger audiences than any other of the professors. In the spring of 1849 he became compromised in one of the attempted revolutionary movements, went up the Rhine to Baden, joined in the insurrection there, was taken prisoner by the Russians, condemned to hard labor in prison for life, and finally shut up in the prison at Spandau, near Berlin. Charles Schurz, who last fall was republican candidate for the office of Lieut. Governor of Wisconsin, at the risk of his life, succeeded in freeing Kinkel from his confinement and they escaped to England.

When I first went to Germany, in 1849, I resided at Bonn. I reached that city, just after Kinkel's flight to Baden, and very soon after my arrival had the good fortune to become acquainted with his wife, who spoke English well, and who felt a particular interest in all Americans at that period of revolutionary feeling in Europe.

Madame Kinkel is a woman of uncommon powers of mind, energetic, persevering, courageous, of very high culture and full of poetry and love for Art. She was the daughter of the principal—for more than fifty years—of the Gymnasium at Bonn, devoted herself to music, and after a very unfortunate marriage at Cologne, which resulted in a separation and divorce,

she returned to her father's house, and devoted herself to teaching the piano-forte as a profession. She was both a very uncommon player, technically considered, and a very thorough musician scientifically.

She was so highly recommended by Mendelssohn in England, that in several cases English families came to Bonn to reside, that the daughters might have the benefit of her instructions.

While living thus very retired and devoting herself to the duties of her profession, Kinkel became professor, and made her acquaintance at a literary club. The acquaintance ripened into friendship, the friendship into love, unconsciously on both sides. The incident which revealed their feelings to themselves and to each other would be laughed at, if introduced in a "Brown paper" as the catastrophe of a story—true, nevertheless.

The professor and the lady were crossing the Rhine one evening, when suddenly a steamboat came sweeping round, and, owing to some mistake or want of care on the part of their oarsman, struck the small boat in which they were and overset it. It was dark, the current of the "rushing Rhine" was very swift at that point, and the chances were nearly all against their rescue. At that moment of imminent peril, they clasped each other, a kiss told all, and they sank. Kinkel was a powerful swimmer, and as they arose to the surface, the small boat happily was within his reach, and they escaped, afterwards to marry and live happily, as the stories have it; and, excepting the three or four years of agony consequent upon the part he took in the attempts at revolution in 1848-9, they have lived so ever since.

The sketch in *Household Words* pictures their condition during the happy years they spent together in Clemensruhe, — an old palace of the Electors at Cologne, just back of Bonn, now the college of Natural History.

In 1849, after Kinkel's departure to Baden, his wife edited the *Bonner Zeitung*, a liberal paper, established by her husband, devoted to the interests and elevation of the laboring classes. She is a fine writer, reminding me both in her editorial writings and in her tales and sketches of our Mrs. Child. Her mental characteristics appear to me very similar. At all events, she has labored for the popular cause in Germany as Mrs. Child has, in the cause of the slave here, and I feel in reading the works of both, as I felt in hearing them converse, that the same spirit rules two minds of singular resemblance.

During those happy days at Clemensruhe, Mrs. Kinkel labored energetically in the cause of music. You will find in one of the last volumes of the *Leipziger Musikalische Zeitung*,—I think that for 1847—a notice of a concert in Bonn, at which a choir of young ladies appeared under her direction, who had been instructed by her.

In the first volume of your *Journal of Music* there is a humorous sketch translated from a volume of tales and sketches written partly by the Professor, partly by her.

I send you with this, another, which I have long thought worth translating, not so much perhaps for the sake of "the story," which has nothing particularly "thrilling" to recommend it, but because of its exquisitely natural pictures of life in Germany, of its conversations upon musical topics, and of the great amount of matter drawn from the authoress's own experience.

In all that relates to the piano-forte Mrs. Kinkel has a right to speak with authority. When her husband was in Berlin, as member of the national parliament, she was invited to give a concert, which she did with extraordinary success, and was recognized in that musical capital as one of the great female pianists. Subsequent events, however, of a political nature destroyed her prospects at home, at the same time drawing her attention from Art.

My greatest treat, during my stay in Bonn, in 1849,

was listening to her performance of Beethoven's Sonatas. It was my first introduction to them as played by an adequate performer, and I felt then how few there are, who can join to their mere execution that high poetic conception of the soul within them, which makes them speak to the listener as no other music does. She asked me one day if there was any particular Sonata which I should choose to hear. I mentioned one—I forget which now—and her reply made a great impression upon me.

"So far as the mere execution of the score goes," said she, in substance, "I can play it; but for some time past I have been studying the Sonatas in order, and searching out their hidden meaning, their peculiarities of thought and expression, and have not yet come to that one. I should prefer therefore to play an earlier one,—one of those of which I have gained this kind of mastery."

Of all the women, whom I have heard play, she approaches nearest to Clara Schumann, in power and delicacy of touch, and in the faculty of making Beethoven talk to us through his works. Chopin, too, she plays exquisitely.

Soon after her husband's escape to England, she joined him with her beautiful children, where I saw them all apparently as happy as exiles can well be.

Her position in society has not been one to demand or allow of her becoming known as a public performer; though doubtless she might have made a name. She has published several compositions, but her mind was too much occupied with other things during the period of the revolutionary troubles, to allow her at that time to devote herself to art. Whether since her residence in England she has added to the list of her works, I am not informed.

A. W. T.

Musical Chit-Chat.

The Mendelssohn Quintette Club have happily secured Mr. WILLIAM SCHULTZE for their leading violinist, in place of AUGUST FRIES, who is to sail for Europe in the Hamburg steamer from New York, on Tuesday next. Mr. Fries will pass a month or so in his native town in Holstein, before taking up his residence in Bergen, Norway. We had the somewhat melancholy pleasure of listening to the feeling tones of his violin, perhaps for the last time, a few evenings since, with a small farewell party of music-lovers, at a friend's house. The glorious old Quintet by Beethoven (in C), a Quartet by Mozart, and one of the Mendelssohn Trios (our host assisting as pianist), were played with an unction which the Club has rarely surpassed, and which only deepened the regret at losing August Fries. All will rejoice, however, that the Quintette Club will still hold together, and that so fine and gentlemanly an artist as Mr. Schultze is found to fill the place of leader. It certainly is a rare thing, and a pleasant one, at least in this country, for even so small a company of musicians to keep together for nine years. May the harmonious union still survive for nine times nine! Our list of classical works performed in Boston by this Club will be forthcoming, probably, next week.

We could not attend CARL GAERTNER's farewell concert, which drew, we understand, about six hundred people to the Music Hall. Mr. Gaertner played the first movement of Beethoven's violin Concerto, and Mr. HAUSE the first movement of the piano-forte Concerto in A, by Hummel. . . . The great festival of Pentecost was kept in the Catholic churches of this city last Sunday (Whitsunday). At the Cathedral in Franklin Street, Pontifical High Mass was celebrated by the Bishop of the Diocese. Haydn's first Mass, with orchestra, was finely executed by the cathedral choir, under the direction of Mr. Werner; also Cherubini's soprano solo, *Ave Maria*, and Neukomm's *Veni Sancte Spiritus*, in the intervals of the mass.

There are no sounds of music from New York; the concerts are over, and the operatic singing birds have flown away in all directions, or are silent. No more portentous Ullman manifestos in the newspapers; the Musard announcements have grown shorter and shorter—beautifully less by degrees—till they have ceased altogether. The rumor was that Musard was to be transplanted this week to Philadelphia. But what more encouragement there? The splendid and much talked of Academy of Music has come to a still stand; the opera has failed; the manager (Mr. Marshall) has resigned, and the only comfort of the chagrined enthusiasts, who were proclaiming Philadelphia the lyric centre of the world, lies in the fact that the same black cloud has settled down upon New York. . . . Herr FORMES sang in New York last week, at a Matinée Musicale, for the inauguration of the Nursery and Child's Hospital on Fifty-first street. . . . Signorina FELICITA VESTVALI has been singing in New Orleans. . . . THALBERG, VIEUXTEMPS, JULIANA MAY, and Mme. CARADORI gave concerts last week in Cleveland and Pittsburgh, and with Mme. D'ANGRI in Cincinnati.

There is a paragraph going the rounds about Beethoven's song, *Adelaide*, to the effect that this composition was saved for posterity by Herr Barth. singer in the Imperial Chapel. He chanced to call, one day, on Beethoven, and the latter gave him a paper, saying, "There, I wrote that to-day; there happens to be a fire in the stove, and in it shall go." Barth read the composition, and afterwards tried it over. Beethoven listened attentively, and then observed, "My dear old fellow, we will not burn it."

Our ever cheerful and obliging townsman, Mr. NATHAN RICHARDSON, late of the "Musical Exchange," who has been spending a season in Smyrna for his health, arrived home a few days since. His many friends will rejoice to learn that the change of climate has been beneficial and that he is confident of his recovery. . . . The New York "Mendelssohn Union" announce their third concert, for next Thursday evening at their Hall in the Cooper Institute. They will perform Mendelssohn's 95th Psalm: "Come, let us sing," and Rossini's *Stabat Mater*; the solos by members of the Society, to wit: Mrs. A. C. Crump, Miss M. E. Hawley, Mr. Perring, Mr. Werneke and Mr. H. Frost; pianist, Mr. H. Berge; and Conductor, Mr. G. W. Morgan, the distinguished organist.

A young American, who has been for some time enjoying the musical instructions of Prof. DEHN, of the Royal Library in Berlin, (to whose memory so warm a tribute was paid last week by our "Diarist,") sends us the following particulars of his decease:

"Prof. Dehn died on the 14th of April. He was fifty-eight years of age and in the full force of life; his death was most unexpected, the cause being apoplexy. The funeral took place on the 16th, and was attended by a large number of his friends and pupils. As the coffin was let down into the grave, two Chorals were sung by a fine choir, one by Bach: *Jesus meine Zuversicht*, and the other by Mendelssohn: *Es ist bestimmt in Gottes Rath* (here known as "The parting hour.") He is sincerely mourned by all who knew him, and his loss will be severely felt in the musical world, more especially by the musicians of Berlin; as he was a theorist of the sharpest insight, familiar with most of the music of all ages and all composers, and always ready with his advice to all who sought it."

The war against hand-organs which agitated our last Massachusetts Legislature, finds an echo in the British Parliament. Lord Westmeath has brought in a bill to punish any person "who shall within the limits of the Metropolitan Police District, or within the City of London, or the Liberties thereof, sound or play upon, or cause to be played upon, any barrel organ or hand organ, or any musical instrument

whatsoever, in any thoroughfare, square, street, alley, arcade, or mews; but an exception is made in favor of bands in the service of the Sovereign."

It will be good news to the sons and friends of Harvard University, that a fine large Organ for the new Chapel has been contracted for, to be built in the most durable and thorough manner, by Messrs. Simmons & Willecox, of this city. The appropriation was liberal; but the Treasurer of the College, in giving the order, has exceeded it considerably upon his own responsibility, from a laudable desire to have the thing done as it should be. . . . Mr. CARL GAERTNER is soon to give a concert in Bangor, Me.

The Triennial Musical Festival at Birmingham, comes round this year. It will commence on Tuesday evening, Aug. 31, with Mendelssohn's "Elijah," written expressly for the Birmingham Festival of 1846. On Wednesday morning will be given M. Costa's oratorio of "Eli," written expressly for the last great festival. On Thursday, as usual the "Messiah," and on Friday morning, Henry Leslie's new oratorio, "Judith," composed for this occasion, will be brought out, under his own auspices. As this is only a short oratorio, the same morning will be occupied with Beethoven's grand "Mass" in C, and Mendelssohn's cantata, "Laude Sion." At the evening concert, in addition to the finest symphonies and overtures by the greatest masters there will be various novelties introduced, including Costa's new cantata, written on the occasion of the marriage of the Princess Royal. Handel's serenata, "Acis and Galatea," with additional band parts, and re-arranged by M. Costa, will form a prominent feature of one of the evening concerts. The principal vocalists engaged, or likely to be engaged, are: Mme. C. Novello, Mme. Rudersoff, Mme. Caradori Allan, Mme. Viardot Garcia, Miss Dolby, Mr. Sims Reeves, Signor Giuglini, Herr Formes, Mr. Weiss, and Signor Belletti. Mr. Stimson will preside at the organ, and Signor Costa will conduct.

Music Abroad.

London.

HEN MAJESTY'S THEATRE.—The "great event" in expectation in the first week of this month was the wonderful novelty of Verdi's *Trovatore*, with Mlle. TITIENS (Titians, the English spell it) as Leonora, and ALBONI as Azucena. The German prima donna does not disappoint, as she goes on; witness the *Times* of May 2:

Each repetition of "The Huguenots" has strengthened and confirmed the opinions of the sanguine and the wavering, with regard to the exalted position in which Mlle. Titians is placed by her triumphant *début* amongst us. The more the extent of her powers and the really sterling quality of her claims upon general admiration are observed and acknowledged, the deeper becomes the impression that we have no mere ephemeral favorite of the hour to speak of, but one, who, year after year, will maintain that high rank among her sister vocalists that will compel her supremacy to be recognized, and who, with successive representations, will win new laurels from a public ever ready to do homage to a legitimate successor—happily, Art spurns all salic laws—to the throne belonging to the queen of song. There is no fear of her powers soon fading, for, as the novel-writers say when they take the census of their heroines, four-and-twenty summers only have passed over her head, and, already, with youth and freshness on her side, she has started on her career of fame. At once she has shot upwards to a sphere, where she shines a star of the first magnitude, and where her rays may be looked for through the telescope of futurity, to brighten many a night with scintillations of undiminished brilliancy. It is something pleasant to find, season after season, our early intimacy with a vocalist growing up into a sort of friendship across the footlights, which yields at every recurrence of our meeting a warmer and still more genial gratification. Just such a pleasure we look to Madlle. Titians to afford us for many enjoyable years to come, and as a particular favor—asked on behalf of the public at large—would only request that the intervals between the departures and the ar-

rivals may be made as brief as possible. It would be injustice to Signor Giuglini, to omit acknowledgment of the manner in which, by his performance of Raoul, he has so ably seconded the exertions of the lady. His energy and passion are not confined merely to the vocal utterances of the character; but are entitled to be praised for their exposition histrionically. Were Meyerbeer himself to be the arbiter of the amount of credit to be awarded to the management, for the way in which this grand lyric tragedy has been brought forward, we have no fear of Mr. Lumley being dissatisfied with his decision.

The same critic says of the succeeding opera:

Since our last, Donizetti's pretty and popular opera of "La Figlia del Reggimento" has been played, with the vivacious PICCOLOMINI as the heroine, Maria, and her fresh and sparkling style is far better displayed in this than in the rôle of Norma, in which she made her *début* for the season. The *vivandière* has only had in Jenny Lind, a representative that could be compared with her. Signor BELLETTI sang the music of Sulpizio with marked character and expression, and the TONIO of Signor BELANT was a very commendable performance. He is steadily working his way into high favor.

VOCAL ASSOCIATION.—The third concert was given on Friday evening, last week. On this occasion Mr. Benedict dispensed with an orchestra, but commenced, nevertheless, with Mendelssohn's *Otello*, very finely executed by eight accomplished players, with Mr. H. Blagrove leading, but not heard as distinctly as might have been desired by the admirers of Mendelssohn. The choir was assisted by the Vocal Union, and sang several glees and part-songs, among which the most favorably received was Mr. Benedict's *Wreath*, a most graceful and effective composition. Madame Castellan, Mlle. Finoli, Miss Messent, and Mr. Tennant were the vocalists.

The novelty of the evening was the violin performance of Mlle. Gabriele Wendheim, a young lady, who, whatever may be her capabilities, is ill-advised to exhibit them in public at present, since, in the mechanical part of her art, she has almost everything to learn.—*Musical World*, May 8.

SACRED HARMONIC SOCIETY.—The performance of Mendelssohn's music to *Athalie*, and Rossini's *Stabat Mater*, in conjunction, attracted one of the largest audiences we have seen at Exeter Hall. These two works together, so different in style and yet both so masterly, now constitute one of the most attractive entertainments of the Sacred Harmonic Society. The performance of *Athalie* on Wednesday evening was not perfect, though occasionally very grand—the overture and march of the Levites, for instance, being magnificently played. The solo singers were Madame Clara Novello, Miss F. Rowland, and Miss Dolby. In the *Stabat Mater*, the principal singers were, Madame Clara Novello, Miss Dolby, Mr. Sims Reeves, and Mr. Weiss. Mr. Reeves, in obedience to the vociferous demand of the audience, was compelled to repeat the air, "Cujus Animam," which he sang superbly. Generally speaking, the execution of Rossini's work left as much to be desired as that of Mendelssohn's.—*Ibid*.

PHILHARMONIC SOCIETY.—The second concert, was chiefly interesting from its introducing Herr Joachim to a London audience after an absence of several years. When last amongst us he was quite a youth, and was then a most extraordinary executant. He has since labored diligently and earnestly, and now possesses a breadth of style, and a facility in the accomplishment of the greatest difficulties, which place him in the first rank of violinists. His performance of Beethoven's *concerto* on this occasion was a marvellous treat. His other piece, Tartini's Sonata in G minor, was an exhibition less artistic than extraordinary. The "Trillo" movement is stated to have been "communicated" to the composer by Scheitaa (Auld Hornie) in a dream, and it is therefore called the "Trillo del Diavolo."

The symphonies were Mendelssohn's Italian (composed for this society) and Beethoven's Pastoral, and they were most worthily rendered. The vocal music: was by Madame Castellan and Signor Belletti. The lady sang out of tune, as is now customary with her. The gentleman sang well and delightfully, as is his wont.—*Mus. Gazette*, May 1.

NEW PHILHARMONIC.—The second concert took place on Monday evening, in St. James's Hall. The programme was a good one, and not the less interesting from the fact of the first part being entirely devoted to Mozart, after the example set by M. Julien.

Overture, "Zauberflöte," Mozart.
Aria, "Parto mio ben," Miss Louisa Pyne; Mozart.
Concerto, in D major (No. 20) piano-forte, Signor Andreoli; Mozart.
Aria, "Vedrai carino," Miss Louisa Pyne; Mozart.
Symphony in E flat; Mozart.

Overture, "Coriolanus," Beethoven.
Air, with variations, "Sul margine d'un rio," Madame Lemmens Sherrington; Mozart.
Solo, piano-forte, Signor Andreoli.
Scena, "Preddi per me," Madame Lemmens Sherrington; De Beriot.
Overture, (Ruler of the Spirits) Weber.
Conductor—Dr. Wylde.

ELLA'S MUSICAL UNION.—The following was the programme of the second *Matinée* at St. James's Hall:

Quartet, D minor; Mozart.
Duet, B flat, Op. 45, piano-forte and violoncello; Mendelssohn.
Quintet, C major, Op. 29; Beethoven.
Song, "Des Schäfers Lied," with piano-forte and violoncello accompaniment; Meyerbeer.
Solo, violin. Chaconne; Bach.
Song, "Morgengruss;" Mendelssohn.
Solo, piano-forte; Fumagalli.
The executants were Herr Joachim, Herr Goffrie, Messrs. H. and R. Blagrove, Signor Piatti, Signor Andreoli, Herr Reichardt, and Herr W. Ganz.

CRYSTAL PALACE.—The Concert of the 17th ult., presented no very peculiar feature, if we may except a freak on the part of Madame Borchardt, who positively sat down at the piano-forte and accompanied herself in Mozart's "Non temer." With a good orchestra and conductor at hand, this was a piece of actual impertinence. The Symphony was Mozart's Jupiter, which was very well played, and the overtures were *Demetrius* (Cusius) and Mendelssohn's brilliant *Ruy Blas*. Mr. Cusius played Hummel's *Rétour à Londres* and Kullak's *Perles d'Ecume*, and Mr. George Perren sang Verdi's "Ah si ben mio," and "In this old chair."

After the concert Mr. James Coward performed a selection of music on the large organ.

MISS ARABELLA GODDARD'S CONCERTS.—The enthusiasm of the London critics about this lady's playing of classical piano music does not in the least abate. The programme of her second *soirée* was remarkable for its historic interest, as follows:

Sonata duo in A, piano-forte and violoncello (Op. 32); W. S. Bennett.

Grand sonata in F, piano-forte, "Ne Plus Ultra;" Woelfl.

Preludia con fuga in A minor, piano-forte, à la Tarantella (by desire); J. S. Bach.

Grand sonata in A flat, piano-forte, "Plus Ultra" (Op. 71) Dussek.

Grand quartet in B minor, piano-forte, violin, viola, and violoncello; Mendelssohn.

The *Musical Gazette* (May 1) says of this concert:

The executants were Miss Arabella Goddard, M. Sainton, Herr Goffrie, and Signor Piatti,—artists of different countries, yet affording a remarkable instance, by their magnificent playing, of the universality of the language of music. Their performance of Mendelssohn's quartet was exceedingly brilliant, and Dr. Bennett's duo was a great treat. The last movement of this sonata is a very fine specimen of writing, and is wonderfully effective. Of Miss Goddard's solos we preferred the sonata of Woelfl. Our preference was given on musical grounds; in point of execution it would be difficult to find anything approaching a fault with this extraordinary pianist, though we adhere to the opinion we had more than once expressed with regard to the excessive speed at which she takes many movements.

The sonata of Woelfl, pompously styled, "*Ne plus ultra*," under the idea that the extreme of difficulty had been reached, is remarkably beautiful. The difficulties—amongst which may be specified some desperately uncomfortable passages in thirds for both hands—though they in all probability occupy plenty of attention on the part of the executant, do not impress the auditor to so great an extent as might be imagined, the music being of the highest order. There is a breadth, dignity, and clearness about the *allegro moderato* (the second movement) that entitles it to a place amongst the greatest works of its class. The variations on "Life let us cherish," with which the sonata concludes, are not uniformly interesting, and one or two might be excised with advantage, but some of them are very elegantly written, and they are invariably musical, in spite of the technical difficulties with which they are made to bristle. A variation in the minor (*arpeggios* distributed between the hands) and an octave variation were splendidly played, and met with the most hearty applause. The former was a singular display of equality of touch, and the latter a remarkable exhibition of power and elasticity of wrist.

Dussek's sonata is, on the whole, not so calculated to please. Consummate musicianship is evident in the first two movements, but the remaining twain far surpass them in distinctness of theme and clearness of treatment. As to the title, or nickname, "*Plus ultra*," given to it by Dussek's publisher, simply because it was considered more difficult than Woelfl's "*Ne plus*," we deem it great nonsense. It reminds us of the opposition cobbler, who, seeing "*Mens conscia recti*" inscribed upon his rival's shop front, forthwith employed a painter to indicate that at his establishment both "*Mens and womens conscia recti*" could be obtained by a liberal and discerning public.

At the third (and last) *soirée*, Miss Goddard is to play Beethoven's op. 106. Talk of "*Ne plus ultras*!"

LEIPZIG.—The Gewandhaus Concerts of the season past furnish a rich list of artists and of works performed. Twenty-one Symphonies have been played, including 7 by Beethoven; 8 by Schumann; 2 each by Gade, Haydn, and Mozart; one each by Mendelssohn, Rietz, Schubert, Rubinstein, Würst. Of Overtures we find twenty-nine, viz.: 7 by Beethoven; 5 by Mendelssohn; 3 each by Cherubini and Weber; 2 each by Mozart, Reinecke and Rietz; 1 each by Bennett, Ehlert, Händel, Schumann, Spontini. To these add an orchestral work called "Overture, Scherzo and Finale," op. 52, by Schumann; the Scherze and Wedding March from Mendelssohn's "Midsummer-Night's Dream;" and the following grand choral performances: the 95th Psalm by Mendelssohn; Finale from *Loreley*, and chorus: *Verleih uns Frieden*, by the same; the 137th Psalm, by Richter; Solos and Choruses from the "Messiah;" the oratorio "Jephtha and his Daughter," by Reintaler; Introduction and Finale from first act of Wagner's *Lohengrin*; *Nachtgesang im Walde* (night song in the forest), for men's voices, with accompaniment of four horns, by Schubert; Scene with chorus and aria from Gluck's "Orpheus and Eurydice;" and the NINTH SYMPHONY OF BEETHOVEN.

The list includes seven new compositions performed for the first time, viz.: Reintaler's Oratorio, *Jephtha und seine Toch-*

ter; Symphony, No. 6, in G minor, by Gade; Symphony in F minor, by Rubinstein; Symphony in D minor, by R. Würst; "Hafiz" Overture, by Louis Ehlert; Overture to the tragedy *Sophonisbe*, by Reimicke; 137th Psalm, by Richter.

Among the vocalists who have appeared are found the names of Jenny Lind-Goldschmidt, Pauline Viardot Garcia, Emilie Kroll from Dresden, Rosa Mandl, Jenny Meyer from Berlin, Ida Krüger from Schwerin, Marie Carl from Gotha, *Caroline Lehmann* from Copenhagen, Malvine Strahl and Francisca Würst from Berlin; Herr Krause from Berlin, Behr of Leipzig, Otto and Sabbath from the Domchor in Berlin.

In seven concerts there have been Piano-forte performances; Violin do. in eight concerts; Violoncello do. in four; and Clarinet, Oboe and Opheicled in one each. The following instrumental artists have appeared: Hans von Bülow, Louis Brassin, *Otto Goldschmidt*, E. Pauer, Fred. Breunung, *Alfred Jaell*, Fred. Laub, Fräulein Bordeny, Joseph Joachim, Antonio Bazzini, G. Haubold, Leop. Damrosch, R. Dreyschock, F. David, Alfred Piatti, F. Grützmacher, B. Landgraf, F. Diethe, V. Colosanti (Opheicledist). The "Singakademie," the "Pauliner Gesangverein" and the "Thomaner Chor," have united their forces to give effect to the choral performances.

The many friends of Herr Robert B. Papperitz, one of the professors in the Leipzig Conservatorium, will be pleased to know that the University of Jena has lately conferred upon him the degree of Doctor of Philosophy.

Mme. Viardot Garcia (Malibran's sister) seems to have excited as much enthusiasm in Leipzig as she did in Cologne. She has been singing at the Stadt Theatre in *Il Barbiere*, *Le Prophète*, *La Sonnambula*, *Norma* and *Don Juan*. The Theatre is always full at double prices. The *Allgemeine Theater-Chronik* says of her: "All that we can possibly imagine in the Art of singing, united with the highest intelligence, and the most poetic sentiment, can alone produce a Rosina like that of this celebrated and everywhere popular artist," and uses equally superlative language about her Fides.

COLOGNE.—The thirty-sixth Lower Rhenish Musical Festival was to be held here on Whit-Sunday and the two following days. The principal singers were Mmes. Krall and Jenny Meyer, Herren Schneider and Stepan. Sig. Sivori, Herreu Ferdinand Hiller, Franck and Breunung were to appear at the third, or Artists' Concert.

Musical Correspondence.

PHILADELPHIA, MAY 25.—Ullman has been observed, within the past few days, threading the streets of this city, noiselessly, even as the serpent glides among the blades of grass in a country clover patch. Simultaneous with the advent of this wandering Jew, there have been perceptible in the ponderous bulk windows of certain hatters, Musard caps,—frightful slouches, which are offered to snobs at the very low price of 37½ cents. Thus Musard seems to be semi-officially announced. He comes without doubt, as usually, to make good in the Quaker City, the losses sustained in the *soi-disant* metropolis. Delusive expectation! We are not famous for a patronage of empiricism here, even though at times we good-naturedly resuscitate the fortunes of opera companies.

GAZZANIGA has sailed for Europe in order to fulfil a lucrative engagement in Madrid. She has borne with her the everlasting regrets of, and numerous substantial mementos from the young men in striped opera caps and lustrous patent leathers, who were wont to patronize the flower vendors liberally for her sake, who voted her "weally chawming" in *Linda*, and who now sigh pensively as they contemplate the hard marble features of her bust, which, by the way, might be taken for Juno, Calliope, Lucy Stone, or any other remarkable feminine,—so little does it liken unto the adored Gazzaniga.

One of our critics, he of the *Pennsylvanian*, a Lecompton, administration journal in this vicinity, has undertaken to pen an analytical *critique* upon the merits and demerits of this popular *cantatrice*, alleging that the interests of Art now demand that candid expression of opinion, which, if broached during her reign at the Opera House, would have constituted an act of ungallantry to her sex, and a positive detriment to her interests. He then "pitches" into *medias res* without further ado; but manages to be fog and cloud his article to such an extent with technical terms, that not six, forsooth, of the great unwashed, under-

rified Democracy, who read that journal, would comprehend five lines of his *critique*.

Such words as *portamento*, *messa*, *canto spianato*, &c., must prove more unintelligible than Choctaw to that class of men, whose rarest accomplishment perhaps is a lusty cheer for President Buchanan.

The erudite critic of the *Pennsylvanian* in reality desires to depreciate Madame Gazzaniga in every particular, denying her even aught of sympathetic quality in voice,—the very feature upon which all other reviewers, and their followers, seemed unanimous, and which infused additional warmth into her impassioned style of acting. This is very wrong! Mme. Gazzaniga is probably the best Italian actress upon the lyric boards; and her voice, fresh, pure, flexible, and sufficiently powerful, has been unequalled in this country for its power of producing striking dramatic effects. The *Pennsylvanian* however was correct in rating her vocalization at an inferior standard.

Alexander Henry, our recently elected Mayor, has indignantly stamped his foot upon certain *Sacred Concerts*, which have for some time been in progress at the City Museum, a minor Theatre in Callowhill Street. These entertainments were in fact German theatricals, in which light farces, vaudevilles, operatic trifles, &c., were ingeniously sandwiched between oratorio choruses.

For a long time no obstacles were interposed to these irreverent proceedings; democratic officials wink in a singularly amiable and indulgent manner, when an immense array of votes may be jeopardized by a contrary course of action.

Presto! change; a new city government takes the reins, and the Germans find themselves doomed to chew the end of bitter disappointment, and to waste terrible anathemas over an imaginary infringement of their rights.

It remains to be seen, whether, as in the reign of Judge Conrad, the *curbstone opera* will also be abolished. I allude to the Italian Organ Grinder and his profession; for these, too, seem to flourish most successfully under democratic rule. Let the olive-complexioned interpreter of music to the million, and his monkey, take heed! Yesterday (Whitmonday) was a grand holiday with the Germans, who enjoyed it, as they alone are able, at Lemon Hill, with dances, gymnastics, and music, of course. Some of the Societies performed the second act of "*L'Elisir d'Amore*" under the branches of the noble oaks, which grace the banks of our romantic Schuylkill. Rivers of Lager Beer flowed upon this occasion; and the fun continued unabated unto a late hour. Doubtless, many of the participants, when they reached their domicils and thought of the labor and toil of the morrow, felt impelled to exclaim, "*Sie transit gloria Monday*."

MANRICO.

BERLIN, APRIL 30.—We live here now upon tradition. Of new things there is very little that is good or interesting; and that little our Court theatre keeps back from us. We might utterly despair, did not our Royal Kapellmeisters treat us regularly every season to a new Kapellmeister opera. We live here simply and solely still upon tradition; *i. e.* our old classical (and frequently unclassical) operas celebrate upon our stage the jubilees of their two or three hundredth performance—operas long since forgotten, often actually grown obsolete. Operas are hunted up, and our burning thirst is allayed by the narratives of our grey old reviewers, telling us how finely all these operas were presented in those days. This may be called living upon other people's recollections.

Even our performances of Chamber music grow continually more traditional and frosty, except that once in a while one of the heaven-storming "musicians of the Future," (represented here by HANS VON BUELOW, &c.,) hurls at our heads conceptions of Bach and Beethoven, such as cut short all desire for a repetition with the few minds that have kept themselves still pure and unsophisticated. Moreover concert-giving in Berlin, with but rare exceptions, has become a dear satisfaction. Only the very fewest undertakers cover their expenses; but whoever among them conceives the desperate idea of giving music with an orchestra, may sink deeper and deeper into debt year after year. At any rate I warn every one against the undertaking, who is not backed by one of the authorities; for amid the flood of charity concerts only those pay, which are given for a patriotic object; in such cases the police helps to

dispose of tickets, and not a few take tickets simply that they may be thought patriotic. Never was this decline of our noble Art more sensibly felt than during this past winter of commercial panic. The shock was violent and universal. Whatever stood not on a firm foundation fell,—artistic no less than commercial enterprises—and much that was truly good withal, even before it had time to develop itself; for instance several musical schools, scarce founded, many singing societies, and so forth.

The last operatic representation of the past year was Cherubini's *Wasserträger* (Les Deux Journées), which since the year 1800 has remained the ornament of every opera repertoire. For the first time Frl. WIPPERN sang the Countess; the first Terzet was a model of purity and correctness; for the delivery of recitative and of impassioned passages this young and talented lady must moderate her exertion, if she would not impair the beauty of her fresh, natural, sonorous voice. Herr WOLFF was new in the part of Anton, which he gave very satisfactorily; and Frl. BALDAMUS, who appeared upon the stage for the first time, as the bridesmaid, showed a fine voice, as well as great timidity, in her little solo.

In Meyerbeer's *Robert le Diable*, Frl. BAUR appeared as Alice in the place of Frl. Wippern. She executed her task with great certainty, like one accustomed to the stage, although the co-operation of the whole upper part of her body, the rocking and coquetting of her head, had an ungraceful and disturbing effect.

Frl. Wippern, on the contrary, affords the charm of womanly modesty and a wonderfully beautiful, sonorous voice, with an indescribable charm in the highest register. In the second act Isabella (Fran HERRENBURG-TUCZER) reigned almost exclusively. The embellishments flowed easily and naturally, the *staccati* light and bright, the trills as if from the throat of a nightingale. The agreeable impression was enhanced still more by the graceful bearing and movement of the singer. Herr HOFFMANN as Robert vividly reminded us of the necessity of engaging a tenor; he seems unable to cure himself of the habit of singing out of tune, by which the artistic Terzet a *capella* was disturbed. Herr SALOMON sang Bertram finely all through, only not quite demouiacal enough. The piece was mounted with right royal splendor. In the "Huguenots" the deficiencies of *mise en scène* were very prominent in the charming second act. Frau KOESTER began her triumphs as Valentine with the duet of the third act; Herr FORMES (Theodore) shared them with her; more moderation in the use of his fine vocal powers cannot be too often recommended to him. Herr RADWANE was highly clever in the part of Nevers, while Herr BOST fell far short of previous performances by Herr FRICKE.

The marriage of Prince Frederic William was celebrated by a festival prologue, a people's hymn, and Weber's *Euryanthe*. The performance of this noble work was pervaded by a truly festal unction; only disturbed by one passing dissonance caused by the wrong entrance of a trumpet on the stage. We prize this opera very highly, and its significant dramatic worth will rise in contrast with the so-called *Zukunft's* works ("music of the future") which lean more or less upon this. Its defects spring directly from Weber's plan of making all dramatically effective by every means, however extraordinary, that come to hand; to such means of effect he has sacrificed somewhat of his spontaneous feeling in some parts of this work. And these very parts are the most edifying and beautiful, when his originality breaks through in spite of all. Almost too great care is lavished upon tone-paintings; yet the woods are lovelier and greener in the *Freysschütz*, and love is tenderer and more fragrant in *Oberon*. *Euryanthe* herself stands out most beautiful as the darling figure of the composer; yet the other persons possess each

a characteristic interest. The not very grateful part of Eglantine found in JOHANNA WAGNER, so long as she had not to wage a fruitless struggle with the highest register of the voice, a masterly dramatic impersonation, which was recognized with storms of applause. Frau KOESTER touched all by her sincerity and naturalness. Points of true lustre were her two arias, as well as the duet, in which, however, simple directness of feeling is sacrificed to effect. FORMES (THEO.) and KRAUSE were knightly figures. The latter was remarkably good in the great solo scene of Lysart. The royal Kapelle played with fire; the beauty of the bassoons, flutes and horns being especially noticeable.

Mozart's ever young opera, *Belmont and Costanza* (the "Seraglio"), was brought out, newly studied, after being withdrawn for fourteen years. A strangely settled popular belief regards this as the first opera of the master, whereas it is his fourteenth; but there is a naïve truth of feeling at the bottom of this belief; for as the preceding works were but experiments of a genial mental process working itself clear; as even in the earlier *Idomeneo* the objects of the Mozartean art stand unbound by any inward necessity, and the power of science is in conflict with free feeling, so in *Belmont* the most inspiring youthful freshness reigns decidedly, even although the desire to show a masterly dexterity in form occasionally, in his youthful exuberance, extends the quartet and the great aria of Costanza beyond measure. Since Mozart's genius first attained to perfect ripeness in this opera, so that he was capable of following it up with a *Figaro* and *Don Juan*, we may justly call it his first opera. And in fact we have mingled here a wonderful gift of dramatic comprehension with characteristic declamation; and it is interesting to follow Mozart's struggle to get free from the traditional, without ever quite succeeding. Yet the work still shines in the fullest luxuriance of youthful power, like the creation of a tender youthful feeling, such as an artist produces only once; and Weber is right when he says: "Of operas like *Figaro* and *Don Juan* the world was justified in expecting several from Mozart; but an *Entführung aus dem Serail* he could not with the best will write again." We have been too long accustomed to regard a first performance only as a general rehearsal, not to pardon the waverings of singers, choruses and orchestra. Our veteran singing master, ZIESCHKE, as Osmin, reminded us of earlier grand epochs and received well-deserved storms of applause. Herr WOLFF's comic humor predominates too much over his singing, whereby the splendid Moorish Romanza of Pedrillo suffered particularly. The high range of the female parts lay unfortunately beyond the compass of Mme. Koester and Frl. BAUR, and constrained them to the shrillest and most unpleasant exertions.

Auber's *Fra Diavolo* was produced here before a full house. The youthfully fresh work is executed with delicate strokes; all is fully rounded off, enclosed in characteristic national traits of a wild robber life. In the overture the trumpet solo wanted purity and finish, and we strangely missed the always effective tongued passages so finely executed by every military trumpeter. The introduction flowed by tamely, and the following numbers were without effect, and the curtain would have fallen mournfully upon the first act, had not the Kapelle kindled up in the finale. But we were compensated by the second act, thanks to the distinguished performance of Frau HERRENBURG-TUCZER. There was something really touching in the naïveté and innocence of the scene in Zerlina's chamber. And finally Herr FORMES warmed up and sang his last air admirably, although quite after the model of Roger. Herr KRUEGER, also, won applause by his finely sung romanza, and the scenically fine concluding act came to a satisfactory end.

More next week.

ff.

Special Notices.

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Vocal, with Piano.

- Lisella. Song. Italian and English words. *Florino. 25*
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Simple and pleasing, with a merry, laughing tune to it, that speaks of happy times.
Faded Flowers. Song. *Willing. 25*
A song in the German style.
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The latest from the pen of this gifted and popular composer. The lovers of simple melody will find it difficult to show another song at once so unpretentious and fascinating.

- Bring the maid. Buffo Duet. "Rose of Castille." 60
This excellent Opera supplies an often felt want of concerted pieces for peculiar combinations of voices. There is in it a splendid Trio for male voices, a laughing Trio for mezzo-soprano and two baritones; and here we have a very effective comic Duet for two basses. All of these will, ere long, become standard pieces of the concert-room.

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This is a lovely song, which fastens itself unavoidably upon the mind of the hearer; universally known and popular in Germany.

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- Coquette Polka of D'Albert, for Four Hands, by *T. Bissell. 55*

An arrangement of this favorite Polka for two players—intended for beginners.

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Easy and well set.

- March in "Moise," for Flute and Piano, by *R. Dressler. 25*
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Both of these arrangements will be quite welcome to all amateur players.

- Surprise Party Polka. *Avery. 26*
A sprightly little Polka, evidently conceived in those good spirits, which surprisers and surprised ones cannot help arriving at, after the contents of baskets and pockets have been disposed of and the room been cleared of chairs and tables.

- Pétit Fantasy. *Henry Schwing. 30*
Introduction and two simple Variations and Finale, on a well known little German air. May be used with great advantage in the course of instruction.

Books.

- THE OPERATIC ALBUM: A collection of Music in Parts, for Ladies' voices, intended particularly for Seminars, High Schools, Musical Classes, and the Social Circle. By E. Ives, Jr. Price 67 cts.

This Collection is designed to supply a deficiency which must have been felt by all who are engaged in teaching Singing in Boarding Schools, Female Academies, or Ladies' Classes in any condition—viz: *Music of an elevated character, concerted for Female voices, admitting of several voices on each part.* This, too, has been a desideratum in the social circle, musical parties, &c.—for, while there is rarely one among amateurs who can perform a solo tolerably well, there are many who could join effectively in a chorus. This would, at least, give a pleasing variety to the performances of a private *soirée*; besides, it would allow those ladies, who possess too much of commendable delicacy to render themselves ridiculous by attempting to perform alone, to take an active part in the recreations of the party.

The pieces although, in general, composed as choruses for ladies, (*cori di donne*), that is, for an indefinite number of voices on each part, may be sung with pleasing effect if each part is sustained by only a single voice. And, although written for soprano or female voices, they may be sung by male voices alone, or by male and female voices combined. In the selections from Operas, and other musical compositions, the original music is given without mutilation. When the subject of the original *libretto* was such as to be considered destitute of interest when abstracted from the entire work, other words have been adapted—taking great pains that the sentiment should conform to the character of the music. The pieces, while making the best exercises for singing in parts, will be found the most beautiful of all musical compositions—the most of them in their line, perfect gems.

Dwight's Journal of Music.

WHOLE No. 322.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, JUNE 5, 1858.

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[Translated for this Journal.]

Musical Orthodoxy.

From the German of Mme. JOHANNA KINKEL.

(Continued from page 67.)

The Bailiff availed himself of every possible pretext to refuse the now frequent invitations to the house of the Count, but it was not in his power to prevent Selvar calling so much the oftener, and seating himself with all the ease in the world by Ida at the piano-forte. Nor was it possible for Frau Werl always to perform the duty, as she considered it, of never leaving them alone, that, as she said, "the old roué might not completely turn the head of the inexperienced girl." He found but too many unguarded moments in which to kindle new sparks in the soul of Ida, and which in her loneliness she would cherish for days together.

Her first care now was to withdraw from the tyranny of her protectress, whose constant abuse of Selvar had become insupportable, and she expressed her determination to begin her career as teacher. She took rooms in the city, and, being now an object of interest in the fashionable world, on account of the well-known partiality of the Count for her, she had pupils at once from all quarters. And so began a new course of life, to which Ida found it exceedingly difficult to become reconciled. Every one possessed of musical talents above the average, who engages in teaching, must begin by passing through a period of doubt and despair. Those leisure hours formerly devoted to the study of the works of the great masters, were now filled by pupils for the most part without musical talent, who must needs stumble through difficult compositions far beyond their capacity. She found herself losing the power of persisting in that moderation and steady routine, which are all important to music teachers in restraining them from teaching more at a lesson, from a mistaken idea of duty, than the pupil can understand in the hour. But there was a deeper trouble; all her feelings were drawn in another direction, and she would become conscious of having allowed a pupil thoughtlessly to play on, while she in her day dreams was with her friends over yonder in Waldheim; then she would start conscience-stricken and try to make up for it by double attention and care. And in the midst of her toil to do this, her thoughts would again be far away from her duties. And so she would come home weary and worn, and throw herself upon the sofa, that she might think of him undisturbed. Then would awaken again the desire of study, and the few hours of day which remained she would devote with incredible zeal and perseverance to her improvement. But everything gave way, when she heard the carriage of the Count approach to take her to Waldheim. She had no power to refuse such invitations, although the acceptance of them always left a weight upon her soul.

Notwithstanding the terms upon which she now stood with her old protectress, she felt bound

always to call upon her before going to the villa; and Frau Werl could not refrain from inflicting upon the young artist, who had withdrawn herself from her guardianship, a warning or a sarcasm, sufficient to embitter the whole evening. Ida seldom had the consolation of a private, confidential conversation with Selvar; the watchful eyes of the young Countess, his daughter, prevented this. The family of the Count were accustomed to his transient passions for this or that fashionable lady, and looked upon them as matters of no importance. But this case threatened serious results, inasmuch as his feelings were returned with all the strength of youthful passion. Anxiety on this account was however needless; for pleasing and flattering as little coquetties were to the Count, he was by no means at his ease when he thought of Ida's utter want of self-command and knowledge of the world. There was always danger of her betraying her feelings towards him in the presence of others, who would find in this a topic for the exercise of their wits, although he himself never passed the proper limit. He was therefore at all times sparing of expressions of affection, giving way to his impulses only when he was sure of having time sufficient to calm the excitement of Ida.

To this end music was the best means. Ida's soul panted for spiritual refreshing after bearing all day long with the ignorance or stupidity of her pupils. Her favorite songs had now become the language of love. Selvar felt it, when she in the enthusiasm of her song seemed struggling to lay her very soul at his feet. There was nothing frivolous in her playing with tones. Although she chose nothing but the very noblest which the art possesses in the passionate style, for the expression of her feelings, yet she seemed to add dignity and poetry to what she sang.

It came therefore like a thunder shock upon her when Selvar one day proposed to her to learn a set of variations by Herz upon a theme from Rossini, which he had heard at a concert, and which had quite captivated him.

The young Countess, noticing Ida's confusion, exclaimed: "People will at length become weary of this tiresome Beethoven, and your list of pieces would be greatly improved by a little variety."

Ida, with her usual abruptness, spoke out her contempt for the whole circle of variation-making, and declared that Herz's place was at the lowest grade of Art, and in fact, properly considered, he and his like were not worthy to be ranked with artists.

The Count undertook to soften her. "My friend," said he, "you are too extreme in your opinions. One should be just to all. I listen with delight to Beethoven, but Rossini gives me equal pleasure. You could do me no greater kindness, than for my gratification to study modern Italian music, with a zeal equal to that with which I have until now followed you through the labyrinth of the German classics."

Ida was for a moment at a loss; then asked:

"Is that not saying, 'if you will approve the bad, we will tolerate the good?'"

"The greatest talents lose in value, when the artist loses in discretion," exclaimed the young Countess angrily.

A look of displeasure from her father stopped her. Ida's remark had touched him also, but he chose to look upon it as arising from her want of social culture, long since forgiven in her—a failing which he hoped gradually, by his influence and example, to correct.

Ida's eyes filled with tears. Selvar invited her to a walk in the garden. The cool days of autumn had already come, and the yellow leaves which strewed the ground, reminded them of the near approach of the time, when the family usually returned to the city. The Count told Ida to consider his house there that of a father, at the same time pressing her arm to his breast with a tenderness somewhat beyond that of a father. Ida had already silently determined, as the strongest proof of affection in her power, to study the hated variations, however opposed such a sacrifice might be to her musical faith. She eased her conscience with the reflection: "Who knows whether this style of music has not its own magical power, which remains concealed from those only, who will not give themselves up to it with child-like faith and trust? I have never had the patience to play a piece of the kind to the end, always throwing them aside after the first page or two; a single affected, inflated passage has been sufficient to destroy the effect of a really pleasant melody—one which possibly was not quite without soul. Just so unjust have I been hitherto, in giving no man fashionably dressed credit for much intellect."

To this course of thought Selvar unconsciously added some remarks, which strengthened Ida in her tolerant resolutions. "You have often," said he, "proved to me in your beautiful enthusiasm, that your Gluck, Handel, and other idols, lay open to us in tones, the holiest feelings of the human breast—the highest destiny of mortal man. But how few are they who have had experience of the grand and sublime, or are capable even of understanding them! How far from the sphere of our sympathies is an *Armida*, an *Alceste*! These beings of the poetic world have hardly a point in common with us, and we must raise ourselves by force into a higher sphere of feeling, than is possible for us evening after evening at the tea-table. Shall we, men of fashionable life, with our pains and afflictions of the *Salon*, which in fact, often are not less than those caused by real calamity—shall we find no tolerance in supporting the Art, which is the expression of our sorrows? As cultivated manners and elegance of address prevent rude outbursts of passion, so Rossini and his school veil in brilliant roulades and divisions, their deeper expressions of woe, which unadorned might move us even to pain."

At home, Ida began the Variations, and in two days had fully proved how much easier it is to

risk life for a beloved one, than to bear day after day the disgust and repugnance of such a labor; a sacrifice, of which he, for whom it is made with bleeding heart, has no conception.

While for the most part, musical works of real merit throw few merely technical difficulties in the way of the practised player, and he at once feels and enjoys the spirit which animates them, his enjoyment increasing with each repetition, precisely the opposite is true of the modern fashionable music. A superficial, trivial melody, which one instantly learns by rote, must be practised day after day with unwearying attention, because the absurd leaps and embellishments, which are thrown about it, must be brought out with lightning speed. One of the more difficult of those modern concert pieces will cost a virtuoso of the first rank a month of hard labor.

At the third variation, Ida gave up in despair. She sat at her pianoforte, shedding hot tears of vexation, at the vow she had made to conquer this task. Her few hours of leisure passed rapidly away, and little progress made in the rapidity or purity of her execution. This mere noise lay too far out of her sphere; she would rather have undertaken to play all Sebastian Bach's "Well-tempered Clavichord" at sight.

Moreover she saw in the distance the danger impending, that this one demand upon her would not be all, but that the more perfectly she succeeded in this, so much the more pressing would be the call upon her for all the *Rondo brilliants*, *Fantasias sur des Thèmes favoris*, and the entire catalogue of perfumed music which loaded the shelves of Schott and Sons, at Mayence. Her faithful Erard Grand seemed profaned and, after first hurling Henri Herz into a corner, and then frightened at thus treating a gift from the beloved one, picking it up and laying it with a kiss gently upon the table, she opened the "Fantasie Chromatique" as an expiation of the sin. A thought suddenly occurred: "This sacrifice cannot be made, nor can it be demanded of me. If all my time were at my disposal, as formerly, I might give a few hours daily to this monster music, and recruit myself afterward with the best. But giving six lessons daily and spending most of my evenings at Waldheim, my mind would suffer if robbed of my few hours of leisure. He will be able to understand me, when I explain how this Henri Herz is wearing my very life out. The other request I can comply with, and learn the Italian operas."

She sent at once for a set of Bellini's arias, and undertook to sing them in the modern prima donna style. She could hardly help laughing at herself; it seemed so like trying on a masquerade dress.

"How can Selvar think that such caricatures really speak the language of love and grief! Such music is nothing but affectation and falsehood, and what else can one think of the fashionable woes of these salon butterflies, when they say, 'this is our language!' And Alceste, Iphigenia are no longer to be understood! What then is there which is forever and to all generations revealed, if not the sacred workings of parental, connubial and fraternal love, for which Gluck invented the truest and simplest language? The pride and resignation of Armida, do they not live anew in every heart in which, after long and doubtful struggle, the love of the beautiful gains the victory?"

"Ach, wer vertilgt ihn wohl von des Daseins Spur," began she, and soon became so absorbed in the part of Armida as not to hear the knock upon her door, and suddenly Selvar stood beside her. It was his first visit to her in her own rooms; but now that he was coming to town for the winter, he had come to offer her rooms in his own house, where, as he said, under the protection of his family, she could live more respectably, than so alone among strangers.

However delightful the thought to Ida of dwelling with him under one roof, however delicious the dream of more intimate relations with him—how or what was not clear to her—still she had an indefinite aversion to accepting anything at his hand, which could possibly be felt as a gift. The gifts of heart and mind she could return in kind; but how return the ostentatious hospitality of the rich, except by prostituting her talents in their *Salons*? For him would she gladly at all times exert her powers, when he felt wearied with the shallow pleasures of the world, hoping in her child-like innocence, and laboring, to draw him from the hollow world of fashion into the sacred temple of our higher nature, as music seemed to her.

After having decidedly refused Selvar's invitation, she unfolded clearly and distinctly all the thoughts which had been rising in her mind upon good and bad music during the day. She produced examples in turn from Gluck and Bellini, playing and singing them, and felt that now or never was the time to convince him. But instead of producing conviction, she changed the current of his feelings towards her, her persistence in a matter, which to him seemed by no means of such importance, striking him as in the highest degree unamiable. His understanding felt fully the force of the examples which she had produced in favor of her opinions and tastes, but he considered her position as completely one-sided, in granting to but a chosen few the merit of having lived up to the demands of real Art. Still more than by her inexhaustible fund of songs, had he been taken captive by the unrestrained affection, which flashed upon him from the dark eyes and the blushes of her youthful cheeks. For many long years he had awakened no such unaffected passion, and in the soul of a girl so innocent and pure. Now, that he found it impossible for her to make so small a sacrifice for him, one which he sought merely as a mark of politeness and friendship, he began to doubt the goodness of her disposition and her capacity for social culture. Secretly vexed, but with his usual politeness, he closed the interview, kissed her hand and departed, just as Frau Werl entered the door.

The preparations for the Count's return to the city had not escaped her, and she felt it her duty to warn her former charge once again of the double danger now impending.

"So, so," she began, "the Herr Count is already quite at home here."

"He has been here for the first time," returned Ida.

"Well, as you visit him daily, he need not trouble himself to come to you."

"You introduced me yourself to his sister," returned Ida, "and know that I owe my present position here entirely to his family; how can I do otherwise than offer a grateful heart to those who have treated me as their own child?"

"And who are taking just as much pains now to deprive you of this position. Do you think that scrupulous mothers will long employ you as teacher of their daughters, when your intimacy with Count Selvar has become the jest of fashionable circles?"

"How can any view with suspicion my relations with this truly paternal friend?"

"A fine paternal friend he, whose attentions to you are precisely those which he has paid to a long succession of actresses and coquettes before you."

"So it seems from your point of view. I however am convinced that his fine understanding would restrain him from more than the usual gallantries towards unworthy persons. As to myself I have long felt certain of his real sympathy."

"Now this just shows how you are blinded by your nonsensical passion—you profess to understand him better after a few months' acquaintance, than we who have had our eyes upon him half a lifetime. I am fully convinced that his vanity is engaged in an unwarrantable sport with your feelings."

"At this very moment he has given me a proof of the contrary," said Ida coldly.

"What," cried Frau Werl, eagerly, "has he really offered you his hand?"

Ida started and became pale and red by turns.

"God forbid! what an insane idea!" said she, pressing her hands to her eyes. "How can you utter such a word? The most distant thought of such a thing never entered my mind!"

"Ah, indeed! the same grand talk as ever! The only rational end of love is marriage. Except with that in view, any girl of ordinary prudence would put an end to the acquaintance before she had injured her reputation. But come, let us hear what your excellent, wise and paternal friend has been devising to-day for your advantage."

Ida with perfect freedom repeated Selvar's proposition, which Frau Werl received with a hearty laugh.

"This then is the great mark of esteem, which you have just had from him. I will spare you the recital of what the public would say, should you accept his proposition. But do you not see the selfishness of this on his part, in making you the family *musicienne*—to play the pianoforte, when dull visitors are present, and so fill up the chasms in the conversation; to amuse the family, when not disposed to go out; on birth days to set simple melodies to the verses of amateur poets, and to bring home the melodies of the new opera from the theatre, and sing them over at supper?"

"A man of Selvar's culture needs no such pastime. Besides, all that the city has of Art is at his command. What should induce him to choose me as the object of his favor, except the feelings of his own noble, benevolent heart?"

"And just herein is the danger, that a spark is actually kindled in his inflammable old heart. You have but a poor understanding of the advantages of your position, and cool his ardor by meeting him half-way, instead of fanning the flame. I ought to have had such a chance when I was young; I would have managed affairs quite differently. It is with Selvar as with most men. If we turn away from them, they pursue us; if

they see our hearts warming toward them, theirs grow cold. As soon as you saw yourself becoming indispensable to the Count, you should have withdrawn from him, and especially have stayed away when his invitations were most urgent. And so at last the thought would have entered his mind: 'What should hinder me from making the evening of life as cheerful as possible!' and finally would have cast all other considerations to the winds in his desire to unite you to him forever. But now, what need is there of his bringing upon himself the dissatisfaction of his family and the ridicule of people of his own station, to win a heart, which, regardless of terms, throws itself at his feet?"

"What an utterly unworthy part you would have me play!" cried Ida with indignation. "You would then recommend to me as a virtue the very selfishness which you condemn in men! No, rather be despised, be the laughing-stock of the world, than coldly calculate in such a matter?"

"Judge as you will as to that; but in one point—your reputation—be on your guard. This is my last—and it is good advice."

(To be continued.)

"Ne Plus Ultra," and "Plus Ultra."

The greatest curiosity was excited at the recent *soirée* of Miss Arabella Goddard by the fact of Woelfl's *Ne Plus Ultra* and Dussek's *Plus Ultra* being both included in her programme. Each of these sonatas possesses extraordinary merit, and each is a genuine example of its composer's manner. The whole soul of Dussek (an enthusiastic musician if there ever was one) is evident, as we have more than once insisted, in the *Plus Ultra*, which is more crowded with perfectly original ideas than perhaps any other composition for piano-forte solus not included in the repertory of the unequalled Beethoven. The genius of Woelfl was of a less ardent and poetical turn. Nevertheless, he was a master, and the *allegro* of his sonata is as symmetrically planned and as skillfully carried out as though it had fallen from the pen of Mozart himself. The variations on "Life let us cherish," so unlike in character to what precedes them, demand a word or two of explanation.

In Woelfl's time (which was the early time of Beethoven—the time of Dussek and Steibelt, and our unfortunate English Pinto) there was a number of composers of the Abbé Gelinek and Von Esch tribe, who wrote piano-forte works for display with as little regard for true musical beauty as certain modern *virtuosi* who need not be designated by name. They enjoyed, too, like their successors, a degree of popularity far beyond their deserts, to the detriment of more earnest laborers in the field of art. Their compositions were on every piano-forte, and their influence was highly prejudicial to the taste of amateur performers, besides offering facilities for charlatans to exhibit their flimsy talent at the expense of their betters, who would neither stoop to write, nor consent to promulgate, such empty *tours de force*. Joseph Woelfl, one of the sturdiest upholders of music in its purity, was naturally among those most indignant at the progress made by players, composers, and teachers, whom he knew to be nothing better than impostors. Each fashionable professor paraded one or two airs with variations which, having composed himself and got into his fingers, he would force on the attention of his pupils. By these means the sonatas and other works of the great masters gradually became neglected; the music of Mozart, Clementi, and Dussek—still more that of Bach and Handel—went into disuse, and Steibelt himself, one of the sterling men of his time, began to minister to the fashion of the hour, and, gifted with just as much fluency as genius, rivalled the Von Eschs of the day, contrary to the real musical instincts of his nature. (At this period, Beethoven was producing his earlier compositions in rapid succession, and by the irresistible example of his piano-forte sonatas sustaining the good cause in another part of Europe.) Woelfl, in vain opposing the strong side of popular caprice, at last hit upon an expedient which he thought might somehow mend the matter, and help to bring about a better state of things. Inwardly conscious that he could write display-pieces with a great deal more facility than any of the pretenders who were fast destroying the taste for pure and healthy music, and perform them with an equal

superiority, he resolved to give the fashionable world a test of his ability. His fame was European, and he enjoyed the most distinguished position as a teacher. Thus his influence was considerable, and he had only to feign adherence to the prevalent style to swamp all his competitors. The *Ne Plus Ultra* was the fruit of his new resolve. Unable, however, to yield so gracefully to the breeze as his suppler contemporary, Daniel Steibelt, our more vigorous and unbending musician began his new work with a stately *adagio*, followed by an *allegro* solidly built on those principles which are the foundation of art, and with which art itself must perish. Having thus proved that he was still Joseph Woelfl, he immediately set about the rest, which was at once to propitiate the false idol of the period and arrest the triumphs of its worshippers. A short *andante*, the air "Life let us cherish," and the variations constructed upon it, constituted the rest of the sonata.

These variations alone would show Woelfl to be a genius, since, though the offspring of a momentary caprice, they are a prophecy of Henry Herz, who formed his style upon them, and reproduced them in a hundred shapes, until he had exhausted all that could be squeezed out of them. When he abandoned the variations of Woelfl, Herz was no longer Herz, but one of the thousand phantoms of Sigismund Thalberg.

Well—the publisher of Woelfl's music, a bit of a dilettante himself, was terrified when he glanced at the manuscript. He might have exclaimed, "Awast!" and so have fore-shadowed a molecule of the *cosmos* of Dickens, as Woelfl had foreshadowed the entire *cosmos* of Herz. Not so lucky, however, as to immortalize himself by an interjection, all the publisher said was—"Why, who the deuce can play it?" "I will it blay," replied Woelfl, in Handelian English. "Yes, but you won't buy the copies. No one but yourself, or Dussek, can play the *allegro*—and I doubt if either of you can master the variations." Woelfl sat down to the instrument (a cracked old harpsichord) and convinced the worthy publisher of his error. Not only was he convinced, but enchanted. "But what shall we call it?" he inquired. "Call it *NE PLUS ULTRA*," said Woelfl, rubbing his hands with innate satisfaction. "Now shall we see if Herr Von Esch will more blay, or Herr Bomdembo* make de variation." And *Ne plus Ultra* was consigned to the hands of the publisher.

The effect produced by the new sonata, and especially by the variations, which (as Woelfl had suspected) were soon separated from the *allegro*, and published alone, was extraordinary. The work was eagerly bought, and, to the confusion of several professors of high repute, whose incompetency had previously escaped detection, was placed before them by their pupils, with a very urgent request to hear it played. All sorts of shifts and evasions were resorted to in order to avoid going through such an ordeal; but in vain. Woelfl performed the *Ne Plus Ultra* at a concert, and with such brilliant success, that it became the fashionable piece from that moment. Not only did he by these means obtain what he had contemplated, in the discomfiture of those shallow practitioners who had endeavored to depreciate his worth, but what he had not contemplated, the transfer of their pupils. True to his art, however, he would never consent to give lessons on the variations until the *allegro* had been studied. "Dat is good—" he would say—"it will help to digest de variation."

Dussek died in 1812. *Plus Ultra* was his 71st "opus." His last great work, *L'Invocation*, numbers Op. 77.

The Sonata Op. 71, in France, where it was originally published, bears the title of *Le Retour à Paris*. Just before it was sent to England, a Sonata by Woelfl had appeared, under the name of *Ne Plus Ultra*, intended to convey that difficulty could go no further; but Dussek's London publisher, judging that the *Retour à Paris* was even more difficult than Woelfl's Sonata, rechristened it *Plus Ultra*, with a dedication on the title page to *Ne Plus Ultra*.

Plus Ultra, however, is not merely difficult; it is a grand and imaginative composition, and one of the very few works produced at the commencement of the present century which foreshadowed the immensity of Beethoven.—*London Musical World*.

* Bomtempo.

The Tenor.

From the Sunday Topic, (Philadelphia).

The Czars of Russia, the Sahibs of India, the King Bombas of Naples, or the Spielberg Emperors of Austria, all the most renowned tyrants of the world, are nothing, compared to the despot of the world of art and music, the tyrant Tenor. He reigns supreme. Managers give him any terms he wants, prima donnas

smile at him, ladies fall in love with him, all men envy him and no opera can be sung without him. Substitutes for prima donnas, baritones and basses can be had, orchestras can be improvised, choruses gathered from all quarters, leaders even can be found, but stop the tenor's voice and all is up. The wheels and works of a clock are all in vain without a pendulum; the tenor is the pendulum that sets the opera in motion.

Your Italian tenor comes from no one knows where; some lazy scapegrace of a fellow who has slept in some corner all day out of the way of all work, and who lies all night under the vines singing to the stars in the blue vault above him. After he reaches celebrity an origin is made for him, parents arise, adventures are invented, and even ancestors looked up. But when he begins, he is nobody. He has a fine leg, a good broad chest, large rolling eyes—features so handsome that the imagination invests them with a mind, and a self complacency that nothing can destroy.

Behold him as he comes now, at the rehearsal. Every body has been waiting, everybody's *aria* has been wrested from its proper place, rehearsed and re-rehearsed. The call boy, even the *niggeritore*, (the prompter) has been sent to see what keeps the tenor.

The leader sits with suspended baton—the orchestra is ready charged to start, the chorus walks up and down, is assembled in gossiping, discontented groups, the prima donna laughs and talks with her admirers, slyly enjoying the discomfiture of the impresario who would not wait for her, and fined her when she staid at home to nurse her poodle. Now there is a gentle murmur behind the scenes, a few stray carpenters are seen at the wings, the *niggeritore* rushes down to his place and his *partition*, nodding significantly to the leader, the leader gives a silent curse and an audible sigh, there is a gentle rustling amongst the fiddlers and the flutes, and leisurely, blandly, with the air of unconscious innocence, the tenor is seen descending from the upper flat. The leader taps on the tin, crash goes the orchestra, and the *ritornel* (meant on the evening to receive the applause and allow the tenor to take his attitude,) is played emphatically through. The tenor mean-time stands silent and immovable, his hands in the pockets of his paletot, his eyes raised in contemplative mood to the light—his chandelier. When the orchestral part is through and the musicians sit with suspended bow, the leader, with up-lifted baton, the *niggeritore* pronounces with audible emphasis the *Ocielo*, which usually commences a tenor *aria*, the tenor draws his hands from his pockets and nodding to the leader says in the most appealing tone: "*Non canto l'aria*." (I cant sing the cavatina.) "Why the devil didn't he say that before," mutters the leader, and the prompter, as they turn over the leaves of this score. Why? What, a tenor give himself trouble! A tenor excite himself so far as to speak through a noisy orchestra. Cospetto! That is really absurd to think of. Finally when it is decided what he will sing, off starts the orchestra, down comes the basso, who ferociously begins after a blast of trumpets and a flourish of drums: "*Il mio rivale*," proceeding in a tremendous voice seconded by the orchestra and vigorously prompted by the *niggeritore*, to abuse the tenor in *è flat*. He gesticulates too, and stamps and looks tremendous. The tenor, however, nothing moved, keeps his hands in his pockets, his eyes fixed on the upper gallery and his back towards the basso. When he stops, the flutes and cornets, together with a pizzicato on the fiddles, aided by a never ending melancholy drawl on the violoncello, take up the melody, and a sort of murmuring like the chirping of some new fledged bird is heard to proceed from beneath the tenor's thick moustache. Then comes another hellow from the basso, an insane *tutti prestissimo* from the orchestra, a desperate outstretching of arm from the leader, a confused jabbering of "*felicità, felicità*," from the prompter and the basso, and the duet is rehearsed. In the finale the tenor never sings, he stands between the seconda donna and the baritone and watches curiously the puffing of the wind instruments, unconscious of all around him and as though his only mission then and there, were to study how they played.

Now comes the duet with the prima donna. She comes down gaily, joyously, smiling to the leader as she approaches. The tenor, at last, now draws one hand from his pocket and just touches his hat, to which salutation she replies by a sideways bow, and untying the strings of her bonnet, starts like a nightingale let loose. At every point she puts an extra flourish, which she knows the tenor cannot imitate; but he heeds her not, he hears her not; calmly and gently, ever murmuring as before, joins in. But stop! There comes a note so high, the muscles in the prima donna's throat swell out like cords beneath it. Now the tenor sings a *piena voce* that is his pet note; he gives it forth, he swells it, diminishes it, swells it again; the prima donna nearly chokes; the leader counts three bars instead of one, and makes spasmodic efforts with his baton; the tenor goes im-

perturbably on, until he thinks the lungs, the patience, and temper of all around him are exhausted, when he gracefully sinks into an inaudible tonic. The prima donna turns away, and is enveloped in a cloud of baritones, basses, and admirers, who constitutionally hate the primo tenore, while the triumphant tenor, bearing his honors meekly, receives a gum-drop from the seconda donna, who, detecting the prima donna, has a violent enthusiasm for the grand primore.

Now comes the catastrophe of the opera. Everybody has got into the desired imbroglia, orchestra, chorus, basso, baritone are all working away at the tremendous dramatic tablan and orchestral concatenation; but the tenor, standing in the midst, has still his hands in his paletot pockets, still he murmurs on, whilst his large, languishing eyes, gazing curiously around, seem to wonder what the row's about. At last the prima donna, trembling, shrieking, stabbed by the baritone, cursed by the basso, falls into his arms. The tenor waking, as from slumber, struggles, totters, stammers, and as she catches at his shoulder not to fall, politely begs her pardon for standing in her way.

But the *aria*. Now everybody's gone, excepting the seconda donna; she lingers still. Won't the tenor rehearse it now? "Non posso" and he hems he's very tired—seconda donna brings a chair—he doesn't know how it begins—the prompter shouts "Mio bene." Then he doesn't recollect the notes—the leader passes him the score—the tenor hems again—then playfully, and to himself, he murmurs "Mio bene," upon which the fiddles take it up—the leader nods his head, and thinks they are all off at last—but the tenor sticks at "adorata imagine," and coughs, lets fall the score, and, followed by the gum drops and the pitying seconda donna, resumes the pocket of his paletot, declares the climate will destroy him, swears he's "giu di voce;" that his throat is sore, that his head aches, and that he's feverish, and so disappears. The leader bangs the baton on the desk; anathemas, both loud and deep, are perpetrated in every dialect of Italian, in every patois of German; the prompter shrugs his shoulders, and a rehearsal is summoned for to-morrow morning, expressly that the tenor may sing his *aria*, and show his power.

Gliding past the box office, pink-tinted notes, mysterious jewel cases, and bouquets are thrust into his hands. The moustache curls disdainfully, the tenor-lips murmur "queste povere donne," (these poor women,) and complacently he displays his correspondence to his satellites. Then he passes on, and may be seen wandering gently down the sunny side of the street, modestly pretending not to see the blushes and admiring eyes that follow his approach, nor understand the "Isn't he handsome?"—"Hasn't the sweet moustachios?"—"Ain't he got lovely eyes?" repeated aloud by deluded damsels, under the conviction that he don't speak English.

Your primo tenore, however, is not of an inflammable nature. Mozart was right not to make Don Giovanni a tenor; no Don Juan could ever have a tenor voice, his exploits would destroy it. Your tenor loves himself, loves his voice, takes care of it, nurses it, worships it. He receives presents, never gives them; allows himself to be admired, himself admiring no one. He is extravagant in dress alone, eschews all other expenses, and generally is rich. Self being his idol, he provides for the old age of the wonderful primo tenore as though it were another, not himself. He is not specially courageous, it would be such a pity to deprive the world of such a voice. He generally marries some woman a great deal older than himself, who adores him, flatters him, is his slave. He would hate a young and pretty wife, she would detract from the importance of a primo tenore. From the primo basso he shrinks as from a polar bear; he pities the baritone for not having a tenor voice, and hates the prima donna as one rival beauty does another. The tenor loves the tenor, and takes care of him; the public adore the tenor, and spoil him, so that between them, the happiest being, the most self-satisfied on earth, the most despot in the world, is the primo tenore of a modern Italian.

OPERA.

New Opera House at Covent Garden.

A London paper gives the following description of this new and splendid opera house, erected on the site of Covent Garden theatre, which, it will be recollected, was destroyed by fire some two years ago. The new house was expected to open on the 15th instant:

It is externally one huge structure nearly one hundred feet high, by one hundred and twenty-two feet broad, and no less than two hundred and forty feet long, about one fifth larger than the late theatre, and about the same size as the celebrated La Scala of

Milan, hitherto the largest in the world. The four outer walls of the building are constructed on the cellular principle, which is now in different ways getting so much into vogue in works of great strength. Each wall is apparently about twenty-four feet thick, though it is in reality composed of two walls, the outer of three feet thickness and the inner two feet, with transverse walls also two feet thick at intervals of twenty feet apart, and running up between them from top to bottom. These, with wrought-iron tie rods holding both inner and outer walls together, give immense strength and lightness to the whole.

The roof is composed of nine great lattice girders of wrought iron, each of which is ninety feet long by eighteen inches broad, and nine feet six inches deep. These, each of them weighing eighteen tons, and equal to a dead strain of three hundred, are placed at intervals of twenty feet apart, and floored between at the bottom, while on them rests a ridge and furrow roof of glass and iron. Thus, between each pair of girders are spacious rooms ninety feet long by twenty wide, and about fourteen high, which are to be used as carpenters' workshops, storeroom, &c. To these girders will be bung the ornamental dome-shaped ceiling, which will be covered with traceries and mouldings in white and gold of the most elaborate design. The whole dome, a beautiful feature in Italian architecture, apparently rests on four arches—three forming the front and side galleries, and one over the proscenium. The latter has been constructed with special reference to its acoustic properties, and will be crossed with a network of gold tracery on a white ground, corresponding with the style of the ceiling. The painting room will be the largest in the world and will be supplied with machinery to roll the largest panorama canvas up or down, right or left.

The shape of the old building was like a horse shoe. The present one approaches more nearly the shape of the old Greek theatre, a perfect semi-circle with the sides prolonged. There are to be only three tiers of boxes—the pit, ground and upper tier, with thirty-six boxes in each, nine feet six inches high. They are to be hung with rose-colored silk, and the architectural features of the house will be enriched with the most massive decorations in white and gold. The Queen's box will be on the right hand side of the house, and will have a private entrance and staircase from Hart street, and a beautifully decorated ante-room attached to it. The Duke of Bedford has similar accommodations, on a more limited scale. The grand entrance is to be in Bow street, where, of course, there is a "colonnade, where tender beauty waiting for her coach protrudes her gloveless hand and feels the shower." This entrance forms a kind of basement story to the grand portico which rises over it, and from which the entrance porch is separated by a roof.

The Corinthian portico will be the finest ever built for any modern theatre. Its extreme width will be 82 feet, by 84 feet high. All its columns will be of solid stone, 37 feet high, by 3 feet 8 inches in diameter. Flaxham's exquisite sculptures were fortunately saved almost uninjured from the ruins of the old theatre, and these have been incorporated by Mr. Barry into the details of the new portico. The figures of Tragedy and Comedy will be placed in niches on either side, while the bas-reliefs representing ancient and modern dramatic art will be over the crush-room windows.

Partly in connection with the opera-house is hereafter to be built a grand floral arcade, 30 feet wide by 60 feet high, and 240 feet long, running along the entire length of the building, from Bow Street to Covent Garden. This building will be of glass and iron, light and elegant in form, appearance and decoration as suits the purpose for which it will be used, where only flowers will be sold. On the great nights of the operatic season this will be lighted up, and remain open as a promenade for the audience, two or three entrances being provided which will admit at once from the theatre to the arcade.

Joachim in London.

From the Times, May 1.

The reception accorded to Herr Joseph Joachim showed that the audience had not forgotten him, while his own performance proclaimed how well he deserved to be remembered. Beethoven's Concerto was the first piece Herr Joachim ever played in England (in 1844, at the Philharmonic Concerts, when only 13 years of age). He was then a boy of remarkable genius, of whom the musical world in general, and Mendelssohn, his friend and counsellor, in particular, prophesied extraordinary things. The boy has now ripened into the man, and all that was anticipated from his precocious talents has been

realized. A grander, chaster, more consummate delivery of Beethoven's Concerto was probably never heard. Not a liberty was taken with the text, for Herr Joachim is one of those artists who lose sight of themselves in the master they are interpreting. Yet, not a point was overlooked; not a passage intended to be either subordinate or promised, but was made doubly effective by this conscientious adherence to the author. To a tone of rich quality and unwonted power Herr Joachim unites an unsurpassable mastery of the instrument and a command of expression apparently inexhaustible. But more than in his fine tone and faultless mechanism, more than in his large manner of phrasing, the exquisite finish with which he rounds off every period, and the secret he possesses so entirely of graduating the intensity of sound, real lovers of music delighted in the noble simplicity, the supreme disregard of egotistical display, with which Herr Joachim performed, from first to last, this masterpiece of one of the most genial, gifted, and thoroughly earnest of musicians. The general impression elicited was one of admiration for the beauties of the work—every one thought of Beethoven, and this was doubtless what his young and ardent disciple wished. But at the termination of each movement—and, above all, when the last note of the rondo had been played—a recognition of the incomparable merits of the performer vented itself in cheers and plaudits that appeared as if they would never cease. Herr Joachim was recalled with unanimity; and then the enthusiasm of his hearers was manifested with redoubled vehemence. Never was genuine desert hailed with more genuine sincerity. In the famous but somewhat monotonous *jeu d'esprit* of Tartini the same sterling qualities were remarkable in the executant. The same excitement, however, was not created—which merely proved that the Philharmonic audience were able to comprehend the difference between Beethoven and Tartini—between pure music, in short, and that which, assuming the name and attributes of music, is a mere pretext for the exhibition of manipulative ingenuity. The best part of Tartini's sonata is the theme. This is really melodious, and was played with exquisite feeling by Herr Joachim. The rest, including the *trillo del Diavolo*—which tradition affirms to have been communicated to the Italian violinist in a dream by no less a personage than his Satanic Majesty—although overloaded with difficulties only to be mastered by a "virtuoso" of the first rank, is far more mechanical than musical. We would rather have listened to Herr Joachim in a composition of his own.

From the Athenæum, May 1.

A grander example of violin playing was, probably, never presented in the Hanover Square Rooms than Herr Joachim's rendering of Beethoven's Concerto at the Second Philharmonic Concert on Monday. Surely there is nothing more superb in Concerto music than the opening *Allegro*,—but the amplitude of its melodies, and the excessive technical difficulty of its passages demand no common dignity of mind, certainty of finger, and perhaps, most of all, that rare gift—solidity in measurement of phrases—pertinence without affectation in accent, which one great artist in twenty does not possess. Thus calling to mind the great violinists who have successively treated Beethoven's Concerto as "a bow of Ulysses," we remember none who can be placed so high as Herr Joachim in his particular *allegro*. His *cadenza*, too, was more than usually masterly; elaborate, yet what a *cadenza* should be—freakish, and not as it is too often made, an exercise at heavier composition thrust in. He was received with deserved enthusiasm.

A Singular Mental Phenomenon.

Hector Berlioz, in a recent musical criticism makes the following curious statement:

"When I entered the concert-room I was the dupe of a singular illusion. Wienilawski was executing the first part of a grand concerto for the violin. Struck instantly by the beauty of the form of the piece, by the noble style and the scientific lucidity of the instrumentation, the adagio which followed raised my admiration to a still higher pitch, and I said to myself, 'Where in the deuce has this young fellow acquired such a talent of composition?' He writes like a master, like a great master. Really it is extraordinary. I don't understand it. Hang me I must not go up to the artist's dressing room to compliment him and shake him by the hand,—when all at once he gave the final theme, and I recognized Mendelssohn's concerto for the violin, which I have led more than once for Sivioli, at London, and which for the last half-hour I had been attributing to Wienilawski. A similar error would not always produce a similar result. Many people would be prone to look on a master-piece as detestable, if the master-piece, instead of bearing the name of its illustrious au-

thor, was attributed to an obscure composer. Others, and this occurs still more frequently, would become furious if it was proved to them that they had unconsciously applauded the work of a master to whom they had systematically declared war.

I had in my box, by the side of me, a young American musician who has just come from Naples, where, he told me, he had never heard Beethoven's name mentioned. This sonata (Beethoven's sonata for piano and violin, dedicated to Kreutzer,) made a strong impression on him, and astonished him exceedingly. The varied andante and the finale delighted him, ravished him. But on the other hand, after having listened with painful attention to the piece, he said to me, 'That is fine, isn't it? You think that fine?' 'Yes, indeed,' replied I, 'it is beautiful, grand, new, admirable in every respect.' 'Well I must confess to you I do not understand it.' He was both annoyed and ashamed to make this confession. This is a strange phenomenon, which may be observed in persons most happily endowed by nature, but whose musical education is incomplete. While they cannot possibly divine why some pieces are inaccessible to them, they do not understand them; that is, they do not appreciate the leading idea, nor its development, expression, accent, disposition, melodious beauty, harmonic richness nor coloring. They hear nothing; so far as those pieces are concerned, they are deaf. Nay, as they do not hear that which abounds in it, they often think they hear what is not in it. One of these people said, speaking of the theme of an adagio, that 'it was vague and covered by the accompaniment.' 'Do you like this song?' said I to him, after singing a phrase of slow melody. 'Oh! it is admirable, and of a perfect clearness of outline; that is the music for me.' 'See here—here is the score; do you recognize that adagio whose theme you found 'vague;' convince yourself my dear fellow, by your own eyes, that the accompaniments cannot cover it, since it is exhibited *without accompaniment*.' Another person reproached the composer of a song for marring the melody by a rude, hard, ill-prepared, misplaced modulation. 'You would oblige me very much,' replied the composer, 'if you would indicate to me the modulation you mean; here is the score—look for it, and point it out to me.' The amateur looked in vain; the piece was in E flat from one end to the other, and did not modulate.

"I instance here merely erroneous ideas produced by false impressions on impartial well-disposed auditors, desirous of liking and admiring what they hear. From these examples, some idea may be formed of the aberrations and hallucinations of prejudiced, spiteful, rancorous system-mongers. If these people were to be made to listen to perfect accord of *re majore*, and then to be told that the accord was from the score of a composer they dislike, 'Enough, enough. No more for God's sake. You make our ears bleed!' They are really madmen. I do not know whether in the arts belonging to drawing this race of maniacs has been discovered—men to whom red is green, white is black, black is white, rivers of water are flames of fire, trees houses, and they themselves Jupiter."

Dwight's Journal of Music.

BOSTON, JUNE 5, 1858.

MUSIC IN THIS NUMBER.—Continuation of SCHUBERT'S Psalm: "The Lord is my Shepherd," for two Soprano and two Contralto voices.

Mendelssohn Quintette Club—Nine Years' Work.

We fulfil our promise of recording here a list of the Classical Chamber Compositions, by the best masters, which have been presented to Boston ears by the Mendelssohn Quintette Club, during the nine years since the Club was organized. The record is significant, and must be valuable to the lovers of violin Quartet and Quintet music hereabouts for reference. It shows in fact, in a sort of tabular view, the history of the growing taste for this kind of music in our community. The love of such music is the surest index of a love of music pure and for itself; that is, of musical Art reduced to its essentials, relying on its intrinsic charm and virtue, devoid of all mere external tricks of effect,—music so

constructed that, if there be not worth and beauty in the design, in the ideas themselves, there is nothing like orchestral coloring or mere power of mass, to cover up its nakedness or weakness. It cannot be supposed that the multitude anywhere or ever will appreciate such music. But Quartet parties in all musical communities form the selectest pleasures of the circles that are most musically cultivated. In our young, busy country such a taste is but of recent growth. In this city the nine years' concerts of the Quintette Club, stand (as we have said) for nearly its whole history; for, with the exception of the two courses of Chamber Concerts given under the patronage of the "Harvard Musical Association," in Mr. Chickering's ware-rooms, in the winters of 1844 and 1846, we remember very little of the sort, in public, prior to the first season of the Mendelssohn Quintette Club.

Our list includes only the performances of the Club in Boston, and in their public concerts, leaving out of the account their numerous concerts in the surrounding towns, and their frequent performances before private circles and in private houses.

As our object is to show how much of the famous gallery of masters in this department has been, as it were, lighted up for us and brought directly before us by the labors of the Club, we have been less particular about completeness in the latter portion of our list, which includes works by new or less important European names, and contributions by several of our own native or resident artists, members or close associates of the Club; yet we add what we can recall of these as matters of interest. To each work we add, as nearly as could be ascertained, the number of times that it has been performed. But it is to be considered that in these latter years many of the most important items of the list have also been brought repeatedly to our hearing by other parties, who have followed the example of the Quintette Club. We commence in the order of historical succession:

J. S. BACH.	
Concerto for three Pianos, &c., in D minor,	2 times.
Sonata, No. 2, for Violin and Piano,	"
Chaconne,	1 "
Various Preludes and Fugues,	3 "
HAYDN.	
Quartets, Nos. 39, 45, 63, 66, 67, 60, 70, 72,	"
73, 78, (each)	2 "
Nos. 75 & 77 "	8 "
" "Seven Last Words,"	1 "
Trios: Piano, violin and 'cello,	3 "
MOZART.	
Quintet, No. 1, in C minor,	3 "
No. 2, in C,	4 "
No. 3, in D,	4 "
No. 4, in G minor,	5 "
No. 5, in E flat,	6 "
No. 6, in B flat,	2 "
with Clarinet,	10 "
in G minor, arranged for Piano and	4 "
Quartet, No. 1, in G,	4 "
No. 2, in D minor,	5 "
No. 3, in B flat,	4 "
No. 4, in E flat,	6 "
No. 5, in A,	3 "
No. 6, in C,	4 "
No. 7, in D,	2 "
No. 8, in F,	4 "
No. 9, in B flat,	1 "
No. 10, in D,	2 "
Sextet, for Strings and Horns,	2 "
"Musical Joke," for the same,	3 "
Trios, for Piano and Strings,	4 "
BEETHOVEN.	
Quintet, in E flat, op. 4,	8 "
in C, op. 29,	10 "
in E flat, op. 20 (arranged from	7 "
Septuor)	"

Sextet, for Strings and two Horns, in E flat,	2 times.
op. 82,	"
" arranged as Quintet,	3 "
Quartet, in F, op. 18, No. 1,	4 "
in G, op. 18, No. 2,	3 "
in D, op. 18, No. 3,	2 "
in C minor, op. 18, No. 4,	1 "
in A, op. 18, No. 5,	6 "
in B flat, op. 18, No. 6,	7 "
in F, op. 59 (Rasonmofsky set) No. 1, 4	"
in E minor, op. 59, (do.) No. 2, 2	"
in C, op. 59, (do.) No. 3, 4	"
in E flat, op. 74,	1 "
with Piano, arr. from Quintet op. 16, 4	"
Trio, (Piano, Violin and 'Cello), op. 1, No. 1,	4 "
in E flat,	"
" " op. 1, No. 2, in G,	4 "
" " op. 1, No. 3, in C minor,	4 "
" " op. 11, in B flat,	4 "
" " op. 70, No. 1, in D,	4 "
" " op. 70, No. 2, in E flat,	3 "
" " op. 97, in B flat,	3 "
Concerto (Piano), in C minor, op. 37,	1 "
(Violin), in D, op. 61,	2 "
Sonata (Piano and Violin), in A, op. 47,	"
"Kreutzer"	4 "
Sonata (Piano and Violin), in F op. 24,	2 "
(Piano and 'Cello), in G minor, op. 5, 2	"
(Piano Solo), op. 13, "Pathetique"	2 "
" " op. 57, "Appassionata"	2 "
HUMMELL.	
Trio (Piano and strings), in E, op. 83,	3 "
" " in E flat, op. 93,	2 "
" " in E flat minor,	1 "
Concerto (Piano, &c.), in A minor,	3 "
" " in E major,	2 "
CHERUBINI.	
Quartet, in E flat,	4 "
MOSCHELES.	
Sonata (Piano and 'Cello),	2 "
"Homage à Haendel" (2 Pianos),	1 "
FERD. RIES.	
Quintet (Piano and Strings), in B minor,	2 "
SCHUBERT.	
Quartet, in D minor,	3 "
in A minor,	2 "
Trio (Piano and Strings), in E flat,	3 "
" " in G,	1 "
WEBER.	
Quintet (with Clarinet),	4 "
Trio (Piano, Flute and 'Cello),	2 "
"Concert-Stueck" (Piano and Accomp.),	2 "
STOHR.	
Quintet, No. 6, in E minor,	4 "
No. 4, in A minor,	2 "
(with Piano),	2 "
Concerto (Clarinet),	2 "
ONSLAW.	
Quintets, Nos. 8, 15, 16, 18, 32, 33, 34, 38,	2 "
(each),	"
Sonata (Piano, 4 hands),	2 "
MENDELSSOHN.	
Quintet, in A, op. 18,	12 "
in B flat, op. 87,	10 "
Quartet, in E flat, op. 12,	4 "
in A minor, op. 13,	3 "
in D op. 44,	6 "
in E minor,	5 "
in E flat,	4 "
in E, op. 81, (Posthumous),	3 "
in F minor, op. 80, "	3 "
Quartet (with Piano), in C minor, op. 1,	1 "
" " in F minor, op. 2,	4 "
" " in B minor, op. 3,	3 "
Trio (Piano and Strings) in D minor,	7 "
" " in C minor,	4 "
Ottetto (Strings),	3 "
Sonata (Piano and 'Cello), in F,	3 "
" " in B flat,	4 "
" " in D,	4 "
(Piano and Violin) in F minor,	1 "
(for Organ) in F,	1 "
Variations, in D (Piano and 'Cello),	3 "
Capriccios (Piano),	4 "
SCHUMANN.	
Quintet (with Piano) in E flat, op. 52,	5 "
Quartet, in F, op. 44, No. 2,	1 "
in A, op. 44, No. 3,	2 "
Romanzas (Piano and Clarinet),	3 "
CHOPIN.	
Concerto, in E,	2 "
Polacca (Piano and 'Cello),	3 "
Notturnes, Etudes, Polonaises, &c., &c.,	"
GADE.	
Quintet, in E minor, op. 8,	2 "
Sonata (Piano and Violin),	1 "

KALLIWODA.	
Trio and Quartet, in G.....	2 times.
LACHNER, V.	
Quintet, in C.....	3 "
VEIT.	
Quintet, No. 5.....	2 "
CORTICELLO.	
Trio (Piano, Clarinet and 'Cello).....	2 "
CRUSEL.	
Concerto and Quartet (for Clarinet).....	3 "
FERD. DAVID.	
Concerto (Violin).....	1 "
GOUVY.	
Trio, in E, op. 8.....	1 "
BRAHMS.	
Trio (Piano and Strings), in B, op. 8.....	2 "
RUBINSTEIN.	
Quartet, in C minor, op. 17, No. 1.....	3 "
" in F, op. 17, No. 2.....	1 "
" in C, op. 17, No. 3.....	1 "
T. RYAN.	
Quintet, in F.....	3 "
Quartet, in D, No. 2.....	2 "
C. C. PERKINS.	
Quintet, in D.....	2 "
Quartet.....	4 "
Quartet (with Piano), in B flat.....	2 "
J. C. D. PARKER.	
Quartet, No. 2.....	2 "

Musical Review.

Messrs. RUSSELL and FULLER send us a large pile of their freshest publications, among which, for the present, our attention is attracted to the following minor compositions for the piano:

1. *Deux Marches*, Op. 55, by FERDINAND HILLER. No. 1. *Marcia Giocosa*; No. 2, *Marcia Scherzosa*.
2. *Serenade*, Op. 20, by ANTOINE HEIZBERG; pp. 7.
3. *Berçuse*, Op. 38, by JULES EGGHARD; pp. 5.
4. *Pensée Lugubre*: Nocturne, Op. 50, by E. A. L. COOP; pp. 7.

1. Anything from the pen of Ferd. Hiller, consummate musician and artist as he is, if not in the high sense a creative genius, commands respect. The first of these little marches is charming; original and full of life and playful grace, as its name indicates. The second we do not like quite so well; it is *scherso-ish* rather in form than in spirit; yet it is graceful and pretty.

2. The other three names are entirely new to us. The *Serenade* is a sweet cantabile Andante, in A flat, six-eight measure, a very tender melody that sings itself almost to satiety, with a chaste, refined accompaniment.

3. Mr. Egghard's little *Berçuse*, or eradle song, is the gem of the collection, one of the loveliest and purest little morceaux that we have seen of late. The melody is beautiful, and seems spontaneously evolved from the slumbrous, dreamy chord figure of the accompaniment. It partakes of the refinement and delicacy, but not of the difficulty of Chopin's wonderful *Berçuse*.

4. Mr. Coop's *Pensée Lugubre* is lugubrious indeed. The principal theme, in B flat minor, which begins and ends the piece, is restless and despairing, not without interest as music. A more resigned sort of major subject, a kind of reed instrument episode, breaks the monotony of grief agreeably. The interest marks of expression are scattered along the page, such as *addoloratissimo*, *con disperazione*, &c.

Andante Elegique, for the Piano. Op. 45. By H. A. WOLLENHAUPT. pp. 14. (New York: C. Breusing.)

Here is a more elaborate effort; one of the cleverest and most graceful fruits of the modern virtuoso pianism, *à la* Thalberg, and really worthy to be compared with Thalberg. Without anything that appeals to us like genius, it yet breathes a fine musical feeling; the motive is clearly, consistently developed, and the piece abounds in delicate graces of detail and embellishment. It will add to the reputation which the author has already won by many efforts given to the world through the same publisher.

From recent publications of O. DITSON & Co., we pick, for the present, almost at a venture, these:

To *Chloe in Sickness*: One of Six Songs, to English and German words, by WILLIAM STERNDAL BENNETT. pp. 5. Bennett is the foremost of the class of Germanized English composers, who have followed, fascinated, in the shining path of Mendelssohn. These songs, written originally to German words, (a practice common at this day with many young English composers), and in German style, of accompaniment, &c., are among his earlier works. "To Chloe" is a song of wild and

tender pathos, and great beauty; easily singable. The beauty, however, resides mainly in the piano part, which is quite easy.

Sur L'Océan: Terzettino for three equal female voices, by J. CONZONE. pp. 7. The well-known Exercises, Vocalisés, &c., by this master are models of pure, flowing, graceful Italian melody; and so is this Trio. It is, like operatic trios, woven of three individual melodic parts, with imitations, &c., and occasional solo or duet. Words French and English. A beautiful piece for young ladies' voices. It is one from a set of twenty-five pieces drawn from famous authors and arranged by Conzone, for three and four female voices, which will appear here in their turn.

The Reason Why: Ballad, by G. A. MACFARREN. A pretty trifle, bright, artistically conceived.

La Prece del Orfana. (The Prayer of the Orphan), Romanza, by MERCADATE: being one of "Wayside Flowers of France and Italy," translated and adapted by T. T. BARKER. A pleasing Italian melody, with considerable operatic pathos.

Musical Chit-Chat.

THE HANDEL AND HAYDN SOCIETY held its forty-third annual meeting in Chickering's rooms last Monday evening. From the *Advertiser* and the *Courier* we glean the following account of the proceedings:

Thomas E. Chickering was unanimously elected a member of the Society.

John S. Farlow, Esq., chairman of the finance committee, read the Treasurer's annual report. The receipts for the year have amounted to \$4595 20, and the expenditures to \$5239 07, leaving a balance due to the Treasurer of \$543 87. All bills have been paid, and there is now no claim against the society. The report was accepted.

The report of the Librarian was then presented. The library is in about the same condition as last year. The donation by the President of the full orchestral and vocal scores of "Israel in Egypt," and Mendelssohn's "Hymn of praise," is acknowledged.

The Secretary then read his annual report. It gives an interesting account of the organization of the society and of some of its first concerts, and reviews the past season, showing a small profit therefrom.

The meeting then proceeded to ballot for a board of officers for the ensuing year, and the following list was elected:

President, Thomas E. Chickering; Vice-President, George Hews; Secretary, Loring B. Barnes; Treasurer, Matthew S. Parker; Librarian, Edward Faxon; Directors, John S. Farlow, James P. Draper, Theron J. Dale, George H. Chickering, Oren J. Faxon, John A. Nowell, George Fisher, and H. L. Hazleton.

A committee of three was appointed to notify Mr. Chickering of his election.

A vote of thanks was passed to the late President, Charles F. Chickering, for his exertions and liberality on behalf of the society.

After the business of the evening had been transacted, some remarks were made by Mr. Alexander W. Thayer, urging the Society to take into consideration the propriety and expediency of commemorating the centennial anniversary of Handel's birth, which occurs next April, by a grand festival, worthy of such an occasion. Mr. Thayer also presented briefly the arguments which he has so often expressed earnestly and ably in print, showing what advantages would result from a combination of musical societies in this city for the purpose of securing a permanent adequate orchestral force, and how that end might probably be accomplished. His observations were listened to with interest, and will, it is to be hoped, help to bring about the desired effect.

Two more Military Band Concerts this week: on Wednesday HALL'S BRASS BAND appeared at the Music Hall, after the Protean fashion set by other bands, in the three forms of Brass Band, Reed Band, and Orchestra; they played Overtures, Quicksteps, Waltzes, Solos, &c., and had the vocal assistance of the popular contralto, Miss JENNIE TWICHELL. This evening the BRIGADE BAND play again in the same hall, offering a programme selected from the marches, quicksteps, melodies, &c., which were popular from thirty to fifty years ago.... We are sorry to learn that our accomplished soprano singer, Mrs. J. H. LONG, intends soon to leave us and make New York her place of residence. This lady gave a concert of vocal and instrumental music at Lyceum Hall, in Cambridge, last Wednesday evening, assisted by the Mendelssohn Quintette Club, with Mr. SCHULTZE for leader, and by Mr. B. J. LANG, the pianist.

Mr. AUGUST FRIES and Mr. FRANZ KIELBLOCK, one of the most intelligent musicians of our city, sailed in the Hamburg steamer, from New York, on Tuesday. The latter gentleman will return to his pupils here in the autumn. . . . Among the Americans registered in Paris during the last month we see the name of our sweet singer, Mrs. E. A. WENTWORTH. . . . Mme. de WILHORST has failed to obtain an operatic engagement in Europe; and another American prima donna, Miss WARD, (Mme. GUERRABELLA), after singing at two or three concerts in Paris, and giving one herself, became discouraged, and will soon return to the United States. . . . The LUCY ESCOTT opera troupe closed at the Limerick theatre, May 10, and proceeded thence to Cork, Plymouth, &c.

Mr. BARNUM announces that the great operatic project will be carried out, provided 800 season subscribers are obtained in New York at the economical little price of \$5.00 per night, before the 10th of June,—"otherwise positively not." We are afraid it will be otherwise. The plan is to import Lumley's entire Opera and Ballet Troupe, consisting of one hundred and forty-eight persons, for forty-eight performances, to be given, one half in the New York Academy, and the rest in Philadelphia and Boston. The days of Rubini, Tamburini, Lablache and Grisi are gone; but Lumley has Milles, Titjens and Piccolomini and Sigs. Giuglini and Belart, and a danseuse, Mlle. Pocchini, who is said to "excel Taglioni in grace and Cerito in voluptuousness of form."

They have Opera again in New York, at the Academy. MARETZKE conducts; GAZZANIGA, BRIGNOLI, AMODIO and GASPARI are the singers. The course opened on Monday evening, with *La Favorita*, in which Gazzaniga was "great" in the last act, followed on Wednesday by *La Traviata*. . . . A meeting of "all the instrumental musicians in New York" is called to make arrangements for carrying out a project, already resolved upon, of a great Musical Festival this summer. What a noise there will be! . . . A concert was given this week by Dr. GUILMETTE, consisting of a new Cantata by Mr. GEORGE HENRY CURTIS, entitled the "Forest Melody," the words being selected from the poem of Bryant. . . . Mr. BRUNO WOLLENHAUPT, a brother of the pianist, has returned to New York, after some years of study under David, in Leipzig, and the eminent violinists in Paris; his violin-playing has been highly praised in Germany.

The Paris correspondent of the Philadelphia *Bulletin* speaks of two Lilliputian virtuosos, who will probably be brought to America:

The precocious little violinists, Jules and Juliette Delepière, the boy seven and the girl six years of age, are truly little marvels, and when we see these two mere babes—such little creatures, indeed, that in order to be seen they are placed on a table—performing with exquisite taste and extraordinary skill the most difficult pieces, we are tempted to believe them fairies. The little girl is by far the most wonderful and takes the lead evidently. She is not one of those old-visaged, old-talking young ones that are such terrible bores. When not playing she has the features, the voice, the grace of her age. When the instrument is placed in her hands there is a sudden change, the countenance loses its childish expression, the large dark eyes dilate, and this is no exaggeration, there is a look of inspiration in those intelligent features that is seen but in privileged beings, even among great artists. There is in the same family a little three-year-old chit that manifests the same predilection for art, though still too young to be taught theoretically. On inquiry of the father, who is a chef d'orchestre, as to why Juliette had been taught the violin instead of the piano, the reply was that it was the express choice of the child. Having heard a young girl play the violin, the little thing, then four years old, insisted with her father to be taught that instrument. Deeming it a baby's fancy, he placed his own in her hands, when, to his amazement, she handled it in the most masterly fashion, drawing sounds—not squeaky like those of a beginner, but sweet and melodious. It was then thought advisable to take advantage of the vocation so clearly proved. Juliette Delepière brings to mind the gifted young Milanolos who, in ten years, realized by their talent on the violin, a fortune of two million francs, which one sister only survives to enjoy.

Musical Correspondence.

PHILADELPHIA, JUNE 1. — Musical matters in the Quaker City, during the past week, have been "flat, stale, and unprofitable." The "Handel and Haydn," and the "Harmonia Sacra (?) Music Societies," have given their farewell concerts, and are now engaged in rehearsing for the fall campaign. The first named society designs producing Mendelssohn's "Hymn of Praise," some time during the coming winter.

Our favorite "Germania" gave their last public "Rehearsal" on Saturday afternoon, closing the season with the following programme:

1. Overture, Shipwreck of the Medusa: Reissiger.
2. Violoncello Solo, by Priester, a fantasia on a theme of Handel: Franchomme.
3. Waltz, Ideale: Lanner.
4. Allegretto, from 2nd Symphony in A: Beethoven.
5. Duo for Cornets: Mendelssohn.
6. Overture, Tannhäuser: Wagner.
7. Pickpocket Quadrilles: Cuzent.

Query, Why does the "miwwaculous" and adored SENTZ allow his patrons to go away under the awful impressions that may be suggested by the *Pickpocket Quadrilles*?

Wagner's Overture to *Tannhäuser* was performed for the second time in Philadelphia, it having been played here once, by the old "Germania," several years since.

The "dear public," whom it is difficult above all things to convince that *Fidelio* is a slight improvement on *La Traviata*, a surfeit of which we have barely survived, voted the *Tannhäuser* a "horrid bore." There is no disguising the fact, that we are totally unprepared for the "music of the future;" being so far behind that we may utterly despair of overtaking it; unless, indeed, Art will remain stationary for at least a century. It is, however, refreshing to note the growing taste, in our musical circles, for the works of the two greatest of the new composers, Wagner and Schumann; as well as for the defunct "old fogies," Beethoven and Mozart. All praise to the Germania for its fostering influence. Your talented townsman (?), GUSTAVE SATTER, has won golden opinions here. His rendition of the classical composers, and versatility of genius amount *à merveille*; notwithstanding the opinions of a few quasi critics to the contrary.

The Academy of Music opened on Monday evening, with MUSARD's large and magnificent orchestra, — consisting of two soloists, the balance resident musicians. In order to demonstrate the important difference between a French and American locomotive, as well as to consult "local truth," ("is mighty, &c.") he has had a machine constructed in this country, with which he produces as *stunning* effects as his predecessor, Jullien. Vive la Mustard! Vive la Humbug! Voilà tout. M.

BERLIN, APRIL 30. (Concluded from last week.) — For a gala performance, at the reception of the Princess Victoria, Spontini's *Vestale* was selected, a work full of geniality, running over with fancy, and, at the same time, of true feeling. True, the counterpoint and carriage of the voices are sometimes faulty; but this is atoned for by his noble melody and fullness of originality. In the instrumentation life, even excitement reigns; hence that powerful manning of the instruments, that rich figuring of the stringed orchestra, especially the violins, that frequent coming in of the wind instruments, employed in a singularly original and beautiful manner in the resolving sevenths at the approach of Licinius, when the resonance of the instruments has an effect upon the voice as if it lost itself in wide, ringing spaces. The character-drawing is based on that of Gluck, and there is a remarkable correspondence existing between Spontini's Julia, Amazily and Olympia on the one side, and his Licinius, Cortez and Cassander on the other. Mme. KOESTER sang the part of Julia in the lyrical moments admirably; only the elegiac expression in the aria of the third act was too weakly rendered. She is too romantic for Spontini's plastic quality, and in impassioned bursts one wants more energy of expression. But in Frl. WAGNER's High Priestess that plastic element was wonderfully manifest; and she produced a sublime and deep effect by

her by-play even in scenes where she has almost no part in the dialogue. Her singing, too, except in the highest passages, was full of noble and worthy expression. Herr FORMES (Licinius) and KNAUSE (Cinna) sang their duet with a great deal of fire; the latter forced his voice too much. Herr FRICKE, as High Priest, made his fine organ tell with full effect. Kapellmeister TAUBERT's conducting was truly worthy of acknowledgement, but bears no comparison with Spontini's own.

With the aid of that intellectual artist, PAULINE VIARDOT GARCIA, was produced Rossini's "Barber of Seville," that work so sparkling and gushing with humor, created in the very champagne foam and effervescence of utmost exhilaration. Mme. Viardot's happy talent for this lively style of music also, presented an exceedingly stimulating and for the most part correct picture as a whole, although sometimes degenerating (for our German notion) into too eccentric forms of passion, while the applause that was given to the certainty and clearness with which she overcame all difficult passages and intervals, seemed as if it never would end. Herr WOLFF's voice, weak and thin, and more adapted to the *parlando*, nevertheless mastered his embellishments and trills with ease. In the voice of Herr KRATSE (Figaro) the requisite volubility was missed; his solo number was an incessant conflict with the tempo, which he was hardly able to follow. Herr BOST, as Bartolo, amused by his often too broad comedy.

On the 10th of March *Der Freyschütz* had its three hundredth representation on our stage — but without any parade, and indeed feebly cast. Much better was the *Don Juan*, which soon followed, in which Frl. TRIETSCH, especially, surprised all as Elvira, and, after the difficult aria, transported the house to a tempest of applause. She is now the freshest and most natural of our voices, although a habit of cutting off the single tones too short has an unpleasant effect and hinders a broad outpouring of the feeling. Frl. BAUER, on the contrary, as Zerlina, stands far below her charming predecessor, Mme. HERRENBURG. Although she evidently strove to satisfy, yet she has much to conquer in the way of pure intonation and distinct enunciation, and she ought above all, to cease indulging in arbitrary and not beautiful changes of the text, especially when they bring her into conflict with the orchestra. The chorus was much better than hitherto, its falling off being ascribable to poor pay and consequent discontent.

After an interval of eight years, Mehul's "Joseph in Egypt" has been revived. The composer, although neither a creator of a new direction, nor a reformer in the older school, yet occupies a place, an important place of his own, between Grétry and Gluck. Favored by the so-called Gallomania of the time in which he wrote, most of his operas penetrated into all the countries of Europe, and by their true and unaffected expression became favorites with the public. The music of "Joseph" breathes a truly patriarchal life, coupled with a sort of childlike piety. The passionate expression, as well as the sustaining of the characters, shows an affecting truth, great knowledge of the theatre, and clear perception of what is necessary to the whole. No superfluous sound tickles the ear, all works by truth, and the wise use of instruments shows the practised composer, who can reach such fine effects with such small means. His treatment of the song part is still higher to be prized, and it is only to be regretted, that the epic declamatory element (especially in the German translation) is out of correspondence with the almost too lyric music, at least of the two favorite couplet-romanzas. The ensembles and choruses are often highly effective and at the same time astonishingly simple in their contrapuntal structure; the choruses of the brothers, as well as the three-voiced morning hymn, introduced by trombones, and only supported by the trichord or the fundamental tone in the orchestra, until the male and female choruses unite in the simplest canon, are such as no deeply appreciative hearer ever can forget. The orchestra, kept throughout in a subordinate and merely accompanying position, rises to more importance only in the three overtures, of which the most exalted one in C minor, with its plastic ending in C major, has a value by itself. No means were spared to heighten the effect. The part of Joseph is suited at least as a whole to Herr KRÜGER; action and song were hearty, he spoke more distinctly than formerly, and it is to be hoped that he will also get rid of his unartist-like *tremolo*; in the second act a more affecting expression was to be wished. Frl. BALDAMUS, a pupil of Rellstab, and of the Opera Academy, gave the part of Benjamin; she invested it with a childlike charm and justified good hopes. Herr HOFFMANN gave Simeon with a well-thought and often touching expression; Herr FRICKE, Jacob, satisfactorily, in spite of the high range of the music. The choruses went well,

only in the second finale the entrance of the soprano and tenors made disturbance. The Kapelle accompanied too passively; the passages in thirds in the fiery music of the third *entr'acte* were actually spoiled by the clarinets.

One of our weakest performances was that of the *Orpheus*, by Gluck. This grandly conceived work was dragged through in such a tame and unenergetic manner, that it would have utterly fallen through, had not the strong dramatic spirit of the WAGNER, as Orpheus, saved it. The Eurydice, in the hands of that useful *soubrette* actress, TRIETSCH — impossible to feel enthusiasm for such an Eurydice! And so too the most powerful passages in the choruses and orchestra were often completely at odds; the climaxes of the declamation (in which no one after Bach is so great, so true, so sure as Gluck), already weakened by the trivial translation, were nearly lost in the bungling delivery; above all, was the whole work lamed by an uncertainty of the ensemble, such as should only be possible in a first rehearsal. Besides all this, with an incomprehensible effrontery, choruses were inserted out of other operas, the soul-full and transporting Terzet in the third act was omitted, the *tempi* were altered, &c., &c. Such experiences make us feel as if in our distracted times all deep and sincere interest, all capacity for a deep, true comprehension of the classical were wanting; as if we knew nothing of such high and noble characters as Gluck has represented.

It remains to speak of the Oratorios, Symphony Concerts, &c. *ff*

Fine Arts.

For Dwight's Journal of Music.

The Athenæum Exhibition.

V. OIL PICTURES. (CONTINUED.)

With a view to keeping vividly in mind the leading principle of criticism thus far and yet to be applied to the pictures of this collection, in resuming the special notices, I will re-state the essential part of the paragraph concerning the value of color in relation to form, which was quoted from Ruskin in the second article of this series, supplying an omission therein made; and will also add a few words from the same author, illustrating the power of rendering natural form, which is contained in a true knowledge, and power of natural color.

He says that, manifestly, "the business of a painter is to paint. If he can color, he is a painter, though he can do nothing else." Continuing, he writes, "but it is, in fact, impossible, if he can color, but that he should be able to do more; for a faithful study of color will always give power over form, though the most intense study of form will give no power over color. The man who can see all the greys, and reds, and purples in a peach, will paint the peach rightly round, and rightly altogether; but the man who has only studied its roundness, may not see its purples and greys, and if he does not, will never get it to look like a peach; so that great power over color is always a sign of large general Art-intellect."

That a painter should understand the right use of color, would seem to be a prime condition in his art, too palpable to require urging here; but when we consider that excellence in color is the rarest attainment in art, — so rare indeed, that all the great colorists who have ever lived are chiefly remembered as such, and could be named in a single breath, — we find ample grounds for the conclusion that painters have not always understood their business, nor allowed the claims of color, as an element of the *first* importance in Art, whenever it is introduced at all, to be fairly heard.

I shall therefore insist, that the man who has no true perception or control of color, or who uses it without loving or honoring it, and in utter disregard of the law of its harmonies, has clearly no right to use it at all; and in making other than a right use of it, does so at the peril of degrading or wholly concealing the real value which his work may otherwise possess. Such a man may be an artist, but he is obviously no painter.

But to proceed with the pictures. In the "Midwood Shade," No. 113, Mr. Redgrave presents a very

successful treatment of a beautiful subject, simple in its character, and yet one that is rarely rendered with adequate truth of feeling, or power of expression. The woods furnish themes richly suggestive of sensational experiences that are nowhere to be met except in their deep shade or open glades, and it is much to be regretted that characteristic interpretations of them are so seldom attempted. Of the management of the one chosen by Mr. Redgrave, there is little but praise to be said. The sunny cheer pouring in a gentle stream of light from a tender, cloud-mottled sky, down into the shady heart of the scene through an opening in the tree tops; or trickling through the meshes of the leaves and shooting in golden veins across the cool, moist meadow; the noble trees rearing their tall, grey stems with solid dignity of bearing, decked in the rich garniture of lichens and mosses; the firm, delicate drawing of the foliage, revealing the method which nature delights to display even in her most mazy confusion, are so many simple tones, by a happy combination and arrangement of which Mr. Redgrave has produced one of the manifold delightful songs which may be sung of the woods. With a little more tenderness and true freshness of color in the greens, this picture would answer all the requirements of a complete picture; it is now the most *truly* beautiful landscape in the oil collection.

Nos. 116, 151½, and 154, by Edward Armitage, are characteristic examples of the kind of Art to which the Royal Academy has long stood as sponsor, and which has always received its warmest benedictions. An heroic or religious affectation in the choice of subject; a substitution of invention, or academic rules of composition for imaginative conception—demonstrating a want of true sympathy with the subject, or the feebleness of the artist—an inane subordination of particular to general facts, with a view to sustaining their assumed character of noble idealization; the rareness of great power, or refined perception of color; (since neither comes without integrity of purpose;) an obtrusive, trickish, "masterly" style of handling, are almost unfailing accompaniments of the art which had its birth in external pressure rather than in internal need, and which for one hundred years has been exultingly called the "high art" of England. There is so much to condemn and so little to admire in these pictures, that I will simply say, notwithstanding the large dramatic power shown in the "Sampson," they are the worst examples of their class in the exhibition.

Frederick Leighton exhibits three pictures, Nos. 127, 129, and 180, which also evince an unhealthy ambition in choice of theme, but in the treatment of which he displays an originality of conception and power of painting, that only increase our regret that he has not given his ability to the illustration of a more congenial class of subjects. I assume that this is *not* congenial—notwithstanding the fact of his selection—because it is nearly impossible that the modern mind can have any real cognate sympathies with the nature-worship of the Art-producing Greeks.

Our worship is necessarily pantheistic. We make no separate, personified embodiments of its different phases, as recognized and enjoyed by us; the indwelling spirit of the sea, is the same as that which haunts the woods and hills—one and universal; and in our warmest invocation we but breathe the simple word "Nature," and its echo reverberates throughout all space. We may take intellectual cognizance of the state of the Greek consciousness through the medium of its external manifestations, as in its mythology, art and literature; or, perhaps, arrive at a certain factitious communion with the Hellenic spirit, by some such diluent process of poetical superinduction as characterizes Keats's "Endymion"; but that perfect comprehension and absorption of its essence, necessary to a vital reproduction of its ideal embodiments, is well nigh impossible to us of the present day. The

"Orpheus and Eurydice," No. 180, gives a promise of largeness of design, and power of individual characterization, which neither of Mr. Leighton's other works, painted at a later date, at all fulfils. Although essentially constructed upon the principles of modern harmony, we receive through its action some glimmering sense of feebly-struck Greek tetrachords with the immutable fates standing at either extreme.

As a conception, "Pan," No. 129, is fully equal in intellectual rapidity to the average standard of modern "classical ideals." The personified type of the universe, through Mr. Leighton's interpretation, becomes a fruit-sucking, jolly, good-natured rustic, who goes about tending sheep for a belly-full of fruit per day.

The "Venus and Cupid," No. 127, is another name possessing an intellectual significance amounting to zero. There is a long reach between the "Venus of Milo" and this of Mr. Leighton's, which is partially accounted for, perhaps, by the fact that the "Venus Pandemos" is the only one recognized in our modern mythology. As a theme for exercising his power of color, Mr. Leighton is right in choosing the flesh of a beautiful woman; but in thinking that, in order to re-produce the Greek, ideal Venus—perhaps the "Venus Urania"—it is only required to paint a pretty, insipid woman, without drapery, he is wholly wrong, and, considering the breadth of his artistic scope, deserves to be righted. Accept this picture, however, simply as a work of color, and, in this sense, no similar effort which has been exhibited here during many years, (speaking only from my own observation) bears any comparison with it.

In this latitude, such of us as have had no opportunities of foreign study, class the works of Stuart and Allston as types of the highest excellence in the qualities of true flesh painting. Mr. Leighton's "Venus" in no wise dims the beauty of these works, as, considering the very different key-tone of his flesh and the character of its modulations, he does not indeed fairly enter into competition with them; but he has here displayed a closeness of perception and a mastery of expression in this most difficult walk of art, which must ultimately give him a place among the "great colorists."

It is a satisfaction to be enabled to say, that this picture is not only the greatest work of color in the collection, but that it repays all our study, (as color,) and fully justifies our warmest admiration.

"Prince Henry assuming his Father's crown," No. 128, by J. C. Horsley, is another, and the last of the "heroic" class of art-embodiments contained in this department of the exhibition, and which, like the others of its kind, although in a less degree, exposes itself to attack by a palpable foreing of a feeble conception beyond its natural stature. Breadth of canvass will never supply a deficiency in breadth of ideas. The royal aspirations of the "Prince" could as well be expressed in an area of one square foot, as in this of twenty. The stretching of the noble heir into colossal stature in order that he may corporeally typify his intellectual ambition, is perfectly in accordance with the dominant principle of the "old school" theories, but does not engage any *motive* of genuine Art.

The "Prince" has a large, "rolling eye" but the "fine frenzy" which it betokens, would, in time, I think, prove too much for the frail body that supports it; which, at the waist, for want of solid painting, good modelling, and space in the background, looks as if it were crushed flat against the wall of the apartment.

The accessories are the real objects of interest, some of which are painted with rare skill; but this subordination of a weak expression of central ideas to a skilful, thoughtful rendering of unimportant details, is not the kind of subordination which should characterize "high art."

MESOS.

(To be continued.)

Special Notices.

DESCRIPTIVE LIST OF THE LATEST MUSIC, Published by O. Ditson & Co.

Vocal, with Piano.

VOCAL BEAUTIES

OF THE

"ROSE OF CASTILLE."

This Opera was written for the performances of the "Pyne Opera Troupe," by HENRY BAFFE. It has been received with great favor throughout England, being performed with distinguished success at the recent marriage festivals of the Princess Royal. The following selections comprise nearly the whole work, and, as a whole, possess those qualities which have won for them considerable popularity in this country, and which will be greatly increased by the performance of the Opera in the United States, which will take place at an early day.

- | | |
|--|----|
| I'm but a simple peasant maid. | 20 |
| Convent Cell. | 20 |
| These two simple ballads possess much beauty, and will be found superior to previous operatic ballads of Baffe's composition. | |
| List to the gay Castanet. | 20 |
| Exuberant with the spirit of life and gaiety, the least difficult of the series. It is the first in the Opera and is sung Miss Susan Pyne. | |
| Yes, I'll obey. Scherzo. | 40 |
| Brilliant variations for the voice with highly effective echo passages; the bravura song of Miss Louisa Pyne. The whole to be accompanied <i>ad libitum</i> by a Chorus. | |
| Hark, the Clarion Sounding. | 30 |
| A martial song in Bolero time, written for Baritone voice in the Opera. Many will admire it more than Donizetti's celebrated "On to the Field." | |
| Her gentle voice express'd no guile. | 20 |
| 'Twas rank and form that tempted thee. | 20 |
| Really exquisite ballads in the style of that celebrated song, "Then you'll remember me," made universally popular by the charming execution of Mr. Harrison. | |
| Your pardon, Senors. | 60 |
| A charming duetino, as performed by Louisa and Susan Pyne. In the performance of the Opera this is a rapturously encored and is invariably looked for with eagerness. | |
| Though Fortune darkly o'er me frowns. | 20 |
| Written for a contralto or bass voice, and will, like the famous Romanza of the same composer, "The Heart bow'd down," find many admirers. | |
| The Muleteer's Song. | 20 |
| A characteristic song; lively, bold and adventurous, for tenor voice. | |
| Love's the greatest plague in life. | 20 |
| A humorous song, rather easy of performance. | |
| I'm not the queen. Laughing Trio. | 40 |
| Previous to this but one laughing Trio has been written, and this will be found to meet a most decided welcome among those who favor the unique in musical composition. | |
| O, were I queen of Spain. | 40 |
| A very brilliant and difficult song, with many delicately finished passages, which will make it a favorite concert piece with accomplished female vocalists. | |
| The Queen my presence doth require. | 75 |
| Duet for soprano and bass voices. | |
| Wine, wine, the magician thou art. | 75 |
| The celebrated bacchanal Trio, as executed by the principal male characters in the Opera. | |
| Keep thy heart for me. | 20 |
| Ah, far more than my crown. } | 25 |
| O happy, joyous day. } | 25 |
| Sung by Miss Louisa Pyne. | |
| Dost thou fear me? Duet. | 75 |
| A very fine duet, of highly dramatic coloring, for soprano and tenor, tasking both voices not a little, but hardly difficult to those versed in Italian Opera Music. | |
| O joyous happy day. Aria. | 40 |
| The song with which the Queen of Castille welcomes the day of her wedding. Louisa Pyne's Bravura Song in the opera. | |
| In every feature like the Queen. Quartet. | 65 |
| For soprano and three male voices, (baritone and two basses. | |

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Dwight's Journal of Music.

WHOLE No. 323.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, JUNE 12, 1858.

VOL. XIII. No. 11.

[Translated for this Journal.]

Musical Orthodoxy.

From the German of MINE. JOHANNA KINKEL.

(Continued from page 75).

With these words Frau Werl departed, leaving Ida in a state of exquisite mental anguish. For that evening she was incapable of thought or reflection. The rude assault upon her most sacred feelings had cast a shadow over the purity of her soul. A feeling of shame oppressed her, as if she, and not Frau Werl, had spoken of this marriage. The variations which she had vowed to let no other studies interrupt, were doubly loathsome; her favorite compositions could not comfort her, for they had been the cause of their strife; and, alas, the last refuge of her wounded heart!—to call up his image in her imagination and dream of *him*, was taken away from her. She had felt fully the coldness and formal politeness of his leave-taking that day. A barrier had been raised between them, and however gladly she would have seen him again, that she might tear it away, the cruel language of Frau Werl had made it impossible for her to enter Selvar's house without constraint and embarrassment.

Thus passed several days, until a note from the Count informed her that he was confined to the house by illness, and longed once more for her company. The next moment she was on her way to him. Finding several persons at the tea-table, she determined to be upon her guard and watch closely the feelings of the others toward her.

She could not deny to herself, that some among them glanced at each other, with contemptuous smiles, whenever her eye timidly and for a moment sought the face of the Count; that others drew back from her, politely indeed, but evidently enough to wound her feelings; that it cost the young Countess an effort to restrain within due limits her antipathy to a person, who seemed to lessen the space she occupied in her father's heart; and that—bitterest of all—he was evidently more fearful of laying himself open to ridicule than of wounding her feelings. And deeply it pained her, that he no longer was so fascinated with her, and so careless of all else, as during those first memorable evenings at Waldheim.

Every evening made the chasm between them wider, for Ida lost her vivacity by degrees, and became dull and gloomy in society. So her presence became rather a burden than a pleasure to the Count. At home she wept over the beautiful dream, never to return. At one moment she despaired of regaining Selvar's affection, and at another would cherish the hope of again finding the charm, which should again enkindle it. Sometimes she would vow never to see him more; then life would become a burden, and soon she would again yield to the attraction which brought her into his dangerous presence.

However strong her determination to appear joyous and at ease, she was sure to find herself

watching with saddened heart for some, even the slightest mark of love, of the glow of passion from his mouth. But, alas for her! his eye remained ever clear and friendly, his voice mild and kind as that of a father, but it never trembled or faltered. Was Ida occasionally overpowered by recollections of the past, did some songs call tears into her eyes, the words of which Selvar had once tenderly to her ear alone repeated, as expressive of his feelings towards her,—he became at once coldly polite, and turned the conversation upon indifferent topics.

Her anguish consumed her. He was as irresistibly charming and loveable as ever to her, and she *could* not give up his society. That she no longer pleased him as formerly, appeared perfectly natural and she blamed him not. She felt the great change in herself; and was conscious, that a girl dispirited, broken by weeping and unable to rule herself, must of necessity be a tedious companion to such a man as the Count. Her professional duties became as wearying and wearing as the pangs of her unlucky affection. Formerly she had borne patiently with a succession of ear-splitting lessons, strengthened by the thought of the delightful evening, which was to reward the labors of the day. Now every false chord of her pupils grated with double harshness upon her excited nerves. In one of her lessons, during which a girl, utterly destitute of musical ear, persisted in striking with the right hand a major third to a minor chord in the left, it wrought her up, in her excited condition, to the thought of suicide. On her way home, she murmured to herself: "Why should one live, when she has nothing to look forward to from youth to age, but the constant hearing of false notes—and nothing else?"

And Selvar? He was conscious of having made a false step, in trusting to his power of freeing himself from a flirtation with a country-bred girl with the same ease as, for instance, one with the wife of the French Ambassador. How deeply the arrow had pierced her, with all the wealth of his experience in love affairs, he had no means of judging. He had supposed, that so soon as he himself had regained the proper limits, he should have no difficulty by a constant, kindly and soothing demeanor towards her, in reducing her strong passion to the measure of a sort of filial affection. That he, the old master, like the magician's apprentice, had raised a power he could not quell, made him almost angry with Ida, whose sad and melancholy looks he would gladly have escaped.

So passed the winter, and in March the Count's family returned to Waldheim. Selvar himself went upon a journey of some weeks with his daughter and her husband. His sister remained alone in the country to see to the improvements which he had undertaken in house and garden. She was an elderly woman, kind, amiable and motherly, and had most earnestly advised Ida to take a short vacation from her labors. Most of these weeks Ida spent at the villa, and felt

her heart, though still suffering, lighter and herself refreshed. The good lady soothed her so gently, and probed the wound so kindly; she knew how to excuse, to admonish and to be silent, according to the necessity of the case. She had the rare talent to comfort without awakening false hopes and without destroying that last pleasure of those whose affections are misplaced,—the occasional sinking into dreamy revery.

Ida accompanied her through the wide-spread, lonely garden, in which still lay here and there patches of the winter's snow. To-day the first warm breath of the South refreshed her. A bunch of violets just blossomed met her eye, and like an electric shock came the thought: "From this moment must all, all be changed!"

What—was not that the carriage, which at this moment she heard entering the court? Yes—he returns! Her heart flamed again—she started towards the carriage, then restrained herself and held fast upon the arm of the old lady, to conquer her excitement, during their calmer greetings. A second carriage followed. From the first alighted the young Countess, who greeted Ida with a peculiar and slightly sarcastic smile, and then whispered a few words to her husband, who turned upon her a look of ironical curiosity. Selvar sprang from the other carriage, busy and lightly as a youth, and gave his hand to a beautiful woman some eight-and-twenty years of age, whom he presented to his sister as their guest. Then he welcomed Ida, and in a friendly tone added: "You owe me thanks; for I bring into your neighborhood the singer of our time, she, whom you have so often wished to hear. We were for a time in the same hotel, and I obtained a star engagement for her here; and for the present she will remain with us to rest from the labors of the winter. Here, Madame Fioretta," added he, turning to the stranger, "allow me to present to you a female Kapellmeister."

The songstress answered Ida's greeting very slightly and turned her discourse again immediately to the gentlemen. She had a full share of the ill-manners usual to the heroines of the theatre in their intercourse with women. She had eye and ear in company for men alone, and this, not merely because she expected to find a higher and deeper cultivation in them; not at all she conversed with the stupidest man rather than with the most refined and educated woman.

Madame Fioretta, after singing several scenes in which Ida accompanied, and at her request transposed at once into other keys, must have been convinced that hers was an artistic nature every way equal at least to herself.

Yet she deigned her no word, never appealed to her judgment, still less took any notice of it, when, in the stream of her discourse, Ida ventured upon an opinion, and suddenly abashed, left half her remark unspoken. With the exception of Ida all were delighted with the contest of wits, which Madame Fioretta at the table kept up

with the Count, and which sparkled like fireworks. She was witty and possessed of both a cool heart and head. The Count could not conceal his pleasure in the lively and confident manner of the Italian, and Ida saw how night closed in before her eyes ever darker and gloomier, until at last came the hour which left her at liberty.

The next morning she could not be prevailed upon to remain; and at last the carriage was put at her disposal to convey her to the city. The Fioretta, who liked not to accompany herself, being in the habit of gesticulating when singing, joined seriously with the family in urgent invitations to Ida, to repeat her visits soon and often. She promised this and was disposed to force herself to do so, rather than admit to herself the real ground of her unwillingness to comply.

Filled with doubts as to the real state of her own heart, and almost incapable of connected thought, she was rambling outside the city the next afternoon, among the gardens and country seats, which were scattered along the road to Waldheim. It was already twilight when she came in sight of the lofty white house. In doubt whether to turn, she stood still for a time, then moved forward again, and so at length came out upon the bank of the brook, which separated her from the garden, at a spot where she could see the windows of the music room. These were all ablaze with lights; she could distinguish in the stillness of the night the well-known voices, and soon, after an unskilful prelude which betrayed the hand of the young Countess, began one of the Count's favorite airs from Rossini, which he had more than once in vain besought Ida to sing. Madame Fioretta's execution of it was enough to make one love the entire Italian school. The long, sustained tones of the Adagio, in the deepest register of her voice, trembled and swelled from the most delicious tenderness to most extraordinary power. Like the chime of a peal of crystal bells burst in the Rondo, and its close which lay in the highest Soprano, enabled the singer to unfold the full richness of her noble organ. There was no lofty soul in the performance, nothing but a sensuous enchantment, which, however, might for the moment well have dazzled and carried away the most vigorous 'classicist.'

Ida knew the state of Selvar's feelings at that moment as well as if she had been present; just what he would say, and the expression of face with which he would drink every tone from the singer's lips. She leaned upon the railing and let her tears fall into the brook. How gladly would she have plunged in herself! The water rippled merrily on, yonder she heard another ritornello — she could listen no longer; she turned hastily and hurried back through the darkness to the city.

At the close of an inexpressibly bitter night, with the first rays of the morning sun came the determination which at length saved her. She arose and made all necessary preparations for a journey — whither she knew not. Not until she had sent notes to her pupils dismissing them, and thus rendering a change of purpose impossible, did she open files of musical periodicals from various cities and select as her future abode that in which classical music was especially in vogue. The difficult task of visiting Waldheim could not be omitted. First, she took her leave of Frau Werl, who was good-hearted enough this time to refrain from all sarcastic remarks; expressing her fears, however, that Ida in a strange city, without recommendations and alone, would hardly meet success.

(To be continued.)

Handel and Haydn Society.

SECRETARY'S REPORT FOR 1858, (MAY 31.)

On the 30th of March, 1815, a meeting was held at Mr. Graupner's Hall, Franklin Street, in consequence of invitations issued, and signed by Gottlieb Graupner, Thos. Smith Webb, and Asa Peabody, in words as follows:

Boston, March 24, 1815.

"SIR:—You are requested to attend a meeting of the principal performers of Sacred Music, from the several choirs in town, on Thursday evening, the 30th inst., at 7 o'clock, at Mr. Graupner's Hall, Franklin Street, for the purpose of considering the expediency and practicability of forming a society to consist of a selection from the several choirs, for cultivating and improving a correct taste in the performance of Sacred Music; and also to introduce into more general practice the works of Handel, Haydn, and other eminent composers."

There were but sixteen persons present at the meeting; among whom, however, we find the names of several who have always acted a conspicuous part in the affairs of the Society, since its first formation; and who are still with us. John Dodd, and the two Parkers — one the father of our excellent organist at the present time, the other our much esteemed Treasurer — are, however, the only ones left us of that devoted band; though others soon united themselves, and are still among the most active of our members.

The names of forty-four are attached to the book of signatures, under the head of "original members;" while a large number were soon after added; so that by the close of the first year, the names of something over one hundred were appended to the list.

At the first meeting of this association, on the thirtieth of March, Matthew S. Parker was chosen clerk, and after some discussion as to the best course to be pursued in furtherance of the enterprise, a committee was chosen, consisting of Messrs. Webb, Peabody, Winchester, Withington, and S. H. Parker, for drafting regulations and framing a constitution for the government of the Society, when the name "Handel and Haydn Society" was adopted, and the regulations signed by thirty-one members, they being all that were present.

This, Gentlemen, was the origin of the Handel and Haydn Society; a meeting of which is this night convened for the forty-third annual choice of officers.

At the first choice of officers, which soon followed, Thomas Smith Webb was chosen President, and Matthew S. Parker, Secretary.

At a subsequent meeting — it having been stated by the President that money would be required to meet the necessary expenses incurred — a loan of three dollars from each person present was made; amounting to fifty-four dollars. Whether this money was ever refunded, does not appear.

The Society was then fairly launched; but she had little motive power, though frequent meetings were held through the summer for rehearsals; until Feb. 9, 1816, when an act of incorporation was obtained from the Legislature; Caleb Strong, Governor.

The first public performance of this Society took place at the Stone Chapel, on the evening of Christmas, Dec. 25, 1815, when selections from the "Creation," "Messiah," and other works of this class, were sung, closing with the Hallelujah Chorus. The performance was received with such favor and substantial encouragement, as to induce a repetition on the 18th of January following; and among other things of interest which transpired in connection with this concert, was a letter addressed to the Managers of the Boston Theatre, setting forth their intention of giving an Oratorio, (as it was termed), and requesting the Managers of the Theatre to close their house on that night, that the Society might have the benefit of an orchestra; but as some *Star* was to make his or her appearance on that evening, the request was not complied with. After, however, some negotiation, three gentlemen of the orchestra were allowed to leave; and it appears that that number constituted the entire orchestra for the concert.

This, then, is the early history of our much loved Society; and who is there among us, that does not look with pride on the evidence of our age, in the silvered heads of many of our associates. May they long remain among us, to share our labors and enjoyments!

Mr. President and Gentlemen, the season just closed has been a peculiar one, in consequence of the financial troubles which completely overshadowed the country, and seemed to threaten an association like ours with certain loss, whichever way we chose to turn. To meet for rehearsals only, was positive expense, for an organist and conductor, as well as a hall to meet in, were indispensable; and public performances offered small hope of realizing sufficient to meet expenses. To do nothing was entirely out of the question, for good reasons; so the rehearsals were commenced at about the usual time, and continued until Christmas, when the Society volunteered the performance of the "Messiah" for the charity fund of the Boston Provident Association.

Six other performances were given during the season, all of which were remunerative, through our connection with Mr. Ullman, and the celebrated artists of his troupe; so that, after commencing the season under the most disheartening circumstances that may well be conceived of; during the panic that then prevailed to such an extent as to threaten certain destruction to a large majority of kindred enterprises; we do not consider it as boasting to say, that we have passed through the season with credit to ourselves, and added something like five hundred dollars to our treasury, and with every bill paid.

We have had presented to us, by our late President, during the season, the entire Oratorios of "Israel in Egypt," and Mendelssohn's "Hymn of Praise," both with orchestral parts; and have performed the latter, to the general acceptance of an appreciative public. "Elijah" has been given twice, the "Messiah" twice, and the "Creation" twice.

Our Society stands this day far in advance of all other similar associations in this country, as to proficiency in high Art, and for the general excellence of its performances; and if we are to believe the somewhat flattering assertions of those foreign artists who have, from time to time, been associated with us, we are but little, if any, inferior to those of Europe, and there are but one or two societies, even there, of greater age.

This Society has, from its first organization, labored to produce nothing but music of the highest order, and with what success its labors have been crowned, we have the most ample proof.

And now, gentlemen, it remains with you and our lady associates to say, whether we shall rest on our hard-earned laurels, and content ourselves with the high position which we have attained, or whether we shall press on to a higher state of Art culture, and a more intimate acquaintance with the works of the great masters.

There are rich mines of wealth yet unexplored by us, and let us, one and all, resolve to lend our undivided support to the new Government, now about to be chosen, in whatever may be thought by that Government to be for the best interests of the Society.

Opening of the New Opera House in London.

From the London Times of May 17th.

The grand event of the past week has been the long and anxiously-expected opening of the new theatre in Bow street, for the first performance of the 12th season of the Royal Italian Opera. This important ceremony took place on Saturday night. Up to the last few days it was very generally regarded as impossible to get the building ready for the accommodation of the public at the time announced; but "qui vent pent" was Mr. Gye's motto; and, not for the first time, he kept explicit faith. Early in the evening a line of private carriages and vehicles of humbler pretensions stretched uninterrupted from

Leicester-square to Bow street. The streets adjacent to the theatre were crowded with lookers on, and these incidents, enhanced by sundry evidences of preparation to commemorate Her Majesty's birthday, which was publicly kept on Saturday, imparted a sort of festival air to the whole. The first aspect of the exterior of the theatre was by no means inviting. A great deal seemed wanting to encourage the belief that any representation would take place within its walls in less than an hour. But incredulity was quickly dissipated. The doors were thrown open at the appointed time, and the crowd rushed in. The pit and galleries were soon filled; but the boxes and stalls were approached more cautiously; and even when the performance began (at about 25 minutes to 9) not more than three-fourths of them were occupied. One by one, however, the authorized tenants claimed their rights; and before the first scene had terminated, the house was thronged by as brilliant an audience as ever assembled in a theatre.

The first view of the interior was somewhat disappointing. It did not seem so vast as had been anticipated. But the eye was deceived by the height of the ceiling, the comparative simplicity of the decorations, and the fact of there being only three grand tiers of boxes, in place of the four which constituted the old theatre. Little by little, as the eye familiarized itself with the scene, the proportions of the house appeared to widen; the great chandelier, suspended from the centre of the ceiling, seemed to recede further and further from the gaze of those in the area; and to the inhabitants of the pit the dimensions of the proscenium became gradually more capacious, till the conviction was at last realized that one of the largest and one of the most magnificent theatres in Europe had been erected within the amazingly brief period of six months.

The interval between 8 o'clock and the rising of the curtain was by no means an interval of dullness, since it was absorbed by an examination of everything worth notice, and scarcely half the topics thus suggested had been discussed, when applause, that grew rapidly into tumultuous cheering, announced the arrival of Mr. Costa, whose unexampled popularity as a conductor owes its first origin to his connection with our Italian operas. The cheering was repeated again and again, until the audience were exhausted, and another interval occurred. At length the wished for moment came. The short instrumental prelude which in the *Huguenots* usurps the place of overture at once satisfied connoisseurs that not only the chief of the orchestra but the men over whom he ruled were the same as formerly. It was a treat to hear this noble band of instrumentalists once again complete. About the acoustic properties of the new building, while already disposed to think highly, we shall reserve our opinion until further experience warrants us in advancing it without hesitation. When the curtain rose, and the hall of Count Nevers, with its lofty windows in the background, and its imaginary gardens outside, once more revealed itself, the audience again broke out into applause. There sat Signor Tagliafico, looking every inch a Count; while the piercing tones of Signor Soldi, the most zealous of tenors, ever and anon made themselves audible amid the clang and tumult of the orchestra. Soon an enthusiastic shout of recognition welcomed the approach of Raoul de Nangis, in whose familiar costume Signor Mario had not appeared since 1855, and whose apparition almost suggested the idea of the ghost of the Huguenot nobleman gliding from the ruins of old Covent-garden. The air, "Vergin divina" (with the viola accompaniment in the orchestra), given by Mario in his most expressive manner, set another point at rest which is now and then one of considerable anxiety at the beginning of the operatic "season;" Mario was "in good voice," as the phrase goes, and evidently intent upon singing his very best. Herr Formes (we presume) not having returned from America, M. Zelger took the part of Marcel, with which he is thoroughly conversant, since he personated the character in 1846, when the *Huguenots* was first produced in this country by the Brussels company at Drury-lane Theatre—one of the earliest undertakings of Mr. Delafield, to whom the public were indebted for its subsequent representation on the Italian boards. M. Zelger was warmly received, and his voice told well in the chorale, the subject of which Meyerbeer borrowed from the Lutheran collection, and Mendelssohn made the basis of his symphony of The Reformation. "Più, più," too, in which the furious Huguenot devotes the monks and their shrines to perdition, was heard with interest. Another sensation was created by the appearance of Mademoiselle Nantier Didiée, who, as Urbano, the Queen's page, received a hearty welcome, and sang the well-known "Nobil donna" with her accustomed cleverness. In the second scene of the first act, the painter's art is exhibited even to greater advantage than in the first. Mademoiselle

Marai, the Queen (announced by Mr. Pratten's admirable flute solo), robust as she has grown, had not been forgotten by the audience; but she and all else were speedily eclipsed when the great public favorite of . . . and twenty years was seen to descend into the garden from the broad flight of steps to the right. The Valentine of the occasion was hailed with that genuine British enthusiasm which a British audience has never withheld from Giulia Grisi, the still unrivalled quality of whose middle tones was made apparent in the first vocal phrase she had to utter. Then came the trio for female voices, in which, as usual, Madame Tagliafico took part; then the chorus and dance of bathers, which was not remarkable; then the air composed by Meyerbeer expressly for Alboni, "No, no, no," which Mademoiselle Nantier sings effectively, though not so effectively as Alboni; then the appearance of Raoul with the bandage over his eyes, and the duet with Margarite, which Mario, by voice and mien and action, endows with so chivalrous and romantic a character; and, lastly, the *finale* where the oath of allegiance is taken by Catholic and Huguenot, while Marcel mutters bigotry and hatred; where Raoul rejects the hand of Valentine, St. Bris and Nevers invoking vengeance; and the scheme by means of which Margarite de Valois hopes to bring about a reconciliation between the opposing parties falls to the ground. All these incidents were portrayed with the accustomed life and vigor.

The second (third) act did not commence so well, although the scene of the *Pré aux Clercs* was striking. The "Rataplan" might have gone more smoothly; nor did the ballet (somewhat lengthened) afford much amusement. To crown all, the Chief of the night watch sang the old French tune of the "couvre-feu" which seems to enjoy a traditional right to be out of tune—more out of tune than the audience could put up with. The rest, however, made amends. In the duet where Valentine reveals herself to Marcel, Grisi, (ever noted for redeeming the short-comings of others by additional efforts on her own part,) achieved one of her greatest successes. Her delivery of the phrase—

"Una donna O Marcello che Padera,
E che mozza per salvar suoi di—"

was equal to any of her happiest moments. As if to emulate so good an example, Mario was magnificent in the duet septet, and gave the famous "Si, noi sprezziamo" in such a manner as to call forth an enthusiastic "encore," which Mr. Costa as prudently as obstinately resisted. The voice of Mario cannot stand such exertion with impunity, even with the aid of transposition. The remainder of the *finale*—including the quarrel between the Huguenots and Catholics, interrupted by the entrance of the Queen on horseback, the arrival of Nevers in a gorgeously constructed barge, filled with musicians, knights, pages, and ladies of honor, to take away Valentine and his bride, and the incidental festivities, contrasted with the fierce menaces of the hostile parties—was uniformly effective; and as the curtain fell the stage presented one of those striking, various, animated pictures to which the public had been accustomed of old by the Royal Italian Opera. The third (fourth) act, the dramatic master-piece of Meyerbeer, may be dismissed in few words. The scene of the plot (St. Bris, Signor Polonini) was hardly so impressive as we have known it, and the chorus of the Benediction of the Swords, for a wonder, escaped its time-honored "encore." Haste of preparation had, no doubt, much to do with this; but the principal cause was the lateness of the hour, midnight having struck before the monks promised eternal beatitude to the authors of the Huguenot massacre. Had the audience, nevertheless, been ever so impatient, they could hardly have failed to be enraptured with the splendid duet between Valentine and Raoul, which has made the *Huguenots* immortal, and in which Grisi and Mario, with indomitable ardor, succeeded in reviving the glories of the past. We have seldom witnessed a more enthusiastic demonstration than that which greeted the two admirable performers at the end of this striking manifestation of their power, to describe which at length would be going over old ground to no purpose. Suffice it, this was the triumph of the evening, and here, unexpectedly, the opera terminated.

After the duet, Mr. A. Harris came forward, and hinting at the encroachment on the Sabbath, left it to the discretion of the audience whether they would hear the national anthem at once, or insist upon the last act of the opera being proceeded with. This led to a "row," which was hardly warranted. The galleries were for the last act; the stalls and boxes for the anthem; and for a long time neither could prevail. Mr. Harris re-appeared, and invoked the good feeling of the audience, on the plea that faith had been kept with regard to opening the theatre, and that such an achievement merited some indulgence

in return. This appeal was answered by volleys of applause from the "aves," and strong opposition from the "nocs." The curtain went up, however, and the national anthem was sung by Madame Grisi and the whole company in the midst of a discreditable uproar.

Thus ended, at half an hour past midnight, the first performance in the new theatre, which we cannot but regard as one of the most extraordinary feats ever accomplished.

Sarrette, the Founder of the Conservatoire at Paris.

The *Revue et Gazette Musicale* lately published an account of the funeral of a most venerable and distinguished member of the musical profession in Paris. M. Sarrette, the founder and earliest director of the Conservatoire. The venerable professor considerably outlived the allotted span, and had completed his ninety-second year ere he expired. Most of the present professors of the institution of which he was the founder, among whom were Auber, Halevy, and Ambroise Thomas, attended the mournful ceremony, which took place in the Church of Bonne Nouvelle. During the service the orchestra of the opera, directed by M. Girard, executed a number of pieces by Cherubini and Beethoven; a *Pius Jesus*, by M. Paneron, was also sung. The funeral procession then set out for the cemetery of Montmartre, where M. Edouard Monnaix, Imperial Commissary, delivered the following oration:

"It is in the name of the Conservatorium that I am come to bid farewell to the eminent man who was its creator, and who, for a space of twenty years, governed it with so firm and so skilful a hand.

"I shall not attempt to trace a biography; neither the time nor the place will allow it. I will only recall to mind that Bernard Sarrette was born at Bordeaux on the 27th of November, 1765, and that to him was granted the privilege of growing old without any sensible deterioration of his uncommon qualities.

"The man who distinguished himself by rendering a great service to musical art in France was not himself a musician; but his mind was endowed with those natural gifts which in the application of a happy idea, are often of greater value than a special education. Entrusted, in the first instance, with the organization of the music of the Garde Nationale of Paris, associated subsequently with our celebrated Gossec for the formation of that school of military music which sent musicians to the fourteen armies of the republic, he discovered in that very school the germ of a much vaster and more important institution.

One day, in 1794, a petition was addressed to the National Convention advocating the interests of the musical art, then threatened with destruction, if the State did not rescue it by throwing open to it a public asylum, an ark in the universal deluge; and the Conservatorium was created under the tutelage of five inspectors, and five great artists, Gossec, Grétry, Mehul, Lesueur, and Cherubini. Sarrette was associated with them in the capacity of a demonstrator. The title of director was conferred on him shortly afterwards.

"Up to that time France had no doubt possessed both a music and musicians of her own; she had engendered master pieces, but she was without a school. From the foundation of the Conservatorium dates in reality the French school, for from that moment there arose a fixed doctrine, a regular system of instruction, a set of methods composed by the most renowned masters. In a word, there was a French art, long disputed but eventually recognized by rival nations, who in the present day pay homage to our composers by borrowing their works; to our professors by coming to seek instruction from them; to our artists by receiving them with favor, often even by conferring on them signal triumphs.

"In forming the Conservatorium, Sarrette had met with support from the sympathy of influential men of his time, from the community of opinion which united a great number of them.

"The empire discerned all that was generous and fruitful in the thought and in the work. It adopted the institution, still in its infancy, extended, raised, enriched it as an establishment destined to confer honor on the country.

"By a fatal transition in another epoch and under another regime, what had been a protection was become a peril. Sarrette was banished from the school of which he had been the father; the very existence of the school was seriously compromised and its title abolished, soon to reappear, it is true, and inaugurate a new era.

"Subsequently to 1815, Sarrette ceased to have any connection with the Conservatorium, and remained a mere spectator of its divers fortunes. What, nevertheless, must have been his secret joy—I am bold to say his legitimate pride—at seeing his creation survive him in some sort, and grown to suffi-

cient strength to dispense with his help! What was his consolation when, among his successors in the direction of the Conservatorium, he could reckon Cherubini, one of the five inspectors designated by himself, and M. Auber, the pupil of the great master, the illustrious chief of the French school.

"Let us congratulate ourselves that his excellency the Minister of State has recently ordered, in a decree of a sort he has made us familiar with, that a marble bust of Sarrette shall be placed in one of the principal apartments of the school.

"This decision coming, at so opportune a moment, must have offered to the old man, just reaching the term of his noble life, the most touching of rewards, and at the same time the pledge of an immortal remembrance, which commences this day, and will henceforward hover over this tomb."

To these words, which did justice only to the public man, M. Samson added a few more, rendering homage to the qualities of the private citizen. M. Samson was a pupil of the Conservatoire at the time Sarrette was its director, as were M. M. Tulon, Vogt, Panseron, Halevy, Lehoure, Prunier, Guérin, the two Duvernoys, Moreau-Sainti, Benoist, Vasin, and Kokken, who were also present at the funeral.

He and all these had continued on terms of friendship with their former chief, and he, better than any other, could speak of the difficulties which Sarrette had encountered in seeking to unite into one school the teaching of declamation and of music. Political events might despoil Sarrette of the titles justly due to him, but could not touch the attachment and gratitude of those who had shared his labors. Catel, the celebrated composer, bequeathed his little fortune to him. This trait aptly completes his eulogium, and should not be forgotten by his biographers.

German and Italian Opera.

The difference in point of musical structure between such a work as Beethoven's *Fidelio* and the common run of sweet, melodious Italian operas, is well stated by a writer in the Philadelphia *Sunday Topic*, in the course of a somewhat too unqualified eulogium upon the singing of Mme. JOHANNSEN. He says:

Beethoven's matchless music, alike with all the compositions of the vigorous, legitimate German school, was written with an unwavering attention to correct flowing rhythm, and to precise time and measure. The instrumentation does not present an everlasting harping upon a few chords and their relative positions, but seems more like an ever-varying kaleidoscope of harmonic combinations, each one of which serves to complete the sympathy of the whole. To an imaginative and reflecting mind, this instrumentation dons the guise of a profoundly written drama, *per se*, in which even the humblest instrument engaged in the dialogue serves to portray certain passions or emotions. In order, therefore, to preserve entire the beautiful net-work of melodic and harmonic phrases, it becomes absolutely necessary that the *prima donna* should adhere inflexibly to the perfect rhythm and prescribed time, in no instance allowing her individual caprices to tempt her to distort these into languishing, sustained notes, after the fashion of the Italians. Mark well—herein does the *cantatrice* from Italy boast an advantage over her sister from Germany. The former has the time in her own hands, hastening or retarding the same to suit her physical and vocal abilities.

She may, with permission of the *chef d'orchestre*, commence an *allegretta caratina*, *andante*, or a *forte* passage *sotto voce*, thus treasuring her voice and energies for the climax; and enabling her to bring the full force of these to bear upon one grand *roulade*; for the orchestral accompaniments to the majority of Italian operas prove singularly accommodating in this respect. The adored Gazziniga has been known to avail herself, not unfrequently, of the unlimited license afforded by this peculiarity of the Italian school; it lay within the power of her leader to retard, to modulate, or to transpose *ad libitum*, without destroying the effect of the accompaniment.

Not so, however, in the mighty works of the solid German school. The *prima donna* cannot obtain the slightest concessions from the director without marring the structure of the splendid fabric. She, therefore, finds her energies taxed to the utmost throughout; and while her mind is exercised to its utmost capacity, in her efforts to sing the cadences and movements precisely at the place and in the time indicated by the counterpoint of the composition, it is simultaneously taxed with the elaborate delineation of, and identification with, a character, intended, if properly enacted, to arouse the sympathies of the audience to an intense degree. Those who beheld and heard Mme. Johannsen in that severest of all

German roles, *Fidelio*, will require no recital of her successful conquest of its almost insurmountable difficulties.

LABLACHE'S ABSENCE OF MIND.—When last at Naples he was sent for to the palace, entered the waiting room, and, till called in to his majesty, conversed with the courtiers in attendance. Having a cold in his head, he requested permission to keep on his hat. Getting into full discourse, he was suddenly startled by the gentleman in waiting crying out, "His majesty demands the presence of Signor Lablache." In his eagerness to obey the royal summons he forgot the hat he had on his head, and, snatching up another thus entered the king's cabinet. Being received with a most hearty laugh, Lablache was confounded, but at length recovered himself, and respectfully asked his majesty what had excited his hilarity. "My dear Lablache," replied the king, "pray tell me which of the two hats you have got with you is your own, that on your head, or that in your hand? Or, perhaps you have brought both as a measure of precaution; in case you should leave one behind you." "Ah! *maledetta*," replied Lablache, with an air of ludicrous distress, on discovering his *etourderie*, "two hats are, indeed, too many for a man who has no head."

The late Professor Dehn.

SIEGFRIED WILHELM DEHN was born on the 25th February, 1800, at Altona, in Holstein, where he went to school until he was thirteen years old. He manifested a remarkable instinct for music from his very infancy; he did not cultivate the art, however, with the idea of becoming a professional musician, but obtained a place as keeper, under the auspices of M. Schenk, in the service of the Administration of Woods and Forests for the Duchy of Holstein.

We shall not follow him in the rough and often perilous existence his duties obliged him to lead, and which his naturally strong constitution assisted him in supporting. Having been wounded while hunting, he left the service, and resumed his studies. In conformity with his father's wish, he followed the law lectures at the University of Leipzig, in order to prepare himself for a diplomatic career. In 1824, he went to Berlin, and was attached to the Swedish Embassy, but unfortunate events changed his destiny; his father died, after losing all his fortune, and young Dehn was left without resources. It was then that the musical art, which had hitherto been only an amusement, became the means of saving him. An eminent artist, Bernard Klein, whose talent is not yet sufficiently appreciated, gave him some lessons—eighteen in all; and these were sufficient to enable the ex-diplomatist to exercise with success the professor's calling.

From this moment, Dehn devoted himself entirely to teaching the theory of music, and had numerous pupils. Klein died some few years afterwards, and Dehn was, so to speak, his heir and successor in a profound knowledge of musical literature and theory. With a degree of obstinate perseverance, of which we meet but a few examples, he sounded the depths of the science, and was not long in taking his rank among the musical celebrities of the day; in fact, composers and executants, of the greatest talent, studied under him. Among others, we may name the celebrated Russian composer, Glinka, who studied counterpoint with him, and always returned, even after long intervals, for fresh lessons.

From the 24th March, 1842, Dehn was Conservator of the musical division of the Royal Library at Berlin. It would be superfluous for us to enumerate the services he rendered in this situation; we shall, perhaps, never find any one to replace him. He made several journeys to Vienna, Munich, Venice, and other parts of Italy: while on these excursions, which were of great use to the Royal Library, he was constantly searching for rare editions, buying manuscripts, and effecting exchanges. In the years 1851, 1852, and 1854, especially, he was charged to visit Breslau and Silesia, and was successful in all his journeys.

Without entering into a detailed account of his labors, we will content ourselves with saying that he pursued them to the end with indefatigable zeal, and that age had in no degree impaired his energy. The very day a fit of apoplexy tore him so suddenly from his wife and two children, he had gone to the library as usual.

Among the many persons who followed his mortal remains, were celebrities of all kinds, especially musicians, almost all of whom, after being his pupils, are now eminent masters.

Dr. Jonas pronounced the funeral oration. The members of the Domchor executed a *chorale*, and a *Lied* by Mendelssohn.—*Revue et Gazette Musicale*.

Dr. Ward's Opera.

This new English opera entitled "*Flora, or the Gipsy's Frolic*" has had four representations at the house of Dr. Ward on University Place. The principal characters were taken by lady and gentlemen amateurs, and their performances gave great satisfaction to the numerous guests present on each occasion. This opera, original with the Doctor, is a decided success, and most of the songs and duets are very pleasing in their character. We shall publish one or more of them in *The Musical World* for the benefit of our readers.

We hope this opera will be produced at some place of amusement where the public can have an opportunity of judging of its merits. The argument is as follows:

Popinjay, a village innkeeper, on the occasion of his daughter's birthday, invites his friends and neighbors to a rustic fete; during which Count Ernest, who is on his way to visit the Lady Flora after his return from the wars, stops awhile at the village to rest his horse; and is induced by the beauty of the queen of the fete, and the solicitations of the host, to join the merry-making. The gipsy girl is admitted to tell the fortunes, and promote the pleasures of the guests. She is a shrewd and mischievous, but not malicious creature; and soon perceives among the various ingredients of which the party is composed, much fitting material for the exercise of her wit and love of frolic. She accordingly sets them severally by the ears, by working upon the vanity of Dame Popinjay to bore her husband for new finery—by exciting the coquetry of Annette to endeavor to attract the attention of the Count, to the great discomfiture of Claude, her rustic lover—and lastly, by drawing the attention of the highly-sensitive Lady Flora to this seeming infidelity of her lover, while rambling *lete-a-lete* with the village queen—all this necessarily produces a state of *embrouillement*, which terminates the first act.

In the second act the men are discovered seeking consolation in wine for the estrangement of their several mates; and the gipsy, having had her frolic, begins to feel some remorse at the extent to which the contending parties have carried their controversies, and resolves to reconcile those whom so lately she had fully sought to divide. She induces Claude, the village minstrel, to soften his coquetish mistress with a serenade, and warns her of the danger of driving her lover to the wars by her unkindness. She persuades Dame Popinjay that she will more surely succeed in her wishes with her husband by ceasing to annoy him with her importunities; and finally, in the third act, bribes the farrier to lame the Lady Flora's horse, so that she is obliged to leave the chase, and dismount at the village in the neighborhood of the Count; where she solemnly warns her that her lover, though guilty of a little pardonable gallantry, is not unfaithful to her; and shrewdly recommends that his fidelity be tested by exposing him once more to the fascinations of the village belle, who is privy to the scheme. Marie, the *confidante*, urges the justice of this course; and the lady, after a highly exciting struggle with her pride, finally consents to the plot; which results in the complete vindication of the Count, and his reconciliation with the lady. Their happiness soon contagiously affects the rustic lovers; and brings on a state of general good feeling, to the great satisfaction of the gipsy, who is discovered, in the end, to be one of Popinjay's children, who was stolen away in her infancy by a band of roving gipsies that chanced to pass that way.—*N. Y. Musical World*.

Musical Correspondence.

NEW YORK, JUNE 7.—Some years ago, an operatic enterprise was started in New York, by a number of Italian singers, on a sort of mutual benefit system, the performers themselves being directly interested in the concern, by investing their services, instead of receiving regular salaries, as is customary. The company thus formed appeared at Niblo's, and though it soon became divided against itself, and fell, yet during its brief existence it managed to give some superb lyric representations. The singers, knowing that the profits and their portion thereof depended entirely upon their own attractiveness, spared no efforts to please the public, and first-class artists undertook roles, that under other circumstances they would have indignantly refused. Bosio, for instance, sang Adalgisa to the Norma of Rose de Vries, and the basso and baritone quite threw themselves away.

Something like this we have now at the Academy of Music. The well-known artists GAZZANIGA, BRIGNOLI, AMODIO, MISS PHILLIPPS, GASPARONI, and GASSIER have crystallized into a troupe, and are giving operas in the most superb style. The season opened last Monday evening, with *La Favorita*. This is quite a new role for Gazzaniga, she having performed it for the first time, during her recent visit to Havana. She does it well, but not remarkably so. The aria: *Ah! mio Fernando*, and the final duet, were the only points she made, though her acting, especially in the last act, was worthy of all praise. Brignoli sang sweetly in his role of Fernando. Amodio was very good in his part of the King; while Gasparoni as Baltasar was exceedingly bad. On Wednesday and Friday evenings, *La Traviata* was given. This is, as you know, Gazzaniga's greatest role, and, as I have before had occasion to observe, she renders it much more effectively than the much vaunted Piccolomini. Saturday afternoon, was presented *Il Barbiere*, with Miss Phillipps, Brignoli, Gassier and Gasparoni in the cast. To-night we have *Trovatore*. It is rumored that two operas new to American audiences—Donizetti's "Martyrs," and Verdi's "Sicilian Vespers" will be produced. The former of these is now very popular all over southern Europe, while the latter under a different title is a great favorite at Naples, and is the only successful opera that Verdi has recently produced.

Mr. Ullmann started suddenly for Europe on Saturday, bent upon some operatic enterprise, and according to rumor Mr. Barnum will very soon follow him, on a similar errand. The subscriptions for Barnum's great Lumley enterprise come in but slowly. Folks do not see why they should pay five dollars a night to hear artists, who do not surpass those whom they can now hear for a dollar; for, with the exception of GIGLI, the tenor, the Lumley troupe is inferior to Maretzek's. PICCOLOMINI is very young, and very beautiful, and very impassioned, but in the peculiar roles in which she is supposed to excel, she is surpassed by Mme. Gazzaniga. As to the idea of bringing over the third-class singers of the troupe, the members of the chorus and orchestra, it is simply absurd, for they offer no peculiar attractions over those we have here. Now, I have noticed that opera-singers are just the same all over the world—at least such limited portions of it, as I have seen. There is always a gaunt man with long legs who takes the lead—there is always a little short man with dark hair and complexion, who sings with painful earnestness and a redundancy of gesticulation—there is always a large fat woman with an expression of *hauter*, and a low-necked dress—there is always a sharp-nosed woman with cork-screw curls—there are always a number of meaningless automaton-like characters who are quite eclipsed in the mind of the beholder, by the proprietors of the long legs, dark complexion, low-necked dress and cork-screw curls. In orchestras I notice that the violoncello is invariably played by a fat gentleman with a bald head and spectacles—that the flutist has a long nose, and a generally consumptive appearance—that the men who flourish trumpets brave, are mild, queer, self-possessed people, and always drive one wild with fear lest they should fail to strike up at the right moment—for, they are always so self-possessed, that they whisper or gaze at the audience until the very moment that it is time for them to sound their instruments, and then quietly grasp their ponderous machines, and give a blast loud enough to wake the dead, with as much nonchalance as an elderly frog, lazily croaking after nightfall upon the surface of a slimy pond.

The musicians of New York intend to hold a grand "Festival" at the Academy of Music on the 27th inst., when Beethoven's "Choral Symphony" will be performed—CARL FORMES, and other eminent vocalists will assist. The orchestra will consist of over 300 performers; BRISTOW, MARETZKE, BERGMANN, and ANSCHUTZ will act as conductors. On the following day there will be a musical picnic at Jones's Wood in the upper part of the city.

TROVATORE.

BROOKLYN, N. Y., JUNE 8.—The only musical event with us of any note for the week past, was the production of a Cantata, by GEORGE HENRY CURTIS, entitled "Forest Melody." The composer of the Music is an American of some pretensions and no little merit. The words are selected from among the fugitive poetry of WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT, and arranged with much taste and good judgment.

It was composed some five years ago, and not, as Mr. Fry of the *Tribune* has it, for Dr. CHAS. GUILMETTE, who has now brought it out in a very creditable manner. It is not as yet published, but I hope it may be, as there are some excellent things in it, and in time they would become popular. The accompaniment is somewhat difficult and showy in style, but some of the melodies are truly elegant and graceful. The Baritone part is exceedingly well done. The opening Recitative and Aria of the Prelude: "Song of the Stars," is deserving of especial mention; also the "Hunter's Serenade," and: "The May sun sheds an amber light." These were sung by Dr. GUILMETTE with excellent taste and very effectively. I think Dr. Guilmette the most accomplished and finished male vocalist we have among us. I can see a marked improvement in his singing since I heard him at your great Festival in May, 1857.

The most effective Soprano song is: "Dost thou idly ask to hear," which was sung by Miss BRAINERD in her usual happy style. This song, I am sure, would be much admired if accessible to amateurs, and I hope it may be published.

The most noticeable faults are, too much sameness and repetition in the duets and choruses. With a little judicious use of the scissors in this respect, "Forest Melody" will gradually win its way into at least a moderate popularity.

At the Academy in New York they are having a very successful season of Italian Opera, under the auspices of "Mme. GAZZANIGA & Co.," as it is printed on the tickets. It was the intention to give about five weeks, and so far their success has been quite equal to their expectations. The principal artists have united their forces under the leadership of MARETZKE, and the management of Mr. W. H. PAINE, and everything works smoothly so far. The Operas are announced without any flourish of trumpets or "Cards to the Public," with which that very venerable, but generally very sensible individual, the "Public" is thoroughly disgusted.

Mr. Ullman is reported to have left "very suddenly" for Europe. I hope he will return a wiser and a better man, for it is not impossible to make a very excellent manager yet out of even Mr. Ullman. Some think Mr. Ullman more reckless than enterprising, but then you know it is very easy to be enterprising and operate on the largest scale possible when some one else is obliged to pay the bills; when you have much to gain by success and little to lose by a failure.

The Matinée of last Saturday was well attended, the Opera being *Il Barbiere*, and the cast excellent, your Boston favorite, Miss ADELAIDE PHILLIPPS, for the first time in New York at least, singing the role of Rosina. I am not competent to speak critically of this performance of Miss Phillips, as I am too much an admirer of both her acting and singing to speak impartially. Next to Bosio, who sang this role in New York some four years ago, and who is the best Rosina we have ever had in this country, Miss Phillips certainly is entitled to stand. There were several drawbacks to the performance on Saturday. In the first place a Matinée is a very nice place to while away a leisure hour, so convenient to just drop in if you are out shopping, such a charming place for a little innocent flirting, and all that sort of thing; but it is not the place or the occasion for artists to do their best. The artists are no more to blame than the audience, or the audience than the artists; it is an understood thing on both sides. BRIGNOLI is altogether too cumbersome and heavy for an Almaviva. Although he sings the music (as he can sing every thing when he pleases) charmingly, there is no vivacity or spirit in him. Why don't he enter into his profession in earnest, as though he loved it, or give it up?

The Orchestra was not so good as usual,—was several times at variance with the Chorus, though not always wrong. All these obstacles were in the way of an easy rendering of the role of Rosina, but they did not prevent Miss Phillipps from not only doing the part exceedingly well, but also winning much well-deserved applause.

In the "Music Lesson" Scene, the Finale to *Cinderella* was introduced: "*Non più Mesta*," with much effect. This seems admirably adapted to be sung in this place if anything is; but I somewhat

question the propriety of singing anything not put there by the composer. Miss Phillipps does not appear to so good advantage in the *Non più Mesta*, for the reason that we have heard the great Alboni so many times sing it as no one else can sing it.

I think GASSIER's Barber the best we have ever had. His by-play and filling up of the part is most admirable, while his singing is equal to our old favorite, Badiali.

AMODIO took the part of Don Bassilio, and it is simply saying what any one would know without its being said, that he did the part admirably.

Last night *Trovatore* was given, with Miss Phillipps as the Gipsy Mother. How any one can prefer Vestvali in this part to Miss Phillipps, is a mystery to me.

We are to have, so the advertisements in the daily papers say, a "Grand Musical Festival" which I hope will not turn out a grand humbug, but I must say the chances are that way. BELLINI.

BERLIN, MAY 1.—Stern's Singing Society have woven another bright flower into their crown of glory by the production of Handel's "Israel in Egypt." This composition is without a rival in its religious majesty, in its depth of Old Testament feeling, in its tenderness and variety, and yet again in its proud simplicity in the treatment of biblical wisdom and of miracles. This is especially true of the choruses, which in their victorious might and splendor, often exert a magical effect. They are executed throughout with fine shading and technical perfection. The singers, supported by Leibig's Kapelle (orchestra), reproduced successfully the old Handelian spirit and the deep musical life of the master in his fond tone-painting. The solos are far inferior to these choruses; stiff and monotonous in their recitative forms, they will not gracefully conform themselves to our melodiously accustomed ears. Yet the delivery of Frl. JENNY MEYER and of Frl. von HEILIGENSTEDT must be mentioned with approbation. The performance was a contribution to the welcome of the newly married Princess Victoria, who was present with her husband. Various musical efforts were made in honor of her reception; mere occasional pieces, for the most part, of too little artistic importance to be named here. For instance, in the splendid rooms of the Ritter-saal, the picture gallery and the White Hall in the royal palace, which opened the long series of court festivities given in honor of the reception of the Princess, torch-dances by Count Redern, by Spontini and Meyerbeer, were performed by two hundred musicians, under the general military director WIEPRECHT. Moreover, Herren MUECKE, BILLERT and TCHIRCH had their *Gesangvereine* sing festal hymns to the newly married pair at the castle; the Opera Academy, in the concert hall of the royal theatre, performed a grand National Hymn, written by RELLSTAB and composed by Dr. ZOPPE, &c.

In the subscription concerts of the royal Dom-Choir the most interesting things have been: the performance of Palestrina's Pope Marcellus mass, which saved music from being banished from the Church by the Council of Trent; and Mozart's genial F minor Fantasia, very skilfully arranged by KULLAK for two hands, and played with a sure hand by his pupil, PAPENDICK.

The most important Trio soirées were those of Herren von BUELOW, LAUN and WOHLERS. The programmes were made particularly interesting by Suites and Fantasias, by J. S. Bach, for piano, or viola, or violoncello; among which the superb *Fantasia Chromatique* was performed with a bravura that carried all before it, although somewhat too wildly and not thoughtfully enough, by LISZT's wonderful pupil, the fifteen year old TAUSIG; also by Beethoven's last Trio, which frequently stands near the direction of "the future;" and finally by works in this direction, such as Liszt's charming Fantasia for two pianos, played with great bravura by Herren KROLL and von BUELOW.

In the Symphony Concerts of the Royal Kapelle, besides the more favorite symphonies, which it still

reproduces in the broad beaten track of stereotyped excellence of performance, we have had Haydn's variations on the Austrian people's song, and Mendelssohn's Octet, played by all the big and little fiddles of the orchestra. But such a magnifying of the mass of sound was a mistake in the case of Haydn's tender Quartet; such expenditure of outward means is out of all proportion to the lovely simplicity of its intrinsic meaning. On the contrary, the Mendelssohn work, so saturated with voluptuous euphony, makes an advantageous impression in this form. By several instruments on each part the sound becomes fuller and milder, and little impurities of intonation are smoothed out. The first movement is the most significant; the Scherzo moves in the domain of his well-known fairy romance, into which some turns, too, of the rather stiff and heavy finale make excursions.

The meritorious Symphony Concerts of LIENIG begin to call forth competition in various quarters; especially the Soirées of THADEWALT. It is an extremely refreshing sign, that the more cultivated middle classes no longer frequent any *café* concert, where they cannot for their 2½ groschen (three-pence) hear at least a Symphony of Beethoven, Haydn or Mozart.

ff.

Dwight's Journal of Music.

BOSTON, JUNE 12, 1858.

MUSIC IN THIS NUMBER.—1. Conclusion of SCHUBERT'S Psalm, for four female voices: "The Lord is my Shepherd."

2. Having a couple of pages left open, we fill them with one of the fine old LUTHERAN CHORALS, as harmonized in two different ways by JOHN SEBASTIAN BACH. A third arrangement of the same may be found among the "Twelve German Chorals, as harmonized by Bach," published a year or two since by Oliver Ditson & Co. The last German collection of Bach's Chorals (200 in number), gives this choral harmonized in no less than six different ways, showing that it was a special favorite with that inimitable master of the art of sacred composition.

We would once more call the attention of church choirs, choral societies, of all students of the art of composition in four parts, and of all lovers of religious music in its highest purity and beauty,—the perfect blending of what is finest in Art with what is most devout and true in sentiment—to the inestimable value of Bach's Chorals. They ought to be a fundamental text-book with all societies of singers of truly sacred music. They can be sung by choirs of any number of voices, from a single quartet to an oratorio chorus of hundreds. Our music schools and "Institutes" should use them for models in teaching composition; our choirs should sing them on the Sabbath; our Handel and Haydn Societies should impress their beauty, their depth of tenderness, and grandeur on the general ear and feeling, by singing one or more of them with a grand mass of voices in their concerts; our publishers should reprint them by the score and by the hundred. We are sure, that, so soon as some of them shall have been heard a few times in the oratorio festivals and concerts, there will be such demand for the twelve already published here with English words, as to induce the publishers to issue a hundred of them in cheap form. We contribute our mite toward exciting such an interest, by furnishing this specimen to our subscribers.

The peculiar metre of the old German hymns renders these Chorals for the most part unavailable for coupling with the hymns read from the hymn-books in our Congregational service. But we have before suggested several excellent uses which may and should be made of them, and we here repeat the suggestion. We point to Bach's Chorals as the best cor-

rective to the vulgar, flat and soulless psalm-book epidemic, under which our whole land groans.

1. They may be sung as voluntary pieces for opening or closing of service, &c., by choirs; and they suit equally well the largest or the smallest (simple quartet) choir; provided they be executed with the utmost precision and true feeling by good, well-trained voices.

2. They may be used with admirable effect in alternation with congregational singing; a verse of the latter, with organ accompaniment, in strong, homely unison, followed by a verse of the former, by trained voices, without accompaniment, the same hymn responding as it were from a more spiritual height, glorified in the fine harmonies and modulations of Bach; for as he has treated them, you have the religious essence of the music expressed, and purified from all that is low and common.

3. For great Choral or Oratorio Societies, to be sung in their more miscellaneous sacred concerts, or at the beginning and ending of a performance. Nothing has made a finer impression in such concerts here than two of these same Chorals, similarly treated by Mendelssohn in his "St. Paul." When perfectly sung by a great mass of voices, as our Mendelssohn Choral Society gave them, the effect is sublime.

4. In little private musical clubs and circles they will afford the very best sort of practice.

5. For organists and pianists, to be used simply as instrumental pieces, their purity and marvellous beauty and significance of harmony must commend them. There is more religious satisfaction in just playing them on the piano, than in listening to most of the music to be heard in any of our churches. The way in which each of the four parts, and each note in each, so perfectly serves the end of the great whole, is in itself a type of pure devotion.

6. But their most important service will be to musical schools and classes. As models in the art of four-part composition, within the short form of a choral or psalm-tune—an art at which so many try their hands in our day—they will be invaluable. The harmonizing of chorals, with Bach for a model, is made the foundation of all exercises in composition by Marx and the other masters in the German schools.

Music Dealers in Council.

The music publishers have been in council. The "kings of the earth" (the world musical) "take counsel together"—against whom or against what we know not; we do not believe they mean to set themselves, in the long run, against the Art, or the Art's anointed, the artists and true priests of Art. Our Journal has chiefly to do with the artists and not with the (money) "kings" in the world musical; but now that the makers of music seem to be doing nothing, it may not be uninteresting to hear something of that very active, cheerful, thriving and respectable class of men, our music sellers. One of their number sends us here a daguerreotype of them in full Board assembled, a life-sketch of their figures, their counsels and their humors. We see their faces, smiling or excited, their grave and queer proceedings, their looks and gestures in debate; but what they are debating we see not; it is not for us to penetrate the mysteries of kings in council. Look and be thankful.

ANNUAL MEETING OF THE BOARD OF MUSIC TRADE.—On the morning of Wednesday, June 2d, there convened, in the spacious and elegant "Gents' Drawing Room," of the Spencer House, in the "Queen City of the West," the fourth annual meeting of the Board of Music Trade. The attendance was very large, and the various deliberations characterized by a dignity, good-fellowship, and spirit of concession, which evidenced to a satisfactory degree, the *entente cordiale* existing between the members, individually and collectively.

From the "modern Athens" there came Messrs. Ditson, Russell, and the witty Tolman; the "Empire City" contributed the placid, unruffled Pond, and the wide-awake, nervously-energetic Hall; the "Quaker City" delegated Messrs. Schmidt, Beck, and the jolly, rubicund, Teutonic Lee; from the "Monument City" appeared that early musical pioneer in Baltimore, Geo. Willig, Jr., and the enterprising McCaffrey; Cincinnati wheeled into line a host of Peters; Louisville graced the meeting with the chivalrous Paulds, (Puer formosus!) and the thoughtfully venerable Cragg; St. Louis augmented the Western forces with that accomplished musician, and shrewd Music Dealer, Charles Balmer; while Cleveland deputized the courteous Brainerd to represent its interests.

The President of the Board, Mr. Oliver Ditson, of Boston, having called the meeting to order, inaugurated the proceedings with a masterly report and retrospective review of the prominent events of the past year, presenting therein various valuable *memorabilia* for future reference, and suggesting divers excellent measures for the guidance of the Association. Then followed the Secretary's report, which, together with that of the President, was unanimously and cordially received and approved.

Hereupon the business proceeded in the regular order prescribed by the formula, established in the "Articles of Association." Numerous applications for membership were received, and proper legislation thereupon followed; successfully, however, in but one instance,—that of Mr. L. A. Schmidt, of Philadelphia, whose claims to an election were proven beyond a cavil, and whose antecedents interposed no objection. One member of the Board, who had rendered himself specially obnoxious by a flagrant and persistent violation of the spirit and letter of the Association was unanimously declared "no longer a member of the Board." Up to this juncture there seemed to exist the most perfect unanimity upon every measure proposed; when *præsto!* change, in the twinkling of an eye, did the West stand antagonistic to the East, in a furious argument which proved at once exciting, and calculated to elicit the parliamentary abilities of the entire Board.

A Western member demanded certain concessions from the East, which seemed totally incompatible with the pecuniary interests of the latter. The measure was referred to a committee of five Metternichs, who perspired fearfully, after dinner, in futile attempts to concoct a satisfactory compromise. Earnestly did these labor amid the fumes of "Neptunos," and the effervescing stimulus of "Longworth's sparkling Catawba;" until finally a member cried *Eureka!* and presented a seemingly palatable report. The Board, however, ignored the same *in toto*, and by this unfortunate course of procedure, opened anew a discussion, which drew forth a variety of turbulent speeches, and prolonged the session into the "wee sma' hours of the night." W. C. Peters, the musical Nestor of the West, proved an eloquent champion of its alleged rights. Upon his left, sat Paulds, of Louisville, who displayed all the abilities of a collected and deep-thoughted lawyer, searching the records for precedent, and expounding the constitution with the acumen of a Webster. Messrs. Cragg and Balmer, too, valiantly protected the flanks of the Western Army, jealously meeting every attempt of the opposition to force its centre.

Not a whit less sturdily were the interests of the East represented. Its forces were led by the energetic James F. Hall, the Achilles of the Music Trade, vulnerable only in the one point of a good heart, which impels him frequently to sacrifice his own cherished ideas in a spirit of concession to his friends. Thus Achilles arose, and declared himself willing to accede to the demands of the West, with the proviso that the latter should yield a certain important point to the East. Unfortunately to the last degree!—for the Eastern members, after stoutly asserting their positive inability to yield the point without much detriment to their interests, thus virtually admitted that it was possible. When Achilles thus showed his heel, the Western forces, by another well directed charge, in which they were aided by several members from the East, who actually had a lurking interest in the success of the West, turned the fortune of the day.

The other business of the Board was soon despatched. An election for officers for the ensuing year resulted in the unanimous choice of Geo. Willig, Jr., for President; James F. Hall, Vice-President; and James N. Beck, Secretary. The Board then adjourned to meet at the Gilmor House, Baltimore, on the first Wednesday of June, 1859.

Hereupon followed the informal festivities; the "feasts of reason and the flows of soul." Prominent among these, might be instanced the presentation of a pair of elegant diamond studs to Mr. Oliver Ditson, the esteemed President of the Board. James F. Hall, in behalf of his fellow members, tendered the gift in a felicitous speech, which was acknowledged by the recipient in a pertinent and forceful manner.

Mr. Benj. Webb, of Louisville, in whom exists the very soul of geniality and quaint humor, had suffered to an alarming extent from the intensity of the sun's rays, by reason of the contracted margin of his chapeau, exciting thus the deepest sympathy. To relieve his distress, an ample *sombrero*, with a rim fit for a race course, was disembowelled from the dead stock of an extensive Cincinnati hatter, and presented to him. The presentation was alike impressive and humorous. Describing the arc of a circle stood the members of the Board; in the centre, the unconscious Webb. Fair ladies, too, graced the occasion with fascinating smiles and ample crinoline, good-humoredly leering when Mr. James F. Hall addressed the centre figure of the group, and in a characteristic speech stated the objects of the impromptu convocation. The face of Mr. Webb would have furnished an admirable study for a Raphael, at the moment when the speaker drew from behind a large rocking chair, the gift, and placed the same upon the head of its recipient. The humorous character of the surprise evoked a hearty laugh; and the innate quaintness, which imparts to every action of Mr. Webb, so much geniality and zest, expanded with the crisis; indeed his response would have imparted additional pith to the pages of a Pickwick.

Three and a half miles from the "Queen City," upon a commanding hillock, overlooking the majestic Ohio, stands the Gothic cottage of Mr. W. C. Peters, the Nestor of the Western music business. The human imagination could scarcely picture a more fascinatingly romantic and lovely landscape than that which surrounds this beautiful country seat. To the right, ensconced among the Hills, is seen Cincinnati, like a diamond studding the placid bosom of the noble river; while to the left, as far as the eye can reach, does the same majestic stream pursue its winding course among the hills, enriching the Miami valley. Immediately around the cottage, multitudes of shrubs and flowers sent the air with refreshing aroma, while the interior denoted, in its economy, the fine tastes of an educated man, who amid a Paradise like this, whiles away his *otium* *sum dignitate* in the peaceful pleasures of Art and the unalloyed enjoyments of domestic happiness. The members of the Board enjoyed a charming visit to this interesting spot, on the afternoon of June 3d, and the "Lord of the Manor" received them with fraternal affection, being materially and courteously assisted in these offices of kindness by his hospitable consort and accomplished daughter.

All in all, the members of the Board met with a most enthusiastic and cordial reception at the hands of their western *confères*. Pure, unadulterated native wines caused the tides of wit and sentiment to ebb and flow with regularity. Dealers fraternized and exchanged their ideas of business with happy accord; exchanges of Catalogues were proposed and substantially carried out; and finally, there ensued a satisfactory smoothing of many little eddies which had tended to ruffle the relations of individual members during the past year.

A large majority of the participants left Cincinnati on Thursday night and Friday morning for their homes; others started on the same days for a pleasure excursion to the Mammoth Cave, Kentucky, and thus ended the fourth annual convocation of the Board of Music Trade, bountifully fraught with beneficial results to all its participants, and tending in an eminent degree to develop those resources of trade, which accrue from unity of purpose and of action.

Music Abroad.

London.

The programme of the third PHILHARMONIC CONCERT, May 10, included for Symphonies, Beethoven's *Eroica* and Haydn's No. 11. M. Hallé played Beethoven's great Piano-forte Concerto in E flat; and Spohr's 11th Violin Concerto was played by Herr Bott—Spohr's favorite pupil. Mme. Clara Novello sang Mendelssohn's Italian Scena; *Infelice*, and the Romanza: *Sombre Forêt*, from "William Tell"; Miss Lascelles sang an aria by Winter: *Paga fui*. The overture to *Oberon* closed the feast. Sterndale Bennett was conductor. For the fourth concert Joachim was re-engaged, to play Mendelssohn's violin Concerto and a Sonata by Bach.

HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.—After several performances of the *Traviata* and the *Trovatore*—matters of course in all Italian operas—and another repetition of the "Huguenots," came the first night of *Don Giovanni*, May 11, when there was great curiosity to witness Mlle. Titiens in a new part. The *Musical World* says:

Her Donna Anna must be placed higher, both as a histrionic and vocal achievement, than either Valentine or Leonora. It is as much superior to her Valentine as her Valentine to her Leonora. We may, in a word, say Mlle. Titiens' Donna Anna is one of the finest impersonations of that great and trying part we have ever witnessed on the stage.

In the scene after the death of the Commandant, Mlle. Titiens exhibited a world of conflicting emotions. The grand recitative and air, "Or sai chi l'onore," sung in the original key, was magnificent, the acting being as intensely passionate as the singing was artistic. "Non mi dir" was equally fine in more than one respect. The slow movement was given with genuine expression, and the *allegro* with equal brilliancy and force, being unanimously encored. Mlle. Titiens repeated half of the *allegro* (*Si donc!*) In the language of a morning contemporary, we may say, to conclude, "that Mlle. Titiens' Donna Anna was worthy of Mozart"—beyond which commendation cannot go.

Mlle. Piccolomini's Zerlina is as lively and bustling, and as unlike Zerlina as ever. Madlle. Ortolani looks the part of the love-lorn Elvira to the life, and sings the music cleverly. Signor Belletti's Leporello is far better sung than acted; and Signor Aldighieri, who replaces Signor Corsi, in Masetto, only gives us cause to regret the absence of his predecessor. Signor Giuglini, as Ottavio, sang the air, "Dalla sua pace," perfectly, and some parts of the duet, "Fuggi, crudele," in his best manner; but the liberties he takes with "Il mio tesoro" cannot be defended.

Il Barbiere was soon to be performed, with Alboni as Rosina, and Sig. Belart, for the first time in England, as Almaviva.

For an account of the opening of the Royal Italian Opera, in the new Covent Garden Theatre, see page 82.

There is still a third Italian Opera in full blast (*Trovatore*, &c.) in London. A series of operas at play-house prices commenced at Drury Lane, May 10. Mlle. Salvini Donatelli is the name of the young lady who played Leonora; Mme. Bernardi was gipsying as Azucena, with Mr. Charles Braham as Manrico. Sig. BADIALI (our old friend?) was Count di Luna; an English critic says of him: "He has been a good singer, and is still an energetic actor." Mme. Gassier was to appear in the *Sonnambula*, with Mr. George Perren as Elvino. *Traviata* and *Rigoletto* "in preparation"—of course.

MADAME SZARVADY, the celebrated pianist, better known in this country under her maiden name of Wilhelmína Clause, gave the first of an announced series of pianoforte concerts on Monday morning at Willis's Rooms which were densely crowded on the occasion by an audience which included many notabilities of the artistic and fashionable world. Madame Szarvady was assisted by MM. Ssinton and Piatti, who played the violin and violoncello parts in Mendelssohn's pianoforte trio in C minor in the best possible manner; but her dependence was, notwithstanding, chiefly upon herself; indeed, the rest of the programme consisted wholly of solo pianoforte performances. The pieces were Sebastian's Bach's "Fantaisie Chromatique" and fugue in D minor, selections from the "Feuilles d'Album" and "Proménades d'un Solitaire" of Stephen Heller, and the "Fantaisie Impromptu" and étude in C sharp minor of Chopin, Beethoven's sonata in G, op. 31, and a march by Alkan.

The fame which Madame Szarvady has long enjoyed as a pianist of deep sentiment and great mechanical skill was fully sustained on this occasion.

MISS ARABELLA GODDARD'S SOIREEs.—This remarkable young interpreter of classical piano music—the pride of the English world of music—had the following programme at her last concert:

Air varié, pianoforte and violoncello (Op. 17), Miss Arabella Goddard and Mr. Horatio Chipp.—Mendelssohn.
Grand sonata in E minor (the last sonata composed by Weber), Op. 70, pianoforte, Miss Arabella Goddard.—Weber.

Fugue in G minor (generally known as "The Cat's Fugue")—Scarlatti.
Prelude and Fugue in G major—"Clavier bien tempéré"—J. S. Bach.
Fugue in D Major—"Kräftig und Feurig"—(Seven characteristic pieces) pianoforte, Miss A. Goddard.—Mendelssohn.
Sonata in B flat, pianoforte and violin, Miss Arabella Goddard and M. Ssinton.
Grand sonata in B flat (Op. 106), pianoforte, Miss Arabella Goddard.—Beethoven.

A NATIONAL SCHOOL CHORAL FESTIVAL took place in the Crystal Palace, May 9, and attracted nearly twenty thousand people. The chorus consisted of from four to five thousand voices, selected from the children and teachers of the national and endowed schools of London and vicinity, under the direction of Mr. G. W. Martin. The following programme was given:

Part I.—Organ, March from Eli—Costa; the Old Hundredth Psalm; Choral, "We praise thy name, O God," from Mendelssohn's "Hymn of Praise"; the Hymn of Eve, arranged from a song by Dr. Arne; Part song, "Sweetly the Sabbath bell"; Psalm cxix., v. 9, 10, 11—Dundee tune; Chorus, "O Thou that tellest"—Messiah; Anthem, "Lord, for thy tender mercies' sake"—Farrant; Chant, "Praise the Lord, O my soul," Psalm cxlvi.; Anthem, "O sing unto God"—Martin.

Part II.—Rule Britannia—Arne; Part song, "When the evening sun is shining," arranged from a glee—C. J. Stafford Smith; Part-song, "The crocus"—J. Braham; Four-part song, "Come, let us all a-maying go"—Martin; Four-part song, "The blue-bells of Scotland"; Four-part song, "See our cars"—Stevenson; Four-part glee, "Hail! smiling morn"—Spofforth; National Anthem, "God save the Queen."

The singing is said to have been admirable, considering the numbers and years of the vocalists.

Musical Chit-Chat.

We attended Wednesday evening a most agreeable concert, given to a most crowded and enthusiastic audience, in Cambridge, by students of the College, members of the old "Pierian Sodality" and "Glee Club." It showed vast improvement in the College music since our day; but we have only now to mention it at present.... CARL FORMES has contracted with Strakosch to sing at forty concerts in the Western cities, for the snug sum of ten thousand dollars.... FREZZOLINI returns to Paris, where she is engaged for the ensuing season.... We hear that we are actually to have a course of *Trovatore* & Co., at the Boston Theatre in a week or two.... JENNY LIND they say has twinned—a young Jenny and a young Otto at a birth.... The Musard Concerts in Philadelphia are divided of late into two parts: a Musard Concert and a FORMES Concert; in one of them Formes sang *In diesen heit'gen Hüllen*, the "Wanderer," and "The Bay of Biscay."

The "Country Singing-School Teacher," as a correspondent in our Journal, for May 22, designates the conductor of a recent performance of the "Creation" in Chicago, Ill., turns out to be the Editor of the *Chicago Musical Review*, Mr. C. M. CADY, a gentleman who devotes himself to the work of popular musical education with great earnestness and with a higher intelligence than the most. In the last number of his *Review* he alludes to the letter of our correspondent, thus:

The late performances of the Oratorio of the *Creation* by the Chicago Musical Union, under our direction, has afforded our friends an opportunity to pay us a variety of compliments, but none of them suit us so well as one paid to us by a correspondent from this city, whose letter appears in the last number of *Dwight's Journal of Music*, (an excellent paper by the way). After praising the Society, and the performance generally, he exclaims, "But the Conductor!!—alas! is a country Singing-School Teacher." We have spent a great deal of fruitless labor in trying to prevent correspondents from applying to us the prefix "Prof." and other nonsensical titles, but here is a title that we feel proud of. To be a successful teacher of anything, requires a rare combination of talent. Besides, it was by teaching country singing-schools that we worked our way through college. It was by teaching country singing-schools that we acquired a knowledge of the musical wants of the American people, that has more than any other one thing contributed to whatever of success has marked our course, whether as musical editor, conductor, or composer. We have therefore cause to be proud of the appellation. If our friends must give us a title, let it by all means be "the Country Singing-School Teacher."

This is all sound and sensible, and we must say we like its spirit. But how about the *Gas Light* joke? It strikes us "A. M." had you there!... Speaking of Chicago, we learn that the "Musical Institute" is holding there its annual session of six weeks, closing June 26. Messrs. BRADBURY and C. M. CADY are the principal teachers, and courses of daily exercises in the art of teaching, in Harmony, cultivation of the voice, Church Music, Chorus and Glee Singing, &c., go on before a class of earnest and intelligent ladies and gentlemen... The Illinois State Normal University, located at Bloomington, sets an example which older Universities would do well to follow. Music is there treated as a regular study, and a certain proficiency therein is made necessary to graduation.

At the meeting of the Board of Music Trade, described above, the President gave a review of the business of the trade during the past year, showing that though it has been a most disastrous year in the mercantile community, yet among their number there has not been one failure. This he believed mainly due to the organization of the Board, for had the same calamity overtaken them before the organization, but few, if any would have survived the shock. The Board now consists of twenty-three members, one of the number residing in Canada.

A subscriber in Millswood, Chalford, Gloucestershire, England, is informed that his non-receipt of the *Journal of Music* since the end of March was owing to an oversight in the copying of our mail-book at that time. The missing numbers went by the last steamer. We are very sorry for the accident, but are almost reconciled to it since it makes us acquainted with so devoted a reader, through the medium of a gratifying note, of which we take the liberty to copy a few sentences:

"J. S. DWIGHT, Esq.—Dear Sir: I write to you in the same way I would to an old friend; because your *Journal* has been my constant source of musical information for a very long time. A year ago I was not a subscriber, because an intimate friend in London used to send me his copy weekly; however, it is a kind of law with some men that they must go hither and thither; consequently when my friend went abroad and *Dwight's Journal* followed him, I felt as though I had lost two friends, and adopted the only method I could think of to regain one of them."... "I don't know whether you are an American or an Englishman—perhaps a German (!)—but you will not be offended, I hope, when I inform you that '*Dwight's Journal of Music*' is very much valued by musicians in England. I have heard it described as 'a straight-forward, honest, open-hearted statement of the opinions and doings of the American musical republic.'"

Fine Arts.

For *Dwight's Journal of Music*.

The Athenæum Exhibition.

VI. OIL PICTURES. (CONTINUED.)

The seeming anomaly involved in two avowedly antagonistic forms of Art, co-existent in a country where a central unity of purpose is discernible in all its modes of intellectual and religious manifestations, I have endeavored to explain, by referring its cause to a national, ingrained, yet short-sighted love of truth, that was content to wear Art as a gaudy crown upon its head, so long as it was thought to be the insignia of a proud birth-right merely—bearing no testimony concerning the moral virtues, or internal character of the wearer—and which, when it learned that what was written upon the crown was inscribed in the name of the people, and attested their nobleness or barrenness of heart, turned, and in mere self-consistency, devoted itself to the encouragement and development of the new form of Art whose motto was also "love of truth," and whose professed aim it was, to carry integrity of purpose into Art, and make pictures embodiments of living principles.

The distinction here made, between the moral inanity of the Old, and the moral vitality of the New School of English Art, considered in reference to their respective, *conscious*, actuating motives, I have no present disposition to qualify; but since I have denied the existence of any well-established *absolute* principles of truth of Art, and yet, in presenting a summary of the leading characteristics of the different schools, have affirmed the "falseness" of the one, and the "uncompromising fidelity to truth" of the other, with a brevity so naked that there seemed no place for the concealment of a doubt, and which also so far debarred the truth of my opinion its right, and complete utterance, that as before suggested, simple, even-handed justice might well demur, and move an arrest of judgment, it may be well to pause awhile, here in the angle between the widely diverging lines of these two distinct phases of Art-feeling,—where their true planes of extension may be most clearly seen,—and, before going forward upon the track of the new Art revival, look inquiringly back over the

way traversed in making the path of the old one, to see if there were no important features over-looked, or wrongly judged, and if there were not also other underlying motives besides the religious one, pertaining to this Art in its revived, or original state, which might be interpreted as forming possible fractions of an absolute governing principle in Art, but which were so dimly apprehended, that their profound truth was unwittingly warped into an expression of the "shallow falsehoods" which Mr. Ruskin has been the first to proclaim, and which his humbler followers are constantly re-asserting.

Is it not possible that the actuating motive which gave birth to the specific object of Mr. Ruskin's execrations—the Claude ideal of landscape—involving a principle lying nearer the *absolute* centre of Art than the so-called truth of modern Pre-Raphaelitism?

Is it not true, that the religious Art of Raphael, which has also been heartily anathematized from the Ruskinian altar, contains the same principle put to its noblest use?

Is it not possible that the principle of subordination here exercised—subordination of external fact to internal truth—body to spirit, where a complete expression of the two is impossible without jarring dissonance,—is not only right, but positively demands a recognized position amongst the leading verities of all noble Art?

If it be true, that those qualities in the landscape Art of Claude, or the more exalted religious Art preceding it, which excite Mr. Ruskin's particular irreverence and contempt, are, howsoever feebly expressed, symbols of a nobler and more philosophic ideal in Art than now anywhere exists, it would seem that, in his desire to secure a universal *confession* of devotion to truth in Art for truth's sake,—as manifested in his special advocacy of the Pre-Raphaelite motives, and his denunciation of those of Claude and Raphael,—Mr. Ruskin has sacrificed that immanent truth which, working through its age to make a permanent record of its animating spirit, took small heed of its superficial requirements, and was at once a cause and result of genuine inspiration, for that which mirrors itself in every trivial act of external life, and offers the semblance of truth which plays upon its surface, as an adequate substitute for the veritable soul of absolute Art.

Assuming the truth of this position, then it had only been necessary for the founders of the Old School of English Art, to have possessed an intellectual grasp of the true principle of subordination, as comprehensive as its animating spirit in the heart of Italian Art was pure and sincere, to have transmitted to us, at least, a body more sound than that which contains the nerveless pictures that form its representative feature in this exhibition.

I cannot say that they did not possess and evince such a grasp in their works, but if they did, in the travail of a century, it has lost the vigor of health, and presents itself now in a wretched, enfeebled condition. Still, that it is at all visible here, (if not worn as a lying mask,) should be admitted in evidence of a purity of motive in the Art which I have denominated as false, without at the same time admitting that it might be unconsciously so.

Let us now leave this debatable ground however, and move on into the domain of Art where "truth" is the only countersign of admission, without which, no Art, howsoever mighty in the state, can come within its walls, but giving which, the humblest are warily welcomed and passed into the inner courts. Meanwhile, we will retain our somewhat uncertain grasp upon the well-seeming principle we have travelled so far back to secure in its pristine integrity, lest in our stroll through the new kingdom, we may discover some needs which this can partially serve, and which, without it, might give us greater perplexity and discomfort.

We have noticed that Pre-Raphaelitism hangs its "banner of truth upon the outward walls." When we are within them, I will strive to discover what floats above the keep of the citadel, after noting the various objects lying about its base.

"A Fishing Harbor in the West," No. 144, is a severely drawn, cold, unattractive picture by W. W. Fenn, who gives the intended motive in some pleasant lines from W. Allingham. The picture contains no sunny cheer, but, on the contrary, is dull, dreary, and hard; yet if a thoughtful rendering of one of nature's ungenial moods in studied, prosaic literalness be worthy of praise, there is something very admirable in this picture.

Nos. 92 and 161, are two pictures of very unequal merit by W. J. Webbe, the first of which demands no especial notice. The "Twilight," however, from its peculiar composition and decision of color, and also, as we soon learn, from its successful treatment, forms one of the prominent features of the collection. The beautifully graduated light in the sky, which is doubtless somewhat enhanced in its effect by the opposition of the dark, ugly, mass of rock that is thrown boldly against it—the faint reflected flash of light glimmering over the middle distance, the peculiar, twilight mystery, pertaining to the dimly outlined forms of the foreground objects, are rendered with marked power and truth of feeling.

"Trudging Homeward," No. 133, by T. Campbell, Jr., furnishes a striking illustration of the utter abnegation of beauty, and the worship of painful ugliness. The picture certainly attests an emphatic power of expression on the part of the author; but the frequent presentation of such unassuming sadness, such mere earth-clogged, body weariness, which only murmurs of tired limbs, would prove of very doubtful utility in the mission of true Art. For the rest, the power of painting in some parts of the picture, howsoever limited, forcibly suggests, that the empty grotesqueness of form and utter want of clear perception shown in other portions, are either proofs of a very strange humor or deliberate affectation; to which latter opinion I incline, since the same incongruity is observable in many other works here, and serves a very significant purpose which Browning has clearly drawn in the following lines from "Fra Lippo Lippi":

"Thus, yellow does for white
When what you put for yellow's simply black,
And any sort of meaning looks intense
When all besides itself means and looks naught."

The two pictures, more properly called *works*, by T. W. Inchbold, are the most unsatisfactory elaborations which could well be produced. "Noon Day on the Lake of Thun," No. 152, might as well be called "black midnight" for aught that it truly reveals of the qualities of beauty in Nature, pertaining to this, or any other similar scene.

No. 111 contains some pleasantly harmonized color in the tree trunks, charming mazy traceries produced by elaborate ramifications of branches and twigs relieved against an intensely blue sky; but "an earnest of the Spring" it does not give.

Spring is full of sap. The heart of the earth, gathering strength through the winter sleep, of her children, is warmed in the sun's vernal rays, and pours its rich blood through all the arteries of the vegetable kingdom. There is no place for arteries beneath the shell of this beautiful mosaic.

"Bad News from Sebastopol" furnishes the theme for a painful, domestic story, which is simply and effectively told in No. 98 by F. B. Barwell. There is need of vital, breathing color in the flesh, and better modelling of parts, especially the young girl's arm, which is thrown across, or rather awkwardly hangs from her mother's lap. The action of the picture is clear, earnest, and natural, and also, powerfully dramatic.

MESOS.

(To be continued.)

Special Notices.

DESCRIPTIVE LIST OF THE LATEST MUSIC, Published by O. Ditson & Co.

Vocal, with Piano.

Gentle Hattie. Song and Chorus. *C. St. John.* 25

A very happy effort. This is a song for the many; an easy, graceful melody, followed by an effective chorus, ending in long and solemnly swelling chords.

Lillie Lee is full of mischief. *Glover.* 25

Starlight Nell. *Glover.* 25

These are the two prettiest "hagatelles" which the fertile pen of the ever agreeable Glover has of late put forth; the latter being evidently twin-sister to the already much sung ballad, "Little Gipsy Jane."

The Spanish Muleteer. *Harrison Millard.* 25

A fresh, vigorous song for baritone voice, to all appearances caught fresh from the lips of some hardy mountaineer, leisurely sauntering down with his animals on the verge of a precipice, cracking his whip and not caring for anybody. It is a favorite concert song of the composer's.

Excelsior. Duet. *Balfe.* 60

The author has here, in an elaborate duet for tenor and bass, brought out all the beauties of this celebrated poem, and left no means unemployed to forcibly impress the fancy of the hearer.

Through the fields I trip at morning. *Donizetti.* 25

Everybody familiar with the gems of Italian opera will, in this ballad, at once recognize the charming melody in the duet between Adina and the Doctor Dulcamara, (last act of *Elisir d'Amore*). It need only be added, that the adaptation to English words is excellent, in order to insure the thanks of many singers, to whom this piece is thus made accessible.

British Grenadiers. 25

Come haste to the wedding. *Callcott.* 25

Two more of a series of famous old English songs.

Stand up for Jesus. *L. O. Emerson.* 25

The above words were the last exhortation of the late Rev. Dr. Tyng of Philadelphia, and form the subject of a highly touching poem, to which the popular composer has joined an impressive melody.

Oh, sweet the spring with its merry ring. *Hutchinson.* 25

A mirthful, pretty tune, which especially young folks will relish very much, and quickly sing by heart. To those who have frequented the late concerts of the family, it will be an old favorite, gladly welcomed in print.

Books.

A COMPLETE METHOD FOR THE GUITAR: containing the Elementary Principles of Music, and a New, Original, and Progressive Mode of acquiring a rapid Mastery of the Instrument, interspersed with a pleasing variety of popular Songs and National Melodies. By Otto Feder. Bound in Cloth. Price, \$2.50.

This will be found a valuable acquisition to the means employed by teachers, and a superior method of imparting a correct, artistic course of instruction; while to scholars it will prove valuable and attractive in its plain, progressive lessons, capital examples and exercises, and its judicious selection and arrangement of every requisite information for the acquirement of a knowledge of Guitar playing. Beginning at the earliest point—at the very alphabet of the art, it advances step by step, and understandingly, to the classical compositions of the "great masters." To persons about commencing the study of the Guitar, we would commend a perusal of this new and admirable work, and even old players will find very much in it instructive and useful in the practice of their profession. The style of its binding is some advance on that usually adopted by publishers of works of the kind. It is bound in cloth, handsomely embossed, lettered, and finished very neatly.

Dwight's Journal of Music.

WHOLE No. 324.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, JUNE 19, 1858.

VOL. XIII. No. 12.

June.

Skies of deepest azure,
Dance of mountain streams,
Glittering in the brightness
Of the noontide beams,
Scent of apple blossoms
Filling all the air,
Cowslips in the meadow,
Violets everywhere :
Floods of golden sunshine,
Trailing robes of green,
Gayer than the garments
Of the proudest queen :
Seas of crimson clover,
Choirs of singing birds,
And the blessed charm of
Happy children's words :
Soft, melodious whisperings
In the tasseled trees,
Joy of tell-tale breezes,
Hum of honey bees :
Unrestrained resplendence,
Universal cheer,
Beauty all unbounded
Tell us June is here :
June : of bloom the fairest ;
June : of song the rarest
Of the changeful year.

Chicago Journal.

[Translated for this Journal.]

Musical Orthodoxy.

From the German of MME. JOHANNA KINKEL.

(Continued from page 82).

That made no impression upon her ; she thought to herself : "What is it to bear the trials of life to one for whom life itself has lost its charm ?"

In her longing to see Selvar again, she half forgot that it was for the last time. She found him and his sister alone, but awaiting company. Ida had no wish to see any strange face after she had long looked upon that, which in her opinion was the most beautiful upon earth, and had impressed it forever upon her memory. She told in few words the reason of her visit, to their utter astonishment. They declared her resolution too hastily made, and an act of the greatest eccentricity ; they could hardly believe her in earnest, and demanded some satisfactory reason for that step. The real reason she could not give, and a false one she would not ; so instead of an answer to their questions she thanked them from her heart for all the kindness she had received from them, and tore herself hastily away.

When Selvar called at her lodgings early next morning, he was told that she had left the place in the night mail coach. "She was a strange girl," thought he ; "it is a pity that she had not a little more of cool prudence ; and yet upon the whole her present step is not so unwise, if she really is unable to accommodate herself to her true position."

Late in the summer Selvar's sister and Frau Werl met accidentally when walking. The question rose at once to the lips of both : "Have you any news from our friend Ida ?"

The Countess had often had a slight anxiety

as to the effect of what had passed upon Ida's mind ; on the other hand Frau Werl feared more for her outward circumstances, and spake at length on this topic, with the good lady to whose mind the idea of want had never occurred. Shocked at such a possibility, the Countess besought her brother to take some step to ascertain the condition of the girl. Selvar recalled to mind a young musician, who had once been the teacher of his daughter, and who was now a member of the orchestra in the city to which Ida had removed, and wrote requesting him to seek her out and acquaint him with her present circumstances and prospect.

Sohling, a young concert-master, sat with several comrades in a public garden, and the talk was upon professional matters. One of them, who was also teacher of the piano-forte, was just then telling anecdotes of his pupils.

"The Baroness," continued he, "invited me the other day to one of her musical soirées, and I played a few Etudes of Chopin. 'Bring me these studies to-morrow,' said she, 'I should like to play them through.' I answered her plainly : 'They are too difficult, Frau Baroness, you could not possibly play them.' She would not listen to me and persisted in trying the No. 11, in E flat, with those inhuman intervals. As she went on, obstinate as grim death, striking one chord after another, all equally false, I sat by in speechless despair. By-and-by she asked me to correct her with perfect freedom. So I began, next bar, to criticize every note, for all were wrong. 'Well,' said she, quite at her ease, 'go on, go on.' And so she continued alternating her 'go on, go on,' with 'come, help me a little, and show me my mistakes.' At last we got through, and her husband, who had sat by shaking his head, exclaimed : 'Mais, c'est un diable de compositeur, ce Chopin là !'"

"I wish some one would explain," said Sohling, "what under heaven has given this woman a reputation in the musical world of being a connoisseur in the Art ?"

"Well," answered the other, "only the upper classes believe it, who never heard her play. But she gives her opinion of others with an incredible assurance."

"Unluckily for her," returned Sohling, "she can impose upon no one who understands the matter ; since the time when the memory of man runneth not to the contrary, she has had but two phrases to use. When a songstress is praised, the Baroness remarks : 'What a pity she has no idea of portamento !' And if the talk is about a pianist, she comes out with : 'How can any one call his playing good ? He has a very bad touch.' On the other hand, when some beginner makes her first appearance, she remarks : 'Yes, she cannot do much yet, but she has a natural portamento, which many a great singer wants ;' or : 'Let people say what they will about this man's playing ; in my opinion he has a capital touch, and that is the great thing after all.'"

"I saw a good specimen of this sort of judgment to-day," said a third. "I have been giving a young English girl lessons, who heretofore has learned nothing but waltzes. Of course I put a proper instruction book into her hands, and afterward I found she had been complaining bitterly to her mother, that the new teacher had given her nothing but 'ugly pieces.' But when I played them correctly, the mother exclaimed : 'See, child, the ugliest piece becomes good, when thoroughly practised and well played.' When I got there to-day, I found the entire family at the piano forte, and the last Etude open upon it. 'This,' cried the mother to me as I approached, 'is really too bad, — to put such an ugly piece as this into the hands of the poor creature !' All had tried it, and the elder Misses, who were considered virtuosos, had unanimously abandoned it as being 'most ugly.' I sat down and began the piece, which had nothing but natural and pleasing chords, when suddenly mother and all three daughters burst out : 'The treble-key, the treble-key, oh dear, the treble-key !' The old gentleman came up, examined the music for a moment, and shook his fat sides, while he joined in a deep bass voice with 'O ho, the treble-key ; ho, ho, ho, the treble-key !' The effect of his slowly delivered words, combined with the cackling of the women, was like that of a *cantus firmus* from a bass horn with violins playing in figured counterpoint ; and so they went on for a long time repeating 'the treble-key, yes, indeed, the treble-key !' There I stood as if I had popped into a mad-house, not knowing what to make of it all, until at last one of the girls explained to me, that the G cleff, in England, is very commonly called the 'treble-key,' and that they all overlooked the fact that, in this Etude, this cleff was also given to the left hand. No wonder then that they had produced a demoniac harmony."

"Such ridiculous scenes and follies," said another, "give us now and then something to laugh at ; but after all, in fact, a piano-forte teacher is a suffering individual. Beginners upon a bowed or wind instrument can only play one false note at a time, while upon the piano-forte they give us whole handfuls of them. One is ashamed of himself, for hearing such a mishandling of the ears, just for the sake of that something, which the Philistines call existence."

"And just now, it is all the rage among these abominable dilettants to play piano-forte, nothing but piano-forte," said a Harpist. "All the piano-forte teachers are prospering in this city, while I might hang my harp upon the willows of Babylon, if it was not called occasionally by the orchestra from its hiding place into the light !"

"I do not know about its being so very easy for the piano-forte teachers to gain success," returned the first speaker. "When I came here I had to use up all that I had formerly saved, and finally to sell my most valuable time for a ridiculous price, until I became the fashion ; though since then, it is true, things have gone well enough. Nobody will try the experiment

of an unknown teacher; people say, 'Let us first find out if his method is good.' Old, established teachers, too, have more of the confidence of parents and guardians, though known to sit lazily by their pupils, than any younger one, however zealous and yet in general the latter are much the most industrious and conscientious teachers."

"I wonder whether Franlein Ida Fernhoper has obtained any pupils, whose laconic advertisement in the *Intelligenz-blatt* made us so much sport," said the Chopin player.

"I have heard nothing of her since," replied the other. "What a piece of presumption for an entirely unknown girl, pupil of an unknown teacher, and a native of some little country place, to come here seeking pupils!"

Sohling's attention had been caught by the name, and exclaimed: "Think of it; a letter came to-day from my old employer, Selvar, which recommends this Ida Fernhoper to me as a genius. I am not much disposed, in fact, to become god-father to one of these Herz and Kalkbrenner virtuosos, as I suppose she is, but I must pay her a visit, as I was of old under many obligations to the Selvar family. Does any body know where the girl lives?"

The Chopin-player answered: "I should never have thought of the person again, had I not happened to read her name again to-day." So saying, he drew an old *Intelligenz-blatt* from his pocket, in which cigars had been rolled, and handed it to Sohling, pointing to her address.

She lived in a distant and retired quarter of the city. When Sohling reached the house, he was directed through two courts, and the rear house, to a small garden house standing in the midst of a bleaching green. An old washer-woman with an assistant were there at work, and the numerous and various utensils for their business, which stood about the small building, caused the concert-master to have strong doubts whether a sister in his Art could dwell there.

Just as he was turning away, supposing, that some other person of the same name must live there, a few powerful chords upon a very fine instrument struck his ear,—an extemporaneous prelude to a Toccata by Searlatti. He stopped and listened, and found the execution of the difficult work faultless. As soon as it was ended he entered the house and found Ida in a low room, whose windows were shaded by a vine. The room had only the most necessary articles of furniture, and its white-washed walls contrasted curiously with the splendid Erard instrument. Ida appeared out of health and somewhat careless of her personal appearance, and upon the whole, by no means interesting at first sight.

When the concert-master mentioned Selvar's name, a fever-like red suffused her cheeks, and she was so much disconcerted that he hardly knew how to continue the conversation. He thought however that their common profession might furnish a topic, and enquired, what she played of Mendelssohn and Chopin? She had never struck a note of their music. The operas of Spohr, Weber, Spontini, were all strangers to her. In her native place there was no theatre, and in the city where she had been living only the most modern operas were given. But she had studied in piano-forte scores such works as the experience of a generation had decided to be unsurpassed. The newest work, which she was familiar with was—"Fidelio."

Sohling turned over the music, which lay about, finding none but names of the first rank, but down only to a certain era. Of living composers, not one was represented.

"What a wealth of enjoyment is in store for you," said he, "when you come to study the fine works of our contemporaries! With such a foundation as yours, you will comprehend more easily than another, how honorably our present great masters are following out the path to which these immortal men gave direction."

Ida smiled bitterly: "You do not suppose that an ear, which has been formed upon these immortal tones, can ever find pleasure in such ephemeral music," said she.

Sohling gave her an ironical look. Her eyes fell before his; for it occurred to her, that thus far she had never deigned to the works of either of the masters, whom he had named, any serious study. Sohling had met too many persons of Ida's mode of thought, to be vexed at her. He had, at the most, like every cultivated musician of wide-spread knowledge, a smile for the narrow prejudices of that small community, which may well be called the musical Pietists. Half of this class consists of those who are too indolent to keep up with the progress of the Art. They stop at a certain point and remain there, obstinately declaring it the highest, and looking proudly downward upon the present, never humbly looking up. The other half consists of young persons of little or no experience, like Ida. Such blindly assert as their own, the obstinate opinions of a teacher, who gave up learning at the beginning of the century; or they allow themselves to be ruled by the views of some head of a family, who only in youth had any real feeling for music, and now behold want of life and spirit not in themselves, but in the productions of the day. Sohling, knowing that such views of Art are as obstinate and difficult to cure, as any fixed ideas, changed the conversation and asked: "Have you succeeded in getting pupils?" Ida answered in the negative, and he continued: "That is very likely owing to your living so much out of the way. We artists are unfortunately forced for success in our profession to depend upon the favor of the better classes, and must comply with their demands upon us, however much these demands may seem to us as mere prejudices. If you had lodgings in the fashionable part of the town, in some elegant house—"

"I did begin so," interrupted Ida, "but at that time I had lost all the energy and spirit necessary to take the first steps toward becoming known. I stayed at home and had not courage to seek patrons. After waiting some months in vain, I saw the necessity of economy, and so I have hired this room of my washer-woman."

Sohling reflected for a moment, and continued: "If you will grant me your confidence, I will look out better lodgings for you, and procure you at least a moderate amount of employment."

Ida said nothing. She was ashamed to confess, that she had that very day changed her last gold-piece, and that the prospect now was that she must soon pawn her Erard, and after that seek that comfort of which love-sick young people are apt to think so highly,—death, as the best course when no flowery path stretches away before one. Happily, nature has ordered all so wisely, that it is just this necessity, which fastens man with such iron fetters to his despised existence.

Sohling no farther questioned the oddity, who aroused in him rather a feeling of curiosity than of pleasure. He simply requested Ida to allow him to call again so soon as he should have it in his power to propose some reasonable plan for support. Upon leaving her he went at once to a female painter of his acquaintance, who had just lost a sister, and proposed to her in her loneliness to take Ida under her protection. She was ready to do this, and immediately visited Ida to offer her friendship. Ida's natural unwillingness to place herself under obligations to any person, together with the consciousness of the gloomy, discordant state of her feelings, caused her long to refuse the kindness offered; but the representations of Sohling, that her presence would be a benefit to the painter and aid her in bearing the sorrow of her recent loss, prevailed; for she felt that this would be the place for her. She was, like the night, not for the joyful, but loving and gently comforting for those in sorrow.

Her new friends took pains to introduce Ida into such families as agreed with her in her exclusive tastes, or at all events pretended to, for the sake of being considered superfine critics. There were some even, who thought her hardly orthodox enough, because she placed Mozart and Beethoven in rank with Bach and Handel; but most patronized her, because she would play to them with unwearied politeness almost the entire classic repertoire of the last century by heart.

By degrees, too, at the same time, Ida was learning the hypocrisy of this sort of people, who swore by names, but never had caught the spirit of their idols. One day, vexed at the contemptuous terms in which an old professor spoke of Beethoven, whom he had known personally before he became famous, she revenged herself by mystifying him. She played an air from one of Handel's forgotten operas, as a work by Beethoven, and one by the latter as from Handel; the first the critic declared a piece of romantic fog; to the other he remarked: "Ah, so could Handel only write!"

When she told Sohling of the joke, he replied drily: "You could be mystified precisely so, if any one would play certain passages from our best recent works as being by Mozart and Beethoven."

Ida declared this impossible, and Sohling threatened to try it some day. The painter, however, thought it a better means for him to try whether Ida was in fact less prejudiced than the old professor, by playing to her some of the best new compositions without concealing the names of their authors. Ida promised not to shut her heart against what was really good and to honestly prove the music before deciding against it.

Again, her faith had been somewhat shaken by criticisms, which Sohling had brought and read to her from journals printed when Mozart and Beethoven were just coming upon the stage. She heard them accused of superficiality, want of musical idea, and a striving after originality; yet, the delightful Mozart, clear as sunlight, was said to find delight in ear-piercing dissonances, heaped together without taste or beauty, and deceased composers of the third and fourth rank held up to the hero as models of simple and noble style.

"Is n't it precisely as if one were reading some Beethoven fanatic in his assaults upon our living

composers of to-day?" asked Sohling, as Ida looked with astonishment at each old yellow sheet. Ida replied that there was this difference, namely, that the Beethoven fanatic had better grounds for his opinions, and asked, whether there was a single name among the living worthy to be placed by the side of those heroes, whom alone she revered?

Sohling replied that he was far from denying that the six—Bach, Handel, Gluck, Haydn, Mozart, and Beethoven—had thus far achieved the highest; that in their creations, the great by far exceeded the insignificant. "But," added he, "this admission by no means precludes the idea that they all in certain points have been surpassed by others. I find it perfectly right, that you place "Don Juan" much higher than—"Oberon," for instance; but absolutely ridiculous when you go so far in your regard for Mozart as to study carefully the bravair airs of Constance or the Queen of the night, and, at the same time, think it beneath you to cast a glance upon the part of Rezia. Do you not look upon it as a solemn duty to learn all the variations of Beethoven—yes, even those utterly unbearable ones upon "God save the King"—and yet describe Mendelssohn's *Lieder ohne Worte* as mean and insignificant? The flat and insipid humorous pieces by Bach and Mozart, such as variations upon "Liesel and the Coffee," or "Beloved Mandel where is Bandel," you look upon as touching relics. Good; but suppose any living composer had had the childish innocence to publish anything of the sort, you would have thought to yourself: 'Well, that piece is sufficient to show what that man is!' and you would never again have opened a piece of music that bore his name upon the title page."

Ida laughed. "That would be just like condemning some great man because he had happened to make a flat joke over his bottle of wine."

"Not that exactly; but I should condemn his admirers if they should repeat the joke as an oracle for a whole century and put it above all the wisdom of everybody else. All that the great masters demand of us is that we, so far as we really understand their works, should judge them, both in their defects and excellencies, with justice and real insight. But your blind and stupid admirers are just the persons who, if they do not in many cases prevent all progress in Art, yet always retard and delay it. Why, even from the Operas of Mozart, giant steps to what is better and greater are possible, though perhaps they have not yet been taken. Still, the attempts that have been made are sufficient to prove that we are upon the right path. *Don Juan* and *Figaro* I am willing to let stand as exceptions. I would not venture to suppose that a single number in those works could have been better conceived and written by any other composer. But all his other operas have weak passages, and certain numbers of them are far surpassed by analogous passages in the works of Spohr and Weber."

He seated himself at the piano-forte and played the short soldier choruses in *Cosi fan Tutte* and *Idomeneus*, and demanded of Ida her conscientious opinion, whether that in *Jessonda* was not nobler and more full of life. She had to confess it. He went on and called upon her to compare the song of the three boys in the *Magic Flute* with the analogous chorus of Elves in

Oberon. Then he gave passages from the sacred works of Haydn and Mozart, with others from Mendelssohn. He grouped some of the best passages from Spontini with similar ones from Gluck, and Ida was forced to admit that at least they could bear comparison. The two women listened unweariedly until late in the night to the long succession of examples which he played them, and after his departure, Ida seated herself at her instrument to reproduce the finest of the melodies from memory.

A mere Dilettant can, it is true, find food enough to last his lifetime in the works of six composers. But though these be the most select, the soul of one who lives and breathes in tones finally exhausts them. The thirst for that which is new and fresh will arise, and only allows one, who has been reared upon the very best, to separate from the new that which is false or common-place. Such a one can find delight only in that which is noble and worthy to take rank with the models upon which the taste was formed.

Ida's understanding was too clear, her soul too susceptible to the beautiful, not to be soon convinced by the experienced musician that the spirit of song had not merely alighted upon a few chosen individuals, within a short space of time, to make of them an unchangeable constellation, to shine down through an eternal night, but that it is poured out like a fiery stream through all ages, here appearing as a flame, there as a mere spark; and that wherever it appears, is kindled and beams forth as a pure light, it should not be trodden upon and extinguished.

"But you do condemn the modern Italians and their imitators?" asked Ida at her next visit from Sohling.

"Yes, because they represent the false side of Art; and just on the same ground I reject Mozart's air of Sextus, in which a most delicious rondo is joined to a text full of 'despair and the pains of hell.' Abstracted from the text, however, one is delighted in this Rondo with the ravishing unity of melody, harmony and rhythm, while the Italians produce little more than an insipid, flighty melody. Our flute player compares it to water-soup, with a few globules of fat swimming on its surface."

"The comparison is right enough, but rather severe," said the painter. "We should rather call the melody of the modern Italian school a coquettish woman, capable of nothing but light conversation, while our German music gives weight to all the parts, vocal and instrumental, like the conversation of a company of cultivated people."

Conclusion next week.

Infancy the Best Age for Singing.

[From DR. MAINZER'S "Music and Education."]

The earliest age, that of six or seven years, is the most appropriate for learning to sing; voice and ear, so obedient to external impressions, are rapidly developed and improved, defects corrected, and musical capabilities awakened. Experience of many years, and observation of every day's occurrence, have taught, that a considerable proportion of the numerous children with whom we have met, could at first neither sound a single note, nor distinguish one from another; ALL without exception, have acquired ear and voice, and some of them have even become superior in both to their apparently more gifted companions; in others, the very weak or indifferent voices have in a short time become pleasing, strong, clear, and extended.

Children, from five to six years of age, some of them unacquainted with the letters of the alphabet, have learnt to read music, to a considerable ex-

tent, in unison and parts, and to sing, with astonishing precision, imitations and fugues of Hiller, Rink, Fuchs, Telemann, and other great masters. So thoroughly acquainted have they become with the pitch of sound, that, without the least hesitation, the name the notes of which melodious phrases are composed, as soon as sung or played; and it is remarkable, that in this exercise the youngest, and those who had at first to contend with the greatest difficulties, appeared the most acute and ready.

This improvement is more or less rapid. Some children having no ear at first, became awakened to the distinction of sound in a few days, some in a few weeks, and others after months only.

After having seen in a thousand instances, what interest, what intense pleasure children, we might say infants, take in their little singing lessons, after we have seen the astonishing progress they make, we are convinced that, through the medium of such early instruction, musical dispositions may be awakened in a surprising degree. Thus a taste, a true appreciation of this beautiful, innocent, and delightful art may be created at a very early period, and its charming effects extended over a whole existence.

We have seen children whom their parents believed to be totally devoid of any taste or faculty for music, attend singing classes with the most unexpected success. Their interest in music grew, and with it their knowledge and their voice. With several children, a few weeks practice sufficed to change the entire character of their voices, which, though at first weak and indifferent, and of almost no extent, became strong, extended, clear, and, in some cases, of even a fine quality. Such instances are best calculated to dispel the prejudices existing against musical instruction at an early age.

It would be useless, however, to expect such results from individual tuition. We know by experience, that when children are brought together, they imperceptibly impart cheerfulness, and stimulate each other to exertion and activity; thus, the influence of singing upon the ear and voice, and in the health and morals of the pupils, will be increased tenfold, when aided by the participation of numbers in this pleasurable exercise; the delicate and nervous child will gain strength and confidence, and the slow and indolent be roused. Imitation, that powerful spring of human action—the example of their little companions, their progress, and even their mistakes—furnish the teacher with the means of making his lessons more interesting and successful, than he could ever render them by individual tuition, however great his zeal or talent. And so we find, that the children take that intense interest in their lessons which, at their age, is in general only bestowed on play; at home, the influence of singing extends itself to their habits and dispositions, and consequently to their moral character.

With regard to young persons, comparatively less advantages are to be expected than from children. The nerves and muscles to be exercised in singing have no longer the same elasticity; the voice and ear are less flexible; and the teacher has lost that creative power, which he possessed in so high a degree during the period of infancy. Then he could awaken musical faculties, form an ear, call forth a voice, inspire a love for music, and break through every obstacle. If we consider, besides this, that young persons are overwhelmed with varied studies, and cannot have their thoughts so concentrated upon this branch of instruction, we may say, with certainty, that those who have not learned the elements of vocal music before their 10th or 12th year, have lost the most favorable period of their life—a loss which nothing but zeal and perseverance, and particular musical talent, can redeem. Throughout life, the difference between a musician from infancy, and one from mature age, will be visible at a glance. The latter may possess musical knowledge and taste; the former will possess both, with deeper musical feeling, more power, and greater certainty of judgment. In the one, music will be an acquirement; in the other, a feeling, a new sense interwoven with the constitution, a second nature. With children, the teacher has a power of creation; with adults, he is dependent on circumstances; he educates in the one case, in the other he has to amend the defects of education. The errors and prejudices in regard to vocal instruction are so great, that in general it is begun only when it should cease, and when the greatest care of the teacher alone can avert fatal consequences. It must, however, be evident to every intelligent mother, that when the voice changes its scale and character, and assumes another for life, it is no time to begin to sing; on the contrary, this is the time not to sing, or to do it with great care, avoiding every violent exertion; then a voice may be destroyed, not in infancy, when every trial is gain, every exercise is strength.

Besides the physical difficulties, another, not less prejudicial, presents itself; and this is, the defective

musical education which young ladies have previously received in the tedious and mechanical study of the piano. Instead of learning the poetic part of music and its higher bearings, the pupils in general pass year after year in the drudgery of seeking mechanical perfection, hardly even acquiring the exterior form, and never looking below the surface for a thought or the connection of ideas. If, in learning music, it is not the object to learn its meaning, to understand and enjoy the deeper sense hidden under the beauty of the form, it is scarcely worth the trouble, and certainly deserves not, as a mere fashion, the sacrifice of so much labor, and so many of the most interesting moments and best years of life.

Singing is the foundation of all musical education, and ought to precede the study of any instrument. In singing classes, children learn to read at sight, and are made acquainted with the general elements of the art, before their attention is called to the mechanical part of it. Thus prepared, they appreciate and enjoy the study of an instrument, instead of finding it, as is usually the case, tedious and interminable. Years of piano-forte instruction may be spared in following this more rational plan, universally recognized and adopted in Germany, with such practical advantage.

In order to remedy, as far as possible, this kind of musical education, adults will have to begin from the commencement, and pass, though more rapidly than children, over the elementary parts. Notwithstanding the obstacles which scarcity of time for practice, and more hardened natural organs, oppose, they may still attain a considerable facility in reading in parts; the voice may be cultivated, rendered more flexible, and above all, more expressive. The principal object of the teacher must be to draw the attention to the more poetical part of music; to explain the variety of form, the difference of character and style, and the consequent expression in the performance of solo compositions. Thus he may still succeed in imparting, as far as practicable, a thorough knowledge of its theory and practice; and, at the same time, cultivate the taste and judgment that are so indispensable for understanding and enjoying works of art. A deeper feeling of the beauties of music, and a more intellectual penetration of its value, will result from the study of the works of great masters; more serious compositions will thus gain an attraction and a charm, which they did not before possess. Thus we place an elevating element of thought in the room of a trivial and unmeaning amusement, with which so many hitherto have alone been acquainted, and to which they have almost exclusively devoted their time and attention. But whatever be the result at that age, it is unquestionable that all these purposes will be better and more effectually attained by those who have been brought up from their infancy with music, who have known it as the companion of their youth, and to whom it has necessarily become a study, full of interest and attraction, as delightful and consoling as it will be inexhaustible.

Before we approach the examination of the moral influence of music, we conclude by recapitulating the principal heads in the preceding remarks:

1st, The earliest period of life is the best for the cultivation of the musical faculties. The musical organs are then easily developed, and defects corrected.

2d, Instead of being prejudicial to health, singing has been found a powerful means of strengthening the lungs, throat, and chest.

3d, Singing is the foundation of all musical education; it ought to precede the learning of any instrument.

The Power of Music.

Thalberg, on a trip to Niagara shortly after his arrival in this country, stopped at a Temperance Hotel, in Albany, and upon demanding some champagne, what was his astonishment on seeing the round eyes of the Irish waiter open in astonishment.

"I want some champagne," wildly reiterated the great instrumentalist.

"Faix! and is it champagne you are after asking for?" stammered forth the Hibernian.

"Certainly!"

"By my sowl, then, ye can't have it."

"And why?" inquired Thalberg, in astonishment.

"The likes of it, including whisky punch, is not to be had in this hotel."

For a moment the thirsty musician was aghast.

"What can I have, then?"

"Water, tay and coffee."

"Go and send me the proprietor," said Thalberg, "I will speak with him."

"Ye may spake till the day of doom, but ye'll find it of no use," was Pat's muttered observation, as he quitted the room.

In a few moments the landlord entered the apartment. His lips were closely set together and a frown was on his brow. He was evidently astonished that the foreigner should persist in his wish to contravene the rules of the establishment. Meanwhile Thalberg had occupied himself in opening a piano that stood in the room. It was not of the newest class, but was tolerably in tune. As the proprietor of the Temperance hotel entered the chamber he began to play. First the frown gradually vanished from the brow of the landlord—then his lips unclosed, and finally relaxed into a smile. When the artist had concluded, he waited for a word, but none came. Without turning round, he said to himself—

"The man is obstinate. I must try him with something else."

He accordingly began his "Tarantella."

Ere it was half finished he heard the rattling of bottles and glasses on the tables, and wheeled round. Pat had reentered the apartment with bottles of champagne.

"I thought it was not allowed," said Thalberg.

"Faith! and he'll give ye a dozen if ye like it. He says a man who can knock music out of a piano in yer way may get drunk every night if he chooses to. So there it is for ye."

Mr. Punch and the Organ Grinders.

Mr. Disraeli expressed his great grief for the want of a popular tax. We fancy that we can help him to one that will be universally popular. Let him tax all the Italian Boys and Street Musicians. By this means he will either put down a nuisance, or contribute largely to the revenue. Mr. Disraeli's reputation must gain from either contingency. On the one hand, there is glory to himself—on the other, profit to the nation.

The plan is practicable enough. In Germany, every turbaned tambourine girl, every bare-legged white-mice carrier is taxed. The tax, we believe, is about a thaler; or at the utmost, three thalers a year. But in England, considering more money is ground out of the people by these musical torturers, we would have the tax much larger. We would fix it at One Sovereign. This is dirt cheap, when we take into consideration the number of knockers that are tied up throughout the year in the streets of London alone.

Hawkers pay for a license. Then why shouldn't organ carriers? They are only hawkers of music; and why, in the outraged name of Handel, should they be more favored than any other class of hawkers—the Duke of St. Albans, as being a Royal Hawker, perhaps excepted.

Only consider the flood of revenue that would come pouring in from this newly opened Pactolus. We should say that, speaking within bounds, there must be some ten thousand organ boys and men in this monster metropolis, and about twenty thousand more running about the country, persecuting all the harmless villas on the highway that haven't the protection of a dog or a policeman. This makes a clear addition of £30,000 a year to the revenue. Then there are the bands of music that infest Regent Street, and haunt the Haymarket at all hours of the day and night, choosing always some popular public house for the station where to establish their Perambulating Philharmonic Concert. These wandering sons of Orpheus go about in gangs of four or five untutored Koenigs and Paganinis. The Chancellor of the Exchequer, if he has an ear that leans that way, will be sure to meet with them in all the populous neighborhoods, wherever there is a great consumption of spirits and beer.

As a general rule, it may be laid down with safety, and defiance of contradiction, that the poorer the neighborhood, the more musical it is. The Waterloo and Westminster Roads, the Ratcliffe, Highway, Tottenham Court Road, the New Cut, St. Giles', and all the elegant thoroughfares that blaze of a night with the monster lamps of the publicans, are rife with discord. Every member of these bands should be made to pay his annual sovereign for the amount of deafness he contributes to the ears of her Majesty's persecuted subjects.

The same "sovereign remedy" should also be applied to the hordes of Germans, who, of late years, have invaded England in such numerous bands. The impost would not only diminish the noise, which, under the name of music, they make in this country, but might also have the salutary effect of keeping them away from our shores altogether.

For the benefit of our talented Chancellor, we beg to append a rough calculation which we have made of the musical standing army, that has hitherto been supported in England. We now vote that this army be disbanded, (no pun intended!) and that not a blessed flute or ophicleide be allowed to blow a single note until he has previously paid a sovereign for

the blowing of it. We wouldn't even allow Herr Von Joel to come to any of his "larks" until he has previously paid for his whistle. Hitherto the patience of the public has been taxed by these performers. We would now reverse the rule, and let the performers themselves be taxed for playing (and playing so vilely) on the patience of the public.

10,000 Organ Italian men and boys, (in town,)	£10,000
30,000 ditto, ditto, (dotted over the country,)	20,000
2,000 Organ German women, (attending races, &c.,)	2,000
2,000 Tambourine German girls, (to accompany the same,)	2,000
6,000 Banditti of five ruffianly performers, (£1 each,)	30,000
2,500 ditto of three ditto, (at £1 each,)	7,500
1,800 German Bands of 10 performers, (at 10s. each,)	9,000
2,300 Bagpipe Players, (not less than £5 each,)	11,500
30 Clarinet Players, (at £1 each,)	30
15 Horse Organs, (at £10 per organ—too moderate,)	150

Grand total,

Here then would be a clear annual gain of Ninety-Two Thousand Pounds to the Revenue! We have no doubt that it would exceed that amount, for our calculation has been estimated rather under, than above, the truth; besides, our arrangement for the scale of payments has been dictated by the mild voice of charity such as the torturers themselves are scarcely deserving of. For instance, we maintain that £5 for a bag-pipe player is, considering the excruciating cruelty of the torture, ridiculously cheap; and that a small tax of £10 a-year for a horse-organ is infinitely below the amount of mischief it causes every year.

However, here is a pretty little sum of £92,000 a year, which we beg to make a present of to our dear Chancellor of the Exchequer in return for the by-no-means bad Budget he has just thrown into our laps. No one will feel the loss of the above sum. It is merely a tax upon one of the nuisances of society. If the nuisance is not suppressed by the tax, then the revenue gains annually so much by the non-suppression. If it is suppressed, then society gains by the suppression to an amount which only arnists and medical men can calculate. Every person, who has escaped deafness, will be grateful to the Chancellor of the Exchequer. Every wife who comes in for a less share of her husband's irritability, now that one of the most prolific causes of it has been removed, will bless the name of BENJAMIN DISRAELI as that of a domestic benefactor, who has brought peace and quietness into a household, in which there growled and grunted nothing but discord before!

Postscript.—The above sum might be increased at least twofold—that is to say, £184,000—by bringing under the operations of the tax all the ballad-singers, the street psalm-singers, the sailor-singers, the frozen-out gardeners, the false news-criers, and the Manchester weavers, who have "got no work to do." Let Dizzy look to it.

Fine Arts.

For Dwight's Journal of Music.

The Athenæum Exhibition.

VII. OIL PICTURES. (CONTINUED).

The natural element in the landscape by Mrs. Blackburn, No. 100, and catalogued, "Scene on the Coast of Ayrshire," is curiously involved in an illustration of the "curse" of labor that was pronounced upon the primeval Adam, and has ever been the normal inheritance of all his tainted seed. It is difficult to discover any vital pertinency in the application of the scriptural texts inscribed upon the frame of this picture, to this, or any other work of Art. Labor is no curse to us, but on the contrary is a rational blessing; an essential medium for the expression of every form of life, and an absolute condition of our being. The picture is forebodingly painted, and had it been wrought as a simple expression of the scene which gives it a name, would have given us better cause to congratulate Mrs. Blackburn upon the blessedness of her labor, than it now affords.

"Middlemas's interview with his unknown Parents," is the somewhat unpromising theme of a vividly drawn picture by W. L. Windus, No. 143. Mr. Windus evinces considerable clear mastery, and some slovenly treatment of color—the latter in the background and principal shadows—and a power of discriminating, and directness in realizing varied dramatic expression, which render this a very attractive picture, and might effectively be far more nobly employed.

This and the preceding picture I have classed

among the works of the New School, although neither bear more than partial evidence of legitimacy.

The next is an acknowledged child of "truth," but hardly an honor to the family.

An uninteresting bantling in a yellow flannel night-gown, is the most definite description I can make of Arthur Hughes's "Two-and half years Old," No. 108. It is certainly to be regretted, that this alone, of all the works by Mr. Hughes originally contained in the collection, should have come to us. Faith in the excellence of his Art were of much easier attainment in the absence, than in the presence of this picture, which does not possess a single quality that should entitle it to rank amongst works of Art.

In somewhat different terms must I record my impressions of the externally gloomy, unattractive picture by R. W. Chapman, No. 136, bearing the unsuggestive title of "The Lollard discovered." The story is one of religious persecution, and in the choice of time, place, and incident, Mr. Chapman evinces a rare comprehension of the subtler forms of dramatic Art. In the opposition of the calm repose of the young girl, who is quietly working her way into the heart of the proscribed book—to her the book of Life—all unconscious of impending danger, to the threatening aspect of the harsh, bony-featured woman in the back-ground, who, in smothered wrath, mutters her imprecations upon all heretics as she takes the proffered price of her fidelity, and the young girl's betrayal, there is a clear fore-shadowing of physical torture and death which is none the less powerful because her sufferings have not yet commenced. The picture does not ply its chief strength here however, but brings us back to a contemplation of the serene joy of spiritual life, which softens the hard lines in the young girl's face, and invests them with an exalted beauty.

The drawing is very carefully considered, and surely, howsoever delicately rendered, throughout; and I should have no blemish to record, but for the chilling coldness of the flesh, and the general heaviness and opacity of color, which, whether wilful or not, is too marked to be allowed to pass unnoticed. It is possible that this is only another illustration of the fallacious theory entertained by Scheffer and others, that an expression of spiritual exaltation can best be produced by the sacrifice of those qualities of physical beauty pertaining to true, healthy color of flesh, and a substitution of pipe-clay as the true spiritual pigment.

Browning significantly asks:

"Why can't a painter lift each foot in turn,
Left foot and right foot, go a double step,
Make his flesh liker and his soul more like,
Both in their order?"

That Mr. Chapman has not moved thus, is too painfully evident, and the more to be regretted as his grasp of the higher phases of human experience is strong and clear. What he has done, that is nobly worth the doing, is contained in the honest representation of a genuine soul earnest in its own redemption. Comprehensively recognizing its steadfastness of purpose, and the sometime silent force of its manifestations, he has realized it to us with such simple directness, that the motive of his picture becomes our own, and we too, bend forward to the search of a truth that shall newly inform our being, and set us in the path of the absolute life.

There is no other picture in this collection, of equal dignity of subject, possessing such perfect unity of conception, and completeness of realization.

"The Eve of St. Agnes," No. 107, by Wm. Holman Hunt, is a late copy of an earlier picture, which from the fresh fame of the author, who, Mr. Ruskin says, has produced works "that have never been rivalled, in some respects never approached at any other period of Art," rather than from any warranty of that fame which this work contains, forms one of the most interesting features in the exhibition. If

this is an unaltered copy of the original picture, it can bear no adequate testimony of Mr. Hunt's present power, as that was painted ten years ago, when, if report speaks truly, the artist was not "of age."

In itself considered, it is not a strictly just interpretation. The Art that has oppressed the sprawling porter with a drunken sleep and invested the "wakeful blood-hound" with such potency of expression, loses its charm when we turn to the "fair Madeline" who, strongly asserting a verity of neither body nor soul, is yet the most tenderly beautiful creation of Keats's imagination.

The scope of Mr. Hunt's conception is confined to the mere physical fact and circumstance of the elopement. He disregards all emotion save that of fear of detection, and, for a contrast of artificial sentiment, of dull gloom to bright cheer, he introduces the brilliant hall of the "bloated wassailers" (who, if I read rightly, are, ere this, dead asleep), instead setting his strongest light in the enrapt hope of the young lovers, and opposing that to the pitiless storm of "flaw blown sleet," out into which they fled "ages long ago," and a weird echo of whose flight came back as a spell of night-mare upon the house that night, haunting it with strange forms, palsyng the aged Angela, and sending the Beadsmen to an unremembered grave.

The color of the picture challenges some attention for its originality, as also admiration for its partial beauty, especially in the back-ground and draperies, where the play and quality of hue has considerable fascination.

John Brett exhibits "an Azalea," No. 195, in the lap of a child, who, for aught I know, is herself the intended Azalea. In either case, whether we subordinate the Azalea to the child, or the child to the Azalea (both being perfectly compatible with any apparent purpose in the picture) the result is equally uninteresting. The "truth" of this picture is very hard to the senses, and excites some regret that the author had not indulged in a little agreeable prevarication, or more freely exercised the faculty that wrought the cool, pleasant greens, and white hawthorn blooms of the back-ground.

"The Glacier of Rosenlauri" by the same, wears upon its face a challenge to the closest scrutiny, in its presentation of particular and immediate "truth" of form, color, and substance; which, in a general sense, means, accuracy of linear projection; a careful rendering of local tints, and a faithful distinction between bodies of different textures; and it has, I believe, been said, by a person qualified to judge, to well sustain such an examination, and, as an accurate portraiture of the geological characteristics of the scene, to be wholly reliable.

Admitting this, (with some minor reservations,) does it necessarily follow that the truth of this picture constitutes the essential truth of Art?

Is it not possible that it may perfectly serve the demands of science without in any noble sense meeting those of Art?

In so far as the delineation of particular truths pertaining to any scene, may be made to vitalize our impressions of it, it is right and needful, but if these are realized at the expense of the higher, general truths, the result is an abnegation of all artistic truth.

I do not complain that Mr. Brett has wrought the detail of his picture with microscopic fidelity; that he has patiently carved every indentation, and followed every structural or accidental line of the geological formation in its minutest curves; but, that in doing this, he has apparently fulfilled the object of his labor, and made no visible record of those bodiless, immaterial qualities common to all Nature, without which, a picture can have no verity either of representative or imitative Art. Thus, supposing the cliff, forming the prominent feature of the picture, to possess an altitude of 1700 feet above the

mean level of the foreground, what possible sense of such formidable height does Mr. Brett convey to us; or, of the half of it? It is said, that, from the point of view here chosen, the eye traverses over the surface of the glacier through many miles of space; is this realized to us as fully as the ice-worn moraine that lies strewn about the foreground?

Is there any adequate expression of those qualities of sublimity which constitute the animating soul of all such scenes? Turner's vignette illustration of the "Alps at day-break" in Rogers's Poems, affords ample proof that an expression of space may be given fully answering the requisites of sublimity, within the most limited compass; but to Mr. Brett the power has not been given to break down the walls of confinement, and open to our range illimitable areas of space, light, and air. The remarkable purity of pigment, the solidity of the rock painting, (a quality which also fatally envelopes everything else,) and some beautiful rendering of form, in light, and shadow, in the fore-ground, serve to make this a work of much interest; yet I again urge the complaint, that it does not tell us that Nature is sublime, or Art noble.

No. 184, "An English Autumn Afternoon," by Ford Maddox Brown.

Nothing can be more fatal to our enjoyment of a picture, than the presence of qualities calculated to excite a distrust in the sincerity of the artist's motive, and mode of working. In turning from the "Lear" to this landscape, there seems to be a greater disparity in the power of drawing manifested in the two pictures, than a more familiar knowledge of one than of the other class of subjects which Mr. Brown may possess, can possibly account for. A man who can truly draw the action of the human figure, ought surely to be able to indicate the habit of a tree with something approaching to general dignity and truth of expression in the masses, even though he fail in rendering the delicacy and grace of the detail of leafage. It is scarcely to be credited that Mr. Brown can have exercised the integrity of his perception, and power of realizing natural form, in producing such senselessness in the massing and detail of foliage, as characterizes the fore-ground of this work. The confusion of parts extending from the immediate fore-ground out to the open fields of the middle distance, is utterly incomprehensible. Although we may not be able to rightly estimate the distances of a landscape, especially in close masses of foliage, yet the law of gradation obtains here as in open meadows, and we have an intellectual consciousness of space that cannot be disregarded in actual transcription, without virtual falsehood.

The one great merit observable in this work is that of a veracious solidity, a firmness of material qualities which inspires us with a pleasant sense of confidence in its reality; but, in spite of the additional quality of a partial beauty of repose, and a feeling of drowsy, autumnal quiet, pervading the scene, it subordinates noble to ignoble truth, and lacks those qualities of aerial truth and refined power of color, which such a subject especially demands.

MESOS.

Conclusion next week.

Dwight's Journal of Music.

BOSTON, JUNE 19, 1858.

MUSIC IN THIS NUMBER.—This time we give something for a pair of hands, lest we should seem to have forgotten that there are those who only play, as well as those who only sing. Our selections are from Mozart—not, it is true, composed for the Piano, but arranged for it. Perhaps the great worth of the Piano—one available to those who have but moderate skill compared to "pianists" properly so called, lies in its power of translating, or sketching to us

the essential features of great compositions in all forms, somewhat as an engraving represents a painting. If you hear an opera, or a symphony performed by an orchestra, a piano-forte arrangement helps the memory to recall it. And even of a work you never heard it will convey you some idea, at least of its essential genius. To our own mind a peculiar pleasure always is associated with Mozart's *Don Giovanni*, from the fact that we first became acquainted and enamored with its music through a mere piano-forte arrangement, long before we ever heard more than an air or two of the opera sung. And now those of our readers, who may have some little skill upon the instrument, especially if they have heard the opera performed, will find some satisfaction, we doubt not, in playing over the two short extracts we have made here from the Piano-forte arrangement of the entire Opera, as published by Messrs. Ditson & Co.

The first is the Quartet in the first act, where poor, deserted Elvira seeks her betrayer, and appeals to Donna Anna and Ottavio: *Non ti fidar, O misera, &c. . . . te vuol tradir ancor* (Trust him not, O wretched lady; he has betrayed me, he would also betray you). It has been said of it:

In this wonderful Quartet each voice-part is a character, a melody of a distinct genius, and all wrought into a perfect unity. Elvira warns Anna and Ottavio against confiding in this generous looking Don, whose aid they have unwittingly bespoken in their search for the murderer of the first scene (naming himself); Don Juan declares that she is crazy and not to be minded; the others are divided between pity for her and respect for such a gentleman; and all these strands are twisted into one of the finest concerted pieces in all opera. It is one of those peculiar triumphs of opera, which make it so much more dramatic than the spoken drama; for here you have four characters expressing themselves at once, with entire unity of effect, yet with the distinctest individuality. The music makes you instantly clairvoyant to the whole of them; you do not have to wait for one after the other to speak; there is a sort of song-transparency of all at once; the common chord of all their individualities is struck.

Another writer (Oulibicheff) points attention to this striking and beautiful peculiarity in its structure:

The clause contained in the two last measures of this solo, *te vuol tradir ancor*, is the principal *motif*, which must chiefly engage the imagination and the ear. It becomes the *obligato* termination of other and very different verbal clauses; and since the orchestra repeats it every time, new songs begin at this repetition, which thus serves for melody and accompaniment, for the end and the connection of the different voices of the Quartet. . . . And so it ends with the motive clause of the beginning. The flute and clarinet impress it once more *pianissimo* upon the ear, by two chords played *pizzicato*. *Te vuol tradir ancor*. Heed well Elvira's counsel; she gives it to you at her bitter cost.

The second selection is a portion of the serenade scene, where Elvira appears at her window, in the beginning of the second act. The music in itself is exquisite; we have not room to describe the dramatic relations.

College Music.

A Concert under (or almost under) the classic elms of Harvard, of music vocal and instrumental, performed exclusively by students, is a new thing under the sun. We had barely room to say last week that we had attended such a concert, given by the old "Pierian Sodality" and "Harvard Glee Club," in the Lyceum Hall at Cambridge. We had too many pleasant memories connected with the old Sodality, to be able to resist the courteous invitation tendered us in person by the president, upon whose violoncello bass all the harmonious elements now pivot. It was a different affair in our day—a quarter of a century ago. Then we were little better than a flute club (every music-smitten collegian played the German flute as ardently as Mr. Swiveller),—a cloying concentration of mere sweetness,—relieved however by a couple of brave French horns, a bass horn and trombone, and sometimes a bass viol as we called it, and a clarinet; well that the latter ceased

its exhaustive draft upon the lungs in good season, or we should not be here to write about it! The gentlemanly and artistic violin was not then known in college. We had perhaps a dozen members. Music enjoyed no general recognition in the college system. The club existed but by sufferance; and consequently its members did not always feel that they were put upon their good behavior. There were some wild times; but there were periods of splendor, as well as of eclipse in its history. More than once, since that time, it has almost died out; then again some genuine enthusiast or two revived it.

There is a somewhat better state of things in college now. Music is at least beginning to be recognized. The government have gone so far as to appoint an instructor in sacred music, and put the chapel choir in proper training; although we do not learn that said instructor has to do with either of the clubs above named. But certain it is that Music is far more appreciated among the leading minds at Harvard than it ever was before. The musical progress of the community about the college of course exerts an influence there; and some effect undoubtedly is due to the organization among Cambridge graduates, some twenty years since, of the "Harvard Musical Association," which sprang immediately from the old "Sodality." Be this as it may, the concert on Wednesday evening gave evidence of a higher musical culture among the students than past experience led us to expect. The vocal selections were mostly of a high order; and the instrumental pieces, although belonging to the category of "light" music, were such as the occasion and materials required, and showed good skill and taste in treatment. Here is the programme:

1. Nord Stern Quadrilles; Strauss.
2. Serenade: Eisenhofer—Rhine Wine Song; Mendelssohn.
3. In Terra Solo. (Don Sebastiano); Donizetti.
4. Integer Vite.
5. Love; Cherubini.
6. Huntsmen's Farewell; Mendelssohn.
7. Amelie Waltzes; Lumbye.
8. Wecker Aolka. (Ballet of Faust.)
9. Serenade; Baker.
10. Sestette. (Czar and Zimmerman); Lorzhang.
11. Drinking Song; Mendelssohn.
12. Cavalier Song; Boott.
13. Pot-Pouri. (Martha); Flotow.
14. College Songs.—Fair Harvard, with words by Rev. Dr. Gilman. Written for our Bi-Centennial in 1836.

The "Pierians" are no longer a mere flute club; they numbered upon this occasion three good violins (forming the left wing); a cello (worthily presiding in the centre, as we said before, with steady and controlling dignity); two flutes plus one cornet, for the right wing; the whole flanked by a Grand Piano played by four hands—just a nice little orchestra for the graceful Strauss and Lunby waltzes. These were played with a precision, delicacy and spirit, which showed skill enough to master higher kinds of music, with the addition of a few more instruments. It is a good sign that collegians have begun to cultivate the piano and violin. It must of itself lead to study of the more classical schools of music. When the favor in which music is at length regarded by the Academic "powers that be," shall ripen into actual provision for music among the other recognized "humanities," when the Professorship of Music shall be founded, there is no telling with what ardor students will devote themselves to Beethoven and Mendelssohn and Bach and Mozart.

Something in this right direction might be seen already in the performances of the "Glee Club," composed of sixteen voices, who sang the Mendelssohn part-songs, the Latin chorus, &c., wholly without accompaniment, with admirable blending, light and shade, &c.,—quite up to the standard of our German "Orpheus," as we thought, and more uniformly in good tune. The Cherubini Quartet was a beautiful composition, and so finely sung as to be imperatively encored. So in fact were more than half the pieces. It was a most excitable, enthusiastic and responsive audience; neither the students, nor the enthusiastic fair (who with them naturally constitute as

good a mutual admiration society as you will find) appeared to have the least respect for Mr. Panch's diatribes against the "encore swindle."

Well, it was a pleasant evening; like a realizing in one's children some of the fruitless aspirations of his own youth. A gratifying symptom, too, that the young men in College, who were wont to waste themselves in low and sensual indulgences, are learning to find that genial excitement which their natures crave in purer and more wholesome channels. Glee clubs and boat clubs are good alike for body and for soul.

Musical Review.

ERRATUM. In our last mess of reviews the types made us call Bennett's "To Chloe" a "song of wild and tender pathos," instead of *mild*, as we wrote it.

From the piles of new sheet music at our elbow we select the following compositions for the Piano-forte, as worthy of some notice.

(PUBLISHED BY O. DITSON & CO.)

1. Posthumous Works of Chopin. *Last Mazurka* (Op. 68, No. 8); pp. 5.
2. *Le Soupir* (Sehnen und Fragen). J. SCHAD; pp. 5.
3. *Soirées de Paris*, by J. EGGHARD, Op. 37; No. 4. *Nocturne*; pp. 5.
4. *Nocturne*, Op. 31. A. HERZBERG; pp. 5.

1. There is no question of the genuineness of this title. The unfinished *Mazurka* is really the last inspiration of Chopin, "thrown on paper but a little before his death." and when he was too weak to try it over on the piano. It is a work of touching interest, full of delicate, sad beauty, with a certain sick and dreary feeling after finer and more spiritual modulations, almost, them our scale affords. Exquisitely beautiful, and Chopin-like, if somewhat morbid. Unfinished as it is, it is a musical relic to be reverently cherished.

2. We descend into a more common sphere, and yet one not without refinement. The numerous clever little works now published under the names of Nocturne, Berceuse, &c., &c., are so much alike in style, in feeling and in merit, that one can hardly find words for each separately. *Le Soupir* is a kind of pleading and pathetic bass solo, violoncello-like, answered in the treble, and worked up in approved Italian Opera style; quite pleasing.

3. Egghard's *Nocturne* is in the usual six-eight rhythm, a musing melody accompanied by an arpeggio figure rising through the intervals of two or three octaves.

4. The *Nocturne* by Herzberg shows the influence of Chopin, in rhythmical outline, a certain fineness of detail, &c.,—the form without the inspiration. Yet a pleasing piece for young pianists.

From MESSRS. RUSSELL AND FULLER we have:

1. *A Prelude for Piano*, by SEBASTIAN BACH; good of course in every high artistic sense. A light little allegro, in G minor, three-eight measure; one of those fancies in which the old Leipzig Cantor struck a vein much worked in later times by Mendelssohn. It is a piece of 7 pages, capital exercise for light and independent play of all the fingers.
2. *Etude* by FERD. HILLER; pp. 2. An *Andante con espressione*, embodying a strange rhythmic peculiarity, which may puzzle for a while; but the piece is worth mastering.
3. *Nocturne*. F. HARBORDT; pp. 5.
4. *Les Feuilles d'Automne: Idylle*, by G. MARCALLEOU; pp. 5. A very simple, inoffensive *Cantabile Andante*; good practice in the *legato* style.

Music Abroad.

London.

HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE. — (From the *Musical World*, May 23.)

The second performance of *Don Giovanni* confirmed all that had been previously said in favor of Madlle. Titiens' Donna Anna. *Il Traviatore* was repeated on Saturday, and the *Huguenots*, on Tuesday; Madlle. Pocchini appearing as usual in the new ballet, *Fleur des Champs*.

The first performance of *Il Barbiere*, with Alboni as Rosina, took place on Wednesday, the Derby Day, and, in consequence the house was by no means full. Nevertheless, those who did attend were repaid by some of the most exquisite singing ever heard. How Alboni executed Rossini's music we need not insist. Enough that she charmed her hearers from the first note of the performance to the last. "Una voce" and "Dunque io son" were both faultless, and Rode's air, introduced in the lesson scene, created the same sensation as of old, and the last variation was tumultuously encored.

If only good singing were required, Signor Belletti would be one of the very best of Figaros; and as much may be said of Signor Belart in Count Almaviva. Both have wonderful fluency. We never heard the duet "All'idea di quel metallo" more perfectly delivered. Equally good was the trio, "Ah! qual colpo," by Alboni, Signors Belart and Belletti, the last movement of which—"Zitti, Zitti"—was followed by the loud est applause.

We cannot praise the Dr. Bartolo of Signor Rossi, although he sang the reproach to Rosina well; nor the Basilio of Signor

Violetti, whose voice is antipathetic to Rossini's music. Mad. Ghioni deserves a word of commendation for her reading of the quaint air, "Cerca Moglie," which, nevertheless, she spoiled by an ill-judged cadence at the end.

The second act of *La Figlia* followed, with Madlle. Piccolomini, Signor Belart and Signor Violetti; and the entertainments concluded with the divertissement, *Calisto*.

On Thursday *Don Giovanni* was given for the third time, with *Fleur des Champs*.

Last evening *Il Trovatore* with *Fleur-des-Champs*.

May 29.—On Saturday the *Traviata* was given, together with the divertissement, *Fleur-des-Champs*.

On Tuesday, *Don Giovanni*, with *Fleur-des-Champs*.

On Thursday, *Il Trovatore* with *Calisto*.

To night the *Nozze de Figaro* will be produced, with Madlle. Titians as the Countess; Madlle. Piccolomini, Susanna; Madlle. Ortolani, Cherubino; Signor Beneventano, Count Almaviva; Signor Belletti, Figaro; Signor Belart, Basilio; Signor Castelli, Antonio; and Signor Rossi, Bartolo. Madlle. Marie Taglioni makes her first appearance this season in a new ballet, entitled *La Reine des Songes*: so that the performances will be more than usually attractive.

Verdi's Opera, *Luisa Miller*, is in active preparation for Madlle. Piccolomini, and will be produced on Tuesday, June 8th.

A morning performance takes place on Monday, when *Don Giovanni* will be given, with a ballet, in which Madlles. Pocchini and Marie Taglioni will appear.

NEW PHILHARMONIC SOCIETY.—At the third concert the first part of the programme was all from Mendelssohn: viz. Overture: "Fingal's Cave": Aria: *Infelice* (sung by Mme. Castellan); Piano Concerto in G minor, played from memory by Mme. Szaryady (Wilhelmina Clauss); Duet from the *Lobgesang* (Castellan and Herr Reichart); Air: "If with all your heart"; and Symphony in A. The second part contained Beethoven's overture to "King Stephen" and Weber's to "Preciosa"; Rode's Variations, sung; Piano Solos from Chopin, &c.

ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA.—Mme. BOSIO made her first appearance for the season, May 22, in *La Traviata*; Sig. Gardoni was the Alfredo, Graziani the elder Germont; Polonini, Tagliafico and Zelger in the subordinate parts. Bosio was in splendid voice and sang with all her usual brilliancy, while in acting she is said to have made a great advance. The *Huguenots* was to follow, for the sixth time this season. RONCONI and FORMES were expected in a few days—vainly in the case of Formes, if the report of his Strakosch engagement in our Western States be true.

The fourth PHILHARMONIC CONCERT was "one of the most magnificent concerts ever given." Two Symphonies: Mozart's in G minor, and Beethoven's in F, No. 8; two overtures: Spohr's to *Jessonda*, and Cherubini's to *Faniska*; then Joachim again, who played Mendelssohn's Concerto, and Bach's Sonata, with fugue, for Violin solo; and then for a singer, Miss Louisa Pyne, who sang *Vedrai Carino*, and an air by Pacini.

Musical Correspondence.

PHILADELPHIA, JUNE 15.—Since the memorable period when that ancient foggy, William Penn, held famous treaty with the Indians, under the wide-spreading oak from the site whereof now radiate the bustling streets of Kensington, there has not been known a stagnation in musical matters, like the present. Not so much as a mocking-bird chirping from the window of a spinster. MUSARD (do you recollect my prediction?) has incontinently "caved;" the GERMANIA no longer charms the senses of the *beau monde* at the Musical Fund Hall; and the Music Stores liken unto those "banquet halls deserted," whereof discourseth the inspired poet. There is, in point of fact, nothing left us but Lager Beer, and the subterranean concerts, which have made beverage popular. When these caravanserais were first established, they were patronized exclusively by phlegmatic Germans, who loved to chat away the fleeting hours of the night over a genial mug of beer, and to discuss sagely the politics of the Vaterland.

Soon after, however, "Young America" conceived a passion for a snug tête-à-tête at the small square tables, entered the territory à la *fillibuster*, and absorbed every square inch of ground. When the Falstaffian proprietors marked the change, they shaped their ends accordingly, and altered the character of their nightly concerts.

Herr Backenbart, the violinist, and Frau Sauerbier, vocalist, received their passports, and their places were tendered to Gumbo Chaff and Paddy Miles. Thus, too, Schubert and Abt gave way to Stephen C. Foster and Samuel Lover. Some nights since, I entered one of these subterranean Concert Halls, to gratify a pre-conceived curiosity. The fumes of segar smoke, whiskey and beer filled the long, narrow saloon to suffocation, and cost me a fit of coughing as I descended the steps. Far off at the other end, enshrouded in a dense halo, (upon a rickety platform stood a female,) singing, "T'were vain to tell thee all I feel." Heaven save the mark! Here was "God's best gift to man" vocalizing to a congregation of heterogenous reprobates, who passed from tongue to tongue the most palpable obscenities within her very hearing.

Blush with me for human nature, most worthy journal! Then followed Paddy Miles, who chanted forth a refrain about a certain "broth of a boy, and his love for one Mistress Gollogher" and swung a formidable shillelagh around his brick-top head every time the chorus joined in. Hereupon a sallow Italian, redolent of maccaroni and tobacco, mounted the platform and performed the stereotyped "Carnival of Venice," with five new variations. This artist enjoyed a wild encore, and when, to oblige his critical audience, he struck suddenly into "Yankee Doodle," the confusion became so intense as to cause all the beer mugs to vibrate upon the tables. After all this followed a farce, with diminutive scenery, but I did not remain, for I was well nigh stifled.

This sort of musical entertainment is all which remains to us since the collapse of Mons. Musard and his Philadelphia Orchestra. Let those whose tastes prove sufficiently depraved, patronize these undercurrents to legitimate amusements.

FORMES has sung four times during the past week. His rendition of such morecanx as *In diesen Heiligen Hallen*, and the *Wanderer*, by Schubert, should have rescued Musard; but the inordinate heat of the weather and the extraordinary stupidity of every feature of the concerts with which the name of the great Basso was not coupled, rendered salvation impossible.

MARRICO.

BROOKLYN, N. Y., JUNE 15.—The Grand Floral and Musical Entertainment spoken of some months ago, is announced to come off on the 24th June, at the Athenæum.... The Summer Exhibition of the Brooklyn Horticultural Society will take place on the 22d and 23d, and the "Grand Floral Promenade Concert," as it is announced, on the following evening. Hall's Seventh Regiment Band are to "do" the music for the occasion. This is the largest, and by many it is considered the best Military Band in the country, but "comparisons are odorous," and it is quite unnecessary to say anything on that point, as either the Seventh Regiment or our own Dods-worth's Band will do in case of emergency.

The following is the Programme, as announced:

1. Overture—*La fille du Regiment*, String Band; Donizetti.
2. Aria—*From Robert Le Diable*, String Band; Meyerbeer.
3. Chorus—*From Templar and Judin*, Military Band; Marschner.
4. Duet—*From William Tell*, String Band; Rossini.
5. Overture—*Stradella*, String Band; Flotow.
6. Aria—*From Bellisario*, Military Band; Donizetti.
7. Prayer—*From William Tell*, [Solo for Oboe; Clarinet and Cornet c.] Rossini.
8. Duet—*Lucia di Lammermoor*, String Band; Donizetti.
9. Chorus—*Tannhauser*, Military Band; R. Wagner.
10. Grand Floral Festival March, Military Band; Brannes.

The Committee of Arrangements is composed of about seventy of our most enterprising and wealthy citizens. The "Flora McFlimsey's" are in ecstasies; such a splendid opportunity to show that new "love of a hat" and that superb "one hundred dollar robe" just from Stuart's. The affair promises to be something well worth seeing. No expense or labor will be spared to render it an occasion worthy to be remembered. The committee in their announcement say: "The Floral Designs, Statuary, and other Dec-

orations, will surpass anything of the kind which has ever been attempted here."

In New York, at the Academy, the Opera goes on swimmingly, showing how much better it is to have all the principal artists interested in the pecuniary success of so large an enterprise as an opera, than to pay them a certain sum in any event, leaving the result to be worked out by other parties who are interested only in its pecuniary success. Whenever we have had Italian Opera given on this plan, it has been more successful than in any other way. It may be impracticable, because of the impossibility in the way of getting a sufficient number of artists to unite on such common ground. But this objection removed, the chances of success are ten to one in favor of the plan now in operation at the Academy.

A gentleman who has just arrived from London says that Mr. GEORGE LOBER will visit America this fall, with an English Opera company; Mrs. LUCY ESCOTT, Soprano, HENRY SQUIRES, Tenore, &c. From the flattering accounts received here of the success of Mrs. Escott and Mr. Squires since their first appearance in Italy some three years ago, their return to us is looked for with no little interest.

BELLINI.

Musical Chit-Chat.

BOSTON MUSIC HALL ASSOCIATION.—The annual meeting of this association was held at the Music Hall on Wednesday of last week, the President, J. B. Upham, Esq., in the chair. From the annual report of the Treasurer, it appears that the total receipts for the year have amounted to \$5,864 15, and the total expenditures to \$7,458 24, leaving a balance of \$1,405 91. The following Board of Directors was elected for the ensuing year: J. B. Upham, J. M. Fessenden, George Derby, H. W. Pickering, Eben Dale, E. D. Brigham, and J. P. Putnam.

The *Atlantic Monthly* for July is bright and early in our hands, and ready for delivery this day. The sight of it is always good as good music to the soul. The contents of the new number seem as rich and individual as ever, the "Autocrat" included. We have yet, in duty to ourselves, to pay our respects to the Magazine of our times in full.

The following remarks of the New York *Musical Review* about the popular nonsense of "Old Folks' Music," are pertinent and true:

A Mr. Kendall, of Fulton, N. Y., is so much interested in "Old Folks' Music" (so-called) that he invites a gathering of all such as desire "to sing some of those good old tunes and words which so often cheered and animated the hearts of the Pilgrim Fathers and Mothers amid the toils, sufferings, and privations through which they were called to pass in the early settlement of our country." Now while we would by no means insist that Mr. Kendall should possess sufficient taste to perceive that the so-called "old folks' music" is not "good old tunes," we do claim that he has no right to be so ignorant of history as to couple this trash with the Pilgrim Fathers. Had he ventured upon saluting their ears with any such stuff, the chances are that the "toils, sufferings, and privations" would have been on his side, as he would undoubtedly have made a close acquaintance with the whipping-post. The Pilgrim Fathers set their faces resolutely against any trifling with or burlesquing of religious matters. No, Mr. Kendall, a very little reading of the musical history of the country would have taught you that your "good old tunes" date no further back than the commencement of the Revolutionary War; a very good and patriotic time indeed, but certainly not very musical. William Billings, the arch "fuguer" of them all, born in 1749, and publishing his first book in 1770, was for all we know, a very estimable man, as he certainly was a warm patriot; but he knew about as much of the laws of harmony and musical composition, as did Maelzel's automaton trumpeter, or as does that street-organ which is grinding out *Casta Diva* as we write. But we did not intend to disparage Mr. Billings, when we commenced, who after all only followed some very bad examples set him from over the water, just about that time; we only wish to enter our decided protest against the further continuance of any such anachronism as the coupling of continental harmony or old folk's music, whether in or out of costume, with the Pilgrim Fathers.

The "Barber of Seville," in English, has lately been performed at Louisville, Ky.; Miss DURAND doing the Rosina, and Miss Hodson, a deep contralto, the tenor part of Almaviva!... Mozart's *Nozze di Figaro*, after an interval of twenty years, has been brought out at the Theatre Lyrique in Paris, and with immense success.... It is stated that the Emperor Alexander has decreed the establishment of nineteen theatres in the principal towns of Great Russia, of four in Little Russia, four in the Baltic Provinces, five in Kasan, three in Astrakan, five in Southern Russia, eight in Western Russia, Finland and Siberia, five in Poland, and others in great towns where none already exist. They are to receive government subventions, and perform chiefly operas, in which foreigners and natives may figure.... An unpublished one-act "Opera Buffo," by Donizetti, called *Rita*, has been discovered, and pronounced authentic by a learned committee of musical Frenchmen.

The Natick (Mass.) *Observer* gives us a "notice" which we copy, in the hope that its suggestions may have influence in other places. Natick has done nobly, and has already sent the *twenty subscribers* aimed at in the notice. Any town which has one live and active friend of music in it, may and ought to do as much for the support of a musical paper, and thereby for the promotion of its own musical culture:

This paper, originally established by John S. Dwight, at the urgent request of many of the leading musical people of Boston and its vicinity, who had long known that gentleman's peculiar fitness for the position of editor of a musical periodical, is now in its seventh year. At the beginning of the present volume, its publication was assumed by the well-known firm of "Ditson & Co.," leaving Mr. Dwight free to devote all his time and energies to the editorial department. It will be seen that for the purpose of extending the sphere of its usefulness, Mr. Ditson offers it to clubs of twenty subscribers for the small sum of \$25, or \$1.25 each!

Considering that eight pages of reading matter and four of music are given in each number, it is evident that the mere cost of printing cannot be covered by the subscription. We can assure our readers that no Art-Journal in the world is offered so cheaply as this.

An effort is now making to form a club in Natick, of at least twenty subscribers, and we hope most sincerely, that it will prove successful. At the end of the year each subscriber will have some four hundred quarto pages of musical reading, and more than two hundred pages of music, so paged that each may be bound separately.

It may be interesting to many, to know that our townsman, A. W. Thayer, expects to be in Europe before the summer is over, and that he will correspond with the paper, giving his impressions of music and art in the countries which he will visit. Among the topics, which will be the subjects of his letters, are, Operas, Oratorios, Concerts, the performances of the most celebrated Bands of the Prussian and Austrian army, music as taught in schools, and the like.

It may be thought that the music which is published in the Journal is too difficult for us, in the country. Difficulty is a merely relative term; that which at first seems unconquerable soon becomes easy, by proper practice, and we should think very meanly of our Natick Musical Association, if we doubted its ability, under any competent leader, to sing after adequate rehearsals, the beautiful works by Mendelssohn and Schubert, which have already graced the columns of this volume of the Journal of Music.

We look forward to the time when singing societies in our various towns, shall have an annual festival; one year here perhaps, another in Holliston, or Milford, &c., as the case may be, upon which occasions these beautiful works would form the most attractive features, after the grand Oratorio, which of course is above all.

P. S.—those who wish to subscribe for the journal spoken of above, can leave their names at this office.

The Germans in New York are building a new theatre in the Bowery; the German importers are a wealthy and well-educated class, and able, no doubt, to support another opera house.... We read that the libretto of a new opera, from the pen of a highly accomplished New York lady, has just been completed, founded on incidents taken from the history and peculiar religious customs of Hindostan, and to be entitled "Lackémi." The only feature of the work as a musical composition, apart from the merits of the libretto, will consist in the adaptation and use

of the choicest morceaux of the great masters, Rossini, Bellini, and others, systematically arranged and dove-tailed, so as to resemble a continuous work.

One of the Paris letter-writers says of MARIO: "He has refused to sign an engagement with the Italian Opera for the next season. His reason, as given in a letter to one of his friends in Paris, is that here his expenses are enormous. He says that his salary for the seven months of last season was one hundred and five thousand francs, and that he spent *one hundred and thirty-five thousand!* If the due of Candia spends as much for other articles of the toilet as he does for kid gloves, of which it is said he puts on several new pairs every day, never wearing one pair twice, there is no doubt his expenses are what he states. He is now in his villa of Florence, where he has collected treasures of art that do honor to his taste."

The Association of Amateurs and Musicians of Rhenish Prussia were to hold their 36th grand annual festival at Cologne, on the 23d, 24th and 25th of May. The performances were to take place in the newly-restored Gürzenich hall. There were to be 286 female and 233 male singers, and 148 instrumental performers—in all 667. Ferdinand Hiller was to be the director, and an oratorio of his, called *Saul*, was to be produced, together with works of Bach, Gluck, Mendelssohn, Beethoven and others. . . . The grand musical festival of the Swiss Confederation is to be held this year in Zurich, where they are constructing an immense hall to accommodate 4000 singers and 6000 auditors.

In the last act of Henry VIII., at the Boston Theatre last week, while the dying scene of Queen Catharine was so strikingly represented by Miss CURSMAN, Handel's sacred song: "Angels ever bright and fair" was sung behind the scenes by Mrs. HARWOOD, and in a highly artistic and expressive manner which delighted everybody. . . . The music-lovers herabouts will be very glad to learn that Mrs. J. H. LONG will not leave Boston for the present, nor is there any probability that she will do so in another season. . . . Mrs. E. A. WENTWORTH was by last accounts in Rome. . . . Intelligence has been received from Caracas, that Signora AGRILSE NATALE (known in Philadelphia as Miss AGNESE HERON) had made a successful debut in Italian opera in the *Trovatore*. The part of the Gypsy was sung Mme. ALDINI; of Count di Luna by MORELLI; of Manrico by GIANNONI, and of Fernando by ROCCO. Miss FANNY HERON (Signora Francesca Natale) was to appear in *La Figlia del Reggimento* and the *Traviata*, and the two sisters in *Linda*.

The Grand Musical Festival, in which nearly all the instrumental performers in New York are concerned, is announced to take place at the Academy of Music on the 27th inst. Among the participants will be the members of the Philharmonic Society, the Italian Opera, the orchestra of the city theatres, the various bands, &c., forming an orchestra of over three hundred performers. Beethoven's "Choral Symphony" will be performed, CARL ANSCHUTZ conducting, and Mmes. CARADORI and ZIMMERMANN, HERR FORMES and Mr. SIMPSON sustaining the vocal solos, with a chorus of 300 singers. This will be followed on the next day by a Pic-nic, Concert and Ball. The proceeds to be devoted to purposes of charity. . . . The opera advertisement in the New York papers states that Mme. GAZZANIGA is engaged at Madrid, which will "prevent the continuation of the summer season beyond the 30th inst," and furthermore that "she is admitted by the entire press, &c., &c., to be the *greatest dramatic lyric artiste* that has yet visited America." From the same interesting card we get the comforting assurance that *Il Trovatore* would be performed "most positively the last time" on Monday, June 14.

Special Notices.

DESCRIPTIVE LIST OF THE

LATEST MUSIC,

Published by O. Ditson & Co.

Vocal, with Piano.

Battle of Lexington. Song. *L. Heath.* 30

The thrilling Poem of Oliver Wendell Holmes, which bears this name, has already won for itself a high place among the young and vigorous growth which we call our own national literature. It needed the hand of the musician to introduce it to the Homes and Hearts of the People. The Composer of the "Grave of Bonaparte" has taken the task upon himself. If a melody of a highly impressive character, warming from stern simplicity into dramatic fire and pathos, fitting exactly to the poem throughout, can insure success, then his Song will be a Household Song ere long.

Thy name I softly murmur. (Immortelle.) *Kucken* 25

With English and German words. A Love Song, tender and passionate in turns. One of Kucken's best.

Clemie Gay. *H. Aug. Pond.* 25

Childhood's happy home. *H. Aug. Pond.* 25

Simple songs for the young, well arranged.

Instrumental.

Chopin's Last Mazurka. 25

Although not the best of the "Posthumous works" of this sensitive musical mind, it is one of the most characteristic, and a dear relic of the master whose tide of life was already ebbing low, when he penned this Mazurka. He had never strength enough afterwards, to try it on the piano. It is even, through a melancholy whim of the dying composer, "Scorza Fice."—Other of Chopin's posthumous works will follow.

La Saison de Londres. Valse brillante. *Tedesco.* 25

This composition bears the stamp of decided originality, and has a melodious flow and spirits, which is not excelled by any of the more youthful works of the now veteran composer. As a "Valse de Salon" it answers all purposes. It is brilliant, melodious and piquant.

Evergreen Polka. *Conner.* 25

Rippling Schottisch. *H. Aug. Pond.* 25

Gen. Havelock's Grand Triumphal March. *Jullien.* 25

Sleigh Bell Waltz. *Brieker.* 25

Peach blow Schottisch. *H. Aug. Pond.* 25

Overture "Zampa" for Four Performers on two Pianos, arranged by *Lattenburg.* 1,50

Has long been eagerly looked for and will prove a valuable addition to the works of a similar kind already issued, viz., Overtures Tell and Fra Diavolo.

Mazurka élégante. *Lefebvre-Wely.* 25

A very graceful late composition of the favorite author. Rather easy.

Showers of Gold. Reverie Romance from Balfe's "Bohemian Girl." *King.* 30

This is a fascinating arrangement or Transcription of that exquisite little melody of Balfe's, to the words: "I dream that I dwell in marble halls." The arrangement is in the favorite Tremolo style and done with so much nicety and taste, that this may justly be considered the "Pearl of Tremolos." Moderately difficult.

Books.

ONE HUNDRED SONGS OF SCOTLAND, Music and Words. 50

This collection embraces all the popular Scotch Melodies, with poetry by Robert Burns, Allan Ramsay, James Hogg, Walter Scott, Robert Tannahill, and others, and is the most complete compilation of the kind published. Scottish airs possess little claim to technical art; but are decidedly characteristic, and unlike the compositions of any other country. There is a tone of quaint humor, and a touching, yet agreeable, melancholy in most of them, and they eloquently express the varying emotions of the human mind; whether of tenderness, joy, grief, love, or hate. What comes from the heart generally goes to the heart, and many of them originated in the love of the chiefs, the return of some wanderer, the birth of an heir, the settlement of a quarrel, or the inspirations of the sombre and majestic scenery of the mountains. They exhibit a strong love of pastoral life, and a fine appreciation of whatever was simple and beautiful in nature.

The native words, which were originally sung to the ancient melodies, have long faded away and many unmeaning verses, which up to the end of the last century possessed some of the finest melodies, have been supplanted by new and appropriate words. The verses which are now most popular are chiefly the production of a comparatively modern period, and, in connection with the Melodies, are presented in this volume in a neat, convenient and durable form, and at a price conformable to the means of all.

Dwight's Journal of Music.

WHOLE No. 325.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, JUNE 26, 1858.

VOL. XIII. No. 13.

Dream Land.

From the pages of an English Magazine, where it appeared anonymously:

Where sullen rivers weep
Their waves into the deep,
She sleeps a charmed sleep,
Awake her not.

Led by a single star
She came from very far,
To seek where shadows are
Her pleasant lot.

She left the rosy morn,
She left the fields of corn,
For twilight cold and lorn,
And water springs.
Through sleep as through a veil,
She sees the sky look pale,
And hears the nightingale,
That sadly sings.

Rest, rest, a perfect rest,
Shed over brow and breast;
Her face is towards the west,
The purple land.

She cannot see the grain
Ripening on hill and plain;
She cannot see the rain
Upon her hand.

Rest, rest for evermore
Upon a mossy shore,
Rest, rest, that shall endure,
Till time shall cease;—
Sleep that no pain shall wake,
Night that no morn shall break,
Till joy shall overtake
Her perfect peace.

[Translated for this Journal.]

Musical Orthodoxy.

From the German of MME. JOHANNA KINKEL.

(Concluded from page 91.)

Similar conversations, based upon the music which they performed together, took place between Sohling and the two women two or three times a week. Ida's quickness of understanding, which fast developed itself as she overcame her prejudices more and more, interested Sohling greatly. Her witty vein re-appeared, though somewhat chastened by her secret sorrow. But this was to her advantage, for her natural excitability, far too great, needed a restraint. By degrees with internal peace returned her bloom, and she was compelled to acknowledge to herself that she was no longer so very miserable, though, with the obstinacy of girls of her age, she *would* never be happy again!

The painter, a woman of wide culture, had very soon seen that Ida had but little education except in music. Her questions, when they had been together in the picture gallery, or when any book of high character had fallen into her hands, showed how little she had read and how little, her mind always occupied by tones, she had noticed what was around her. She might pass a remarkable building or a statue a hundred times, and yet carry off no definite idea of its separate features in her memory.

In a conversation with Ida, the painter has spoken of it as one of Sohling's highest recommendations, that he was not a mere mechanical musician, adding:

"One learns so much from him, because he is not confined to mere technical methods of explaining himself to unmusical people, as others are, but because through his manifold culture, a thousand analogies are at his command, and he is enabled to find, in the case of each individual, right point of approach to his understanding. For example if you knew as much about the ancients as he does, you would be far better able to place your idol Gluck in the proper light before the musical laity. No man of culture, who had read Sophocles, would remain in love with operatic music of a low order, if you were able to show him a dramatic truth and force in music equal to that in the Greek drama."

At an exhibition, would the painter stand with delight before a capital old picture, which from its darkened colors seemed to Ida gloomy and tedious to look upon, and to which she by far preferred a young noble, painted in the style of the older Düsseldorf school. "And yet," said the painter, "you are offended because the musically uninformed hear Donizetti rather than Sebastian Bach! Here you have the spirit of each as he would have shown it in color!"

A year of such intercourse was sufficient to awaken in Ida the liveliest desire for mental improvement. She felt it her duty to give not a single hour more to her profession, than was necessary to supply her necessities. The rest of her time was devoted to study. She entered into and breathed the atmosphere of the great poets of her fatherland, and with the clear insight into artistic form as displayed in language, grew up in her the comprehension and appreciation of the lyrical in music, of the epic elements of the Symphony. Her mind opened itself to color and form, and as she became familiar with history, her fancy found new life and nourishment in old national poetry.

By this time, Sohling began to find himself as much quickened and intellectually excited, by conversation with her, and as much indebted to the activity of her mind for new ideas, as she had been formerly to his. He began to prefer her company to all other, although not the slightest spark of passion for her had entered his heart. He never experienced, when with her, anything of that dreamy state, so favorable to love. Her mind was too active to allow a young man opportunity to say to himself: "Here art thou late at night with a pretty girl alone!"

Twilight often came without notice from them, and instead of lamps shone the moon and stars into the room. The lindens in blossom out on the public square sent their fragrance into the room and the fountains plashed pleasantly below. But still no feeling of tenderness found place, which might be the bridge from heart to heart. There were no moments of silence, and a thousand topics remained untouched when they parted.

The habit of being so much together had long since banished the stiff forms of north German society from their intercourse; their relations to each other were much the same as those of two friends of the same sex, who have no secrets from each other, not even in matters of the heart.

Sohling had often wondered at her sudden change of the conversation, when he happened to speak of Selvar's family. Her emotion during his first visit and her refusal to add a note to his letter to Selvar, again recurred to his memory. At a later period it had occurred to him that possibly there might be some love affair in the case, but he never dreamed of the real person, believing, as young men generally do—even such as are not particularly vain—that a man can only be dangerous to the peace of a girl when in his best years, say from twenty to thirty.

He had therefore spoken freely of the "old Count" and told anecdotes of him, which so far as he knew were perfectly harmless, and which yet tore open the hardly cicatrized wounds in his listener's heart.

On such an occasion at length, when Ida could no longer hide her tears, she had made the young man the confidant of her secret. Her heart opened to him, like a raging volcano, and the current of passionate agony spread over the flowery garden picture, which Sohling had painted to himself of her life and labors.

Such love to a frosty gray-headed man was beyond his comprehension; still he was interested in the power and truth with which she described her emotions, so different from anything he had ever heard from the women of the great city. Ida felt ashamed of herself the next hour for having thus laid bare the secret of her heart; but her shame was overbalanced by her secret pleasure at having at length found one, with whom she could speak freely, who also had once lived in Selvar's family. She labored hard to save her recollections of the Count from that inevitable fading away, which is sure to overtake at last a love, which has its seat mainly in the fancy, and is separated from its object.

Sohling had a similar dark point in his past history, and returned Ida's confidence by relating it. He had been in love with a beautiful pupil of rank, who was endowed with a magnificent voice and real talent. Just returned from a Parisian school, the young coquette had taken pleasure in playing over the part with the music-teacher, which she in the winter hoped to perform at Court. The mother had no objection to the girl's having a little practice in love-making with so harmless an individual, in order to be the better prepared and not seem too awkward and at a loss, when more serious cases should arise.

Sohling thought himself for a long time the first love of a pure maiden soul; with bitter self-denial, he ruled his feelings in her presence, feeling the utter hopelessness of his wishes. But the little coquette knew well how, by her appar-

ent simplicity, to lead him to some new expression of his passion, until at length the kindness of the girl and the calmness of the mother really deceived him into the idea of the possibility of obtaining her. After he had thus been kept along for some months, the innocent child married an old miser, whose ugliness of person was only exceeded by his stupidity.

Sohling was not so weak, as to cherish his passion; his heart was so suddenly cooled that he lived on for some years, without engaging in any new adventure.

The two artists now went calmly on their course of life together, with full assurance of safety in this respect; he, because he had become too indifferent to women to fall in love again; she, because her lasting sorrow for Selvar was a talisman, which defended her heart as with triple mail. Neither of them thought to inquire, why an evening passed in other society, even in the most intellectual, seemed to them both far emptier and less enjoyable, than a quiet interview in the dwelling of the painter. If Ida was not present at a concert, he directed with not half his usual ambition; if she waited in vain for him at the usual hour, she lost her composure and could find no rest either at her piano-forte or book.

A long cherished wish of Sohling was unexpectedly fulfilled. In a small, but very refined city, a music director was wanted, who at the same time should have charge of a fine theatre, and conduct an excellent musical association. Sohling applied for the place and obtained it over several men of high merit.

He hastened with the news to Ida, who turned pale and became of a sudden very sad and melancholy. The painter expressed her surprise in words. She wished him success, at the same time, honestly complaining of the solitude, which his removal from the city would bring upon her.

Sohling was ashamed of himself, that in his joy he had quite overlooked this. His heart was warm and faithful. He now felt what pain would necessarily accompany his farewell. "And worst of all, you will miss her!" said something within him as he glanced at Ida, whose eyes fell beneath his gaze. She had never seemed to him so loveable as in this quiet, retiring sorrow. His heart beat restlessly; he sighed and thought what a blind and foolish stroke of fortune it was that she had not rather loved him than Selvar!

It was necessary for him to hasten his departure, and he could give but passing moments to his friends. After each of these Ida's state of mind was more and more an enigma to herself. She felt oppressed; in his society she lost the power of conversation, and he appeared to suffer from some unknown cause of melancholy. The last evening had come. "Sing me once more," said he, "one of Beethoven's Scottish songs. You know my favorite: 'Enchantress, farewell!'"

The look which he gave her, was something to Ida strange, and one from which she at the moment shrank. The sweet melody melted her heart. He was indeed her friend, her brother, who now was to depart; he, before whom her stormy nature was all revealed, and who had allowed her to look down into the depths of his own mild and peaceful heart. She began the song; but from the depths of nature came the fast-flowing tears, and at the passage:

"O nur ein zärtlich Herz
Das Liebe will brechen,
Versteht meine Qual, dass Ich dich nicht mehr seh—"

her eyes grew dark, not another tone would come; she suddenly ceased and turned her head away. "Heavens! is it possible," said her heart, "I love him, and him alone!"

Sohling sat for a time beside her in silence, then rose and gently spoke her name. She regained her composure, and rising looked him again in the face. He tried in vain to speak the harsh, sad word, "farewell!"—it would not pass his lips. Forgetting himself entirely, he threw his arms about her, her head rested for a moment upon his breast, then followed a single kiss. She struggled to free herself, he held her fast, pressed her stormily to his bosom, and at length found words: "I cannot leave thee, Ida, I am wretched, for I love thee, thee only, and knew it not."

Ida could not speak. For some moments she stood with his head resting upon her shoulder, then withdrew, and placing her hand in his, said all in a look.

Sohling's departure was necessarily deferred for some days; for the problem of affection which they had just solved gave them more topics for conversation, than even music in their earlier intercourse, and topics, which they discussed as unweariedly as their Christmas gifts in childhood. For a time, Art—yes, all the world was forgotten, until the painter reminded them that greater preparations were necessary for a married pair's house-keeping than for that of a bachelor. Fortunate for them that she took this task upon herself, for they were just then too far above all the prose of life to be able to engage in details of business.

Ten years had passed since Ida's flight from Waldheim. Selvar's sister had been dead some years, and he was very much altered in person, if not in his tastes. His daughter and her husband, who was a Russo-German, had been obliged to obey the Czar's mandate at last, and return to their domain. Thus Selvar, who had no female relative to do the honors of his house, was left lonely at home. He made up for the stillness, which now reigned in Waldheim, in part by frequent journeys.

This summer he had even tired of the theatre; there was no new play, no interesting "star." So he made up his mind to visit his daughter. Upon his journey he stopped one day to rest himself in a city in central Germany, which lay in a lonely part of the country, and, as the new buildings showed, was rapidly increasing.

"Is there a theatre here?" he asked the landlord.

"Not to-day," was the answer; "but instead of a play there is a concert."

"I should have preferred a play," said the Count, "but I must use up the evening in some way. Get me a ticket."

Selvar, arriving rather late, had to content himself with a seat in the most distant part of the hall. Casting his eye over the programme, the name Sohling caught his notice. "That name is surely an old acquaintance," thought he. "Ah, yes; I wrote him once about poor Ida. Well, well," with a sigh, "I am no longer guilty of that sort of thing."

The symphony began, capitally led by Sohling. Among the upper classes the idea seems to pre-

vail, that a symphony is hardly an integral part of a concert; but rather a prelude to it. The women especially pay about as much attention to it as to the drums in a wild beast show. They however are fond of the full orchestra, inasmuch as it covers up the remarks they exchange with their neighbors, upon the style and dress of other auditors. Here, however, the public showed that it knew something more of good manners. At the first attempt of Selvar, who was not free from this mark of quality, to engage his neighbor in conversation, he received for answer but a courtly motion of the head, and the persons sitting before him turned round with looks of astonishment.

Now, amid a tumult of applause, Ida advanced upon the stage. In spite of his eye-glass the Count did not recognize her. The change is immense which takes place in women, who early in life have been hindered from a natural physical development by too excitable a temperament, joined with an overwrought intellect. If, however, a period of rest and happiness comes at the right time, such a belated spring works greater wonders, than even the regular delay of life.

She ran over the keys of the piano-forte lightly, and as if she would join these first chords with what was to follow, she insensibly glided from them into the key of the enchanting *Notturno* of Chopin, which she was now for the first time to produce before her audience. Like the gentle tones of bells heard from the depths of some submerged city, in the stillness of a roseate evening, so magically do those undreamed of melodies penetrate into the secret recesses of the soul. It is, as if the voices of night were revealed in this music, voices which seem in the solitude of the forest calling to us from the stars or from ocean's depths.

Still, the number is small to whom the power is given of exorcizing these tones. He that with prosaic soul can only play notes, can never solve the problem, and only disgusts the listener. Ida knew how to breath expression into her fingers, here to raise a tone into light, and there to leave one in the shade, as the picture might demand.

In this peculiarity of touch, which revealed the artist's full command of the strings, and threw a warm and everchanging life into the dead metal, Selvar first recognized her, and again the dream of those days came clearly before his imagination. He fastened his eyes upon her until the picture thus recalled melted into the actual features of the performer before him.

The restless eye had become gentle and peaceful; the sharp features and pale cheeks of the past now bloomed in soft and pleasing freshness. Her form seemed larger, for she had at last overcome her carelessness of mien.

During the intermission Selvar noted the ease with which Ida kept up a lively conversation with the crowd of friends who surrounded her. These were not merely fops, such as are in general exclusively drawn to the female artist or singer, but people of various ages. With the women, too, she seemed to be upon terms of high respect and sympathy. She herself was full of life and spirit, and was evidently at ease and happy in the society about her.

A new composition by Selvar called Ida out again at the close of the concert. It was a piece for female voices, with accompaniment for piano-

forte and solo instruments, which required thorough musicians. The text was exceedingly delicate and pretty, describing a dance of Elves in the moonlight upon the corollas of May flowers, until dispersed by the rising sun and its accompanying forest sounds and songs of the sky-lark. The neatness and beauty of the composition were rivalled by the nicety of the performance. A semi-circle of rosy young girls with clear bell-like voices sang the parts of the Elves and Larks. Ida conducted the chorus with hardly a motion, a look sufficing, for she had herself, as Selvar was told by a neighbor, taught them.

"She is in her right place," thought he, as he left the hall and noticed the hearty kindness in which the singers and their directress separated. He hesitated whether to approach and greet her; but was restrained by a singular feeling as he saw her radiant with joy leaning upon Sohling's arm. It seemed to him written upon the faces of both, that each thanked the other for the success which had crowned their efforts,—that their every breath was grateful joy.

Returned to the hotel, Selvar opened the window and leaned out to enjoy the cool night air. A carriage drove up to the house opposite, and he thought himself, by the bright gas light, able to distinguish the form of Ida, as a woman hastened into the door. Just then the room above was lighted; and certainly it was she who entered, clad in a silk dress of white with light blue stripes, with her raven locks falling down her cheeks. He could no longer restrain his desire to hear her voice once more, and sent his card over with the inquiry whether, at so late an hour, he might venture to make a short call. The servant returned with an invitation.

Sohling and Ida received him with unaffected heartiness, though the cheeks of the latter showed for the moment a decided increase of color. Selvar felt instantly the right chord to touch; and by expressions of the heartiest sympathy in their success, concealed the feelings, which the contrast with his own solitary home called up. The conversation was soon interrupted by a pair of rosy-cheeked children, who appeared roguishly listening at the door, and who would pay no attention to the father's command to go to their beds, until they had another kiss from mama.

Ida rose smiling, but before she reached the door, the little monkeys had rushed to her in their night-gowns, and were climbing into her arms. At length reduced to silence, they gave the hand to the strange gentleman, asking Sohling: "Is this the grandpapa who is coming to see us this summer?" At the same moment the youngest, in the next room, began to cry after its mother. To secure peace Ida was obliged to take it into her lap, where in a few minutes it was again fast asleep.

With this picture in his mind, Selvar departed. She belonged now to a sphere in which he had no longer part nor parcel. "And yet," said he, as he passed over the threshold, "she once loved me!"

When Sohling and Ida were again alone, she asked:

"Did it arouse no emotion in you to meet that man, whom I loved before you?"

He laughed and pressed a kiss upon her forehead, saying: "Ought I not rather to thank him who taught you so to love? The untempered flame of your wild heart would have been too much for me, and certainly the irrational first love of an unripened nature could never have made me so happy."

From My Diary. No. 9.

JUNE 11.—I had occasion to-day to make some remarks upon musical matters at a school where young persons are fitting to become teachers; and among the several points which were touched upon, were these:

The most noticeable difference between young women well educated here and their sisters in Europe—speaking of those who may be ranked together in the degree of intellectual attainment—is the want of artistic culture on the part of the Americans. The number, of even our most carefully educated girls, who have ever seen good specimens of architecture, sculpture, and painting, is very small; and I very rarely meet one out of the city, whose conceptions of the beauty of music are founded upon anything beyond the psalm tune and thanksgiving anthem of the parish meeting house, and an occasional concert by some set of "Family Vocalists." In Europe, the sense of the beautiful is developed by familiarity with galleries, fine old churches and palaces, and, especially in Catholic cities, by the fine music of the church. True, these are not found everywhere, but it is a part of education that the young girl have opportunities to spend some time in the "great city," whatever it be that is nearest.

This difference shows itself in the writings of European and American women, it seems to me, very clearly.

From the very nature of the case, few of us can obtain this artistic culture, in any direction, save that of music. Here it is possible to do something. Hence I go heart and soul into any plan by which music shall be made a study in all schools, and especially in those, where the future school teacher is preparing for that responsible position. True, I would go farther and have in every such school a few fine engravings from the works of great painters, a few specimens of sculpture and so on, if that were possible; but for the present, we must be glad to have music in some manner recognized as of value.

Now, how to make it a means of artistic culture? The answer is very simple. By the practise of good music. Good music is that which contains feeling, emotion, sentiment, elegantly expressed in musical tones. The analogy between poetry and music is very close. Everybody—at all events, almost all persons,—can arrange words so as to make them jingle. Witness the "poet's corner" in the newspapers. But is this poetry? Usually not.

So too, their name is Legion, who can take such poetry, and find musical notes to it, and sell them as songs and tunes. But as mere jingle in words is not poetry, so mere rhythmical collections of notes are not music. The child is amused by hearing nonsensical articulate sounds strung together so as to make rhythm and rhyme—Mother Goose's Melodies, for example; so he is amused by "tooting" upon the stalk of a pumpkin leaf. As he grows older he demands something better than

"Hickory, dickory, dock,
The mouse ran up the clock."

to satisfy his poetic feeling; and so in music his ear demands something more than his pumpkin trumpet. The sense of melody awakens, and he demands a tune. By and by, he finds no pleasure in jingling words unless they contain the divine spark, which is struck out of the brain and heart of the true poet. Just so in music. Twopenny polkas, waltzes, and songs only weary and disgust, and as his taste grows apace, volumes of such stuff are not worth so much to him as some choral or simple song, which sprang from the composer's heart. A shelf full of yellow covered novels is not so much worth to him as a sonnet or song by Milton or Shakspeare,—by any true poet, though his name be not among those of the giants.

Let us bring out this point in another way.

The idea of a being of higher nature than man

taking such delight in the beauty of a child as to steal him, living or dead, from his parents, is as old as the story of Jupiter and Ganymede. Shakspeare uses it in "A Midsummer Night's Dream." It is common enough. Now there is a certain poetic conception of this idea, which probably has offered itself to thousands of minds, in some vague, indistinct manner, but which was seized, and held for the first time by one, who, to the power of conception, added the mastery of language and the poetic art, when Goethe wrote his ballad the "Erl-king." A certain indescribable feeling of horror is therein expressed. The feeling is aroused at once in the mind of every poetic reader. A musician reads it. He feels it, and as his mode of conveying his sentiments is by musical tones, he endeavors to translate the sentiment expressed in Goethe's words into his language of tones. The attempt has been made by a multitude of composers. One succeeded—Franz Schubert. As I heard the once great operatic singer, Schroeder-Devrient, whose voice is now mostly gone, sing it, I fairly shuddered, and so did the entire audience. You could have heard a pin drop. Goethe's ballad is poetry; Schubert's composition of it is music. Both express most powerfully the same poetic conception.

An inference to be drawn from all this then is, that in the mere succession and combination of musical tones, without relation to words, we may look for sentiment and feeling—and indeed that sentiments and feelings may be so conveyed that the composer's intent shall be understood at once by the hearer. The power of tones—of mere intonation—as a means of expression was illustrated first, in respect to articulate speech, by reading passages from Shakspeare and the "Erl-king" in German; and then in music by singing several melodies to the syllable *la*, calling upon the auditors to decide upon the sentiment expressed. The result justified the remarks upon this topic by a correspondent of Dwight's Journal (F. H.) a few years since.

But, it is said, granting all you would claim in regard to good music, of what practical use would it be to us who are fitting to become teachers, and whose only object in music is to acquire so much knowledge as will enable us to teach simple songs and tunes to children? I may ask in return of what use is it to you to spend time in studying the art of reading Shakspeare and Milton? Why pursue studies in all directions, far beyond what most of you will ever be called upon to teach? You answer that the more you know of natural philosophy, the higher your attainments in mathematics, history, polite literature, in science and letters generally, the better you will be fitted to teach the elements of them all. In this you are right. I say, too, that it would be no more absurd for you to spend your whole course upon the a, b, c's of reading, arithmetic, history, geography, grammar, and so on, than for you to do the same thing in music. The mere reading of simple tunes should be as easy to nine-tenths of the scholars of any school such as this, and in as short a space of time, as the reading of words of one or two syllables to the classes of a children's school. Any common psalm tune, in any key, ought to offer no difficulty by the third or fourth week, provided thirty minutes a day were devoted to practise. I am speaking merely of reading music—how to write down tunes in various keys, and all the whys and wherefores thereto belonging, with the entire theory of notation—all this is a different affair. I should not begin with a child, whom I would teach to read, by some seventy-five or a hundred lessons in the rules of grammar and rhetoric. I would have him learn his letters. This is a, and that is b; and a, b, spell ab. Nothing, yet awhile, about nouns and pronouns, and verbs and articles. The child must fix in his memory the forms of the letters and a few other things, and then all that is needed is practise. The singer learns some half a dozen things about the staff, the clefs, the

length of notes, and scales, &c., and then all *he* wants is practise. This idea of mystifying the matter until the pupil is discouraged and gives up learning to sing in despair, is one which is fatal to all progress. All that the singer wants is to feel what tones the notes represent and to learn then to express them. Let him learn to read simple music, and all the theory will be explainable to him afterward, in a very few lessons.

The old way of learning a strange language was to put the pupil into the grammar and keep him there. Take a boy from the Latin Grammar School in Boston and he will repeat you the whole of Andrew's and Stoddard's Latin Grammar—but what does he know about *Latin*? A boy who has been in a German Gymnasium six months can use what he knows, and ask for something to eat and drink and wherewithal to wear in Latin.

What I want to see is something practical in the musical instruction in schools—to see all who have musical powers beyond the Mother Goose's Melodies of music, really making the divine art a means of artistic culture—a means of developing an innate sense of the beautiful.

JUNE 15.—So strong an impression is seldom made upon my fancy by songs, as was done by some, which I heard in a private circle last winter—songs composed with no view to publication—mere attempts by a young lady to express in tones, in the simplest manner, her conceptions of the sentiments of certain stanzas in Dwight's Journal and other publications, which had touched her feelings with peculiar force. In this they seemed to me remarkably successful, and strains from them haunted me for weeks. I joined others in urging their publication; for, although they very probably might prove "caviare to the general," we could but think that many may find them appealing to their feelings as they did to ours.

Six of them lie before me neatly engraved in a single book: "Spring Night," text, a translation by J. S. Dwight; "The World goes up, and the World goes down," text by Charles Kingsley; "Oh, heavy, heavy day," text by W. W. Story; "Love took me softly by the hand," text by W. R. Cassells; "Cradle Hymn," Latin words, with translation by Coleridge; and "Good night, my heart," text by W. W. Caldwell.

The music is by a sister of that noble young woman, Miss Bruce, to whose memory some paragraphs of this "Diary" were devoted a few weeks since.

I know not what the professed critic will say to them; but they possess a delicate, touching beauty, which I am sure will appeal to certain friends, who will read this paragraph, as it has done to me.

The Virtuosi of the Piano Forte.

(From the London Musical World, June 5.)

There is an evident and we believe insuperable antagonism between the modern style of pianoforte-playing, inculcated by the so-called "virtuosi" (who might be more appropriately denominated "viziosi"), and that which still enjoys the very modest title of "legitimate." The difference between the two is so marked that no one can possibly over-look it. It is the difference between the Ambigu-Comique and the Théâtre-Français, the *Trovatore* and *Don Giovanni*, Mr. Disraeli and Mr. Thackeray, Mr. Hicks and Mr. Macready. It is the difference between tragedy and melodrama, common sense and bombast, poetry and rhodomontade. The question, however, is, can the two be reconciled? Can the professor of the one style either stoop or raise himself to the level of the other? In one respect we think *not*. We are quite sure that Mr. Disraeli is utterly incapable of writing a book like *The Newcomes*, and that Mr. Hicks could never have made even a tolerable Hamlet; but we are almost as certain that Mr. Macready, if inclined to amuse himself that way, could out-Hicks Hicks; while that Mr. Thackeray, when in the vein, can beat Mr. Disraeli on his own ground, is triumphantly shown in his *Codlingsby*, which we have always regarded as the literary masterpiece of the present Chancellor of the Exchequer.

The same argument applies to the opposite schools of pianoforte-playing. The works of the fantasia-mongers are by no means impracticable to the fingers (the mind having nothing to say in the matter) of a pianist well "up" in the compositions of the classical masters. But *vice versa* does not follow, as a matter of course. There have been numberless proofs to the contrary.

"Cette musique naïve"—exclaimed M. —t, fumbling over a prelude of Mendelssohn's—"cette musique naïve, après tout, n'est pas trop facile. Fich-tre!" M. —t spoke from his heart, and very soon suiting the action to the word, abandoned the prelude together with the intention of astonishing the English public after the special manner of "virtuosi" generally. He returned to his fantasias, and commended "cette musique naïve" to the prince of darkness. M. —d de —t, a very fire-eater among "virtuosi," being invited to a musical party at the house of a distinguished amateur, since deceased, was assigned, for his share in the programme, one of the sonatas of Dussek.* Nevertheless, having labored hard for more than a week, he gave it up in despair. "This is not piano-forte music" ("Celle-ci n'est pas écrite pour le piano"), he insisted: and, shutting up the book, was speedily lost in arpeggios, chromatic scales ascending and descending, showers of octaves, and crossing of hands, thumbing the while some unhappy opera-tune, which had to make itself heard amidst all this smothering, smashing, and belaboring.† "Voilà un morceau véritablement écrit pour piano!"—said the virtuoso, after a last sweep from one extremity of the key-board to the other, with both hands in contrary directions. The "distinguished amateur," however, was of a different opinion. He resided in Queen's square, and preferred Bach's *per-rigue* to M. Liszt's *chevelure*‡—the head-dress of modern virtuosity, the first duty of which is to ape the highly gifted man from the least healthy part of whose idiosyncrasy it sprang. The "distinguished" amateur would not hear of anything being substituted for Dussek's sonata; and Sterndale Bennett, or some other *non-virtuoso*, played it at sight.

There are those, however, among the "virtuosi" who are more capable, if not more willing to play legitimate music as it should be played. Somebody asked Herr Castle—a devoted worshipper of Standigl the singer—whether Standigl could speak Italian. "I don't know, exactly"—replied Herr Castle—"but he could if he would." So the "virtuosi," to whom we are now alluding, "could" if they "would." But, alas! they won't. When they come across real music they are puzzled how to handle it. To bestow any amount of study upon it would be to step from a pedestal of their own imagining down to the standing point of their (presumed) inferiors. At first, it appears so easy, that they feel inclined to spread out the close harmonies into vaporous arpeggios, to double the passages in the bass, and to introduce subjects of their own—one for each thumb—with an eye (or rather a thumb) to richness and variety. A genuine "virtuoso" (a "lion" proper) cannot (or will not) understand twenty-four bars of pianoforte music in which the entire key-board has not been once or twice galloped over. The "*jeu serré*"—where all the fingers are constantly employed (as in the fugues of Bach)—is as unwelcome to them as "*terre à terre*" dancing to the choregraph whose vocation is to cut capers half-way between floor and ceiling. They cannot (or will not) keep their fingers quiet. To "virtuosi" repose is nauseous—unless it be the repose indispensable to a winded acrobat. Thus they do injustice to their own executive powers and to the music set before them—by obtruding the former and caricaturing the latter.

A remarkable instance in illustration of the point in hand occurred the other night, when a "virtuoso" of the first water had to do with a concerto of Mozart. We do not mean Sig. Andreoli, but a "virtuoso" of such water that it is unnecessary to designate him by name. A "lion" in the most leonine sense of the term, he treated the concerto of Mozart just as the monarch of the forest, hungry and truculent, is in the habit of treating the unlucky beast that falls to his prey. He seized it, shook it, worried it, tore it in pieces, and then devoured it, limb by limb. Long intervals of roaring diversified his repast. These roarings were "cadenzas." After having swallowed as much of the concerto as extended to the point *d'orgue* of the first movement, his appetite being in some measure assuaged, the lion roared vociferously, and so long, that many adverse to Mr. Owen Jones'

* Op. 61. The Elegy on the death of Prince Ferdinand.

† The drawing-room window was open. Mr. Thackeray was most likely passing near the house. At any rate, not long after, we read the famous description of "Such a getting up-stairs," with variations.

‡ Let it not be supposed that we include Friar Liszt among the "virtuosi" proper. Heaven forbid we should hold him in such light esteem.

idea of acoustics, admitted that, at all events, a "lion" could be heard from the "recess" in St. James's Hall. Having thus roared, our "lion's" appetite revived, and he ate up the slow movement as if it had been the wing of a partridge. (Never did slow movement so suddenly vanish.) Still ravenous, however, he pounced upon the finale—which having stripped to the *queue* ("coda"), he re-roared, as before. The *queue* was then disposed of, and nothing left of the concerto.

We remember, many years past, we used to go to Exeter Change, to see the lions fed, watching the movements of those noble and voracious quadrupeds and listening to their roar with rapt attention. All our early impressions were revived on the present occasion; and we made a solemn vow to attend whenever and wherever the same "lion" should be advertised to devour another concerto. (He—the same "lion"—is to feed upon Weber's *Concertstück* on Monday, in the Hanover-square Rooms.—Printer's Devil.)

On the other hand this lion," like Standigl the singer, "could" speak Italian "if he would"—in other words, "roar you like any sucking-dove." But it goes against the grain with him; and we are sorry for it, since he is no ordinary "lion."

A Mass by Rossini.

(From Le Guide Musical.)

About three years ago, Castil-Blaze was present at a rehearsal of the *Donna del lago* at the Italian Opera, Paris. On hearing the first few bars, of the quartet in A flat, "*Crudele sospetto*" (C, A, E) he perceived that the melody was perfectly adapted to the "*Qui tollis peccata mundi*" of the "*Gloria*"; this discovery, which was the effect of chance, caused him to reflect, and, the next day, he set about the task of producing, with various pieces from the operas of the same composer, an entire mass, subsequently called *Rossini's Mass*.

A few months afterwards the score was completed, and, one fine spring day in the year 1849, a man remarkable for his corpulency, and advanced in age, suddenly accosted Castil-Blaze, and tapping him on the shoulder, said:—

"Hallo! old boy, you are pelting along at a fine rate, upon my word!"

"Ah! is it you, *Signor maestro illustrissimo*? Excuse me, I am half blind."

"Give me your arm and let us air our hundred and forty springs in the midst of these speculators of the Opera; but, that we may be unobserved, and not taken for two professional stock-brokers, let us walk *adagio*, and talk *sotto voce*. Well, tell me—you are always doing something or other—what are you doing now?"

"What am I doing?—Oh! you want to flatter me, *maestro*! I am doing nothing, but I am doing something better, perhaps; for I am doing quite the contrary; I am undoing, transfiguring, transplanting, transferring, trans—"

He was about to continue, when the crowd of stock-brokers became so compact as to drive them from the Boulevard du Gand to the Rue Lepelletier.

From the beginning of this conversation you have, no doubt, divined, gentle reader, that the interlocutor of Castil-Blaze was no other than the illustrious author of *Guillaume Tell*.

"You want to know what I am doing?" resumed the great musical arranger.

"Yes, I do?"

Well, I am writing, or, rather, I have just written

"Go on—what?"

"A mass by Rossini."

"Always caustic and facetious! Will you never change?"

"Do not fancy, *maestro*, that my task was an easy one! Try it yourself. It is rather difficult even to parody an air, although it is allowable to twist and turn a *piacere* the new words you are arranging to any given music. But to adapt the immutable words of the mass to melodies which have to be preserved in all their purity; to maintain a perfect accordance of feeling, colouring and expression between the scattered materials you collect, and to maintain this accordance to such an extent as to make people believe these transplanted compositions were written for the words to which they are wedded, *hic opus, hic labor est*. It was thus that Gluck arranged his French operas, But no matter. I have surmounted this difficulty, and my—your mass is terminated."

"Upon my honour, my dear fellow, you are an extraordinary man!"

There they were, the one (Rossini) addressing his questions in Latin, and the other (Castil-Blaze) replying in Italian.

"Let us hear," said the first. "By what did you manage to represent the 'Credo'—'Credo in unum Deum, etc.?'"

"Ecco ridente in cielo —"
 "You have treated it, at any rate, as a chorus."
 "Of course, was not that its original form in *Aureliano in Palmira*?"

"Bravo! excellent! I never fancied I had composed so majestic and well accentuated a 'Credo.' And the 'Kyrie'?"

"Santo Imen," the religious chorus from *Otello*."

"Christe eleison?"

"The canon quintet from *Mosè*."

"The Incarnatus?"

"Ninetta's prayer."

"The 'Crucifixus'?"

"The 'Chœur des Ténébres' from *Mosè*."

"Let us go from the solemn and sad to the gay. How have you managed with the 'Cum sancto spiritu, et vitam venturi seculi?' It is there that composers introduce their fugues, full of vivacity and sometimes, of brilliant folly."

"I availed myself of the animated *stretti* of the quintets from *La Cenerentola* and the finale of *Semiramide*."

"Well done."

"Allow me to submit to you the manuscript of your mass."

"No, I will see it when it is engraved. It is really an astonishing feat successfully accomplished. I will answer for its success; perhaps you still wanted this triumph."

The conversation had become so animated that Castil-Blaze, without observing it, had passed from the *sotto voce* to the *mezzo forte*, from the *mezzo forte* to the *forte piano*, and from the *forte piano* to the *fortissimo*, so that all the *furniente*, all the "lions" and the loungers on the Boulevard du Gand had gathered round them, and were saying to each other, "What is the matter?"

"They are two fellows who have been done for on the Bourse, and are singing their *De Profundis*!" replied one.

"They are two shareholders of M. Mirès," replied a second.

"The one is a thief and the other a madman," replied a third, "who have just been seized under the peristyle of the Opéra and are about to be conveyed to Charenton and the Conciergerie respectively."

"They are—they are—they are—etc."

In fact, I do not know what might not have been asserted, had not one of the two pedestrians—the one who fears public meetings and railroads—harangued the crowd, which kept increasing.

"*Signori Francesi*," he said, "do not put a wrong interpretation on our conduct. The State is not in danger; make yourselves easy on that score. As for me, I am that stupid musician who cannot do anything more. I am no longer any one. But this venerable patriarch is Castil-Blaze; respect him! He is my second father; it is he who translated me into French, into Provençal, into Latin, and inducted me into the possession of a new empire. This is not all. The villain now wants to take me to Paradise. I am not much frightened at this, for I presume he is in no hurry to set out himself.* Make way, therefore, and let him pass, and if, in return for your kindness you get nothing from me, you will, perhaps, deign to accept from him a *Mass* by *Rossini*!"

Since this meeting, and in spite of all the obstacles raised against it, *Rossini's Mass* has been brilliantly successful among musicians. The score has everywhere had a large sale, and some choral societies have executed it. I am well aware that some sticklers for all matters of art relating to sacred music, have blamed the author for having dared to undertake and carry out such a piece of eccentricity, or rather such a wonderful feat. But are they gratified in so doing? For my part, I think they are not.

* Castil-Blaze died at Paris, December 11th, 1857.

Music Abroad.

London.

HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE. — Mozart's *Nozze di Figaro* was produced May 29, with Mdlle. Piccolomini as Susanna, not well up to the mark, according to the critics. Mlle. Titiens, as the Countess Almaviva, was pronounced "not very far off perfection" and to "have it in her power to reach that goal." Belletti was masterly, of course, in *Non più andrai* and all Figaro's music. Sig. Belart was Don Basilio, and the subordinate parts were carefully done. Our old friend, Sig. Arditi, conducted. After repetitions of *Figaro*, and re-repetition of the *Huquenots*, Verdi's *Luisa Miller* was to be presented for the first time in England: Piccolomini, Alboni, Beneventano, Giuglini, &c., in the principal parts.

ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA. — Grisi has sung and acted *Lucrezia Borgia* in a manner "worthy of her best days." The Gennaro was not Mario, but Sig. Neri-Baraldi. Ronconi made his first appearance for the season as Duke Alfonso. He is reported to have sung more out of tune than ever, but his masterly acting disarmed criticism. Nantier Didiée was admirable as Maffeo Orsini. The Londoners have enjoyed that exquisite treat vouchsafed to us one memorable Saturday afternoon, in the Boston Theatre, with a handful of audience — namely, the hearing MARIO warble through the delicious tenor melodies of *Rossini's "Barber."* Bosio, Ronconi, Tagliafico, and Zelger took the other parts.

NEW PHILHARMONIC. — The fourth concert, and last but one, was less like a Philharmonic concert, old or new, than any of its predecessors. Instead of one symphony we had none. In revenge, however, there was the ottet for wind instruments, capitolly performed by Messrs. Barret and Crozier (oboes), Lazarus and Maycock (clarionets), Hauser and Anderson (bassoons), C. Harper and Standen (horns) — one of Mozart's least elaborate but most genuine compositions.

The first part of the concert was wholly engrossed by Mozart; and a nobler specimen of dramatic orchestral preludes could hardly have been presented than the overture to *Idomeneo*, which was executed by the band (diminished by some 30?) under Dr. Wylde, with point and vigor. The first part terminated as strangely as it began auspiciously. The finest of all Mozart's piano-forte concertos, and one of the finest ever composed, was allotted to Herr Rubinstein, who executed the solo part in such a manner as to surprise the initiated and to bewilder the laity. Herr Rubinstein attacked the concerto much in the same manner, "*mutatis mutandis*," as the furious Pélissier, in the Crimean war, may have rushed with his hosts upon that devoted Malakoff of which he is now the titular Duke. The Concerto of Mozart was the Malakoff of Marshal Rubinstein, and his furious hosts were his ten fingers — ten "divisions" as irresistible in their strength as in their impetuosity. Herr Rubinstein rushed at the concerto, and "took" it even quicker than the French general took the Muscovite stronghold. Possibly Herr Rubinstein, being Russian born, and considering the task he had in hand was that of overwhelming a foe, rather than of caressing a friend, was determined to profit by the example of the Crimean campaign. In the course of capturing the concerto, moreover, Herr Rubinstein, doubtless to perplex and deceive the enemy, let off a series of fierce canonades in the form of "cadenzas," which were wholly irrelevant, both to the concerto and the capture thereof. Had Mozart been alive to hear these "cadenzas" — he would — *n'importe*.

The rest of the first part consisted of vocal music, sung by Miss Louisa Pyne, Miss Messent, and Herr Pischek.

In the second part there were some more vocal pieces, by the first and last named singers, among which may be mentioned especially a melodious and expressive air, "For spirits when they please," from Dr. Wylde's *Paradise Lost*, given with the utmost feeling and correctness by Miss Louisa Pyne. There was also a very long and very dreary violoncello *concertino* by Kummer, the prolixity of which even the admirable execution, fine quality of tone, and thoroughly legitimate style, of Mr. Horatio Chipp could not conceal. Moreover, Herr Rubinstein appeared a second time, and performed a prelude and fugue of his own composition, the chief object of which appeared to us to prove that John Sebastian Bach's idea of *fugue* was much more severe (and much more musical) than that of Herr Rubinstein.

This decidedly original, but scarcely more than semi-interesting, concert terminated with Beethoven's overture to *Prometheus*, to listen to which, after the prelude and fugue just mentioned, was like issuing forth into the open air and beholding the sun in the heavens after a week's detention in the black hole of Calcutta. — *Musical World*.

AMATEUR MUSICAL SOCIETY. — The last concert of the season was given on Monday evening, at the Hanover-square Rooms, to a very large and fashionable audience. The programme was as follows:

Symphony, No. 11: Haydn.
 Song, "Adeleide," Mr. E. Gordon Cleather; Beethoven.
 Selection (Les Huguenots), solos for oboe and cornet-piston, Mr. A. Pollock and Mr. H. E. Tatham; Meyerbeer.
 Lied, "Grüner Frühling Kehr' ein," Mr. E. Gordon Cleather; H. Esser.
 Concerto, in G minor, pianoforte, Angelina; Mendelssohn.
 Recit., "Fier Teatro di Morte," aria, "Ritorno alle ritorte," Miss Palmer; Handel.
 Overture (Don Giovanni); Mozart.
 Song, "The Three Fishers," Miss Palmer; Hullah.
 Overture (Der Freischütz); Weber.

The symphony was excellently played, clearly showing that the music of Haydn is that which is best suited to the amateur orchestra.

The star of the evening was the far-famed pianist, Angelina, who, in her performance of Mendelssohn's concerto, proved her right to be styled something more than "Queen of Amateurs." It was, indeed, a very fine reading of the work, showing that mind as well as fingers had been employed in its study.

CHARLES HALLE'S RECITALS. — The second took place on Wednesday afternoon (the 27th ult.) at M. Halle's residence, and the rooms were just as inconveniently crowded as at the first. The programme was again one of the highest interest, commencing, as as before, with an early sonata of Beethoven—the second in op. 2, dedicated to Haydn at a time when the young and vigorous giant was already restive under the prim conservatism of his master, the greatest of musical Tories. This sonata (in A major) is much too seldom heard. All the movements were finely executed by M. Halle—the *scherzo*, especially, being one of the neatest and most sparkling performances we can call to mind. Not less eminently successful was Bach's very interesting *Partita* in G, which followed. M. Halle has studied the works of this great master profoundly, and always interprets him in the right spirit. Haydn's delicious little sonata in E minor was a rare treat, and the more welcome since it has never before been publicly given in our time. The great and poetical Op. 109 of Beethoven cannot be played too often. New beauties reveal themselves at each new hearing.

Nos. 11, 14, and 18 from M. Stephen Heller's *Nuits Blanches*, the second of Mendelssohn's caprices, Op. 33 (dedicated to M. Klingemann), the nocturne in F minor, and the *Berceuse*, of Chopin, were the last things in the programme. Mendelssohn's *Caprice*, a graceful and exquisite composition, we prefer a little slower. The pieces of Heller and Chopin were rendered to perfection. The amateurs of classical piano-forte music (and classical piano-forte playing) will be pleased to know that M. Halle has announced a series of chamber-concerts in Willis's Rooms, assisted by Herr Joachim, M. Sainton, and Signor Piatti. — *Musical World*.

CHAMBER CONCERTS, &c. — This is the height of the London musical season, and there seems to be no limit to the number and variety of soirées of classical piano and quartet concerts. Besides those of M. Halle, of Mme. Szarvady, and of Miss Goddard, of which we have copied notices in full, there is "Ella's "Musical Union," M. Aguilar's *Matinée*, Mdlle. Speyer's "Piano Recital," &c., whose doings in one week are summed up by the *Athenæum* as follows:

In the world of more minute (not necessarily lesser) music, the number of entertainments leaves no choice for the chronicler save enumeration, with a passing word or two on matters of special interest. — *Signor Biletta's Matinée*, yesterday week, was principally devoted to his own compositions. There were many interesting things at the first *Matinée* of Miss Dolby and Mr. Sloper—a fine song, "Dolce corde," by Mozart, which was unfamiliar to us,—and an elegant romance "Broken Vows," by M. Berger, to both of which the lady did full justice. Amongst other music, Mr. Sloper gave two new compositions of his own, of which we may speak elsewhere, and (what was no less welcome to us) three of the highly-finished "characteristic studies" of his master—Professor Moscheles. We are satisfied that the excellent intellectual music of this writer will revive in popularity. The other artists who appeared were M. Sainton, Signor Piatti and Mr. Santley. To name this young singer, is already equivalent to speaking of rapid progress and merited success. At Mr. Blagrove's third Quartet Concert it was interesting to hear the Quartet in A minor by Herr David, of Leipzig—the work, obviously, of a man of sense and of science. If not one of those creations of fancy and spirit to which we can return again and again. Some of Mr. Blagrove's own studies, too, were a novelty which we were glad to meet,—and not less so his clever pupil, Mr. Isaac, who takes the second violin in his quartet, and plays with discretion as well as feeling.

Nor is this by any means all the note-worthy music of the week. There has been Herr Pauer's *Second Soirée*, at which Herr Joachim (who is wanted everywhere) assisted him, and Miss Kemble (another rising, because real, artist) joined Madame Pauer in the vocal music,—a meeting of the *Réunion des Arts*,—another concert of the *Vocal Association*; and a *Soirée* by Miss B. Corfield, who comes out as pupil of Prof. Bennett. As such, we are pretty sure to hear more of her.

VOCAL ASSOCIATION. — The fourth Concert took place May 21. Joachim played Bach's *Chaconne*, with Mendelssohn's piano accompaniment played by Mr. Benedict; Herr Pischek sang airs by Mozart and Schumann; Mme. Liza Haynes sang the romance and prayer from *Otello*; Miss Susan Goddard (pupil of Benedict) played Mendelssohn's Sonata in B flat, with Mr. Chipp, violoncellist; and the Vocal Association, with the "Orpheus Glee Union," sang several part-songs, a motet by Hauptmann, and Marczio's madrigal: "Fair May Queen." Mr. Best played on the grand organ Bach's Prelude and Grand Fugue in G.

CRYSTAL PALACE CONCERTS.—The second programme was as follows:

PART I.—Overture (Leonora) Beethoven. Aria "Quando Miro," Miss Dolby; Mozart. Song "Mad Tom," Mr. Weiss; Purcell. Solo for Flute, Mr. Svensen; Boehm. Aria "Casta Diva," Miss Louisa Pyne; Bellini. Aria "Dalla sua pace," Mr. Sims Reeves; Mozart. March Hongroise: Berlioz.

PART II.—Overture (Der Freyschutz); Weber. Part Song "Ave Maria," H. Smart. Duet "Serbani ognor," Miss Louisa Pyne and Miss Dolby; Rossini. Song for four voices "To May Morning," H. Leslie. Aria "Oh, 'tis a glorious sight," Mr. Sims Reeves; Weber. Glee "The Cloud-capt Towers," Stevens. "Rule Britannia," Mr. Leslie's Choir; Arne. Ballad "The Tribute of a Tear," Mr. Weiss; Loder. Bacchanalian Chorus from "Immaueuel," H. Leslie. Conductor, Mr. A. Manns.

HERR MOLIQUE, the classical violinist and composer, has given a concert with the following programme:

PART I.—Overture (La Clemenza di Tito); Mozart. Recitative and Air (Crocato in Egitto), Miss Lascelles; Meyerbeer. Violin Concerto, Op. 33, Herr Molique; Spohr. Recitative and Air, "O voi dell' Erebe," Mr. Santley; Handel. Recitative and Air (Faust), Madame Rudersdorff; Spohr. Piano-forte Concerto (MS., first time of performance), Mlle. Anna Molique; Molique.

PART II.—Concert Overture (MS., first time of performance) Molique. Recitative and Air (Idomeneo), Miss Kemble; Mozart. Concerto for the Concertina, Sig. Regondi; Molique. Bolero, Madame Rudersdorff; Randegger. Duet (Torquato Tasso), Miss Kemble and Mr. Santley; Donizetti. Fandango for the Violin, Herr Molique. Overture (Prometheus); Beethoven.

Conductors of the Orchestra, Herr Molique and Herr Manns.

(From the *Neiderrheinische Musik Zeitung*.)

COLOGNE.—The 36th Niederrheinisches Musical Festival was celebrated with great splendor in Whitsun week, on the 23d, 24th and 25th of May, under the direction of Ferdinand Hiller. The various works were more imposingly and admirably successful, on account of the number and excellence of the members of the choruses and orchestra (amounting to 682 persons) than they had ever been on any previous occasion, a result in a great measure attributable to the place in which the Festival was held, and which affords a depth and breadth for the arrangement of the artists, such as is to be met with nowhere else, besides leaving nothing to be desired in an acoustical point of view. All present were, moreover, unanimous in the opinion that it would be impossible to find such a chorus anywhere else; in fact, it worked so steadily and with such magnificent power in Hiller's *Saul*, Mendelssohn's *Walpurgis Nacht*, and, more especially, in the "Credo" from J. S. Bach's *High Mass* in B minor, that the entire audience was seized with a feeling of delight and astonishment, particularly when the sopranos took up the theme and soared into the regions of the twined *f* sharp, *g*, and *a*. The choruses, therefore, obtained the londest and most protracted applause. The next place is due to the orchestra, for its magnificent performance of Beethoven's *Sinfonia Eroica*, every movement of which was received with tumultuous applause; nay, persons were not wanting who declared that the execution of the symphony was the most perfect musical treat of all the three evenings.

The solo singers, Fräulein Krall (soprano), from Dresden; Fräulein Jenny Meyer (mezzo-soprano), from Berlin; Herr Schneider (tenor), from Frankfurt-on-the-Maine; Herr Stepan (bass), from Mannheim; and Herr Abiger (bass), from the Stadttheater, Cologne, were, on the whole, satisfactory, and, in certain points, very deserving of applause, but in no wise distinguished for virtuosity or European celebrity.

PARIS.—Germany has ceased to retain M. Roger, the celebrated tenor, who returned to the native fields of his artistic triumphs last week, and re-appeared on Wednesday at the Grand-Opera in his original part of John of Leyden. The reception of this favorite artist after his successes in classic Germany was warmed by the two-fold motives of congratulation and welcome. Madlle. Artot, (pupil of Mad. Viardot), the new representative of Fides, produced a very satisfactory impression.

The Théâtre-Français will shortly close, that the building in which that establishment abides may be restored.

A new opera, it is said, by M. Linnander, will be produced at the Opéra-Comique on the 1st of August, and the new tenor M. Montaubry, is to make his *début* therein.

At the Théâtre-Lyrique there has been a revival of "Gastibelza," an Opera by M. Aimé Maillart, originally produced ten years ago, for the opening of the National Opera, under the management of Adolphe Adam, and M. Mirecour. The principal parts were sung by Madlle. Borghese and M. Michot. Sabina, the heroine, was originally cast to Madlle Chérie Courand, now Madame Adolphe Adam. The "Noces de Figaro" will continue its run on alternate nights with "Gastibelza;" and so great has been its success, that the director, M. Carvalho, has decided to prolong the season a month.

Dwight's Journal of Music.

BOSTON, JUNE 26, 1858.

MUSIC IN THIS NUMBER. — We commence this week a couple of extracts from Mendelssohn's *Lauda Sion*, an extended composition to the Latin words of one of the old Roman Catholic hymns. From the eight pieces of which the work consists, we have selected No. 3, Soprano Solo and Chorus, and No. 4, Quartet. The latter will appear next week. The Solo and Chorus should pass directly into the Quartet, whose key is prepared by the modulation of the last bars of the accompaniment; if it is sung separately, it should end before the unison passage of tenors and basses. The Quartet will be found complete in itself.

Church Music.

The old question, what is the best use to be made of music as an element in public worship, still comes back upon us. We have several times endeavored to convey our ideas, and have given hints which we thought practical. If there is truth in them, they will bear repeating; and we will endeavor briefly to re-state them now. We limit the problem, for the present, to the prevailing so-called Congregational modes of worship, leaving aside those forms and "services" of music which are dictated by the peculiar creed and discipline of sects.

The present evil lies in the overwhelming deluge of stale, soulless and unprofitable psalmody; in the perpetual multiplication of mere psalm-tunes, a multiplication yielding no new fruit, no live additions to our stock of sacred song, but only everlasting variations, purely mechanical, upon one short form, whose capabilities were long ago exhausted. The cause lies in the two demands, for simplicity and for novelty. Now we believe in an immense reduction and thinning out, instead of the further multiplication, of these monstrous and absurd crops of weeds. We think a few plain old tunes, or chorals, of the most solid, time-tried and familiar, such as *all*, or nearly *all* may learn to sing, to be far more edifying than this perpetual striving after variety and novelty, and never finding it. Three things seem to us to include what is really practicable and really desirable for music in most of our worshipping assemblies.

1. As the simplest thing, and the foundation of the whole, and as a direct act of religious utterance through music in which *all* may take part, we would have in every service at least one plain Choral, — simple, grand, time-hallowed, familiar, sung in unison or harmony by all of the congregation who can sing. These should be few; since repetition here is no monotony; a worshipping assembly joins in "Old Hundred," with the same ever new interest and fervor, that a social circle breaks up with the joining hands and "Auld Lang Syne." Musical novelty or variety is not the object here; but the renewal of an inspiring and time-hallowed custom. Hence we have said that a dozen good old tunes are better than books-full of new psalmody; not meaning to condemn all the new things in this shape, of course; but simply to suggest that an essential charm and virtue of this branch of religious music resides in the very fact that the tunes sung are few, familiar, oft-repeated, and fraught with

venerable associations. The older these chorals the better; for then the sound thereof links the present with the earliest centuries of Christianity, and inspires a feeling of the identity and oneness of Humanity throughout all the stages of its development in history. In the simplicity and grandeur of the thing would consist its ever-renewed novelty.

2. Music of a more artistic quality, designed to influence our hearts and minds, to meet and sympathize with our holier aspirations and emotions, and conspire with our good thoughts as Nature's beauty and sublimity conspire with them; music in which the unskilled many cannot take part, as a direct and outward act, but in which competent persons minister to deep and real wants of all. First, under this head, comes singing by a small trained choir, of *artists* — artists at least in spirit and in feeling, in general culture and refinement, — of pieces of a more artistic character, whose beauty and deep sentiment should penetrate the souls of listeners. For this what better than extracts from the masses of Mozart and others? We might also mention many admirable motets, hymns by Marcello, quartets, trios, &c., from Mendelssohn's "Elijah," or "St. Paul," or from his admirable psalms — such pieces as we have lately printed in this journal; — much of the old Church of England service, &c., &c. There is no lack of good compositions for the purpose, if choirs will but cultivate acquaintance with them, instead of ringing everlasting changes on the short form of a psalm-tune. Psalm-tunes and waltzes are subject to the same fatality in regard to indefinite multiplication; beyond a certain number they will sound all alike.

Above all, we would repeat our recommendation of the Chorals of Bach. These unite the soul and essence of the plain-song of the people, with the perfection of artistic treatment. Bach has so admirably harmonized these old tunes for four voices, that they have, when well performed, a beauty and a meaning that is inexhaustible and always fresh. These should be sung by a trained choir, the larger the better; but their beauty is intrinsic, in the harmony itself, and not dependent upon mere mass for effect, so that a simple Quartet choir may sing them to advantage. Study the specimens we gave two weeks ago.

3. Organ voluntaries, fugues, &c., of the highest and noblest kind: — music, which shall pervade the place as with a holier atmosphere, mingling with the soul's silent, heavenly occupation, charming the thoughts upward, as by a sort of spiral Jacob's Ladder of the Fugue, to heavenlier and purer states, to rapt and full communion with the Infinite. This, if it be *true* organ music, ministers to the religious sentiment in the same way that the choir does; and better, since such music is more impersonal, less narrowed by the idea of persons singing, or of thoughts and statements sung. Pure instrumental music always gains upon the preferences of those in whom a real love of music is awakened. Of course an orchestra might render a like service, were it not attended with such difficulties as to make it impracticable, except in the case of great religious festivals; of which our oratorios suggest a type.

MASTER ERNST PERANO. — We have several times alluded, during the past two years, to the extraordinary musical talent of this boy, now twelve and a half years old. About a year ago we spoke of an

effort being made in Boston to raise by subscription the means of sending him to Germany for proper education. Owing to hard times and to the sudden removal of the family to the West, that effort failed. But it is now taken up again in real earnest by our friend SCHARFENBERG and other artists, amateurs and music dealers in New York, who feel, and very properly, a certain artistic pride and common sense of responsibility in such a case, as if it concerned us all that such rare powers should have the best chance of a true development secured to them. These gentlemen call upon the friends of music here in Boston and elsewhere to help them. What their plan is may be seen by the following Circular:

A number of artists and amateurs of music, of the cities of New York and Boston, having carefully examined the above-named lad, and being convinced that, on account of his remarkable and quite unusual talent for music, he is a fit object for their particular regard and interest, it is proposed that this boy, now twelve and a half years old, should be sent to Germany for the period of five years, there to be thoroughly educated, first in those branches requisite to give him a general culture, refinement of taste and artistic tendencies, and afterwards specifically in the various branches of the art he has chosen for his future profession.

In order to carry out this plan, it is suggested:

1st. That all persons, who may feel interested in this undertaking, should subscribe, for the period of five years, a certain sum, to be paid annually, during the month of June.

2d. That, when a minimum amount, say \$250 annually, is signed, all the contributors have a meeting, at which they shall appoint three trustworthy and in every way efficient men, whose duty it shall be to carry into effect the plan suggested, with such modifications as may seem best to their judgment, and into whose hands the amounts subscribed are to be paid at the time specified. This committee of three will be required to make annually a report, stating what has been accomplished during the past year, and furnishing such information as may have been received from the various teachers of the boy, &c.

All those, especially artists and amateurs, who may be induced to favor this object, are requested to affix to this circular their signature and residence, together with the sum subscribed.

A copy of the subscription list, with the above heading, is in our hands, and it will give us great pleasure, as it will to Messrs. Scharfenberg & Luis, in New York, to add thereto the names of any friends who wish to help on this good work for Art. Most of the leading artists, pianists, music-publishers, &c., in New York have already signed it. Their subscriptions range from \$5.00 to \$15.00 per annum for the five years. Nearly half of the required sum remains yet to be raised. We can truly say we never met a case of youthful talent, which appeared to us so well to warrant general interest and outlay for its full and proper education. The boy possesses uncommon general intelligence; a frank, ingenuous, affectionate nature; and his passion for the tone-art is most genuine. At the age of eleven we heard him play on the piano difficult fugues of Bach (of which he knew a score or two by heart), Sonatas, &c., with accuracy and expression. He played a prelude and fugue by Mendelssohn at sight; he had no slight mastery also of the organ and the violin, and he composed things that indicated more than ordinary inventive faculty. Poverty has stood in the way not only of true musical culture, but also of that general schooling and those social influences under which an artist should grow up. We trust the friends of music now will see to it that he shall lack these benefits no longer. It is all-important that whatever is done, should be done quickly.

Musical Chit-Chat.

The musical clubs of Cambridge students ("Pierian Sodality" and "Harvard Glee Club"), gave another concert at Lyceum Hall, on Wednesday evening, and with no falling off of audience or enthusiasm. The instrumental pieces were the "Amelie Waltzes" by Lumbye, the Brindisi from *Traviata*, a Pot-pourri from *Martha*, and the Andante movement of a Trio for Piano, Violin and 'Cello, by Pesca; all of which were nicely played. The Club sang Mendelssohn's "Songs of Home," "Drinking Song,"

and "Farewell"; "Good-night," by Kücken; "Serenade," by Eisenhofer, and other part-songs, also the Ode of Horace: *Integer vitae, &c.*, and another Latin song, to German music, even better than before. The Trio "Lift thine eyes," from "Elijah," and other Trios and Quartets, were nicely sung by male voices. The object of the concert was to raise funds for the purchase of a musical library and other permanent conveniences of the two clubs; which shows that the spirit of musical improvement is revived in earnest among the undergraduates of Harvard.

Our military bands are preparing to celebrate the morning of the Fourth of July on the Common in grand Jullienesque style. The four principal brass bands are to join forces, and discourse divers medleys of national airs, with aid of gun-powder percussives, as arranged for the occasion by Mr. Burditt of the Brigade Band.

"Stella," of the Worcester *Palladium*, directs attention to a feature of our journal, which surely ought to make it indispensable to every circle of cultivators of good music in all our towns and cities. Such a list of musical pieces of the highest order, which, we furnish in the course of a couple of months, should be of itself sufficient advertisement. Hear "Stella":

The contents of the music pages of Dwight's *Journal of Music* are a new surprise to us week after week. Look at the list since the recent commencement of a new volume: Solo and Chorus, "Hear my Prayer," by Mendelssohn; "I wait for the Lord," from Mendelssohn's "Hymn of Praise;" Mozart's "Ave Verum;" two of Mendelssohn's Four-part Songs; a beautiful psalm for female voices by Schubert; and, in last week's paper a choral by Bach, which we trust may be to many an incentive to further study of these old Lutheran chorals of which we know so little. Why will not some of our well-trained choirs, like that under Mr. Allen's direction at the Church of the Unity, seize vigorous hold of some of these great compositions, and take a sure step towards showing how "poor and little worth" most of our church music has become; how great, how sublime four-part composition is, and how sadly it has been perverted.

The abstract of the Treasurer's report of the late meeting of the Music Hall Association, copied by us last week from the daily papers, contained an error in figures, which placed the balance on the wrong side. The receipts for the year should have been stated as \$8,864 15, instead of \$5,864 15. From this deduct the total expenditures, \$7,457 24, and it leaves a clear gain for the year of \$1,406 91. . . . The musical societies of Portland, Me., talk of celebrating the first arrival at that port of the great steamship "Leviathan," by a musical festival, occupying it may be several days. The "Creation," choruses of Handel, &c., will be performed. Of course they must have Fornes or some other mighty basso to sing: "The Lord created great whales. . . . Mrs. J. H. LONG, Mr. W. SCHULTZE, and Mr. B. J. LANG, gave a subscription concert in Newburyport on Thursday evening last, (June 17th.) . . . Mrs. LONG and Mr. LANG, in connection with local talent, give a Sacred Concert in Lynn, at one of the churches in that city on Sunday evening next, on the occasion of the opening of a new organ.

Messrs. Russell & Fuller have just published an admirable medium-sized photograph portrait of BEETHOVEN, taken from the large lithograph copy of the picture in the Royal Library in Berlin. Our "Diarist," who is familiar with that Library, and who knows everything about Beethoven, tells us: "Schindler assured me repeatedly that that portrait was altogether the best, and I have heard the same from many other persons. The small lithograph of the same is the one which has the best reputation in Germany. Of course during my stay abroad, I made every effort to find out what picture gave the most correct idea of Beethoven—the man. This is,

as is evident to every one, not flattered, not idealized. It accords very perfectly with Schindler's description of his personal appearance, and in my judgment, the photograph in question gives one a better idea of how the man actually looked, at about the age of forty-eight or fifty, than any other picture of the same size whatever." Our own impression accords with this; we have always found the lithograph referred to the most satisfactory of all the portraits of Beethoven; and yet the present photograph seems actually to surpass it.

There is a plan on foot to furnish New York with what it sadly needs, a first class music hall. The plan is thus described: "A number of capitalists have secured fifteen lots of ground fronting on West Fourteenth street, and of sufficient depth to admit of a large structure. On these lots will be erected during the present summer a magnificent Concert Hall, capable of seating 8,000 persons, and opening on extensive conservatories, thereby affording promenade accommodation for 8,000 more. Located in one of the healthiest and breeziest streets of the city, and with nothing to interfere with a perfect system of ventilation, the hall will be delightfully cool in summer, and when the frost comes and external Nature is nipped and bare, it will afford all the pleasures of a winter garden, with blooming flowers and budding exotics to relieve the eye, instead of straight lines to weary it."

A patent has been secured by Mr. Gustav Schuermann, of Newgate Street, London, for printing music by a process entirely different from the common mode of printing in type. Among the advantages affirmed to be gained by the new method, are a saving of seventy-five per cent in the expense of composition and correction; greater durability of type and less expense in its manufacture; transposition of keys easy of effecting, with but slight alteration in the type; facility for ornamental music printing; and greater beauty, clearness and sharpness in the impressions.

Both Herr FORMES and Herr THALBERG have been suddenly stopped in their Western Concert tours; the basso by an attack of bronchitis, which has led him to seek repose and cure at Dr. Munde's Water Cure establishment near Northampton, Mass. The pianist is called home by private circumstances to Europe. Formes is evidently out of favor with the London *Athenaeum*, which says: "All lovers of good singing will rejoice to hear that he prefers America to the Old Country, and has broken his engagement. But his behavior makes the search for a *basso profundo*, to replace him, imperative; since, in this respect, the Covent Garden Company, as it stands, is incontestably weak." . . . The Mozart Institution at Frankfort is said to have purchased a property, at a high price, near the Eschenheimer Gate, for the purpose of establishing there a conservatory and a music school.

The NEW YORK MENDELSSOHN UNION, at their fourth concert, on Thursday evening, brought out a couple of famous works, which we believe were never before publicly performed in this country: namely, Mendelssohn's "Athalie," and Beethoven's "Ruins of Athens." . . . The great musical Festival, with the "Choral Symphony," &c., will commence to-morrow at the Academy of Music. . . . The Italian Opera performances have acquired new interest this week, by taking up Pacini's opera of "Saffo," which was performed in Boston many years ago by the first Havana troupe, when TEDESCO was in her prime, and never before or since unless we are mistaken, in this country. This time GAZZANIGA takes the part of Saffo; ADELAIDE PHILLIPPS, Climene; BRIGNOLI, Phaon; GASSIER, Alcandro.

ST. LOUIS, MO., JUNE 12.—As a novel as well as amusing style of criticism, I send you the following from the *Columbia Mirror* (Tennessee):

"**THALBERG AND VIEUXTEMPS.** These distinguished individuals are now in Nashville, giving high-pressure concerts and selling tickets, when convenient, at two dollars a-piece. A stage-load and a half or two stage-loads of ladies and gentlemen went down from this place to hear them. **THALBERG** is said to be death, in its most horrid shape, on the piano, and it is probably true; while **VIEUXTEMPS** is represented as a fiddler of considerable skill, considering his opportunities, which he no doubt is. We haven't heard either of them since they were quite small; and unless they come out here and reduce the price of tickets to their value—say about sixty-two and-a-half cents per dozen—it is possible that we shan't hear them any more. When we ride forty miles, at an expense of at least ten dollars, extras not included, to hear a couple of itinerant Dutchmen torture a brace of unoffending instruments into fits, until the very spirit of music howls in sympathy, if somebody will have the kindness to cave in our head with a brick-bat, we'll feel greatly obliged to him.

BUT seriously. **THALBERG** and **VIEUXTEMPS** have never done us any harm that we know of, and we don't suppose they intend to. We wouldn't much mind hearing their music, for no doubt it is very nearly, if not quite, as good as that of the common run of Dutchmen, which, as the latter will tell you, is saying a good deal."

These artists gave two concerts here this week to good houses, considering the very unfavorable weather. **Mme. D'ANGRI** (the only new attraction) created a very favorable impression—excepting with the everlasting "*Rataplan*," which would not go down with the St. Louis public. **THALBERG** and **VIEUXTEMPS** out-did themselves.

Both played beautifully, and their duets were perfection. They left a more favorable impression than on their former visits. **PERRING** (the Tenor) was the general favorite, being encored almost in everything he sang. The duets between **Madame D'Angri** and himself were really gems, and alone worth the price of admission. Taking it altogether, our generally cold audiences were more delighted with those concerts than any we have had for some time, and we hope these artists will soon visit us again.

FORMES, under the auspices of **STRAKOSCH**, will be here on the second and third of July. He will do well here,—the German element especially will turn out in full force.

NEW HAVEN, CONN., JUNE 16.—The "*City of Elms*," as I think I have mentioned once before, can by no means lay claim to the title of a musical place. Yet the meaning of the word "*concert*" is well enough known here, to make the attendance of such an entertainment a requisite of fashion. Consequently, when sundry small advertisements in the daily papers and large placards around the streets, have duly announced the forthcoming event, and the auspicious night has arrived, students and school-girls (the chief components of society in this place) may be seen flocking in pairs, like doves to their windows, to Brewster's Hall. This latter is a very pretty, chaste-looking room, containing an organ, and capable of seating, by exact calculation, six hundred and twenty-eight persons, minus hoops. My first introduction to it was on the occasion of a concert given a few nights ago by your Germania Band, who, having been engaged for the Wooden Spoon Exhibition, took the opportunity to make themselves more generally heard. As I invariably have to buy a few months' ruralizing with the almost total loss of all musical enjoyment during the summer, I was glad of a chance to hear melody and harmony of any kind, and so, though the programme was of the lightest character, I took possession of one of the 628 seats. There were about twenty performers, who seemed to have two sets of instruments with them, which formed, respectively, a full brass band and a small orchestra. The effect of the former, in that miniature music hall, would have satisfied even friend "*Trovator*"; I could

not but think of him when my ears were nearly splitting with the first march, and heartily wished him in my place. Nevertheless, the brass instruments were very finely played; much better than most of the others, of which several, too, were sadly out of tune. Besides sundry waltzes, galops, and polkas, among which I noticed Musard's newest, the Champagne Galop, Cuckoo Polka, we had an Overture or two, one by Reissiger, and the second, *not* that to "*Stradella*," as was put down in the programme, but some other, unknown to me. Sundry pot-pourris and arrangements filled up the programme, one of the former jumbling together, in a most unmerciful manner, the Russian National Hymn, Wait for the Wagon, Old Folks at Home, Hail Columbia, God save the Queen, etc., ending, of course, with "*Yankee Doodle bedevilled*." Altogether, the ordering of the programme showed no great deference for the public taste of this city, and nowhere was this more manifest than in the two solos; the one for Cornet-à-Piston, played by Mr. Eichler, the other, for Violoncello, by W. Fries. W. Eichler's performance, I regret to say, did not make one forget König—and some of the solo-bits for the same instrument in the ensemble pieces were far better played. The piece, however, must be acknowledged to be entirely novel—Variations on the last new air, i. e., "*the Merry Swiss Boy*." When Mr. Fries's turn came, I was all expectation, having heard so much of this gentleman through your Journal, that I was glad to judge of him for myself. I did not expect any very profound composition under the circumstances, and when he played a charming Swiss-sounding introduction, (and very beautifully) thought that I should perhaps hear Proch's "*Alpen horn*," or something similar. Judge of my astonishment, when the "*Merry Swiss Boy*" again fell upon my ear! I confess that I was not a little indignant, and still consider this mode of proceeding rather an insult to the New Haven public. What if, as was doubtless the case, half the audience did not notice anything unusual—is this the way to educate the public, to further the cause of good music? It was bad enough to give one set of variations on so trite a subject—though the latter arrangement was, really an artistic one—but to bring it up *twice* in one concert, that was going rather too far. I have heard the hope expressed that this band will not come again till they have learnt to play some new pieces.

If the general taste for music is not very much developed here, there is still a small "*Band of Brothers*," who plod quietly but unceasingly on their way, seeking to improve themselves by constant practice, and others by letting them occasionally hear the result of their efforts. Several "*Soirées Musicales*" have been given, at private houses, this winter, the programme of one of which is worth copying:

Wedding March, (for four hands).	Mendelssohn.
Adelaide. (Vocal).	Beethoven.
Variations for Violin and Piano.	De Beriot.
Jubilee Overture, (for 8 hands).	Weber.
Duet from Puritani, (Vocal).	Bellini.
Concerto for Violin and Piano.	De Beriot.
Il Segreto, (Vocal).	Donizetti.
Masaniello, (8 hands).	Auber.

The good has certainly the preponderance here. A small singing club, too, has been steadily practising Oratorio music for some months; they have taken "*Elijah*," and are now studying "*St. Paul*." All these are refreshing signs of an earnest striving for the good cause, and as another, I may add that I have met with quite a number of very attentive readers of the "*Journal*."

From the pretty village of Farmington comes the rumor that some Quartet concerts will again be given there this summer, by the same performers as heretofore. Not quite the same, either, for I much fear that Mr. Mosenthal, who is only just recovering from a dangerous illness in New York, will not yet be able to join his companions by that time.

I was not a little surprised to see "*Trovator's*" last letter dated from New York. Has he acted upon his Mormon Italian friend's suggestion, and brought over the eight *cantatrice* to make his fortune for him? I should not think, however, that this was the best season for such an enterprise.

Special Notices.

DESCRIPTIVE LIST OF THE
LATEST MUSIC,
Published by O. Ditson & Co.

Vocal, with Piano.

Selections from "*THE BUCCANEER*," Grand Tragic Opera. G. W. Stratton.

Like as the flowret,	25
Flora, art thou yet true,	25
Ye winds of heaven,	25
O, let my heart be free,	25

The fair fame which this new American Opera has won already, after the performance of only a scanty selection from its vocal beauties before a select few, claims the full attention of all music lovers for these issues, which are to be followed by others, selected and arranged by the author. Those named above are some of the more simple, ballad-like portions of the Opera, but still full of real dramatic pathos and sufficiently elaborate to excite the interest of the cultivated vocalist.

Mountains of Life. Quartette. J. G. Clarke. 25

An excellent Quartette for the Church as well as for the home circle, on Sabbath evenings.

Little Dorritt's Love, Macfarren. 25

Simple and unpretentious, but heartfelt and touching.

My Little Sue, Lucius H. Parish. 25

Graceful and pretty.

Kitty alone and I. Song and Chorus. Thompson. 25

Bridal Morn. Ballad. J. L. Hatton. 25

A beautiful parlor song, light and gay in style, introducing the joyous tinkle of the wedding bells in the accompaniment, thus imparting an airy and picturesque character to the whole.

There is an isle, a bonny isle. Song. Kirk. 20

A new edition of this lovely little ballad, which has long been treasured as a real gem by the few who were aware of its existence. Once known, it will become a universal favorite.

Wait till I put on my bonnet. Song. Minasi. 30

Easy and pretty, with a handsomely illustrated title page.

Instrumental.

Bombardone Mazurka. H. Aug. Pond. 25

For a Mazurka, which does not require much execution in the player and still sounds full and brilliant, which captivates the ear of the many, and gracefully accompanies the steps in this characteristic dance, this composition is exactly "*the thing*."

Cradle Song, by Kücken, transcribed by Oesten. 40

A fine arrangement which fully develops the beauty of the well known air of Kücken's.

French Polka. D'Albert. 50

Sprightly and light. Excellent dance music. The title page has a likeness of the imperial prince of France, in colors, done true to life.

Fantasia on Airs from Mozart's Operas. For three Performers on One Pianoforte. Czerny. 1,25

This veteran among the writers of piano music for the advance of pupils, has hardly written anything more indispensable to the judicious teacher than his series of concertant Fantasias for three players on one piano, which are calculated even more than duets to develop the sense of rhythm in the pupil, and teach him that firmness and equality in time, which many a ready player is so sadly wanting. The series, called the "*Three Amateurs*," of which this Fantasia is a number, is intended for players of some address. The other numbers, which are already published, comprise Fantasias on Airs from Norma, on Airs from Donizetti's Operas, on Irish and on Scotch Airs. Independent of this set, but of the same difficulty, there is a set of six operatic Overtures, arranged also for six hands, viz: Tancredi, Fra Diavolo, Freischütz, Don Giovanni, Barbieri, and Figaro, all of which are published.

Alicia Schottisch. A. Mayer. 25

Forget me not Waltz. A. Mayer. 25

Peach blow Schottisch. Pond. 25

Books.

A NEW AND SCIENTIFIC SELF-INSTRUCTING SCHOOL FOR THE VIOLIN, on an entirely different Method from any work of the kind heretofore offered to the Public in this Country, intended for Beginners, Amateurs, Business Players, and Teachers. In Three Parts, Complete in one volume. By George Saunders. 75

This work contains a large amount of valuable instruction for all grades of violinists, and, while it furnishes the rudiments of a thorough knowledge of Violin playing to those just commencing their studies in this branch of music, it also imparts numerous hints and facts of great practical importance to advanced players. The music comprises nearly two hundred popular tunes, thirteen sets of cotillions, and a good variety of Contra, Spanish, and Fancy dances, with proper figures appended.

Dwight's Journal of Music.

WHOLE No. 326.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, JULY 3, 1858.

VOL. XIII. No. 14.

To W. J. H., while playing on his Flute.

A little poem by S. T. COLERIDGE, not found in his collected works, but preserved and published by his friend, Mr. Joseph Cottle.

Hush! ye clamorous cares! be mute.

Again, dear harmonist, again,

Through the hollow of thy flute

Breathe that passion-warbled strain:

Till memory each form shall bring,

The loveliest of her shadowy throng;

And hope, that soars on skylark wing,

Carol wild her gladdest song!

O skill'd with magic spell to roll

The thrilling tones, that concentrate the soul!

Breathe through thy flute those tender notes again,

While near thee sits the chaste-eyed maiden mild,

And bid her raise the poet's kindred strain

In soft, impassioned voice, correctly wild.

In freedom's undivided dell,

Where toil and health, with mellow'd love shall dwell,

Far from folly, far from men,

In the rude, romantic glen,

Up the cliff, and through the glade,

Wand'ring with the dear-loved maid,

I shall listen to the lay,

And ponder on thee, far away.

(Translated for this Journal.)

Henri Heine about Music and Musicians.

I. ROSSINI'S STABAT MATER.

PARIS, middle of April, 1842.

Arriving one fine day, at noon, last summer, in Cette, I saw a procession pass along the quay, before which spreads the Mediterranean sea; and never shall I forget that sight. In front marched the brotherhoods in their red, white and black attire; the penitents with their cowls drawn over their head, in which were two holes through which the eyes looked spectrally; in their hands burning wax-lights or banners of the cross. Then came the different orders of monks. Also a crowd of laity, women and men, pale, broken forms, devoutly staggering along, with a touching, sorrowful sing-song. I had often met such in my childhood on the Rhine, and I cannot deny, that those tones awakened in me a certain sadness, a sort of home-sickness. But what I never had seen before, and what seemed to be a Spanish custom, was the troop of children, who represented the Passion. A little fellow, costumed in the way the Saviour is usually depicted, the crown of thorns upon his head, whose fine golden hair flowed down mournfully long in waves, came pausing along, bent under the load of an immense great wooden cross; upon his forehead were brightly painted drops of blood, and marks of wounds upon his hands and naked feet. At his side walked a little girl clad all in black, who, as the Mother of sorrows, bore several swords with gilded handles on her breast and seemed almost dissolved in tears—an image of the deepest affliction. Other little boys, who walked behind, represented the apostles, and among them Judas, with red hair and a purse in his hand. A

couple of little fellows, too, were helmeted and clad in armor like Roman lancers, and swung their sabres. Several children bore the habits of religious orders and church ornaments: little Capuchins, little Jesuits, little bishops with mitre and crooked staff, the cunningest and dearest little nuns, certainly not one of them over six years old. And strange to say, there were among them also some children dressed as Amorettes, with silken wings and golden quivers; and immediately about the little Savior tottered two much smaller ones, at the most four-year-old little creatures, in the old Frankish shepherd's garb, with little ribboned hats and staffs, dainty things to kiss, as marchpane dolls: they represented probably the shepherds, who stood at the manger of the Christ-child. But would any one believe it, that this spectacle excited in the soul of the beholder the most seriously devout feelings; and the effect was all the more touching, that it was little innocent children, who were enacting the tragedy of the grandest, most colossal martyrdom! This was no aping of the matter in historic grandiose style, no wry-mouthed pietistic mummary, no Berlin make-believe of faith: this was the most naïve expression of the profoundest thought; and the condescending child-like form was just what saved the sense of the symbol from operating with an annihilating power upon our mind, or from annihilating itself. That sense indeed is so immensely mournful and sublime, that it exceeds and over-leaps the most heroic-grandiose and most pathetically exalted mode of representation. Hence the greatest artists, both in painting and in music, have thrown the charm of as many flowers as possible over the exceeding terrors of the Passion, and mitigated its bloody earnestness by playful tenderness—and this is what Rossini did, when he composed his *Stabat Mater*.

The *Stabat* of Rossini was the notable event of the past season; talk about it is still the order of the day, and even the strictures passed on the great master, from the North German point of view, attest quite strikingly the originality and depth of his genius. The treatment is too secular, too sensual, too frivolous for the spiritual subject; it is too light, too agreeable, too entertaining,—such are the comments groaned out by certain heavy, tedious critics, who, if they do not purposely affect an exceeding spirituality, yet certainly torment themselves with very narrow and erroneous notions about sacred music. With musicians, as with painters, there prevails a totally false view about the treatment of Christian subjects.

The latter believe, that the truly Christian must be represented in subtle, meagre contours, as lean and colorless as possible; the drawings of Overbeck are their ideals in this respect. To refute this delusion by substantial fact, I simply call attention to the pictures of saints of the Spanish school; here fullness of color and of contour predominate; and yet no one will deny, that these Spanish pictures breathe the most un-

diluted Christianity, and their creators certainly were not less drunk with faith, than the famed masters who, in Rome, have gone over to Catholicism in order that they may be able to paint with more immediate fervor. It is not this outward aridness and paleness that is the sign of the truly Christian in Art; but it is a certain inward exaltation, which cannot be got by baptism nor by study, whether in music or in painting; and so I find the *Stabat* of Rossini really more Christian than the *Paulus*, the oratorio of Felix Mendelssohn-Bartholdy, which is held up by the opponents of Rossini as a model of true Christian Art.

Heaven forbid, that I should say this to disparage so meritorious a master as the composer of the *Paulus*; and least of all could it enter the head of the writer of these pages, to pick flaws in the Christianity of that oratorio, because Felix Mendelssohn-Bartholdy was born a Jew. But I cannot help alluding to the fact, that at the age when Herr Mendelssohn commenced Christianity in Berlin (he was first baptized in his thirteenth year), Rossini had already left it and had plunged completely into the worldliness of operatic music. Now, when he has abandoned this again and dreamed himself back into the Catholic recollections of his childhood, into the times when he sang as choir boy in the cathedral at Pesaro, or served as acolyte at mass—now, when the old organ tones again thrill in his memory and he has seized the pen to write a *Stabat Mater*: now he does not need to first construct the spirit of Christianity by any scientific process, still less to be a slavish copier of Handel or Sebastian Bach; he only needs to call up once more from his soul those earliest sounds of childhood, and, wonderful indeed! these tones, with all their earnestness and depth of sorrow, powerfully as they sob forth and bleed forth the intensest anguish, yet retain something child-like in their expression and remind me of the representation of the Passion by children, which I saw at Cette.

Nay, I involuntarily thought of this little pious mummary, when I heard the performance of Rossini's *Stabat* for the first time; the sublime, prodigious martyrdom was here represented, but in the most naïve tones of childhood; the fearful plaints of the *Mater dolorosa* resounded, but as if out of an innocent little maiden's throat; along with the crape of blackest mourning rustled the wings of all the Amorettes of loveliness; the horrors of the crucifixion were mitigated as it were by toying pastoral play; and the feeling of infinity breathed over and encompassed all, like the blue heavens, that shone down upon the procession of Cette; like the blue sea, along whose shore it moved on singing and resounding! Such is the perpetual graciousness of Rossini, his indestructible mildness, which no impresario and no music-dealer could seriously disturb or even cloud. Whatever mean and base tricks may have been played him in his life, we find no trace of gall in any of his musical productions. Like that sprig

of Arethusa, which preserved its original sweetness, although it had passed through the bitter waters of the sea, so, too, Rossini's heart kept its melodious loveliness and sweetness, although it had drunk pretty deeply out of all the wormwood cups of this world.

As I have said, the *Stabat* of the great maestro was this year the prominent musical event. About the first execution, which set the tone for all the rest, I need not speak: enough, that the Italians sang. The hall of the Italian Opera seemed the fore-court of heaven; there sobbed holy nightingales and flowed the fashionablest tears. The journal *La France Musicale*, too, in its concerts, gave the greatest part of the *Stabat*, and, of course, with immense acceptance. In these concerts we heard also the *Paulus* of Felix Mendelssohn Bartholdy, who by this very proximity, claimed our attention and of himself provoked comparison with Rossini. With the mass of the public this comparison was by no means advantageous to our young countryman; it was like comparing the Appennines of Italy with the Templower mountain near Berlin. But the Templower mountain has its merits none the less, and it wins the respect of the multitude by the fact that it has a cross upon its summit. "Under this sign thou shalt conquer." Surely not in France, the land of infidelity, where Herr Mendelssohn has always made *fiasco*. He was the sacrificed lamb of the season, while Rossini was the musical lion, whose sweet roar still resounds. It is said here, that Herr Felix Mendelssohn will come to Paris in these days. So much is certain; by much expenditure and diplomatic labors, M. Leon Pillet has got so far as to order a libretto to be prepared by Scribe, which Herr Mendelssohn is to compose for the Grand Opera. Will our young countryman come out successful from this task? I know not. His artistic gift is great; yet it has very considerable gaps and limits. I find in respect of talent a great resemblance between Herr Felix Mendelssohn and Mlle. Rachel Felix, the tragic artist. Peculiar to them both is a great, severe, most serious earnestness; a decided, almost importunate leaning upon classic models; the finest and most intellectual calculation, sharpness of understanding, and finally an entire want of *naïveté*. But is there such a thing in Art as genial originality without *naïveté*? The case has never yet occurred.

Whitsuntide Festival at Cologne.

(From the London Athenæum, May 19.)

How near to, how far from, London is the City of the Three Kings!—distant nineteen and a half hours only by the aid of steam, which hurries one through the fields of Belgium, just now fat with high green corn,—down the valley of the Vesdre, yellow with the young oak-shoots,—and across the plain on the brink of the Rhine, from which the fruit-blossom has hardly faded. How remote is the look of the flourishing old Catholic city, and are the ways of its rough, but thoroughly cordial people! But neither London nor England has such a concert-hall, with its appliances, to show as the old Gürzenich Hall at Cologne is now, in its altered state. That antique chamber has been raised to almost double its former height. This rendered necessary the abolition of one characteristic feature—the row of pillars which divided the room lengthwise; since Prudery's self could not have dreamed of heightening these. Everything has been done in the best possible taste. The hall, taking the form of a nave, with shallow side aisles, is pillared with oak, and has an elaborate wooden roof in the style of that of Westminster Hall. Strange to say, it is none the worse as a room to sing and play in for all its arches, and recesses, and pendants, and beams, and traceries,—thus proving once again that resonance does not go by receipt, but

by chance. Hard by, an accessory Gothic building has been erected. This has enabled the architect to plan a pair of capital entrances with two separate staircases and a series of smaller chambers, which, besides being picturesque, are invaluable on all festive occasions. The new work, within and without, is alike solid and in good keeping. The lighting of the hall is, by daylight, sufficient; by night, splendid, thanks to its six stately chandeliers in the fantastic German style. It will accommodate on the ground-floor some fifteen hundred persons with ease. In short, a more magnificent and thoroughly characteristic concert-hall could not be imagined, nor, it may be asserted, exists in Europe.—Its roc's egg is an organ,—but this, it may be hoped, will be presently added.

The programme of this year's Cologne Festival and the names of the solo artists have already been given in the *Athenæum*. The orchestra was an excellent one—numbering 150 performers, who played Beethoven's "Eroica" Symphony and the "Bad Weathers" prelude to Mendelssohn's "Walpurgis Night," as those works can only be played in Germany, with the relish given only by nationality, and with which no stranger can intermeddle. The chorus—500 strong—was a very fine one, as regards its deliciously fresh *soprano* and basses,—the *alti* being more toneless and the tenors weaker than the other two voices. Some want of effect—some slight uncertainties of attack—may be ascribed to the great breadth of the orchestra and the placing of many of the chorists in the side aisles, but this arrangement could easily be remedied another time. On the whole, however, the chorus offered no great matter for envy to the English visitor, save, perhaps, in that zeal which can only belong to those who sing together more rarely than our overworked thousands do.—Herr Hiller is an excellent conductor, with a slight tendency to heaviness, a skilful, without being too skilful, disciplinarian at rehearsals. On him, too, as a composer, a special interest has centred this year by the grand performance (its second) of his new oratorio, "Saul."

It is no light task for any man to treat anew a subject treated by Handel. Ingenious and something more as is the "Jephtha" of Herr Reinthaler, he has to fight against such immortalities as "Deeper and deeper still," "The smiling dawn," "Happy they," and "Farewell, ye limpid springs."—So again, though the "Saul" of Handel is neglected for the present among Handel's oratorios, it has pages, combinations, and scenes which, in music, will only die when *Lear's* madness dies in Tragedy, or *Portia's* noble grace in Drama. *David's* song, with which the madness of *Saul* is beguiled; the Chormas (how different!) "Envy, eldest-born of Hell," on its ground bass; and "Welcome, mighty kings," with its chime;—the wondrous invocation of the *Witch of Endor* (which cries aloud for Madame Viardot to disinter it)—and that noblest of dirges "In sweetest harmony," offer terrible stumbling-blocks to any new aspirant; because they remind the world (as has been elsewhere said) that Handel was always greatest in the greatest scenes,—and in this was the greatest of artists. Sometimes careless—often unscrupulous—always rapid—incomplete (as the jargon is)—he is never weak when strength was wanted—never insufficient nor inexpressive when the strongest emotions and passions, which "Music can raise or quell," came under his ken. Hence, did we write music, we should dread to venture on Handel's ground. Others—Handel's countrymen especially—seem to have less misgiving; perhaps because they know these immortal works less than we English do; perhaps because they do not consider any musical "Macbeths" or "Othellos" as final. So be it. They are right in so far as they can assert themselves; and we must endeavour to take their view.

Herr Hiller, however, has hardly had a fair chance in his attempt to re-set "Saul." His poet, Herr Hartmann, does not seem to have appreciated the difficulty of this striking Biblical episode as subject for a long musical work, in its want of prominent female interest. In Handel's case this was met by giving to Michal a large allowance of that *soffeggiato* music which now would hardly pass, were there even a new Handel to make it interesting—and by writing the part of David for a *mezzo-soprano* voice. Here we have no equivalent for these devices, and the consequence is undue preponderance of masculine tone. A like disproportion (in spite of the beauties prodigally lavished over every bar of the opera) hangs to a certain degree as a dead weight on "Guillaume Tell." Herr Hiller, we are sure, will take it for no disparagement to be told that he is less able to dispense with aids and suggestions than Signor Rossini. If his oratorio sound too long, it may be owing to his want of due scrutiny before he began to write, not because he has failed to write well, and to write—though an eclectic—in a way of his own. To analyze either the book or the music of so elaborate

a work in detail is here impossible. Enough to say, that the former is divided into three parts.—Part the first includes the King's jealousy and madness,—the spell of David's harp,—the avowal of Michal's love for him,—David's expulsion,—and Samuel's prophecy. Part the second, and longest, shows us David among the shepherds,—Samuel's anointing of him,—Saul at battle, in the cave at Ziklag,—Samuel's death,—and "the improvement on this," to use the phrase of our old divines. Part the third brings us on the dangerous ground of Endor and its witchcraft,—the battle on Gilboa,—David's lament for Saul and Jonathan (more dangerous ground still,) and his reception as king of Israel. The small part originally destined for Jonathan has been retrenched to nothing since the first performance, and the weight of the work lies on the insane monarch and the Psalmist-King of Israel.

Both these two men have been well characterized in music by Herr Hiller:—David, by a flow of sweet and pious melody, to which the harp, fitly, mostly bears company; Saul, by that lurid and imperious music with which it seems not hard to fit a bass voice. Michal is treated with less decision,—the case being one in which the musician must color the character, not the character inspire the musician. The weird woman of Endor does not make us forget Handel's air adverted to; but a truly ghostly tone is thrown over the apparition of Samuel by a phrase repeated to monotony, and scored with lugubrious instruments.

The oratorio is strong and various in its choruses,—some half-score of which are capital; bold in idea, vigorous in construction, and massive in force of sound. In particular may be mentioned two very delicate choruses for female voices alone in the first Part:—then, one after David has been saved from the King's javelin,—a cheerful and stout shepherd chorus, following his consecration by Samuel,—another, of David's followers when Saul is found sleeping, which is dramatic,—one, very delicious in nine-eight (Herr Hiller seems more than usually fond of triple rhythms),—and the grand chorus closing the second Part, the close of which is pompous and large. In the third Part, one of the most remarkable features is the music to the battle on Gilboa, which is watched by women. Here the instrumentation is rich, the stir perpetual, and the use of merely the shrill female voices through a long and rapid movement heavily scored amounts to a new effect. David's lament, too, is one of the best numbers of the work, which winds up with a "Hallelujah" in a new form. This last, however, would gain in brightness, were the *solo*, to which the chorus replies, transferred from the tenor to the *soprano* voice. Throughout the oratorio the instrumentation is highly colored, solid (not excluding picturesque effect), and masterly. The style, to sum up, is modern, without being profane—dramatic, but nowhere theatrical. There are few or no fugues; their absence, however, is obviously caused by no deficiency in contrapuntal science, neither by want of power to originate those clear and tractable phrases on which alone fugues can be successfully built.

Herr Hiller's "Saul" offers difficulties to the performers. On the whole, it was well performed. As meriting praise, the orchestra comes first, which went through its duty with true German fervor. In the chorus, the bell-clear *soprano* voices predominated so largely above the other three parts of the quartet that the beauty of their sound, which at first seemed charming, became importunate as the performance went on. The part of David gives us occasion to mention the good progress made by Herr Schneider. Six years ago, when we ventured to prophesy on his capabilities, he was second tenor in the Leipzig theatre, and was there little regarded, because others hawled more loudly than he. His voice, always a sweet one, has gained volume without losing sweetness,—his expression is good, without that sickliness which too many of his tenor countrymen mistake for sentiment. He is the most pleasing artist of his class in Germany that we know of, and as steady in his music as pleasing. Herr Stepan, the bass, did his best as Saul,—and worked out some of the scenes with fair dramatic truth, landably, the while, clear of exaggeration. Mlle. Krall, the Michal, sang better than she did when in London. Mlle. Jenny Meyer, from Berlin, was the *mezzo-soprano*, her voice being hardly deep enough in quality to be called a *contralto*. This young lady has a future before her, if she choose to take it. She is young,—pleasing in appearance, and with a certain refinement of manner promising intelligence. Her voice, too, is tuneable and full, without extraordinary power,—a voice worth first-class training. This, we imagine, it has hardly yet received, to judge from the manner in which certain of her notes are arrived at, not attacked,—a defeat easily to be cured in one so young, but which, if it be not amended, may bring her into the category of

impassioned ladies, who sigh, or scream, or sob, but cannot sing. Mlle. Meyer does not seem at present to command much execution—but she does not attempt much; and her feeling is true and intelligent. As a new comer she cannot fail to impress every hearer hopefully.

The *programme* of the second day's concert was a magnificent one. It was well worth the fatigue of a flight to Cologne in the midst of our season to hear the 'Credo' of the Mass in B minor, by Sebastian Bach, so excellently sung—in itself amounting to a complete work; and in its choruses, "Et incarnatus" and "Et resurrexit," rising higher than its composer anywhere rose in his preferred 'Passions-Musik.' The 'Credo,' however, would gain by the omission of the *solo* clauses. There is little music in being more dryly mechanical than the duet for two female voices, "Qui propter." There is no *solo*, by the most frivolous modern Italian composer, in which the music bears less relation to the words, than the long and tormented *pastorale*, "Et in Spiritum Sanctum," for a bass voice. Hard labor was it for the singers to force their way through these utterly inexpressive pieces, and a slight pause sufficient to detach chorus from chorus, would be more welcome than any attempt to execute what, at best, is unmeaning, and therefore ineffective. The second item was a selection of scenes from the second and third acts of Gluck's 'Armida.' Grandeur concert-music for a festival could not be devised than Armida's 'Invocation to Hate,' and her answer, chorused by her attendant fiends,—nor lovelier airs for singers of the highest quality than Armida's soliloquy or Rinaldo's enchantment in the fairy garden (which last, by the way, was very well rendered by Herr Schneider). Never could rapturous applause have been better deserved:—so noble, indeed, was the effect that our conductors and festival committees may be justifiably urged to try something of the kind. Gluck's music, be it noted, demands a powerful and brilliant force of stringed instruments, as well as of chorus:—better, therefore, not attempt it at all than to give it on a small scale. It is fresco-Art in opera,—but richer in color and more seductive in beauty than any fresco-painting in being. The rest of this superb concert was made up of the 'Sinfonia Eroica' and the 'Walpurgis Night.'

The third, or Artists' Concert, though commanding the largest crowd, is habitually the least interesting one to the English stranger, who is familiar with better things than the best which these German committees, with their limited means and low prices of admission, can compass. On the miscellaneous selection at Cologne, there is no need to dwell: the artists who are unfamiliar to London having been already spoken of.

The Festival, let it be repeated, was well worth the labor of a visit: interesting in the comparisons naturally excited,—pleasant as bringing together old friends, and as affording an opportunity of making new ones; and made especially cheerful by the ready courtesy of all concerned in its management. Surly-ness himself could hardly find himself a stranger or solitary on such an occasion. With regard to the professional criticisms and bickerings and rivalries which came to the surface,—possibly inevitable, in a country made up of small independent musical principalities,—what shall be said, save that they form as constant a feature in a Whitsuntide Rhine Festival as the garlands which hang the roof-tree, or the *Maitrank* in its tipsy looking-glass-barrels—insidious beverage!—of which one drinks twice, to repent the whole day after. German unity is a strange thing; but, in music at least, its dislocation is perhaps after all an affair of argument rather than of opinion,—of talk for talking's sake rather than of active dissent and discord. The "ifs" and the "buts,"—the whisperings in corners,—the onslaughts across the supper-table,—did not prevent this Festival at Cologne from being numerously attended and cordially enjoyed—as, in truth, it well deserved to be—by every one present at it.

The Black Opera.

(From the N. Y. Tribune, June 30, 1855.)

If the lyricism of Stiersichorus or of Anacreon be regarded as an embodiment of the characteristic sentiments of the ancients; if the genius of Alcæus and of Sappho perpetuated the mysterious music of the olden time, unvoiced before—why may not the banjoism of a Congo, an Ethiopian or a George Christy, aspire to an equality with the musical and poetical delineators of all nationalities? It may indeed be urged that the banjo is not as classical an instrument as the lyre of the ancients—that the metrical compositions of the colored race and their imitators fall a trifle beneath the standard of excellence at which custom has rated the poets of antiquity—that the use of the jaw-bone and bellows, of Mechan-

ics' Hall notoriety, cannot be countenanced by the votaries of æsthetic pursuits. All this may be urged by the erudite stickler for conventionalities and accepted by others of his class, but the world will go on believing, as it now believes, that truthfulness to nature is the vitality of Art; that music is only true to its high mission when it expounds the subtle philosophy of the soul, the language of the heart, the mystery of the senses, with the infinite emotions, passions, thoughts, which constitute the nature of man; and that whether the instrument which subserves this purpose chances to be a lyre or a banjo, or whether the people whose lives and emotions are thus perpetuated be the highest or the lowest type of the human family, the result is still the same, differing only in the standard of its influence and the character which that influence assumes. Absurd as may seem negro minstrelsy to the refined musician, it is nevertheless beyond doubt that it expresses the peculiar characteristics of the negro as truly as the great masters of Italy represent their more spiritual and profound nationality. And although the melody of "Long-tailed Blue" may not possess the intellectual properties of an *aria* by Bellini, yet it will contain as much truth to the humanity of which it assumes to be the exponent, and quite as much enthusiasm will be manifested by its listeners.

Whether the black opera originated in Numidia, or on the banks of the Nile, history nor tradition saith not. Its first appearance in "good society" may be set down to 1822, when, in a drama produced at Drury-lane Theatre, in London, Dibdin introduced the character of a negro, who, in the course of the piece, sang a ballad, of which we give one stanza:

"Ribal King he make great strife,
Gumbo dad, him life to save,
Sell pickaniny, crown and wife,
And poor Gumbo for a slave!
Cruel ting of dam ole King,
But Gumbo dry him tear, and sing
Dingle, jingle, tangaro."

The "dingle, jingle, tangaro" is the only portion of this composition which smacks of originality; the rest was tame and vapid, but suited to the audience for which it was intended. About the same time O'Keefe, in the operetta of Paul and Virginia, borrowed the idea of a colored solo, and gave a very passing and characteristic melody. Subsequently, Carney Burns, the clown of a circus company performing at the Park Theatre, sang, between the acts, a composition which he termed "Gumbo Chaff." Its popularity was immediate, and the eccentric Carney instantly became an object of considerable importance; but the appearance, during the same season, of an illustrious competitor for the palm of negro lyricism caused his star to fade and gradually disappear. It was at this epoch that Mr. T. D. Rice made his debut in a dramatic sketch entitled "Jim Crow," and from that moment everybody was "doing just so," and continued "doing just so" for months, and even years afterward. Never was there such an excitement in the musical or dramatic world; nothing was talked of, nothing written of, and nothing dreamed of, but "Jim Crow." The most sober citizens began to "wheel about, and turn about, and jump Jim Crow." It seemed as though the entire population had been bitten by the tarantula; in the parlor, in the kitchen, in the shop and in the street, Jim Crow monopolized public attention. It must have been a species of insanity, though of a gentle and pleasing kind, for it made hearts lighter, and merrier, and happier: it smoothed away frowns and wrinkles, and replaced them with smiles. Its effects were visible alike on youth and age.

The success of Mr. Rice called out numerous imitators. "Sittin' on a rail," "Getting up stairs," "Long-tailed blue," "Zip Coon," etc., succeeded each other rapidly, and for the time being, Negro Minstrelsy was the ruling power. "Goosey Gander," and "Old Dan Tucker" came afterward—and who is there that cannot recollect the enthusiasm with which the first appearance of "Dandy Jim" was hailed? How often that colored gentleman came from "Caroline," it would be impossible to estimate, but we suppose it would bear comparison with the number of occasions on which the ancient and venerable darkey was made to sing "Carry me back to old Virginny." The homeliness, the truthfulness of these compositions, established their popularity. There was nothing factitious in them; they filled a void in public amusement, which was beginning to be sensibly experienced, and from their very naturalness appealed to the sympathy of the multitude. Particularly was this the case with the younger portion of our population, most of whom have grown up to be men and women since then. For if the songs were of a humorous character, it was humor of a positive, gushing kind—boisterous fun, just suited to the nature of youth, and not without its effect upon the risibilities of the oldest; or if the air was a saddened one,

there was a pathos in its mournful simplicity, quite as impressive as any waves of melody which ever gushed from the soul of a composer. Who has not often observed the tear of sensibility moistening the cheek of youth, while listening to the primitive strains of "Uncle Ned"—that poor old colored gentleman, who has gone "where the good darkies go!" Ah, those tears constituted one of the blessings of that youth, which has now departed. Sorrow and disappointment have doubtless weighed heavily upon many a heart since that spring of life passed away, with its smiles and tears. We can no longer smile at "Lucy Neal," nor weep at the pathetic story of "Uncle Edward." And, in the meantime, has there been no change in the feelings of the true originators of this music—the negroes themselves? Are the great mass of those held to labor on Southern plantations the same careless, brutalized race they were twenty years ago? We believe not. Let the Southern traveler of to-day compare notes with one who went over the ground even ten years ago, and he will find a striking change in the mental characteristics of this unhappy people. The gay laugh and cheerful song are not heard with former frequency; there is less of that noisy exuberance which not long since was regarded as a trait in the African disposition. The old, unmeaning compositions of the plantation have fallen into disuse, and if they sing now there is memory in their songs. Plaintive and slow, the sad soul of the slave throws into his music all that gushing anguish of spirit which he dare not otherwise express. And yet the careless reviewer of events, observing not the causes or consequences, mourns what he terms the decadence of national negro minstrelsy!

The "Virginia Minstrels" was the first organized band of performers that appeared in public. This comprised the following individuals, who have since enjoyed considerable notoriety in their vocation: Dan Emmett, Whitlock, Pelham, Frank Brower, E. P. Christy and George Christy. The Company afterward changed their appellation to "Christy's Minstrels." The first performance they gave was in Water Street, Buffalo, 1842. Being very successful in the new experiment, they traveled through the West and South, where George Christy acquired that intimate knowledge of negro character which has since made his performances so acceptable. It was in Lexington, Kentucky, that he first saw the jaw-bone and bellows accompaniment introduced by a juvenile specimen of the African race, and he was the first who used these doubtfully melodious instruments in the concert-room. E. P. Christy was among the first to harmonize songs for public performance. We can well remember when the well-known ditty of "Lucy Long" made its appearance, and with what success its author, night after night, informed the audience that he had—

"— Just come out afore you
To sing a little song;
I plays it on the banjo,
And they call it Lucy Long."

Among the most successful writers of Negro Songs may be mentioned Mr. Silas Steele, Cool White, Stephen C. Foster, and George Washington Dixon. The last named individual is well known to Gothamites, both for his musical and literary proclivities. He was one of the earliest votaries of the colored opera, and his muse was among the first employed in its behalf. While performing at the Park Theatre he introduced the "Ching-a-ring Chaw," which afterward became so popular:

"Broder, let us leabe Bura land for Hettee,
Dar we be recieib gran as La Favet-to;
Make a mighty show, when we land from steamship,
I be like Munro, you like Louis Phillippe.
On dat equal soil, who no want to goe,
Dar we feel no rod, dar we hab no foe,
Dar we lib so fine, wid our coach and hos-se,
And every time we dine, hab one, two, tree, four cos-re.
Ching-a-ringer, ring, ching, ching,
Ho a ding, a-ding, kum darkee;
Chinger ringer, sing ching chaw,
Ho, ah, ding kum darkee."

This has the ringing sound of true metal. A long residence in the South doubtless furnished the material for many of the productions of the erratic Dixon, whose life was so checkered and full of incident. The "Coal Black Rose" was another of his popular melodies:

"Lubly Rose, Sambo cum,
Don't you hear the banjo—tum, tum, tum,
Lubly Rose, Sambo cum,
Don't you hear the banjo—tum, tum, tum.
Oh, Rose, do Coal-Black Rose,
I wish I may be burnt if I don't like Rose,
Oh, Rose, &c."

This was a duet, sung by the author and a Mr. Leicester, and always with the most happy effect. Christy composed the next musical popularity, "The 'Yaller Girls," which was followed by Charley White's "Bowery Girls." The rivalry existing between these musical belles was excessive; but the public finally

decided in favor of the "Bowery Girls," and from that time forth the number of occasions upon which they were asked if they purposed "coming out to-night," would be impossible to enumerate.

The first company of Minstrels established in this City was that under the management of Mr. E. P. Christy, in 1846. Their performances were given at Palmo's Opera-House—now Burton's Theatre. Finding their popularity on the increase, and seeing a prospect of establishing themselves permanently in the Metropolis, they shortly afterward removed to Mechanics' Hall, which they have since occupied. It is scarcely necessary to speak of the success which attended the experiment. In the year 1852 the number of concerts given by this Company was sixty-nine, and the receipts amounted to \$1,848; in 1853, the number of concerts given was 312, and the amount of receipts was \$47,972. The intermediate years corresponded in success with the last. Mr. E. P. Christy retired from the business in the possession of a fortune, leaving it to be carried on by George Christy in connection with Mr. Henry Wood. George had long been popular with the New-York public, and his career bids fair to be as successful in a financial point of view as that of his predecessor.

The Buckley Family were among the pioneers of negro minstrelsy. Their first appearance was in the Tremont Temple, Boston, in 1842, under the name of "Congo Melodists," and proved immensely successful. Subsequently they travelled through the South and West, and in 1846 visited England, where they performed successively at Drury-lane and the Princess's Theatres. Returning to New-York, they located themselves in the Chinese Assembly Rooms, where they have since continued to produce burlesque operas, and become very popular with our citizens. The Buckleys consist of James Buckley, the father, and three sons—Richard, George Swaine and Frederick. Winemore was formerly a member of this company, and early contributed to its success. They are at present assisted by persons of considerable taste and skill, and the entertainments which they nightly present attract numerous and respectable audiences.

There are at present a great many companies of negro minstrels performing through the country, the most celebrated of which are Christy's, Buckley's, White's, Ordway's, Campbell's, Peel's, Kunkle's, and the Empire Band. In fact minstrelsy has become a permanent institution in our society, and will undoubtedly maintain its position for many years to come. There is some truth in the assertion that the music has deteriorated. We find that Miss Nancyism of vulgarity assuming a place in the concert room among the votaries of burnt cork, bones, and banjos. The sickly sentimentality which has of late characterized the productions of the majority of these companies, as well as the wholesale plagiarism of music now systematically pursued, has had the effect of injuring the claims of minstrelsy to originality. Let us hope that this will not be longer tolerated by the directors of the colored opera. Instead of adapting trashy words to some defunct Scotch or German melody, let the aspirants after this species of lyric fame mingle with its originators and draw inspiration from a tour through the South and West. There is plenty of material to work upon; and there is certainly no scarcity of room for improvement.

The Philadelphia Musical Fund Society.

[From Fitzgerald's City Item.]

This old and honored association occupies a distinguished place among the multifarious institutions for which Philadelphia is widely famed. Few of our citizens, it is probable, know what the Musical Fund Society actually is; what its end and aim are; or what is the precise nature of the work it is doing. Everybody is aware that the Society has a building devoted to its objects, with a grand saloon which has always been, and is at this day, the most favorite musical hall in the city. It has been pronounced by fastidious musicians the most perfect saloon, in an acoustic sense, on the continent, and artists have frequently asserted that Europe can boast of very few superior to it. Its simple, refined elegance, and its comfortable accommodations have endeared it to the people above all other public saloons. Everybody, too, is aware that the Musical Fund Society give annually a series of concerts, which are among our most popular and fashionable entertainments. Indeed, they constitute one of our few purely local musical attractions.

The Musical Fund Society was instituted on Feb. 29th, 1820, and finally incorporated on Feb. 22d, 1823, so that it has now attained the hale and hearty age of thirty-five years. The essential objects of the corporation are the relief of old, feeble, invalided, or incapacitated musicians and their families, and the cultivation of skill, and diffusion of taste, in music.

The members of the Society are divided into two classes. One is styled the class of amateurs. No pecuniary relief is granted from the corporate funds, unless the applicant for the same shall have been a member of the class of professors during at least three years immediately preceding his or her application, or unless the applicant is the widow or child of a deceased member to whom, at the time of his or her decease, relief might have been granted. The Society has the power to confer academic degrees in music, also to establish schools for musical culture. The corporation is governed by a Board of twenty-four directors, who hold office for a term of three years, and are divided into three classes, eight directors serving for each year. This board elect annually, on the second Tuesday in May, from their own number, a President and Vice-President, a Treasurer and Secretary, and such other officers as the Board or the Corporation may decide upon. Four Standing Committees are also yearly appointed by the Board of Directors, viz: a Committee of Admission, a Committee of the Fund, a Committee of Relief, and a Committee of Music. Their titles indicate, clearly enough, the duties and offices of these committees. Every professional member of the Society is subject to an annual contribution of ten dollars.

If any professional member is in needy circumstances, and is disabled by age, sickness, or accident, from attending to his business, his case is carefully examined into by the Committee of Relief, who report the circumstances to the Board of Directors, who grant to the distressed member a certain weekly allowance. If a member dies, his widow or children, if left destitute, are granted a like weekly allowance. If a poor member is attacked by sickness, an investigation into the case is made and the advice and attendance of one of the regular physicians of the Society (of whom there are two, duly appointed,) are procured for him, and pecuniary assistance is also rendered, if required. In case of the death of a member in needy circumstances, the funeral expenses are defrayed by the Society; if the wife or child of a poor member dies, similar relief is given.

Thus, it will be seen, the Musical Fund Society is fulfilling a most charitable, humane, and beautiful mission. The vicissitudes of a professional musician's life, in this country, are far greater and more fearful than the public, who get the benefit of his genius and labors, have any adequate conception of. It is extremely hard for an artist to obtain, even by the most diligent toil and unswerving effort, a decent subsistence for himself and those who are dependent upon him. If overtaken by age, sickness, or calamity of any description, his situation is indeed pitiable and melancholy. Without the merciful assistance of some such noble and benign agency as the Musical Fund Society, he must starve, beg, or die a miserable death, leaving the family he has to the chance kindness and protection of a world that is not especially notorious for sympathy and generosity. There is a "fate of genius," although stupid creatures, with a painfully cheerful and contented disposition, will not see it nor try to avert it.

The Musical Fund society have expended during the term of their existence, nearly *thirty thousand dollars* in relief of decayed musicians, their widows and orphan children. During the past few years the relief extended has amounted to over *fifteen hundred dollars per annum*. Surely an institution that accomplishes such a large and glorious work as this, should have the cordial support of the community of which it is such a shining ornament.

Violins and Poems.

Among the many fine things with which the "Antoeat of the Breakfast Table" continually regales the readers of the *Atlantic Monthly*, is the following about three good things which grow more good by use:

You don't know what I mean by the *green state*? Well, then, I will tell you. Certain things are good for nothing until they have been kept a long while; and some are good for nothing until they have been long kept and *used*. Of the first, wine is the illustrious and immortal example. Of those which must be kept and used I will name three,—meerscham pipes, violins, and poems. The meerscham is but a poor affair until it has burned a thousand offerings to the cloud-compelling deities. It comes to us without complexion or flavor,—born of the sea-foam, like Aphrodite, but colorless as *pallida Mors* herself. The fire is lighted in its central shrine, and gradually the juices which the broad leaves of the Great Vegetable had sucked up from an acre and enrdled into a drachm are diffused through its thirsting pores. First a discoloration, then a stain, and at last a rich, glowing, amber tint spreading over the whole surface. Nature true to her old brown autumnal hue,

you see,—as true in the fire of the meerscham as in the sunshine of October! And then the cumulative wealth of its fragrant reminiscences! he who inhales its vapors takes a thousand whiffs in a single breath; and one cannot touch it without awakening the old joys that hang around it, as the smell of flowers clings to the dresses of the daughters of the house of Fanna!

* * * * *
Violins, too,—the sweet old Amati!—the divine Straduarini! Played on by ancient *maestros* until the bow-hand lost its power and the flying fingers stiffened. Bequeathed to the passionate young enthusiast, who made it whisper his hidden love, and cry his inarticulate longings, and scream his untold agonies, and wail his monotonous despair. Passed from his dying hand to the cold *virtuoso*, who let it slumber in its case for a generation, till, when his hoard was broken up, it came forth once more and rode the stormy symphonies of royal orchestras, beneath the rushing bow of their lord and leader. Into lonely prisons with improvident artists; into convents from which arose, day and night, the holy hymns with which its tones were blended; and back again to orgies in which it learned to howl and laugh as if a legion of devils were shut up in it; then again to the gentle *dilettante* who calmed it down with easy melodies until it answered him softly as in the days of the old *maestros*. And so given into our hands, its pores all full of music; stained like the meerscham, through and through, with the concentrated hue and sweetness of all the harmonies that have kindled and faded on its strings.

Now I tell you a poem must be kept and *used*, like a meerscham, or a violin. A poem is just as porous as the meerscham;—the more porous it is, the better. I mean to say that a genuine poem is capable of absorbing an indefinite amount of the essence of our own humanity,—its tenderness, its heroism, its regrets, its aspirations, so as to be gradually stained through with a divine secondary color derived from ourselves. So you see it must take time to bring the sentiment of a poem into harmony with our nature, by staining ourselves through every thought and image our being can penetrate.

Then again as to the mere music of a new poem; why, who can expect anything more from that than from the music of a violin fresh from the maker's hands? Now you know very well that there are no less than fifty-eight different pieces in a violin. These pieces are strangers to each other, and it takes a century, more or less, to make them thoroughly acquainted. At last they learn to vibrate in harmony, and the instrument becomes an organic whole, as if it were a great seed-capsule that had grown from a garden-bed in Cremona, or elsewhere. Besides, the wood is juicy and full of sap for fifty years or so, but at the end of fifty or a hundred more gets tolerably dry and comparatively resonant.

Don't you see that all this is just as true of a poem? Counting each word as a piece, there are more pieces in an average copy of verses than in a violin. The poet has forced all these words together, and fastened them, and they don't understand it at first. But let the poem be repeated aloud and murmured over in the mind's muffled whisper often enough, and at length the parts become knit together in such absolute solidarity that you could not change a syllable without the whole world's crying out against you for meddling with the harmonious fabric. Observe, too, how the drying process takes place in the stuff of a poem just as in that in a violin. Here is a Tyrolean fiddle that is just coming to its hundredth birthday,—(Pedro Klans, Tyroli, fecit, 1760.)—the sap is pretty well out of it. And here is the song of an old poet whom Neraera cheated:

"Nox erat, et celo fulgebat Luna sereno
Inter minora sidera,
Cum tu magnorum nomen lesura deorum
In verba jurabas mea."

Don't you perceive the sonorosity of these old dead Latin phrases? Now I tell you that every word fresh from the dictionary brings with it a certain suaveness; and though I cannot expect the sheets of the "Pactolian," in which, as I told you, I sometimes print my verses, to get so dry as the crisp papyrus that held those words of Horatius Flaccus, yet you may be sure, that, while the sheets are damp, and while the lines hold their sap, you can't fairly judge of my performances, and that, if made of the true stuff, they will ring better after a while.

Opera in New York—Pacini's "Sappho."

From the Sunday Atlas, June 27.

The production of the "Sappho" of Pacini, during the past week, is decidedly a great event in the musical annals of this country. It was performed in this city a few years ago, at the old Park theatre, with Tedesco in the role of the Grecian poetess, and

the silver-voiced Lorini as Phaon, her lover. The present cast at the Academy is as follows :

Saffo	Sigra. Gazzaniga
Climene	Miss Phillips
Phaon	Signor Brighelli
Aleandro	Signor Gassier
Diree	Sigra. Morra
Ippia	Signor Barattini
Lysimachus	Signor Mueller

The "Sappho" of Paccini is deservedly the pet of the Neapolitans and Sicilians. The music is highly classic—perhaps too much so for the present atmosphere of New York, but still melodious and intelligible. Why such a master-piece should have lain neglected for so many years is to us a mystery. In a dramatic point of view, it is full of brilliant points and situations, requiring the highest exercise of dramatic skill. Madame Gazzaniga many years ago set Naples in a *furor* over her rendition of the unfortunate heroine. The audiences at the Academy were similarly exercised during the past week. One could hear, all over the house, whisperings about its greatness and sublimity. The orchestra and chorus, having been strengthened, acquitted themselves for the first time this season with decided ability. Max threw his whole soul into his baton, and interpreted the music in a style that would have pleased Paccini himself. We hope this opera will become a permanent institution in this city. For the information of such of our readers as have not heard it, we subjoin the following synopsis :

Act I.—During the games of the 42d Olympiad, the populace excited by Saffo's denunciations of the inhumanity of compelling hopeless lovers to leap from the Leucadian rock, drive Aleandro, the high priest of Apollo, from the Circus. Incensed and outraged, he plots revenge, and meeting with Phaon, who is loved by Saffo, he stimulates his affections for his own daughter, Climene, and excites his jealousy of Aleus, a former follower of Saffo. Saffo appears, and soon regains her former sway over the fickle lover, but as she is called to receive the laurel crown from Aleus she forgets her love in her pride, and carelessly calls on Phaon to follow her. Phaon's jealousy is again aroused; he upbraids and spurns her as she clings suppliant to his knees.

Act 2.—Climene, attiring for her nuptials with Phaon, receives Saffo, who has vainly sought her lover, and now, in despair, comes to Climene to beg her intercession with Aleandro that she offer a sacrifice to appease the wrath of Apollo. Climene receives her with kindness and as a sister, and invites her to be present at her coming nuptials. Saffo objects to her mean appearance, but Climene orders her damsels to give to Saffo her best attire, and proceeds to the temple. Saffo soon follows in gorgeous apparel, crowned with a laurel wreath, and finds in Climene's husband her true lover. Aleandro orders her to leave the temple; she is about to do so and calls on Phaon to follow her, but hearing that he is already married, in rage she overturns the hymenial altar, and is driven with curses from the temple.

Act 3.—Broken-spirited and bowed down by the celestial malediction, she supplicates the high priest of Apollo to permit her to take the fatal leap to appease her unrequited love. The priest consults the oracle, which is favorable, and while preparing herself for the fatal sacrifice, Aleandro learns from Lysimachus and an amulet she wears about her neck, that Saffo is his own lost daughter to Climene. He endeavors to free her from the fatal decree, but the god is obdurate; in an inspired frenzy she sings a nuptial song; the voice of Phaon recalls her to herself; she lends him to Climene, and rushes to plunge from the fatal rock—Phaon in vain attempting to follow her.

While Brignoli is fair, and Miss Phillips good, in this opera, Gazzaniga and Gassier were positively great. We expected as much from the lady, and were prepared to hear a careful rendition from the baritone; but the latter did more than we expected. He absolutely surprised and dazzled us. The aria "Di sua voce," in the first act, was given magnificently. The house fairly trembled with spontaneous applause. The duetto, "Compunta e supplica," with Gazzaniga in the third act, was equally well rendered, while the solo, "Oh Smania," was absolutely thrilling. Never before did we hear the rich reedy, cultivated voice and artistic method of Gassier to such advantage. We consider him an invaluable acquisition to any troop, and we regret that he is about to leave us next month. Since he has been here he has improved very much in actina, and no doubt will reap new laurels on his return to Europe. Madame Gazzaniga, by her example, seems to have infused new life into all the artists except Brignoli, who is, without exception, the worst actor on the Italian stage.

Miss Phillips filled the pleasing role of Climene, and made a decided success. Paccini seems to have wisely and equally distributed the weight of his music among the four principal singers, so that each one has a fair share of the work to do. The air, "Il cor non basta," in the second act, is a little gem for the contralto, and the duet, "Di quai soavi," with Gazzaniga, received an enthusiastic encore. The pizzicato of the violins and the accompaniment of the harp, made this duet one of the most pleasing we ever heard. In fact, Miss Phillips in this opera, as in "Il Trovatore," is entitled to a high position both as an actress and singer. From the fire that sparkles in her eye, and the intelligence that beams in her face, we predict all sorts of good luck for her

in the future. We are proud of our American prima donna, and hereby nominate her queen of the young contraltos.

Brignoli is incorrigible. He should be made to wear trousers full of thistles, to keep him awake. The role of Phaon, though somewhat threadbare, is still full of dramatic interest. The role of Violetta, in the "Traviata," is equally threadbare; but in the hands of Gazzaniga, it becomes absolutely great. Phaon can be made a magnificent role for dramatic intensity, but Brignoli (who appears to detest the character,) sings it like a stick. Where and how he will end, if he persists in pursuing this sleepy course, Heaven only knows. The aria "A nitigar le smanie," in the first act, was deficient in fire, and very bad in the upper notes. He has lately acquired a trick of singing high notes as if from the roof of his mouth—a mode very easy of execution, but tending in the end to what might be called nasality. "Mai piu, mai piu divisi," in the third act, was well sung, and is also a little gem in its way. Brignoli can sing divinely, if he chooses. He is enormously fat, but "width and wisdom," in his case, do not come together. His repose on the stage is death-like, and enough to throw a cold chill over the impassioned Gazzaniga. The costume in this opera seem made up from "Norma" and "Semiramide"; and Brignoli's, in particular, is abominable.

Of Gazzaniga, what can we say? If we had swallowed forty dictionaries, in as many different languages, we should still be unable to do her justice. Her face is childlike and full of expressive simplicity with the sweetest (looking—for we cannot, alas! vouch personally for its saccharine qualities,) sort of a mouth imaginable, that utters sounds of joy or woe in the most wonderful manner. From the beginning to the end of this opera, her performance was a triumph. She carried the entire weight, almost, like Atlas of old, upon her own shoulders. The duet, in the second act, with Miss Phillips, was tender and bewitching. Of Paccini, it may well be said that he does not overtask the voices of his principal singers. Everything is written within an easy compass, unlike Verdi and other composers of a more recent and florid school. The "Ai mortali O erudo," in the second act, was magnificent. Madame Gazzaniga's lower notes have a wild, wailing tone about them, at times, that appeals strangely to the heart. The trio, "Al seno mi stringi," in the third act, with Aleandro and Climene, was admirably given. The nuptial song, "Teco dall' are pronube," with harp accompaniment, and the finale, "L'ama ognor qua," were truly grand. Her acting throughout was superb. This opera demands so much intense action, that we fear, in other hands, it would prove a failure. It so proved in London, when first produced there, and was withdrawn after the second representation. Here, Madame Gazzaniga has made it a great success. Mr. Gye should have secured her for Covent Garden, and pitted her against the reputed formidable Piccolomini, of Lumley's troupe. London would be swept, as if by a tornado, at the rivalry of two such actresses.

The libretto of this opera was written by an Italian poet named Cammarano, and although full of dramatic points and situations, is equally full of historical blunders. For example, Saffo is represented as delivering an oration against an alleged barbarous custom of causing unfortunate lovers to leap from the rock of Leucadia, a ceremony belonging in some way to the temple of Apollo, of which Aleandro is high priest. Inflamed by her words, the populace thrust the priest from the circus and at this point the play begins. According to the poet Menander, Saffo herself is said to have been the first to try such a violent remedy for her unrequited passion. It was clearly the hasty suicidal impulse of the moment, for no custom then existed compelling hapless lovers to take such a leap. But a custom did prevail at that time of throwing down a criminal every year on the festival of Apollo. In order to break his fall birds were attached to him and if he reached the water alive, boats were stationed to pick him up, after which he was allowed to depart unmolested from the territory of Leucadia. The best scholars now agree that the leap, if taken at all, was taken by a courtesan of the same name, a native of Presos, in the same island (Lesbos.) Antipater, of Sidon, in an epigram asserts, that Saffo, of Mytilene, (the poetess,) died in the usual course of nature and was buried in her native island. It appears moreover that she was a respectable married woman, the wife of one Cereolus, a wealthy gentleman of Andros, by whom she had a daughter named Cleis. History is silent as to whether she had a sister, and in all her productions no allusion whatever is made to the youth called Phaon. It is certain that the suicide was a voluntary one, and not commanded by the gods or the priests of Apollo. The rock itself exists to this day, and is situated in the modern Santa Maura, an island lying on the west coast of Greece, while Lesbos, now the modern Mytilene, lies off the west coast of Asia Minor, many

hundred leagues distant. The Italian author of the libretto of the opera in question, evidently drew largely on his imagination for his facts, after the usual fashion of poets. History aside, the plot is clever and well worked out, and affords great scope for an exhibition of dramatic talent in the four principal roles. We fear that this opera will be shelved after the departure of Gazzaniga, unless indeed some equally clever actress makes her appearance here under the auspices of Ullman next fall. Paccini is a Sicilian by birth, at present residing in Florence. His works are but little known out of Italy. We do not consider him a copyist of Rossini, nor can we detect any resemblance of style or melody. The genius of the latter has so completely covered the whole ground of Italian music, that other composers are frequently accused of pilfering, or imitating.

Dwight's Journal of Music.

BOSTON, JULY 3, 1858.

MUSIC IN THIS NUMBER.—Quartet, for four voices, from MENDELSSOHN'S *Lauda Sion*. In performing the whole work, this Quartet follows without pause the Soprano Solo and Chorus, which we gave last week. It is complete, however, in itself. The concluding pages will be given next week.

The "Heated Term."

"The Heavens are as Brass above us."

Journalists of all kinds and parties just now are perspiringly eloquent upon one topic—the hot weather. It seems (nay it is), we are in the midst of one of those fever crises, which our old earth has to undergo more than once every summer, and for which some learned Yankee cousin of the Moon, Clerk of the Weather by the general consent, has invented the name "heated term." It is a term, whose meaning may be felt, if not so clear to intellectual ken.

The "heated term" is not an unfit topic, either, for a journal of music. Indeed it is the very topic—and, in the present surcease of all quiet, temperate, unfeverish music, the only topic left us. It has its precise musical correspondence: to-wit, *Brass*. When that fearfulest of dog-stars rages,—the lurid evil star of Brass Bands—with unescapable peculiar virulence, we are in one of the "heated terms" of the musical season. At such times the fine ear, the fine-strung musical nature has to suffer for its sensitiveness. Then the unprotected sense and nerve-imagination are entirely at the mercy of all sorts of vexing, stinging, torturing, mosquito-ish, as well as noisy, brassy, Calithumpian persecutors. The everlasting bray of hoarse and screamy and discordant brass seems the most apt and natural accompaniment of all the vulgar noises, heats and smells of crowded, dirty city streets, in a hot day after the blessed height of Midsummer.

That there may be music of brass instruments, which is music, we do not deny; used in their right place, in right proportions, and especially for music properly adapted to them, they often fill a noble function. But as we have to hear them, grown so cheap and vulgar, blating "harsh discords" or most maudlin pathos out of the windows of every dirty beer-shop,—band blowing against band, with hideous cacophony, at all the four or thrice four corners of the squares where rowdies most do congregate (we cannot pass the dear old house where we were born, on any pleasant evening, without literally experiencing this very nuisance),—as this intensely brassy, "heated term" does actually exist in every city and in every town, perpetual accom-

paintment of every show and place of entertainment, dogging you and shouldering you (in an auricular sense) in a style most insolent and ruffian-like, you cannot help exclaiming that "the heavens are as brass above us!" Verily it is the age of brass. And the worst side of it is the moral side. There is a natural affinity, a pre-established, diabolic harmony between rowdiness and brass music. Where rowdiness is rife, there do the Sax-horns bray the loudest. Their effect upon the musical sense, as well as on the moral, is to trample under foot and crush out all the tender germs of finer feeling. No delicacy of taste can long exist amid such crazing tumult. The music, which we hear o' nights, amid the glare of gas, is vulgar, coarse, illiterate music. Its whole expression, tendency and influence are just the opposite of all that is refining, humanizing, and exalting.

The ordinary brass bands, the poorer and more common class we mean, are a ten-fold greater nuisance than the hand-organs. These do delight small children, and awaken some germs of a sense of melody; but brass bands crush out every germ, and substitute the brutal love of noise for that of music.

The culmination of this "heated term," under which we now ply a languid pen, is close at hand: — the Nation's Jubilee, the "glorious Fourth;" and this in music is a great Pentecost of brass. By all the powers of Brass, in league with Gunpowder, we publish and proclaim our patriotism. With the unthinking multitude the first attribute of patriotism is the war-like spirit; and war-like music is pre-eminently brass. The military brass band sets the key to all the music of our national rejoicings. Witness the "stunning" programme of the Grand Military Concert, which is to lift the patriotic souls of thousands upon wings of glory, Monday Morning, upon Boston Common. We chronicle it in this our musical weather record, as one would the memorable thunder storm or great tornado of the season:

A Grand Military Concert will take place on the Common, commencing precisely at 8 o'clock, A. M., and concluding at 9.

The music will be performed by the Brigade Band, Boston Brass Band, Metropolitan Band, and Germania Military Band, forming one Grand Band of eighty Musicians, under the direction of B. A. Burditt, of the Brigade Band. The Concert will commence with three grand chords, each chord being accompanied by one of the guns of the Light Artillery, Capt. Nims, which will be followed by the following programme of pieces:

1. Yankee Doodle, in Grand Chorus, with solo variations by the leaders of each band, viz: E. H. Weston, Brigade Band; D. C. Hall, Boston Brass Band; B. F. Richardson, Metropolitan Band; Antoine Heinicke, Germania Military Band.
2. Wood Up, with variations and solo performances.
3. Washington's March.
4. Verdi's Celebrated Anvil Chorus, with eight anvils.
5. Star Spangled Banner.
6. God Save the Queen.
7. Marseilles Hymn.
8. Russian National Hymn.
9. The Turkish Song of Peace.
10. Hail Columbia, in which the guns of the Light Artillery will speak in unison with the bands, giving repeated salvos to heighten the effect of America's National Air.

The Concert will conclude at nine o'clock, A. M., and, owing to the subsequent engagements of the bands, no piece can be repeated.

Verily, in the words of a contemporary, "the music of Vulcan and Jupiter Tonans will be mingled with the vibrations of brass and sheep-skin, in a manner that would have tickled the

cockles of old John Adams's heart to have heard it!"

Now all this of itself is very well. Let the prophetic wish of old John Adams be respected, and let the nation make a great boy of itself, in the frenzy of its joy on such occasions, to its heart's content; and let the old tunes, homely though they be, which are associated with our country's pride, repeat themselves through whatsoever lungs of brass. Noise is the order of the day; and music, to be heard, must needs be of the noisiest. Moreover, there are good musicians in our principal brass bands; men who desire, as well as we, a music of less coarse, monotonous material, with pleasant contrast of reed instruments with brass. But the bands live by military employment, chiefly from single companies; and economy requires that the instruments be few and loud enough to make their way through all the mingled noises of the street. The bands play well. All we regret is, that such demonstrations set the tone to all the coarser elements below them; they give the cue to thousands of base imitators everywhere in cities and in villages, who in the summer season make night hideous with the brutalizing, irritating discords which have formed the theme of this discourse upon the weather.

Musical Review.

The Church and Home: a collection of Sacred Music. Selected and adapted by GEORGE LEACH. (Boston: Oliver Ditson & Co.) pp. 232.

This is not a "Psalm Book," but a collection, and a very choice one, of pieces of several pages each in length, selected for the most part from the works of the best classical masters, mostly German, with a goodly number from the English school, and a sprinkling of clever contributions from the compiler's own pen, as well as by other well-known musicians in New York. Here are fine Glorias, Sanctuses, &c., from the Masses of Mozart and Haydn; choruses, quartets, trios, solos, from Mendelssohn, Handel, Beethoven, Weber, Spohr and others; Te Deums, Jubilates, Chants, Anthems, from Orlando Gibbons, Boyce, Crotch, Jackson and other masters of English service music: all arranged to English words, and making a collection which we think must become extremely useful in all choirs and musical circles, who want good music of more length and interest than mere psalmody. Mr. Leach is an Englishman who has for some years resided in New York, and a brother of Mr. S. W. Leach, one of the most tasteful and artistic of the oratorio singers. In the performance of his task he had the aid of that excellent musician, Mr. H. C. TIMM. In his modest Preface he says:

The several pieces comprising this collection were mostly prepared during eight years, while the music of the "CHORUS OF THE MESSIAH," New York, was under the direction of the editor. They were intended to supply immediate wants, with no idea of publication; having, however, been frequently requested to print them, after a careful revision, he now gives them to the public, in the hope, not only that a confessed want in the Church will be supplied, but that they will prove a source of pleasure and instruction in the Home, and excite a desire for a more intimate knowledge of the sublime works from whence these gems have been chiefly taken.

In selecting and adapting the words, it was not deemed sufficient that they should be merely lyrical, but that they should also suit the spirit of the music, and be at the same time of a character acceptable to all classes of Christians. This book therefore may not in any sense be regarded as sectarian. In the good time coming, it is believed that all churches will unite in the bonds of brotherly love and Christian charity, to worship the one Universal Parent of mankind.

Six Songs, by EMILY C. BAUCE. 1. "Spring Night;" 2. "The World goes up and the World goes down;" 3. "Oh, heavy, heavy day;" 4. "Love took me softly by the hand;" 5. "Cradle Hymn;" 6. "Good night, my heart." (Russell & Fuller).

Here, in a very tasteful and inviting little brochure, we have some modest Spring flowers of a young girl's musical life. They are fresh, simple melodies, genuine and full of feeling. In the accompaniments they show taste and invention, as well as inexperience. Some of them are pretty sure to win their way, and all of them are better worth than many songs of more pretension, largely sold in these days. The "Cradle Hymn," to Latin words, with translation by Coleridge, is the simplest and perhaps the most perfect of them. No. 2 has a significant accompaniment. No. 6 has striking beauty; but the translation of the German poem is unfortunate.

Come into the garden, Maud: Song for Mezzo-Soprano voice, by OTTO DRESEL. (Russell & Fuller).

Of all the settings to music of Tennyson's most musical verses, this is by far the best. It conveys, in a somewhat dramatic strain of melody, the delicate poetry and passion of the words, and has points where all the soul-warmth of a rich voice may pour itself forth. The accompaniment is strangely beautiful but difficult.

✍ We send this number of the "Journal" to the subscribers of the "CHICAGO MUSICAL REVIEW," which paper has been discontinued, and shall be pleased to place the names of those who receive it on our books as permanent subscribers to "Dwight's Journal," allowing to all such the amount they may have paid on the "Review," covering any period beyond the first of July.

Musical Correspondence.

BROOKLYN, N. Y., JUNE 29. — The Grand Floral Promenade Concert, the programme of which I sent you in my last letter, came off as announced, on Thursday evening last. Although the thermometer had ranged in the neighborhood of 90 "in the shade" all day, there was a cool, refreshing breeze from the bay in the evening, and the arrangements were so well made and so admirably executed by the committee, that there was but little discomfort felt by the large and gay company. While there was the largest liberty granted as to dress, many elegant toilets were to be seen, some of which would have been quite creditable to an occasion more pretentious than a Promenade Concert in the "city of churches."

The decorations were arranged with excellent taste and were both elaborate and expensive, costing upwards of \$1,000, which of course does not include the flowers, and much labor which was gratuitous. At one end of the room was the stage, occupied by the band, with the following decorations:

Three arches of evergreen and flowers; under the centre arch a statue of Flora, on each side a female figure, holding a shield: one bearing the inscription, "Philharmonic Society," the other, "Horticultural Society."

Over the centre arch, the "American Eagle," and on each side papier-mâché cupids, literally in a "bed of roses." On the stage also was a full sized Harp made of a great variety of roses, which was very much admired.

In the centre of the room was an octagon Floral Temple, surmounted by a cupola, terminating under the chandelier. In the centre of this Temple was the Floral design, which received the first prize at the exhibition.

On the other end of the room is the gallery, forming a half circle, on which were the statues of the Gardener, Fisher Boy, Hunting Girl and Cornucopia, surmounted with arches of evergreens and flowers, above which were smaller statues of Bacchus, a Bacchante, Dancing Girl and Flora.

The sides of the room were hung with wreaths, festoons, gilt frame mirrors, &c.

This brief outline gives but a faint idea of the truly elegant and tasteful appearance of the room. The committee did everything they promised and more too. The music was from Noll's, and not from Hall's Seventh Regiment Band, as your compositor printed it from my last letter. It would be quite superfluous to say that the music was excellent, as this band never gives us anything that is not excellent. They are not only a body of musicians that do credit to our city, but we have reason to be, as we are, proud of them.

At the Academy in New York the Opera closes tomorrow (Wednesday) night, for the summer. This season, under the management of W. H. Paine, Esq., has been highly successful, everything considered.

The production of "Sappho" has created no little

interest in our little musical world, and the critics have thought it worthy their attention, so that editorial ink has flowed freely on the merits and demerits of this opera. The verdict both of the public and the critics, is in its favor. The merits of this opera, however, are so different from its contemporaries, that it can only be brought in contrast, rather than in comparison with them.

The critics, however, have made one valuable discovery during the late season at the Academy. They have finally discovered that Miss ADELAIDE PHILLIPS, a young lady who has formerly lived in a remote, and out of the way place called Boston, and who is most highly esteemed and respected by the good people of the said out of the way place,—I say, the critics of Gotham have discovered that this young lady is really a fine artist. One says: "As to execution, Madame GAZZANIGA may learn a good deal from her." Another—the *Daily Times*, says: "The second act opens with a delicious and quaintly accompanied chorus, for female voices, followed by a fine scena and aria for the contralto, (*Clinene*, played by Miss ADELAIDE PHILLIPS,) which was rendered in an almost faultless manner."

The Grand Musical Festival, notwithstanding the unsufferably hot weather, has been quite successful, but not having attended, I cannot speak from personal observation.

BELLINI.

Musical Chit-Chat.

What a man of the right sort may do towards elevating the taste for music in any town, which has a fair share of materials, is shown by the example of Mr. B. D. Allen in Worcester, Mass. This gentleman gave another of his truly classical Soirées, last week, at his Music Rooms. The programme was of the highest order. "Stella," of the *Palladium*, says of it:

The Grand Battle March of Priests in *Athalie*, opened the programme, and was finely played by the Messrs. Allen, Mrs. Allen, and a little miss of tender years, who, in her laurel-crown seemed a priestess of the divine art to which she devotes herself with an ardor which tempts one to see in her some future Clara Schumann. The Hymn by Mendelssohn, "Hear my Prayer," was effectively sung; Mrs. Allen's pure soprano rendering the solo very truthfully, notwithstanding the hoarseness from which she suffered; and a strong, rich chorus doing justice to the highly-dramatic allegro and finale. Beethoven's Sonata in F minor formed the third number; and, much as we had anticipated its performance, Mr. Allen's playing left nothing to be desired. In its *allegro* and *prestissimo* there was "the wild witchery of Beethoven's strains," while the *adagio* was rich in beauty of form and expression. Ah! these Sonatas of the great master! Perfection, truly! Mr. Sumner, a highly cultivated singer, has a pure and sympathetic tenor which we could have chosen to have heard in something better worthy of him than Stradella's "Pity, O Saviour!" which had more sweetness than beauty or depth. Five piano duets by Schumann added to the list of pictures of happy child-life which Mr. Allen has before given us. They were the joyous "Birthday March," the lugubrious "Bears' Dance," the "Garden Melody,"—redolent of zephyrs and flowers and the oddly pretty conceit, "Hide and Seek." Himmel's *Veni Creator Spiritus* was given with telling effect; Mr. A. S. Allen taking the solo, and the chorus doing well their part. *Pensées Fugitives*, performed by Messrs. Burt and Allen, (violin and piano), would have challenged strictest criticism. Mr. Burt brings from his violin a singularly pure, round tone, and plays with most feelingly. He is a true artist. Mr. Allen's piano-solos—including an exceedingly pretty Mazurka of his own composition, one of the ever-beautiful Songs without Words, No. 19, and the rich Etude in A flat, of Chopin's, were among the most enjoyable of the evening's performances. Mrs. Allen sang one of the most enlivening of the songs of Robert Franz; and the quartet closed all with the grand Latin Hymn of Cherubini, "*Veni Jesu, amor mio*,"—inspiring and sublime.

The Grand Musical Festival, Pic-nic, &c., in New York, came off as announced on Sunday and Monday last. The concert at the Academy was slimly attended, partly owing to the intense heat, and partly because it was Sunday; the numbers on the stage almost rivalled those in the auditorium. The newspaper critics seem to have been so entirely possessed by the great topic of the "heated term," that they have hardly anything to say about the concert,—although there was an immense orchestra, some 1400 singers, and Beethoven's "CHORAL SYMPHONY" was brought out in full! Fry, in the *Tribune*, says, however: "It is not saying too much that, as a whole it would be difficult to find a better execution of this great work in Europe; and what was wanting in the crowd, was compensated for in the close attention and appreciation rendered it by the amateurs present."

Verily the thermometer has much to answer for, when an opera called *Saffo*, or even a hacknied *Traviata*, can call forth whole columns of comment in all the newspapers, while such an event as the Ninth Symphony is barely mentioned!

On Monday the Grand Rural Festival and Musical Pic-nic took place at Jones's Woods, between sixty-sixth and seventy-first streets. The *Times* says:

About 9 o'clock, A. M. the members of the various societies, who were to take part in the proceedings, the Arion and Harmonia Bnnds, the Liederkranz, Mozartverein, Allgemeiner Sängerbund, &c., assembled at the Metropolitan Rooms in Hester-street, and afterwards paraded Broadway and other streets, accompanied by two immense military bands, and several military companies. The display was very effective, the gorgeous banners belonging to the "bunds" attracting special attention. At the time when the festival was at its height there were not less than twenty-eight or thirty thousand persons present, and locomotion almost became impossible, so dense was the crowd. The shade afforded by the trees was very partial, and the intense heat (the thermometer standing at 90 deg. in the coolest place) detracted greatly from the general pleasure. Wherever any shade could be procured the ground was packed with human beings, too heated to stir—the women and children being especially wilted. . . . Poles and stands had been erected for gymnastic exhibitions, but no one patronized them. The athletic sports of the "Turners" are not suited for a torrid atmosphere.

To say that lager beer was consumed in greater quantities than on any previous German festival that we can remember, is to give no idea of the immense demand which was made for it, and which at last exceeded the supply, although 1300 kegs were ordered for the occasion, which, as each keg contains 120 glasses, was equal to 156,000 pints of that beverage. Light wines, soda water and lemonade were also in great request.

An immense stand, capable of holding several hundred persons, was erected under the shade of some fine trees, near the centre of the grounds, where the concert commenced at 2 o'clock. This stand and its vicinity were crowded so densely that the noise made by those who were rushing to get in, and others, who, nearly fainting from the heat and pressure, were struggling to get out, often rendered the sound of the music inaudible at a very inconsiderable distance. To those who were fortunate enough to get within comfortable hearing distance the effect of so many instruments was very fine.

There were, according to the programme, 1,400 singers, belonging to the Arion, Harmonia, Liederkranz and Allgemeine Sängerbund Societies; 300 instrumental players in the orchestra, and 300 in the bands in the procession, making 2,000 performers in all. The various pieces were given under different conductors, namely: Messrs. ANSCHUTZ, BRISTOW, RIETZEL, BERGMANN, NOLL and WEBER. After the "Star-Spangled Banner," a speech was made by Mr. WM. HENRY FRY, which called forth repeated cheers. He spoke of the precarious position of the musician, especially in "hard times," of the noble charitable object of the Festival, which he hailed as the beginning and "basis of a great and enduring benevolent Association, which shall provide for the sick, the unfortunate, the aged and the suffering of the musical profession" in New York. All accounts agree that this great gathering was characterized by the usual temperance, good order and friendly courtesy of Germans upon such occasions. There was also a good disposition shown to Americanize the thing as much as possible; a fair proportion of Americans participated.

Our Berlin correspondent told us some months since of a concert, at which the programme was made up exclusively of compositions by kings, princesses, duchesses, and other titled personages, from "Old Fritz" to the present powers that be. The *Athenæum* tells us of another case more recent, and comments as follows:

Amateur composition—no scandal against ladies and gentlemen who employ their leisure gracefully—is (in ninety-nine cases out of the hundred)—amateur composition—showing that its makers have heard that

A little learning is a dangerous thing,

and thus dispense with any. May we "of the herd" venture a step further, and dare to whisper that royal amateur composition is a still more delicate ware? How should it be otherwise? Can we look for fugues from the great ones of the earth,—and where is the musical professor who would dare to point out a third case of "consecutive fifths" in *Prince Chéri's* madrigal or *King Cophetua's* quartet? Theirs are productions too august and genteel to bear the light of every-day publicity, or to be exposed to audiences who are justified in resenting a stolen tune or a corrupt sequence. We have been led to these venturesome speculations by meeting in the foreign journals with traces of an exquisite piece of courtiership just enacted at Berlin by Herr Theodor Formes, the tenor. He

has been giving, it is said, a concert, in which the programme was made up of music by Frederick William the Third and Frederick the Great of Prussia (the latter sovereign's music, we know, was washed clean"—to use Voltaire's phrase—by Quantz).—Prince Louis-Ferdinand of Prussia,—the Duke of Saxe-Cobourg-Gotha, the Hereditary Princess of Würtemberg, formerly the Grand Duchess Olga of Russia,—the Princess Anna of Prussia,—our own Prince Consort,—and the King of Hanover. Had the concert-giver gone more largely into the matter, he might have treated us to some ancient fragments from "Talestri," by the Dowager-Electress of Saxony, praised by Burney. Had he studied the international relations of Europe, he should have wound up with "Partant pour la Syrie," to do honor to the French Alliance.

The *Illustrated News* gives us a brief sketch of the antecedents of Mlle. TITIENS, or TITJENS, the new prima donna at Her Majesty's Theatre:

This lady, now the brightest star of the musical stage, is a native of Hamburg, but of Hungarian extraction, and descended of a noble family. She was born in 1834, and is thus in her twenty-fourth year. Like most great musical artists, she showed a disposition for the art at an early age, and, after having received instructions from an eminent Italian master, she appeared on the Hamburg stage at fifteen. Her outset in life was romantic. A young man of considerable fortune fell in love with her and sought her hand; but her unconquerable attachment to the stage led her to reject his addresses. Her guardian (her father was then dead) used all his authority and influence to get her to withdraw from the stage, and a sort of compromise was made that she should do so for twelve months at all events, to return to the stage at the end of that time, should her inclination for it continue unabated. At the end of nine months her love of her art prevailed: she returned to the stage, sacrificing to it her domestic prospects. While performing at Hamburg she was seen and heard by the Director of the Opera at Frankfort-on-the-Maine, who immediately engaged her. At Frankfort she appeared in the great parts which have since rendered her famous. Her growing celebrity attracted the attention of the director of the Imperial Theatre at Vienna, with whom she entered into an engagement for three years, of which one year is yet to run, her present visit to London being on a congé for a limited time. At Vienna she soon rose to the height of public favor, and was on the point of renewing her engagement with the direction of the Imperial Theatre, when Mr. Lumley, arriving at Vienna at a critical time, was enabled to make her a more eligible proposal, and to secure her for Her Majesty's Theatre.

The great parts in which she has gained her renown are Valentine, in the "Huguenots"; Norma, Lucrezia Borgia; Donna Anna, in "Don Giovanni"; the Countess, in "Figaro"; Leonora, in "Fidelio"; and Leonora, in the "Trovatore," in which last she has appeared during the present week; so that it may be seen that her "line" is tragedy, or the class of comedy which is akin to tragedy. We add, with great pleasure, that Mlle. Titjens is not less amiable as a woman than illustrious as an artist. Her manners are singularly engaging.

Uhland, the venerable poet of the Schwarzwald, celebrated his seventy-first birthday on the 26th April, in Tübingen. He was fêted with serenades brought by the Student's *Liedertafel*, one of the best in Germany, which has been directed for the last twenty-seven years by Dr. Silcher.

Music Abroad.

Paris.

The success of *Le Nozze* at the Théâtre Lyrique is described by French ear-witnesses to have been real; so much so, indeed, as to make the management contemplate mounting *Don Juan*. Where the hero is to be found, save it be in M. Battaille, we have no conception. The *Gazette Musicale* announces that the "Faust" of M. Gounod is in rehearsal. The state of the Grand Opéra meanwhile is described, on competent testimony, as going from bad to worse. "No music, no voices, no discipline," were the words used the other day in regard to it by a great German conductor, who, like ourselves, recollects the palmy days of that theatre. Signor Tambrlik, it is now said, hesitates as to the loan of his C sharp; and, we think, wisely. Meanwhile, the Paris correspondent of the *Illustrated London News* announces a discovery of its kind and in its world as precious as the

great gold nugget or the "Koh-i-noor." This is a new tenor, one M. Lebat, with an upper note more in his voice (what do we say?—one—two—three—there is no limit to promise on similar occasions) than Signor Tamberlik himself. M. Lebat is announced as a professor of rhetoric; but it is undertaken for him that after a year's training he shall be ready to succeed to the crown and sceptre of Nourrit, MM. Duprez and Roger. Great is the pleasure in hoping,—greater still in believing—but experience is apt to be troublesome on such occasions. We have not forgotten the similar promises made for the Rouen cooper, M. Poulter, before he was "brought out,"—nor the sensation excited by the preternatural voice of M. Belfort some years later. A weed is not to be cultivated into a hot-house flower within the compass of a twelvemonth, neither is a singer qualified to cope with the difficulties of the *Grand Opéra* of Paris to be improvised under a few months' training by singing-master and ballet-master. In Italy, we know, such things can take place. There—*Chicco*, who in January was bawling behind his cobbler's bench or *Milord's* equipage, may towards August be seen figuring on the stage as a *tenore robusto* in one of Signor Verdi's operas. This, however, (and it is well), will hardly do for France.

Signor Rossini again! Was ever the retreat of great man so perversely public in its privacy? A silly book—half romance, half biography—about him has been published by Herr Oettinger, under pretence of superior knowledge, confidence—containing, in short, that sort of story, which is told the most minutely by those who have none to tell. Signor Rossini has condescended to advertise the silly book by assuring the public that he never had anything to do with Herr Oettinger.

The Whitsuntide news from Paris, where the season may be said now to have ended, is not exciting. M. Elwart's "Ste. Cecile Mass," written for Bordeaux, is to be executed at the Church of St. Vincent de Paul, on the 10th of June. M. Oscar Comettant has completed a Symphony on the story of "India in an uproar." Give us the good old foolish "Battle of Prague" in preference! Madame Pauline du Chambge, an amateur whose romances held for years a place and a publicity of their own in French vocal music, has died lately at a very advanced age.—*Athenæum*, June 5.

Sweden.

Lindblad, the composer of many of the sweetest and truest songs of our day, (some of which Jenny Lind sang), and a real musician, but (as Chorley says) "a talent ice-bound in a remote land," has produced a new Symphony, and a Cantata called "Dreams."

Germany.

The name of Bach seems coming forward in Germany just now,—not merely in the disinterment and revival of compositions by Sebastian the Great, but also as represented by the works of Bach's children. The St. Cecilia Society of Carlsruhe, executed at its fourth concert "The Israelites in the Desert," by P. Emmanuel Bach, of Berlin, arranged and re-scored by M. H. Giehne. This Emmanuel was the most worthy son of a worthy sire, because no servile imitator of his manner; as all must feel who have gone through his "Art of Playing the Pianoforte." In this the amount of prophecy of what has been falsely considered modern discovery is remarkable. Emmanuel Bach wrote voluminously in every style, and musical readers may recollect the visit paid to him at Hamburg by Burney, who was one of his warmest admirers, and who thought he was too much neglected in Germany. The few compositions by Emmanuel Bach which we have heard have left an impression of grace and absence of stiffness (without poverty in the matter of science) which would make a hearing of some of his important music interesting. The other day, too, we observe that a *Concerto* by Friedemann Bach was brought forward at a concert given by the Society of Artists-Musicians at Berlin.

M. Ole Bull the original,—who seems to try and tire of every country in turn, having left his Norwegian colony in America, where he was understood to have settled himself after the fashion of Shelley's "for ever,"—has turned up, violin in hand, at Vienna. So far as we can understand, his playing has pleased less than it did when its eccentricities were young.—*Athenæum*.

London.

ORATORIOS.—Handel's *Judas Maccabeus* was performed June 5, at St. James's Hall, in aid of the funds of the Royal General Annuity Society.

In order to give the fullest effect to the rendering of this great work of Handel, the services of Ma-

dame Sherrington Lemmens, Madame Weiss, Miss Dolby, Mr. Sims Reeves, Mr. Weiss, and Mr. Wilby Cooper had been secured, and to these eminent vocalists were added the band and chorus of the Vocal Association, numbering four hundred performers, the conductorship being confided to the experienced charge of Mr. Benedict. Under these circumstances, it is hardly necessary to add, the oratorio was most efficiently executed, and the fashionable assemblage attracted, evidently appreciated to the full the rich musical treat accorded them. The opening chorus, "Mourn, ye afflicted," was sung with a precision and unity of tone that at once spoke well for the training of the large body of voices that had been collected together, and Mr. Weiss, who was in remarkably fine voice, gave the recitative and air, "Arm, arm, ye brave," in his best style. Mr. Sims Reeves infused the fine recitative and air, "Call forth thy powers, my soul," with the force and expression of the true *artiste*, and, in the second part, rendered "Sound an alarm," magnificently. Madame Weiss attempted to sing the air, "Oh Liberty," but, being unwell, could not proceed, and Miss Dolby and Madame Sherrington Lemmens sang for her. The latter was most efficiently heard in the third part, "So shall the lute and harp awake;" and the familiar trio and chorus, "See the conquering hero comes," was, as usual, the means of fully rousing the responsive enthusiasm of the audience.—*Times*.

The usual monthly concert of the Cæcilian Society took place on Tuesday evening, 25th ult., the performance consisting of Handel's oratorio *Esther* newly arranged with additional accompaniments, by Mr. George Perry. The vocalists were Miss Annie Cox, Miss Boden, Mr. J. W. Morgan, Mr. Beardwell, who in their respective parts were much applauded. The band and chorus were on the usual efficient scale, conducted by Mr. J. G. Boardman. Handel's *Israel in Egypt* will be repeated on the 15th inst.—*Mus. Gazette*, June 5.

CHAMBER CONCERTS.—The fourth performance of Ella's Musical Union, at St. James's Hall, May 30, exhibited a brilliant assemblage of talent. Besides Rubenstein at the piano, Joachim for the violin, and Piatti for the violoncello, we had Messrs. Blagrove (viola), Howell (contra bass), Barrett (oboe), Lazarus (clarinet), Hauser (bassoon), and C. Harper (horn). The Quintet in E flat (Mozart) was admirably played by the representatives for the piano, oboe, clarinet, bassoon, and horn, and Beethoven's Septet in E flat, deserved the enthusiastic enlogies received. The Grand Sonata (A minor) of Beethoven's, for piano and violin, was rendered most ample justice to, by Rubenstein and Joachim. In the "Titania," Schubert's violoncello solo, Signor Piatti proved himself a perfect master of the instrument, and the exertions, indeed, of the instrumentalists received a large and liberal acknowledgment.—*Times*.

MISS DOLLY AND MR. LINDSAY SLOPER gave their second concert at Willis's Rooms. Miss Dolby made the present concert prominently distinguished by her magnificent rendering of Purcell's song of "Mad Bess," which, though less known than its companion, "Mad Tom," to the general public, is not less remarkable for its vigorous originality, and broad, bold treatment of the harmony. Her voice rang out in the fine declamatory recitatives with a fullness and roundness of tone which no amount of the Italian inanities with which our native vocalists are so fond of satiating their audiences, could develop or render appreciated. Mr. Lindsay Sloper, by his faultless execution of Mendelssohn's prelude and fugue in E minor, and some delightful selections from some clever compositions of his own, fully sustained his reputation, of being one of the most accomplished pianoforte executants we possess. In Beethoven's Sonata (Op. 102), for piano and violoncello, he was ably assisted by Signor Piatti, and in Haydn's trio in G major, by Mr. Henry Blagrove's support in addition.—*Ibid.*

BIRMINGHAM TRIENNIAL FESTIVAL.—This great musical event is already exciting general interest. The committee of management have fixed Tuesday, the 31st of August, and the three following days, for holding the festival. The Earl of Dartmouth has accepted the office of president; and the proceeds arising from the meeting are to be applied, as on all former occasions, to the benefit of the General Hospital. This will be the twenty-seventh celebration of the Birmingham Festival, which, from small beginnings, three-quarters of a century ago, has grown into an unrivalled musical position, and is looked forward to by all interested in the progress of music as the most refined undertaking of a similar nature throughout Europe. The preparations for the forthcoming festival will be on a scale of grandeur and importance befitting the occasion.

Special Notices.

DESCRIPTIVE LIST OF THE LATEST MUSIC, Published by O. Ditson & Co.

Vocal, with Piano.

The Wanderer. Schubert. 20

A new edition of this celebrated song, carefully revised and corrected, with German words added.

Come into the Garden, Maud. John Blockley. 35

One more musical treatment of Tennyson's exquisite "Serenade." Lovers of Vocal Music will find it somewhat difficult to make their choice from the three arrangements of Balfe's Blockley's, and J. C. D. Parker's.

Row, row, homeward we go. Spörle. 30

A charming evening Song on the water when the moon is up and a light breeze just rippling the silvery sea. The title page has a fine lithograph, representing Rhine boats, at nightfall, making for the shore.

Day is past. Song and Chorus. E. R. 25

Be what you seem to be. Song. Montgomery. 25

Gather Flowers in the Spring. Song. Hime. 25

A rover I've been in realms afar. Song. Hatton. 25

True heart's constancy. Song. " 25

Ever of thee. Ballad. Foley Hall. 25

A Bouquet of light, pleasing Parlor songs, by good English authors.

Away with care. Ballad. Avery. 25

A pretty song, with melody so joyous, that, once sounded, it will be sure to chase away the sorrows, whose removal it advises.

Keep thy heart young. Song and Chorus. Parish. 25

Banish those clouds of care. Song. Marquis. 25

Fresh, light, and spirited.

Homes of England. National Song. Blockley. 25

A strain of a pompous, stately character, of much musical merit, and altogether well calculated to please those who are interested in the subject.

Oh, tell me what transport. (Un moto di gioia.) Mozart. 25

One of the Series of Mozart's Songs in Dr. Wesley's adaptation to English words. These adaptations of Wesley's are made with the object in view of affecting a complete transplantation of the best of Mozart's operatic airs from the stage to the parlor and fireside. Any allusions to incidents of the play occurring in the text have been erased, and only the general character of each individual piece has in every instance been scrupulously maintained. In this respect they form a valuable selection for the amateur, who in the text will with pleasure feel and recognize a fine and musical taste, instead of being bored by a mere bungling translation.

Books.

SEMINARY CLASS BOOK OF MUSIC.—Designed for Seminaries, High Schools, Private Classes, &c., containing Elementary Instructions, Vocal Exercises, Solfeggios, and a Copious Selection of Secular and Sacred Songs, Duets and Trios. By E. L. White and T. Bissell. 50

An improved edition of this valuable work has been issued, in which the suggestions of those well qualified to judge of what is wanted in our Seminaries and High Schools have been acted upon, and the result is a volume of music with suitable instructions, in every particular adapted to the use of those for whom it is intended. The Elementary Studies are simple, and arranged with a view to a progressive, thorough attainment of the Art of Vocal Music. The Solfeggios are mostly taken from the best masters, and are arranged for two or three Soprano voices. The Songs, Duets, and Trios are partly original, and partly selected from the best compositions of the day. The Songs and most of the Duets have a piano accompaniment, and the Trios may be sung by two Sopranos and a Bass. The selection of words has been made with much good taste, and the volume closes with a choice collection of sacred pieces.

Dwight's Journal of Music.

WHOLE No. 327.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, JULY 10, 1858.

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The Orchard.

(From the Crayon for July.)

They shall not pass, the blossoms of sweet May,
Till I have sung how sweet they were to me.
Their gentle breath perfumed the buoyant day,
And won me like an odor-loving bee.

We turned aside and climbed the orchard wall,
And passed beneath the spreading apple trees,
Where every bough and bloom was musical
With the deep murmur of rejoicing bees.

We climbed the rock, the orchard trees above;
Below us breathed one snowy bank of bloom.
One soft, low hum of industry and love,
One large embracing air of rich perfume.

The bustle of that insect multitude
Harmed not the issue of the perfect flower:
But here was room for all, and all was good,
Even the calm musings of that idle hour.

And ever as that fragrance floated up,
And ever as the blossoms scattered down,
We like the bees drank from Spring's brimming cup,
And hived a honey which was all our own.

For budding May to us a blossom is,
Where we can gather food for future hours,
Storing our hearts with those dear memories
That far outlast the time of bees and flowers.

C. P. C.

Spinning.

By ADELAIDE ANNE PROCTER, (Daughter of Barry Cornwall.)

All yesterday I was spinning,
Sitting alone in the sun;
And the dream that I spun was so lengthy,
It lasted till day was done.

I heeded not cloud or shadow
That flitted over the hill,
Or the humming-bees, or the swallows,
Or the trickling of the rill.

I took the threads for my spinning,
All of blue summer air,
And a flickering ray of sunlight
Was woven in here and there.

The shadows grew longer and longer,
The evening wind passed by,
And the purple splendor of sunset
Was flooding the western sky.

But I could not leave my spinning,
For so fair my dream had grown,
I heeded not, hour by hour,
How the silent day had flown.

At last the grey shadows fell round me,
And the night came dark and chill,
And I rose and ran down the valley,
And left it all on the hill.

I went up the hill this morning
To the place where my spinning lay,
There was nothing but glistening dewdrops
Remained of my dream to-day.

Mrs. Smith and Elizabeth.

(From the "Brown Papers.")

"How that woman has changed!" was the remark I made to myself after my first call since my return to Hildale upon Mrs. Smith, the mighty Mrs. Smith, the blustering Mrs. Novem-

ber Smith — her that was Lily Jones. It was not that she had descended into the vale of years, as some one expresses it — that her more than three-score years had recorded themselves legibly upon her strong form and features; there was nothing note-worthy in that. Nor had my remark reference to the apparent social position in which I found her. True, she lives in one of the best houses in the village — that one with the front built upon the pine-plank-Parthenon-pediment-principle, which has usurped the place of the old Foster House, down the street; whereas, she and Smith began their married life in the little red house, with hardly room enough to turn in, especially upon washing days when, in addition to the cooking stove and Smith's cobbler's bench, she had her tubs and kettles about. She received me with rather more dignity and ease of manner than I expected; but, knowing the adaptability of the American character to change in social position, I was in no degree surprised at it. The utter absence of caste feeling in our northern states, arising from our republican institutions and democratic habits of thought and feeling, is at the bottom of this; and the humble, uneducated mechanic, as he rises gradually in political life and social position, generally finds means to attain the necessary culture to do himself credit, however prominently he may stand out above the general level of the public. The awkward country youth, unable to speak a half a dozen consecutive phrases grammatically, and not knowing what to do with his hat or his hands in the presence of the village 'squire and his family, will in time do the honors of a chief magistrate's parlor gracefully, and command the respect and even admiration of listening Senates. With the women this adaptability is still greater, and the coarseness of the uneducated country girl — when not in the grain, and an essential part of her character — will in time give place to dignity and ease, and often, even to elegance of manner.

My earliest recollections of Lily Jones are of a tall, masculine young woman, a loud, decided talker, a boisterous laugher, one whose manners were pervaded with an indescribable something, which filled my little, fluttering self with an indefinite feeling of fear — I see now that it was but the natural, involuntary shrinking of an extremely sensitive child, used only to kind and gentle words at home, from a rude and strong nature — the instinctive drawing back of the sensitive plant from contact with one whose caresses even might crush.

Later, I remember her as the hard-featured, strong-minded woman, the notable house-wife, ruling her house-hold, Smith, and all, with autocratic sway — the terror of school-mistresses in general, and Susan Bedloe in particular. Smith, in those days, was a non-entity, and his obedience and deference to his wife's opinion upon all subjects, was a standing joke in the neighborhood. "I asked Mr. Smith, and Mrs. Smith, says she," was the inevitable introduction to all his expressions of opinion.

I smiled the other Sunday, as he came into church, smoothing his top-knot down over his weazen, dried-apple face, just as he used to thirty years ago, and ushered his wife into Pew No. 2, with precisely the same motions as into the cheap corner pew, they occupied in their day of small things.

Mrs. Smith is a representative of a class of women peculiar, I take it, to our country, but common enough here. I suppose every New England village has its Lily Jones. I imagine, too, that in no country so many men are made — and ruined, too, for that matter — by their wives. When young, she was ambitious, but not belonging to the Deacon Jones family, over the river, she had to depend upon herself entirely for any rise in life. Marriage was an indispensable starting point. It was necessary as the fulcrum upon which to plant the lever. But the spring-time of life was gone, the summer was passing, and Lily Jones, was Lily Jones still.

So she took Smith the cobbler; he certainly never took her. When the girls, her intimates, rallied her, she laughed with them. "True," she would say, "Smith isn't a very good man, but he is a great deal better than nothing, and I guess we shall hoe our row as well as the best of you, and come out ahead of some of you — we'll see."

Smith was, in the language of the old ladies, "a good sort of a man enough, but shiftless." He was weak and easily led; rather liked to loiter about the tavern; was apt to keep his customers waiting; would promise everything and perform when he felt so disposed.

Lily put a stop to all this, and was shrewd enough to do it without hen-pecking and spoiling him. She taught him to think her a sort of vicarious over-ruling Providence, especially provided for him. She took entire charge of the domestic economy, saved the cents as well as the dollars, and when the small farm of the Fosters came into the market, she ordered her husband to buy it. "Where is the money to come from?" asked Smith. "Bid it off," said she, "the money will come," and it did.

This was the first great step. Once fixed in the Foster house, Mr. Smith developed new qualities. What butter she made! How fresh the eggs always were which she sold to the inn-keeper or sent to market! Her husband was elevated to a shop of his own, and took an apprenticeship or two, and she began to be one of the 'powers that be' in the village.

In process of time the manufacture of shoes for distant markets grew up in the neighboring towns, and Smith the cobbler became Smith the manufacturer, — in a small way, it is true, — but it was no small step onward and upward. Coarse and unrefined his wife remained in feeling and manners, and her remarks were often the cause of general merriment among the people of Hildale, but she *would* live respectably, and while practising the closest economy, no one ever accused her of meanness. There was even a certain generosity in her character — which some-

times exhibited itself in the queerest manner. But what a blusterer! Truly, Mrs. November Smith!

A time came when the old Foster-house was too plain for her, and as pine-plank Partienons, were just then the exquisite ideal of our carpenters and architects (so-called), she had one erected on the site of the old dwelling, a foot wider and higher than the Doctor's, which, until then, was considered the finest house in the village, and into this she came with new furniture, and I do not know what all; remarking that now she was fixed to her satisfaction, for not one of her old friends could show a better place to live and die in than she.

I was far away, when the grand culminating point in the rise of the Smiths was reached, and could hardly trust my eyes as I read in a Boston paper, in the list of representatives chosen to the Massachusetts Great and General Court:

"Hildale, Jabez Smith, Esq., Whig." But so it was.

What did surprise and puzzle me, as I left the house at the close of my call, was the strong impression left upon my mind, that Mrs. Smith was a beautiful instance of mild, gentle, calm and serene age. Can a leopard change his spots? thought I. Had her life been one of trial and misfortune, bearing her down until she was compelled to look beyond earth for comfort, to lean upon an invisible arm for support; had long-continued ill-health broken her strong spirit, or had any great misfortune fallen upon her with crushing weight, the change in her would have caused no surprise. But nothing of the kind had occurred. Not only was she enjoying the fruits of her good judgment and economy, but she had settled her "Dolphus and Dorindy" — two ill-conditioned, bullet-headed abominations of my boyhood, reared upon strong scolding and "clips 'side o' the head," but now very respectable young people — in life, the one as a "shoe boss," in the other village; the other as wife of the principal village merchant, and they were "getting on famously."

What could have wrought the change?

Walking by the river the other day, I came to the rock whence the people in the neighboring houses cast all their rubbish into the water. The last spot where one would look for anything beautiful; yet, rising from the bottom, its roots fastened among potsherds, old tin vessels, bones and stones, I saw a beautiful water-lily floating and expanding its petals upon the dark water to catch the morning sunbeams, and exhaling its delicious fragrance to the frogs and turtles. This is no phenomenon; but I can never cease to wonder, when in a family, like the Smiths, I find a delicate, gentle, refined being in strange contrast to all the rest—a single fragrant flower, in a bed of mulleins and thistles.

Elizabeth Smith is such a flower. She is our prettiest girl, and does not seem to know it. It is one of the joys of my life now to chat with her; nor do I weary of hearing her mother talk of her by the hour, with tears in her eyes. Lizzy, as the neighbors call her, is the phenomenon, but there is no mystery to me now in the change in her mother.

The appearance of Elizabeth, after an *interregnum* of some eight years from the birth of Dorinda, was as much a surprise to the Smiths as to the neighbors. She was a weak, puny infant, and claimed a degree of attention from the

mother, which was uncalled for by the two robust, muscular little animals, abounding in life and dirt and temper, which had preceded her. As she grew apace, she was a delicate little creature, quiet and still, who by her odd ways, as Mrs. Smith called them, oft-times put her mother completely at fault.

"I declare, I don't know what to make of the child," said she to me, "I might cuff and clip the other children all day long, and no damage done; but this little chit, looking up at me so timidly with her half-frightened blue eyes, when she had done anything out of the way, — I was actually afraid to touch her. It seemed to me, a box upon the ears would dissipate her like a suds-bubble. When but two or three years old, she would shrink and quail at my loud, harsh tones of voice, and look so pitiful, that I could never find it in my heart to scold her for anything."

Mrs. Haynes, who lives next door, has told me of the interest with which she marked the singular relations between the mother and child, and the struggle in the former between the instincts of maternal affection and her imperious nature, strengthened as it was by the habits of all her life. The presence of the child operated at all times as a restraint upon her; and yet it annoyed her, that the good-natured, kind simplicity of her husband caused the little one early to prefer his caresses and caresses to her own. Though oft-times a relief to her to be free from the timid, shrinking glance of those little eyes, it nevertheless mortified her to see the evident delight, with which the child made herself ready to "go away with father."

Though feeble, and a constant source of anxiety to the parents physically, the child possessed a sharp and quick little intellect, which was really out of the common way. As she grew older she became naturally habituated to her mother's ways, and it became a question as to their final effect upon her character. There was a craving within her for something, which neither father nor mother could give. Her nature required something kindred to it, and this want was supplied, when at the age of four years she was sent, as her brother and sister had been, to Susan Bedloe's school. Susan's warm heart, so rich in all refinement and affection, opened to the child its modest portals, and she entered in and dwelt there. The change in the child during the first year was so striking as to attract the notice of all who knew her. Her eye gained a new expression, losing much of its timidity and a certain restlessness, which was strange in one so young. The small, childish intellect was no longer occupied so exclusively, with the rough and fearful caresses and torments wantonly inflicted by her brother and sister, who, being incapable of conceiving her extreme sensitiveness, often caused the child to cry at really well-meant efforts to contribute to her amusement. Her neat little figure and features filled out and became very graceful and pretty. But between mother and daughter still remained that invisible wall of separation, the natural dividing line between two natures so diverse in character. The strong-minded autocratic woman felt it and struggled against it more and more. It became a settled though secret sorrow with her, that Lizzie's eye should speak to Susan or the widow Bedloe in a language so different from that which it addressed to her own mother. As I said, there was deep

down in the heart of the rough Lilly Jones, now Mrs. Smith, a fund of kindness and sympathy, but crusted over by long habits of independence, and by the necessity which she had felt of fighting her own way in life. How, oh how could she open this fund to her child? How form a magnetic connection between their hearts? How conquer that expression in the child's face? When would Lizzy look into her eyes with that confident, fearless, innocent love which now she only bestowed upon her father and her teacher? Well, she could only wait and hope.

One of Susan's daily exercises with her scholars was in singing. She taught them the sweetest melodies then in vogue, and her exquisite taste was not without influence in giving a true direction to the tastes of many of the young people of our village, who, in those days, were little children under her care.

To Lizzy Smith, who at home had heard no attempt at music which had not grated harshly upon her ear, child as she was, the sweet voice of her teacher, singing the beautiful melodies which were formerly the staple of our psalmody, was as a voice from heaven. It may be different with others, but with me the culminating points in the grandest performances of vocal and instrumental music, in the Oratorios of Handel and Bach, the church services of Mozart and Haydn, the operas of Mozart and Gluck, the symphonies and chamber music of Beethoven, are those, in which I am once more filled full to overflowing, and am affected most nearly as I was, in earliest childhood by the Soprano voice singing Effingham or New Sabbath, Mear, Hamilton, Eaton, or Derwent in the Handel and Haydn Collection. When Susan sang, her little pupil was in bliss. It wrought upon her so powerfully at first as sometimes to cause fits of weeping, almost hysterical; and of all enjoyments the highest was soon that of sitting nestled to the kind breast of Widow Bedloe and listening to her and her daughter singing. Thus a year passed away. Susan Bedloe died and was buried, and a terrible void was left in the child's existence; but the event brought about that for which the heart of Mrs. Smith had so long yearned.

"It was not long after the funeral," said she to me, "may have been three or four weeks perhaps, — at any rate, it was the evening after the head-stone was placed, that I missed Lizzy, then just five years old. I sent out Dolph and Dorindy to find her and finally went myself. After hunting all over the village, one of the children told me she had seen her by the burying-ground gate. Now, would you believe it? I found her at Susan Bedloe's grave, spelling out: 'Blessed are the pure in heart for they shall see God,' and singing meanwhile: 'Sister thou wast mild and lovely.'"

"Years afore, if one of the other children had caused me so much trouble, I should have cuffed its ears soundly, and brought them home in a hurry. But I tell you, when I saw that, and heard that little voice singing so pretty — and it all came over me how poor Widow Bedloe must feel, all alone as she was now, with her boys away in the world, and her only daughter lying there under the sods, I broke right down. It seemed to me then, my Lizzy would be another Susan Bedloe, and I thought to myself, why should she and I not be of one heart and one mind as Susan and her mother had been? In this melted mood

I seemed to see myself in a new light, and felt how different I was from the widow, and how little sympathy there could be between the natures of my child and myself. So without speaking to her I went into the burying-ground and sat down on the grass by her. The dear little thing was too busy with her own thoughts to be startled by my coming; keeping her finger upon the letter, she stopped singing, and looking up, quietly asked:

"Ma, why did they bury school-mistress here?"

"Because, poor school-mistress was dead," said I.

"And Lizzy—she go to school to her no more?"

"No. She has gone away, never to come back."

"What, Lizzy baby, do now? Who'll love her now and sing to her?"

"I can't sing to my baby; but I can love her so much! Oh, why should my little Lizzy love the school-mistress more than her mama?"

"At that moment I had such a yearning tenderness for the child,—I do believe I was the bigger baby of the two,—how I longed to have her come of her own accord to my arms! I believe in magnetism myself; for as she looked, she read my feelings. Her hand left the cold stone; her little face changed in its expression, she forgot Susan Bedloe; the old timid look gave place to one of loving trust; she crept up to me, and without a word seated herself on my knees, and nestled herself like a lamb upon my bosom, with her little cheek against mine, her little arms about my neck. And such a feeling of sweet joy and delight sank down into my heart—it was a new experience—it was new life. And so I carried her home, the precious treasure. And after she had eaten her bowl of bread and milk, and I put her in her little bed, she kissed me as never before, and gently whispered, 'dear good mama!' I felt that, I tell you!"

"Widow Bedloe did not last long, you know, after Susan's death, but she never wanted anything I could give her, nor anything I could do for her."

And so mother and daughter became of one heart and one soul.

Still, it was a question, what the result would be in the case of a child of such a peculiar temperament. The influence of the mother must in the end prove stronger upon the child, than the child's upon her, although the delicacy of little Lizzy's health continued to act as a restraint upon the strength and force of Mrs. Smith's natural impulses.

The return of Mrs. Johnson, our music-teacher, to the village was most fortunate for the child. Her high artistic culture, her wealth of genius and refinement, rendered her peculiarly fitted to the task of developing the germs of good in Lizzy.

With her the young girl could satisfy her craving for the beautiful in art, literature and music. When twelve years of age a piano-forte appeared in Mrs. Smith's parlor, and thenceforth music exerted its holy and refining influence upon the family. It is wonderful, what depths of expression, what an all soul-satisfying language lies in tones, to people of a certain mental constitution. Elizabeth Smith, through her feeble and sickly childhood, had suffered unappeasable yearnings

for something—she knew not what, excepting in so far as the melodies of Susan Bedloe and her mother had revealed it to her.

Now under the care of Mrs. Johnson, who soon came to love her as her own daughter, and soon had the place in her heart once held by Susan, she passed rapidly through the mere drudgery of overcoming the mechanical difficulties of the instrument, and began to find in music that for which she so long had such indefinite longings.

Her brother and sister married and moved away, and thenceforward she was the ruling spirit in the house. She grew apace. Her health became confirmed. Her form rounded out into the most perfect proportions. Her features became very beautiful, and through them shone the exquisite spirit within, lending them an exceeding radiance.

Now, at the age of nineteen, she comprises in her character more excellences, than any other I have known, save perhaps one.

She is all that Mrs. Johnson ever hoped to make her in her tastes and mental culture—all that her mother can ask as a housewife. At this very time, while keeping up her music and drawing, her knowledge of books and her study of German, she has entire control of the domestic duties of the farm; and I believe she took more pride in the fine butter and cheese she sent me the other day, than in her exquisite performance of Beethoven's Sonata, Op. 26, which I often ask her to play.

No, Elizabeth, it is no mystery to me now, that your mother, as she sits in the front-room sewing, knitting or reading her Bible, is such a sweet picture of calm, gentle, serene age.

Michael Von Glinka, and Music in Russia.

(Translated from the Niederrheinische Musik-Zeitung).

MICHAEL VON GLINKA was born, of rich and noble parents, in the year 1804, near Smolensk. The peculiar melodies of his native country—melodies for which he conceived a great affection in his earliest childhood, and which exercised an important influence on his talent and artistic effort—floated round his cradle. We do not know who was his first musical instructor; he was eighteen when he took piano-forte lessons from Field, in Moscow. It was to this master of the good old school that he owed the elegant and expressive style for which he was distinguished in his early years.

Favored by birth and fortune, Glinka at first cultivated music simply as an amusement. His happy talent suggested melodies and songs, in which a fine artistic feeling was apparent. *Dilettanti* spread them abroad, and music-sellers soon hastened to publish them. Adolf Henselt used some as themes for pianoforte pieces. Glinka, also, wrote several smaller pieces for the piano; they were very successful, especially when he played them himself.

After a somewhat long residence in Warsaw, which he left in consequence of the events of 1830, he obtained permission from government to go to Italy. He remained several months in Vienna, and then proceeded to Venice, where, also, he stayed some time. In Milan he published Italian canzonets, *pièces de salon* for the piano and stringed instruments, on themes from Bellini and Donizetti; a septuor (serenade) for piano, harp, horn, bassoon, viol, violoncello, and double-bass, on motives from *Ama Bolena*; an original sextet for piano, two violins, viol, violoncello, and double-bass, and several variations and dances.

The year 1833 was spent by Glinka in Naples, where he delighted the saloons by his pianoforte playing and songs, which were sung by Ivanoff, then in the full possession of his magnificent tenor voice.

In the year 1835, Glinka was once more in St. Petersburg. A great alteration had taken place in him. He had previously cultivated music simply as an amusement, but he now looked on it as a serious pursuit. He felt his inward vocation as an artist. The warm desire to prove this vocation to his native country by a grand composition, induced him to take the resolution of writing an opera. He naturally selected a Russian subject, *Life for the Czar*, at which he work-

ed several years with industry and love. In 1839 the opera was produced in St. Petersburg, and enthusiastically received; in fact public opinion instantly raised the author to the rank of the most celebrated composers. The Imperial Court had interested itself in the production of this national work, and nothing was neglected to put it on the stage in the most brilliant manner. The natural son of Field, Leonof, a tenor and an excellent musician, a lady, Mad. Stepanowa, educated in France, and known in Paris under the name of Verteuil, and the bass Petrof, sang in the opera. The choruses and orchestra were good, and the whole was directed by Signor Caves, a talented Italian musician.

This opera was followed by a second, a grand opera in 5 acts, *Russian and Ludmilla*, adapted for the stage, from a poem by Puschkine, founded on the earlier history of the Grand Prince of Kiev. It was very well received, although it did not achieve the extraordinary success of the first, a success principally caused by the libretto and the story. His countrymen were, however, unanimously of opinion that the two scores rendered Michael Glinka the greatest Russian composer of the time.

After the success of these works, Glinka again obtained permission to travel abroad. He went to Spain, and, on his way thither, visited Paris, in the year 1845. He was forty years of age, but known to no one, with the exception of a few *virtuosi*, who had been in Russia. He gave a concert, with full band, in the Salle Herz. He could not raise a chorus. This was greatly to be regretted, since the choruses play a very prominent part in his operas, and he was compelled to limit himself to the performance of a *Scherzo* in the form of a waltz, grand Cracovienne, a fantastic march from *Russian and Ludmilla*, and a few songs. Hanmann, and Leopold von Meyer, also, played at his concert. The public then heard, at a concert given by H. Berlioz, a rondo from the opera of *Life for the Czar*, sung by Mad. Solowska (Verteuil), and a grand piece of ballet-music from *Ludmilla*. The result did not come up to the composer's expectations. The Russian words, and the want of a programme to explain the various situations, prevented the public from understanding them. In addition to this, the romantic and, it must be owned, somewhat monotonous character of the music did not please the French; and, as they had just read in Cuvine's book on Russia, that "the national opera of Russia is a horrible drama in a magnificent house," the general public felt bored, while musicians objected to certain peculiarities, and reproached the composer for having introduced pieces of such small proportions to a Parisian audience.

Although a kind notice appeared in the *Gazette Musicale*, Glinka was deterred by his little success from further efforts. He left Paris, and retained all his life a very unfavorable opinion of the judgment of the French in musical matters.

In the summer of 1845, Glinka went to Spain. In July, he was at Valladolid, and in October, reached Madrid. The principal object of his sojourn in the Pyrenean peninsula was to collect national melodies. As a man of the world, who despised none of the enjoyments of life, he felt very comfortable in Spain, and spent several years there in the *dolce far niente* style. His friends considered him lost for art. He resided for a very long time in Madrid; then in Andalusia, and at last, in Cadiz. He did not return to Russia till the year 1852.

He now seemed to pluck up courage once more, and be desirous of devoting himself afresh to the kind of activity for which his inclinations naturally fitted him, especially as the Emperor bestowed on him the management of the Imperial Chapel, and the opera. This post induced him to busy himself with sacred music amongst which there is a mass with a full band. He was putting the last touch to this, when death overtook him in Berlin, on the 15th February, 1857. He was just 53 years of age.

His decease is to be regretted, as far as the progress of music in Russia is concerned. Whatever may be the verdict of posterity on the two great works which were the foundation of his fame among his countrymen, it cannot, at any rate, be denied that his music possesses a highly peculiar character, different from that of the Italian, German, and French schools of any period. Had it been developed by his successors, it might have become a separate artistic form.

Music, as an art, has, indeed, enjoyed only an exotic existence in Russia during the eighteenth and the first quarter of the nineteenth century. A Russian musician, Dimitri Stepanowitch Bortnianski, educated in Italy, had, it is true, about 1769, founded a peculiar and beautiful kind of vocal sacred music, when he re-organized the Imperial vocal chapel, established in the reign of Czar Alexis Michailowitch. Foreign artists and connoisseurs who have heard the singing of this chapel, assert, as is well-known, that it is impossible to hear anything more beautiful, as well for the quality,

the wonderful compass of the voices and delicacy of execution, as for the noble, serious and impressive character of the compositions. But to this alone, and to the charming national melodies in the provinces, was all Russian music properly so-called, limited. In the reign of the Empress Elisabeth, an Italian company was invited to St. Petersburg, the Venetian, Galuppi, being the director and court composer. Catherine II. retained this company, and, at various times, had Paësiello, Sarti, and Cimarosa in her service. Sarti, who, from his long stay in the country, had become, to a certain extent a Russian—he possessed a number of estates and serfs, which the Empress and Prince Potemkin had given him, and spoke Russian fluently—was the first who ever composed an opera and a *Te Deum* to a Russian text. But the music was Italian and nothing more.

After the death of Paul I., the Italian opera was abolished, and Alexander I. summoned to St. Petersburg a colony of French artists, amongst whom were Boieldieu, Rode, Baillot, and Lamare, the excellent violoncellist. French comic opera took the place of Italian opera. Boieldieu directed it, and wrote, also, new works for the theatre. Clementi and his pupil, Field, the pianists, also, were in St. Petersburg at the same period. Before the arrival of these artists, the public of St. Petersburg and Moscow were acquainted only with Pleyel's music. Baillot and Lamare introduced the quartets of Haydn and Mozart, for whom the educated aristocracy were most enthusiastic. The traditions of this epoch were continued by Counts Matthias and Michael Wielhorski, Messrs Lwof, Semenov, Amatoff, and other amateurs. After Boieldieu's departure, Steibelt succeeded him as director of the French opera. He wrote for it *Cendrillon* and *Sargines*, and touched up his scores, *Romeo et Juliette*, and *La Princesse de Babilone*. He died in the year 1823, just as he was completing a new opera: *The Judgment of Midas*.

Thus both dramatic and instrumental music, up to about 1825, existed in Russia only as something imported from abroad. It was then that the spirit of creation first awoke in the breasts of a few distinguished lovers of art. Count Michael Wielhorski wrote quartets and symphonies; General Alexis Lwof, director of the Imperial chapel, and a very talented violin player and composer, wrote, in addition to several smaller pieces, and a hymn, which has become the national hymn, two operas: *Bianca e Gualitero* and *Undine*, and a *Stabat Mater*, which is much prized. At the same time, Glinka's talent began to make its way, while Werstowski produced his opera, *The Grave of Askold*.

A little later, Dargomyski, who, like his artistic colleagues, belonged to the upper classes, and was distinguished as a pianist, published several Russian songs, most of which were very popular. In the year 1848, his opera, *Esmeralda*, was produced in the national theatre. It is a well-written work, in which we find concerted pieces conceived in a really artistic spirit. Since then, two other operas by him have been brought out, but I do not know the scores. Dargomyski is now 44 years of age. His music differs essentially from Glinka's by its structure, which is more certain and better adapted to the general forms of art at the present day. It is, also, more dramatic and passionate, but less original and less Russian than Glinka's *Life for the Czar*.

It is well known that, in Anton Rubinstein, a new instance of talent has now sprung up. His original position in society was different from that of his noble predecessors. He would have been compelled to become a soldier, and in all probability, have been lost to art, had not the protection of the Grand Princess Helen assured his destiny. As long since as 1841, he excited, as a boy, admiration by his pianoforte playing, and we all know that, at present, he is one of the heroes of that instrument. Rubinstein has already written for the voice, the piano, and the orchestra. Two operas by him have also been produced, but they are youthful efforts, and to be looked upon rather as essays than aught else. [He has composed, likewise, an oratorio.] May he not go astray on his path, and exaggerate certain tendencies, which appear prominently in his works of the present period!

On the whole, Glinka seems to have comprehended, better than his artistic contemporaries and immediate successors, the secret of imparting a national character to Russian music. The choice of his melodies and rhythms, the peculiar forms and harmonious passages, to which he is partial, give his works an impression of originality, and that is their principal merit.

"NATIVE AMERICAN MUSIC."—Here is a description of the real genuine unadulterated article, and with no "Professor" work about it:

This morning, about daylight, an old Sioux was shot while fishing in the Minnesota river. The encampment was soon aroused; the braves, some forty

in number, ran down to the river, the squaws and children into the city. A few Chippewas showed themselves on the north side of the river, and the Sioux went to a neighboring ferry and crossed. After an hour's skirmish, the Chippewas retreated, hearing off a number of their band, and leaving four dead on the field—one a chief. The Sioux cut off the heads of their fallen enemies, and returned to their encampment to scalp them at their leisure. Nine Sioux were killed, one or two have died during the day, and several are severely wounded. It is thought the Chippewas will not give it up so, as there is a large party of them.

The body of the chief was cut to pieces, thrown on the fire and burned! After one of the heads was scalped, a squaw, who had lost a relative in the battle took a club and pounded it to a jelly.

The "scalp," as taken by the Sioux, includes not only the part of the head covered with hair, but the skin of the forehead and cheeks to the corners of the mouth. This is stretched in a hoop about two feet in diameter, the ornaments of the ears still in them, and those of the hair or neck fastened in the centre of the scalp. A pole is fastened across, so that it is carried like a banner. The pole, hoop and the flesh side of the scalp are painted with vermilion; the skin, where not covered with hair, is painted blue or some other color.

After a great deal of ceremony in dressing the dance begins. A procession of squaws carries the scalp around the encampment, singing and shouting, the men, meanwhile, beating rude drums made of powder kegs, and making a noise with rattles and every other way they can.

After a while the men stand in a row with their music, the scalp is set up and the dance begins. The squaws arrange themselves in ranks of three or four together, standing so as to form tangents to a circle, about twelve feet in diameter, (the scalp in the centre.)

The drumming begins, and the squaws, by a "half hitch, half jump," go round backwards.

The music, if it may be so called, is in "double time," a light stroke and a heavy one alternately, about forty measures to a minute; the "step" is taken at the heavy or accented stroke. Every one that can get something to beat with, does so. The time is kept very exactly. The singing or yelling, for it is both, is very violent, occasionally a few words in connection are chanted, but generally the only articulate sounds are *ho yo, ho yo*, the first syllable a violent explosive. The tunes are better than the music; they are frequently so regular in their construction, as to create surprise. I have heard intervals struck truly and repeatedly by the squaws that I have heard practised choirs drill upon for hours, beside the organ, and then pronounce them difficult. One time they have begun as high as the voice can reach, and descend by "diminished thirds" to the low bass tones, and then rises by a similar succession.

They sing until they are tired, and then break off with a kind of bark, like a dog. Some of the squaws frequently accompany the singing with a harsh, guttural "squak," like the note of a wild goose, in the same manner as a "la la" accompaniment in some of our glee books. The most surprising part of all is that it is kept up so long. I have noticed the threats of the men swelled out, the veins turgid, and the eyes look as if starting from their sockets—but still they kept on.

These dances are continued night after night, all night, for months.

A Dirge.

From the San Francisco Pacific.

Is there a ringer in the town can ring a solemn chime?

Let him come toll earth's happiest soul out of this realm of time.

Ring minute bells! their tone best tells how now goes life's employ,
For, straitened here on the bare bier, lies the queen-child of joy.

Toll all this day while Christians pray for hearts now crushed with sorrow!

Toll all this night that has no light, till Phosphor brings the morrow!

Earth, sea and sky! your minstrelsy must marshal for this hour,

Sweet Phosphor too shall chant a true sad dirge in Memnon's tower.

She was the merriest one in mirth, yet truest to a task,

For the same oil sustained her toil that fired her in the masque.

Life was a constant sense of joy, inspired we know not how.

There was no cloud could ever shroud the halo on her brow.

Her sunny hair spread on the air, she danced life's daily round,

E'en in her duty she was Beauty—she was Motion—bound.

The dreaded wand in Azrael's hand has touched her—ah, how still!

She is His slain, none may complain; there's faith, but there's no will.

Ah! wild gazelle named Isabel! how leaden now those eyes!

Whose shooting light starred every night, tho' dark as Egypt's skies.

Peal minute bells! their tone best tells how now goes life's employ,

For frozen here on this black bier lies the queen-child of joy.

They bear her hence! Ho bearers! whence now moves yon ehon plume?

Will ye to-day with such array our Life of life entomb?

Up the long street with muffled feet majestic moves the train,

Oh my heart bleeds! the very steeds seem conscious of the pain.

My heart will burst, my brain be cursed with madness and grow wild,

If by yon vault the pageant halt, to leave this blessed child.

Now toll a knell, and toll it well, with majesty of tone,

For in that train rides Isabel, with them, and yet alone.

Ah dreadful wand in Azrael's hand, this day what hast thou done!

But why complain before his Slain?—the face of Fate is stone.

Stay for one moment, bellman! lo, they kneel upon her sod—

"Ashes to ashes, dust to dust, the spirit to its God."

My blood is chill with agony, my heart with anguish torn,

As I behold to what a cold couch Isabel is borne.

Oh dreadful wand in Azrael's hand, this day what hast thou done!

My tears like rain fall on thy slain; thou hast no mercy—none.

Toll, sad bells, still, and let them fill the night with solemn strain;

This mountain hillow has given her pillow, and thereon sleeps the slain.

Toll minute bells, their tone best tells how now goes life's employ,

Entombed here we leave the dear, dear, dead queen-child of joy.

San Francisco, April, 1858.

A New Biography of Rossini.

(From *La Revue et Gazette Musicale*.)

It has, at the present day, become the custom not to wait till celebrated men have ceased to exist, in order to write their biography. There would be but little objectionable in such a course, if books of this kind contained merely what was suitable and becoming, and if the writers were always truthful and well informed.

Truthful biographies are not, however, now-a-days the most numerous, but, instead of them, the *biographie-réclame* ("the puff biographical") and the *biographie-pamphlet* ("the biography pamphlet") flourish. Men of real merit do not need to have recourse to the former; unfortunately, it often happens that they cannot escape the latter; and the greater the celebrity a man possesses, the more is he exposed to see his acts and words travestied.

Rossini had no need of the puff-biographical; his praises were written by all who, throughout the world and for nearly half a century, have never ceased applauding so many delicious master-pieces of his. As for the biography-pamphlet, he has had to undergo it on more than one occasion, and only a short time since one was printed, in which sentiments and even acts of the most revolting coarseness were attributed to the most polite and well-bred of men—one who possesses in the highest degree the sense of propriety. Such kinds of productions may be allowed to pass unnoticed; they never enjoyed a very extensive influence, the pamphleteers not reflecting that, by endeavoring to run down men of recognized merit, they would only bring themselves into disrepute, supposing they had not long done so already.

The book of which I am about to speak is, without being precisely a pamphlet, more audaciously conceived than all the pamphlets in the world, and I do not think it possible to adduce an example of another such publication, not exactly for what it contains, as on account of the manner in which its contents are presented to the public.

In the first place, we must inform our readers that the first edition of the work, written in German, and, up to the present time, utterly unknown in France, dates from fourteen years back. It has just been translated into French, with the address of Brussels and Leipzig, under the following title: "E. M. CÉTINGER. Rossini: L'homme et l'artiste. *Traduit de l'allemand, avec l'autorisation de l'auteur, par P. Royer.*" It forms three small volumes in 18mo., and opens with an introductory letter, beginning as follows, to Joachino Rossini:—

"Do you remember, glorious *maestro*, a young German, who in the month of April, 1830, was presented to you in Paris by M. Castil-Blaze, and who brought you—*illustrissimo Dio della musica*—a whole heap of affectionate remembrances, a little green velvet cap, and a letter of recommendation, on rose-colored paper, from the Signora L. M.—i, of Munich. Do you remember this young man, who soon inspired you with such a feeling of friendship that you gave him a room in your house, a place in your box, and something of which he was much more proud, namely a little corner in your heart? At that time, he who writes these lines had the honor of sitting every day by your side, before the crackling fire on your hearth," &c.

M. Céttinger continues by informing Rossini that he can only gain by being exhibited as he really is, *without rouge and without veil*.

After such a declaration, addressed to the very person of whom the author is about to speak, who would not feel inclined to accept for gospel all that is asserted in the work? Unfortunately, there is a little obstacle to this. To M. Céttinger's interrogation, Rossini will not reply in the words of the epigram—

"Ma foi, s'il m'en souvient, il ne m'en souvient guère,"

for the excellent reason that he recollects nothing at all about the whole matter. He never received the introductory letter, the German work, nor the French translation of it. He only heard of all these a few days since; before that period he knew nothing of M. Céttinger.

Will it be said that this is a piece of forgetfulness on the part of Rossini, and that, having known so many people, in different countries, he has forgotten the author of the letter and the work? In the first place, we must bear in mind that Rossini possesses a memory that astonishes all those who come in contact with him; he recollects persons he has not seen for thirty years, and remembers the times and circumstances of his meeting them. But, even supposing he did not possess this precious gift, what man, in the full enjoyment of his faculties, would ever entirely and absolutely forget a person who had lived on terms of intimacy with him, who had lodged in his house, and who had brought him a letter and a green velvet cap from a lady, forgotten like everything else connected with the master? No one, assuredly, will be able to believe such a thing.

The whole story is simply a plan employed by M. Céttinger to sell his book, though I consider a man must be very daring to adopt such a course, at the risk of being almost inevitably convicted of being an impostor.

And now, what is the value of the book itself? Most certainly it is nothing immense; it is a production in which, as M. Céttinger confesses elsewhere, he

mixed up fiction with fact, by inventing certain adventures of the most ordinary description, with which he connects Rossini's sojourn in Naples, and in which he makes him figure. M. Céttinger depicts in them the manners and customs of the Neapolitans after a fashion that proves he has not the slightest acquaintance with them.

This circumstance is of no importance as far as our subject is concerned; but what is of great importance is that, in facts purely historical, or, at least, given us as such, M. Céttinger is no better informed. Nor is this all. He expresses himself with regard to Rossini's first wife (Isabelle Colbrand) in a manner the most offensive and unbecoming to the composer to whom he dared to write his introductory letter. Nor does he treat the second any better, a lady whose kindness, amiability, talent, and above all, devotion to her husband, are known to us all.

As for Rossini himself, he is made to write letters and express opinions, which certainly never entered his head, and I would have the reader mark that I am not now speaking of the *romantic* portion of the book, but of that which is given us as *historical*. M. Céttinger, while pretending to exhibit Rossini to us without a veil, muffles the composer in a sort of ignoble costume, which, as I can guarantee, does not fit him in the least, and which M. Céttinger might well keep for himself.

But do we find any new information, or any example of interesting appreciation? Not the slightest. Everything under this head is borrowed from Carpanti, or Beyle (Stendhal), another impostor, who gave himself out as a friend of the *maestro*, and pretended he had lent him a coat.*

All that relates to the general history of music is no better treated. I will not abuse the reader's patience, but will content myself with one specimen. M. Céttinger introduces on the stage Guinault talking to Rameau, to whom he has brought a part of the *Gazette de Hollande* for him to set to music; now Rameau was five years old when Guinault died. Moreover, the names of the composers mentioned, and tolerably well known, are given incorrectly, etc.

Well, this book has remained utterly unknown in France since the first edition, published *fourteen years ago*. It then went through two other editions, without the composer who was the subject of it being informed of its existence, and without any one crying out against it. At present, M. Royer, deceived like every one else, has translated it, and will, no doubt, find a great many readers.

Rossini always cared very little for what was said about him, and, in a certain sense, he was very right. In the present case, however, it appeared necessary that one who did not bring him green velvet caps, or letters from ladies in Munich, on rose-colored paper, but whom he is kind enough to honor with his friendship, should protest for him, and not allow matters to go further.

Otherwise, what would be the result? In thirty or forty years' time, M. Céttinger's book would be everywhere quoted as an authentic and irrefutable testimony; it would be said to emanate directly from Rossini, whom the author knew intimately, and, consequently to present the public with the most exact portrait ever traced of the composer of *Guillaume Tell*. The lines the reader has just perused will, I hope, be a sufficient protestation, and not be without their effect.

ADRIEN DE LE FAGE.

* Rossini happening to be taking a walk in London one day with Mad. Pasta's husband, an individual bows and turns towards them. Rossini does not move, thinking the salutation is addressed to his friend. The latter, who really knew the person, returned his politeness, and then observes to Rossini: "How is it, *maestro*, you say nothing to your friend, who, when in Italy, lent you a coat for some ceremony or other?" "My friend—in Italy—lent me a coat! Why, I never knew him or even saw him, in all my born days!" Beyle related the fact in a *Vie de Rossini*. Beyle, as we know, who was afterwards an author of some talent, commenced his career by giving himself out as the author of the *Lettres sur Haydn*, a translation of the *Haydn*es of Giuseppe Carpani.

Dwight's Journal of Music.

BOSTON, JULY 10, 1858.

MUSIC IN THIS NUMBER.—Conclusion of the Quartet, following Solo and Chorus, from the *Lauda Sion*, by Mendelssohn.

The Musical Festival at New York.

Mr. Editor:—I supposed that your regular correspondents in New York would furnish you with a full report of the Festival of June 28th, at the Academy of Music, but as they have not done so, and as it was an occasion quite too re-

markable to be passed over in your Journal, I will give you my recollections of its principal features. It seems to have been an effort on the part of the Germans to introduce a new element into their annual summer meeting. In addition to the usual picnic with singing and playing upon brass instruments, in the open air, they determined to unite for the performance of the most classic compositions, and to bring together for this purpose all the best musicians employed in the different theatres and other orchestras of the city. This was most successfully accomplished, and the result was a union of some 250 musicians, thoroughly in earnest and devoted to the best performance of the highest forms of musical art. The indifference of the general public was evidently of little consequence to them. They were absorbed in the work they had undertaken and were determined to execute it to their own satisfaction. This earnestness and *esprit du corps* was one of the most delightful features of the occasion. You felt, as one of the audience, "fit, though few," very much obliged to them for allowing you to participate in the good time they were having. The empty benches of the Academy could only be accounted for by the excessive heat of the weather, making people instinctively avoid gaslight and crowds, and by the fact that the performance was on Sunday evening. The lower part of the theatre was barely sprinkled with auditors; but up above, the galleries seemed fairly boiling over with a happy crowd of Germans, hanging upon the railings, and displaying costumes of fantastic colors and shapes, and whose enthusiasm was in perfect correspondence with the temperature.

The orchestra occupied the entire stage, except a small space in front reserved for the singers. They formed a compact mass of 60 or 70 feet square. This disposition of the instruments was as bad as possible for the audience, since the open spaces at the sides and overhead absorbed a great part of the sound and prevented its being thrown into the body of the theatre.

The concert opened with the *Oberon* overture. The conductor, ANSCHUTZ, a thin, nervous, and odd looking person, quickly crossed the stage with the slightest possible obeisance to the audience; and, with a vigorous rap upon his desk, the music began. After the introduction by the horns, a piano passage is taken up by the strings, and then we felt the wonderful force and beauty of this unrivalled orchestra, the more impressive that it did not at once burst upon us with all its power. There was indeed a fullness and richness similar to the open diapasons of a great organ, but of far greater expressiveness; an effort, in short, which only such a body of strings can possibly produce. Anschütz held them well and firmly in hand, and the precision of their movement was quite equal to what we are accustomed to in our orchestra of thirty or forty players. The overture was vociferously cheered, and repeated.

Then we had a male chorus from the "Magic Flute," sung with spirit and exactness, and (like all the German Clubs) the crescendo and diminuendo of a great accordeon, and with the true national coarseness of tone. Then two movements from one of Schumann's Symphonies, led by Mr. BERGMANN. The "music of the future" was well and fairly given, but the audience of the present seemed to hear it without pleasure. Like

the pictures of the Pre-Raphaelites, it interested by its strangeness, and by a sort of ugly fascination, but the charm of beauty was wanting.*

How bright the contrast when chorus and orchestra took up "the Heavens are telling." It was like sailing into smooth water after being tossed about in the chopping sea of the German Ocean.

MARETZEK, conducting the march from the "Prophet," was in his element. Its flowing rhythm and thundering harmonies carried all before it.

Of the great feature of the Festival, that for which they must have labored long and well, the immortal NINTH SYMPHONY, I will only say that it was nobly given. Every player and singer entered heartily into the spirit of the work. The wonderful depth and beauty of the third movement was most fully brought out. The chorus, though not large, was carefully drilled and sang with confidence. Even those difficult Soprano passages were well got over, without making the throats of the audience ache by sympathy.

Indeed, notwithstanding the fearful temperate in which all this was done, there was neither fatigue nor discomfort, but interest unflagging to the end.

Finally, Herr Anschütz, who indeed proved himself a conductor of great excellence, and to whom the successful issue of the affair was mainly due, was cheered and pelted with flowers by his compatriots, and the Festival was over. May it be repeated in future years! X.

* When we heard that—not exactly Symphony—but "Overture, Scherzo and Finale" (if we recollect the programme rightly), we did not think its fascination ugly.—EDITOR.

Obituary, not Eulogistic.

We copied last week, under the title of "The Black Opera," from an old number of the *Tribune*, a sketch historical, and rather eulogistic, of the rise and growth of "Negro Minstrelsy." In the New York *Musical Review* (Dec. 7, 1854) we read, with greater pleasure, its "Obituary," which, to make the record of this curious antediluvian and Saurian period in our country's musical development complete, we also copy.

Negro Minstrelsy is dead. Draw around its *salle* bier in tearful groups, ye lovers of Ethiopian absurdities. Ye grave men in city and village who have sought relief from the cares of the day in Sambo's antics and grimaces; ye fast young men and delicate maidens who have perfumed his haunts with *Jockey Club* and *Eau de Cologne*, come, yield the tribute of a tear to departed *burnt cork* and *curled horsehair*. What! Not one among the thousands who have compromised their respectability for an hour of his jibes and jocularities to follow him to the grave? Alas! not one! The gay crowd ignore his corpse, and pass by on the other side. They have, in the day of his popularity, retailed his jokes, entertained their friends with his trashy if not vulgar effusions, and vitiated public taste by patronizing his plantation caricatures to the neglect of wholesome, improving musical entertainments; but now, not even the peanut boys in the Bowery will admit that they ever affected the banjo or the bones.

Negro Minstrelsy, we repeat, is dead. By this we mean that the characteristic "Ethiopian Melodies" have ceased to *sell*, and that, though troops of singers continue to blacken their faces, they no longer rely upon African platitudes as an attraction. Henceforth they must depend upon dramatic effect—the performance of burlesque operas, etc. This being the case, it seems a fit opportunity to pass in rapid review the rise, progress, and subsidence of the "negro music" mania that has within a few years past exerted so wide-spread and deleterious an influence upon the musical taste of this country.

About thirty years ago, *Way back of Albany*, by MICAH HAWKINS, and other songs of a similar char-

acter, gained considerable popularity at the Chatham Theatre, in this city. The melodies were simple, and united to the low doggerel words that might very naturally be the effusion of an illiterate but wide-awake and funny negro, were very captivating to the vulgar. In 1831 or 1832, a celebrated clown, DAN RICE, made a great sensation among the Bowery boys by his performance of the well-known negro song, *Jim Crow*, at the Bowery Theatre. This may, in fact, be considered the inauguration of negro songs. Master DIAMOND soon followed in *Jim along Josey*; and these songs, spawned in the very lowest puddles of society, at length found their way, like the frogs of Egypt, into places of admitted respectability. On so dark a subject it can hardly be expected that we should be quite precise in reference to dates; but, as near as we can ascertain, concerted negro music was first performed in this city by *Dumbolton's Ethiopian Serenaders*, at Palmo's, about ten or twelve years since. In 1842, CHRISTY began with a similar style of music in a dance-house in Buffalo, so low in its character that it was several times indicted for being a disorderly house. After travelling about the country, and coming occasionally to New York, he at length settled here, where he has since made a fortune. *Dumbolton's Serenaders* popularized *Rosa Lee*, *Dearest Mae*, *Mary Blane*, etc., a species of composition more nearly bordering upon respectability than the characteristic negro-songs by which they had been preceded.

DUMBOLTONS troupe went to Europe in 1845, where their African caricatures met with great favor. In 1846, *Christy's Minstrels* commenced in New York with such pieces as *Carry Me Back to Old Virginia*, *Stop that Knocking*, etc. Negro minstrelsy now became the rage all over the country. Troupes of "serenaders," who blacked their faces and made buffoons of themselves, reaped a golden harvest, while the true artist, the educated and refined musician was starving. Success invested even *bones* and *burnt cork* with an air of respectability. Fashion sent her cohorts to mingle with the unwashed million at the shrine of Gumbo, and negro sheet-music had immense sales, being found upon almost every piano in the land, grave deacons smiling at its performance, and sentimental Misses pronouncing it "sweet." We have often felt comforted by the numerous and convincing proofs, that "honesty is the best policy." The friends of music have equal cause to rejoice in the evidence deduced from the history of negro music, that it is most profitable to gratify the tastes of the respectable. This accounts for the *bleaching* process that has steadily been going on in this style of music, observable in the gradual rejection of the plantation dialect, and the adoption of sentiments and poetic forms of expression, characteristic rather of the intelligent Caucasian. This becomes quite apparent when we compare *Jim Crow*, *O Susanna*, and other early effusions of the Ethiopian muse, with the later and more popular productions, *Old Folks at Home*, *My Old Kentucky Home*, *Hazel Dell*, etc. The truth is, genuine "negro music" is no longer written; and if it were written, it could not be sold. People have grown tired of its burlesques upon a degraded race, of its vulgarity, its silliness, and its insipidity. Henceforth they will be satisfied only with something worthy of being called music. Taking advantage of this change in public sentiment, BUCKLER'S Minstrels, WOOD'S, and CURISTY'S, have within eighteen months commenced the performance of burlesque operas, and introduced travesties upon "spirit knocking," "women's rights lectures," etc., all indicating that their chief reliance is upon good music, as far as music goes, and beyond that, upon scenic and dramatic effects. The music they sing is Italian, German, English, or American. The mere fact that they continue to blacken their faces alters not its character.

A word in reference to the *cause* of the negro musical mania and its effects upon the musical interests of this country, and we have done. Its remains may then be wrapped in their ceremonies and toted off to the grave as soon as possible. The success of negro minstrelsy was not an accident, nor yet again a mere mania. There are philosophical reasons why it succeeded and why its day is now over. Its chief elements of popularity were:

1. Its burlesque of the negro character. There is among all classes of the American people a keen appreciation of humor. This feature of negro minstrelsy, together with the interlarded jokes, conundrums, etc., appealed to this love of fun, and at the same time afforded amusement, where amusements were scarce. The humor of Ethiopian caricatures having been exhausted and the jokes become stale, this element has lost its novelty and ceased to be an attraction.

2. The music was adapted to the popular taste, the melody being simple, flowing, and easily caught by the musical ear, while the harmony was of the commonest kind, being confined to the use of two chords, the tonic and dominant. Such common

chords sung in tune, (as companies constantly practicing together could hardly help singing,) united with simple melodies and the rhythmic effects produced by the tamborine, banjo, bones, etc., made up an entertainment, so far as the music went, just on a level with the popular appreciation. We say such music "was adapted to the popular taste." We are glad to say it is so no longer. The American people are just emerging from musical childhood—putting away childish things—and are no more to be pleased with such puerilities. Hence the resort of "minstrels" to music of a higher order.

3. These entertainments have always been cheap, thus bringing them within reach of the million. We commend this feature to the attention of concert-givers generally.

Of the general effects of the rage for negro music upon the tastes and musical interests of this country, we think there can be but one opinion. It has degraded Art, diverted attention and patronage from worthy and elevating concerts, and made many a true musician feel that the only road to success was through the purlieus of buffoonery and badinage. It must be admitted, however, that its effect is not wholly bad. The burlesques and comicities connected with these entertainments have drawn in many of the low and vulgar, who have first carried away with them and hummed and whistled and sung the simple airs they have there heard, until at last they have come to demand music worthy of the name. In our general detestation of its musical platitudes and insipidities, let us rejoice that, from the laws of the human mind, it could not exert an influence wholly evil.

No event within the last half century has been fraught with more unmistakable evidence of the progress of music in this country, than the demise of this hybrid between a Bowery clown and St. Cecilia. We exult over its fall and take courage for American Art. Let *Negro Minstrelsy* be now borne to its grave amid popular rejoicings, the ringing of bells, and the booming of cannon. Let his winding sheet be the unsold copies of *Uncle Ned*, and let there be buried with him, as the emblems of his departed power, the Banjo and the Bones.

Chicago Musical Review.

Having arranged with the Messrs. Higgins, Brothers, of Chicago, Ill., to supply the subscribers to the "Chicago Musical Review" with our Journal, monthly, until the termination of their subscription, we commence the agreeable duty with the present number. We had expected to place this card under the valedictory notice of Mr. CADY, the editor of that paper; but the document has not arrived; either the mails have behaved badly, or Mr. C. has been unable to write in time. Before sending the next number we trust to hear from him.

We shall be happy to supply the intermediate and back numbers of our Journal to those subscribers to the Chicago paper, who care enough for it to pay the balance of the subscription price. Many will be glad enough to do this, if only for the sake of getting more than fragments of the choice pieces of music that go with our Journal.

Musical Chit-Chat.

We had to fill up a large part of our space this week with old selections, already in type, in order that the printers might gain time and have their "Independence." This has abridged the editorial matter, and crowded out the conclusion of our friend's fine criticisms on the English painting, besides a "Diary," letters from New York, &c.

Our "Diary," Mr. ALEXANDER W. THAYER, sailed from New York on Wednesday, in the good ship "Athena," for Bremen, via London. He will devote the coming year, in Germany—principally in Berlin and Vienna—to the completion of his long expected *Life of Beethoven*. In the meantime look out for some interesting correspondence from him in these pages.... We had the pleasant surprise a few days since of shaking hands with our Boston *tenore*, HARRISON MILLARD, who had just returned from London, looking none the worse for wholesome English air and fare.... We are to have a renewal of the "Promenade Concerts" in the Boston Music Hall, commencing next Monday evening, and continuing on Wednesday and Saturday evenings. The Brigade Band, the Germania Band, and Gilmore's Salem Band will play in turn. We hope it will not be all brass!... Of the great monster brass band demon-

stration on the morning of the Fifth, the *Courier* reports:

Thirty or forty thousand people assembled upon the great hill of the Common, and perhaps ten thousand more around the enclosed space in which the musicians were stationed. Of all these, possibly the tenth part were able to hear the music. A concert in the open air must always be a failure, when attempted on any large scale. What are eighty performers in the vast infinitude of space? For the few within hearing, the concert was interesting, the concluding piece peculiarly so, as developing certain possibilities of effects novel and stupendous, by the introduction of cannon. The idea is not new, Handel having contemplated it in his time; but no opportunity of observing the result has ever before been afforded here. We may observe in this connection that the musicians played "Hail Columbia" in the usual hurried, slap-dash manner: It is to be hoped they will discover the absurdity of doing so some time. "Hail Columbia" rapidly played is nothing—properly harmonized and rolled forth in stately measure, it is grand. The rest of the concert amounted to nothing particular. "Yankee Doodle" was perpetrated, with extensive solo operations by leaders of the different bands; "Wood Up" was again exhumed from the obscurity in which it ought to be permitted forever to rest; "Washington's March" was murdered; "The Anvil Chorus" was pounded out on eight diseased anvils; "The Star Spangled Banner" came next, to afford a sufficient pretext for the sudden unfolding of the stars and stripes from a temporary flagstaff; then "God Save the Queen," for a similar purpose respecting the development of the Union Jack; afterwards "La Marseillaise," to accompany the unfolding of the tri-color; in turn, "The Russian National Hymn," with a spread of bunting supposed to represent the Romanoff ensign; subsequently "The Turkish March,"—that same old Turkish March—on the strength of which the crescent was revealed from a fifth flag-pole;—ultimately "Hail Columbia," hereinbefore spoken of.

A most valuable addition to our American library of classical Piano-forte music has just been made in the publication, by Messrs. Ditson and Co., of Mozart's SONATAS, nineteen in number, beautifully engraved and bound up in one splendid volume; price, \$6.00. . . . The Promenade Concerts in Philadelphia, by Sentz's Germania Orchestra, go on, but are said to have been so far a failure pecuniarily. . . . In Mr. BEXEDICT's annual concert in London the great feature was the performance, for the first time in England, of Pergolesi's Operetta, *La Serva Padrona*, composed about the year, 1730.

The Worcester Palladium compiles "A Mirror of the times," out of chance reflections in the poets of various notoriety and features of the day; some of them are musical, for instance:

Jenny Lind.

"The angels sang in heaven when she was born."

Longfellow.

A Certain Concert Singer.

"To hear him, you'd believe
An ass was practising recitative."

Byron.

Carl Formes.

"That tall man, a giant in bulk and in height,
Not an inch of his body is free from delight;
Can he keep himself still, if he would? oh, not he!
The music stirs in him like wind through a tree."

Wordsworth.

Verdi's Anvil Chorus.

"This must be music," said he, "of the spears,
For I'm blest if each note of it doesn't run through one!"
The Fudge Family.

Brass Music.

"Twang out, my fiddle! shake the twigs!
And make her dance attendance;
Blow flute, and stir the stiff-set sprigs,
And scurrious roots and tendons.
'Tis vain! in such a brassy age
I could not move a tistle;
The very sparrows in the hedge
Scarcely answer to my whistle.
Oh! had I lived when song was great,
And legs of trees were timber,
And ta'co my fiddle to the gate,
And fiddled in the timber!"

Tennyson.

The Opera at the New York Academy closed last week. GAZZANIGA goes to Europe; and so do BRIGNOLI, AMODIO and GASSIER. Mme. GASSIER, a singer of some fame, will return with her husband in the autumn. . . . Signor PERELLI's opera, "Clarissa Harlowe" has been produced, under his own superintendence, at the Imperial Theatre in Vienna. A letter to the London Times, dated Vienna, June 13th, says: "Signor Perelli's opera, *Clarissa Harlowe*, has proved a failure, although the music was well sung. Almost the only good things in the opera were 'borrowed' from Donizetti and Verdi." . . . Mlle. TRIENS, the prima donna at Her Majesty's Theatre, who belongs to the Imperial Theatre at Vienna, has been unable to get an extension of her leave of absence, and her engagement in London was to close on the 26th of June. Of course this makes it very improbable that Lumley and Barnum can bring her to the United States next fall.

A Choral and Orchestral Concert was given in Hartford, Ct., last Monday week, under the direction of Mr. HENRY WILSON, assisted by J.G. BARNETT, W. J. BALDWIN, pianist, and other resident talent. The programme was one of the right kind, creditable to all concerned. It included the entire 42nd Psalm: "As the hart pants," by Mendelssohn; Haydn's aria: "With verdure clad" (sung by Mrs. STRICKLAND, with orchestra); Sextet from the "Huguenots"; Air: *Batti, Batti* (sung by Miss HOYT); *Inflammatus* from Rossini's *Stabat Mater*; the overture to *Semiramide*; "Wedding March," &c. Such a Society will find music in these pages suited to their purpose. . . . In San Francisco the first concert of Mr. LEACH, Mrs. GEORGIANA STUART LEACH, and Miss ANNA GRISWOLD, took place in the first week of June. . . . The Philadelphia Academy of Music has been leased by CARL SENTZ, with his "Germania Orchestra," who will give Promenade Concerts, nightly, through the summer.

Stephenson, the sculptor, has designed a monument to the memory of JOHN HOWARD PAYNE, the author of "Home, Sweet Home," the model of which in clay may be seen at his studio, No. 195 Tremont street. It is an allegorical monument, typical of the character and profession of the deceased.

The London Musical World does not get converted to the piano-virtuosity of RUBINSTEIN. Speaking of the last Philharmonic Concert, it says:

The performance of Weber's *Concert-Stück* by Herr Rubinstein was just as much a burlesque of Weber as Mr. Robson's Shylock, or Macbeth, of Shakspeare, but without those admirable qualities that place the impersonations of Mr. Robson among the achievements of genuine art. The burlesque of Herr Rubinstein was in no way amusing; on the contrary, it was flat and dull, without a spark of intelligence, without a single happy touch to relieve its intolerable insipidity. We remember no instance of such an amount of presumption, coupled with such an amount of impotence. First, Herr Rubinstein's reading of the *Concert-Stück* was ridiculously exaggerated; and, secondly, his mechanical powers did not enable him to realize what he had conceived. "What makes it" (said Herr Molière, on another occasion), "that he play quick, if he play not fine?" Now, Herr Rubinstein played quick—uncommonly quick—absurdly quick; but he "played not fine." On the contrary, he missed an abundance of notes, and struck a great many wrong ones in the bargain.

Music Abroad.

London.

ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA.—*Il Barbiere* was performed June 2, with Bosio as Rosina, Mario as Count Almaviva, and Ronconi as Figaro. The reports are enthusiastic. On Tuesday, *Il Barbiere* was repeated; and on Thursday, *Lucrezia Borgia*. Auber's *Fra Diavolo* has been given, with Bosio, Murai, Ronconi, &c.

HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE. The last novelty of which we have accounts, was the performance of Verdi's *Luisa Miller*, founded upon Schiller's *Kabale und Liebe*. The cast included Mlle. Piccolomini, Mme. Alboni, Sig. Giuglini, Benvenuto, Vialelli, and others. The singers are praised, but the music itself does not appear to have made a great impression. We are moved to copy what the *Athenæum* says:

In power over the strongest emotions of grief and pity, Schiller, as a dramatist, has been surpassed by few. The coronation act in 'The Maid of Orleans,' the departure of Max, and the interview betwixt Thekla and the soldier in 'Wallenstein' have a fascination without limit in their force. To think of these passages is to call up a phantom of trouble and dread,—to return to them is willfully to place ourselves on the rack. Nevertheless, the certain, direct, and naked intensity in their passion is sparingly adorned by the graces of a rich poetical fancy; and, hence, it may be, that so few of Schiller's tragedies offer genial scope to other arts besides that of literal stage presentation. If we compare them with 'Ro-

meo and Juliet,' 'Othello,' 'Hamlet,' 'Macbeth,'—even 'Lear,' with its tremendous distress,—their inferiority in suggestion, such as painters and musicians love, will be apparent. None in the list is a more cruel tormentor than *Kabale und Liebe*. Perhaps it is for this very reason that Signor Verdi, whose demon seems to demand *drums* ere it can be made to speak, has selected it for the subject of an opera. To ourselves, in its absence of local color and in the monotony of its misery, it appears thoroughly ineligible. Further, that which must happen to every operatized drama has happened to *Kabale und Liebe*, also in *Luisa Miller*. The situations are weakened, the passion is diluted: in place of midnight, "black as a wolf's mouth," we have a darkness, foggy and tearful. The rant does not thunder us down—the grief fails to melt us. In this fact, we have another plea for poetry as an element in all subjects for the musical drama, more important than has been admitted. The tragedy is shocking,—the opera was lachrymose and tiresome, save when the actors amused us, without meaning to do such harm.

There is little, from first to last, in the music to reconcile us to the composer. Signor Verdi's overture is a long monologue on a phrase of four bars, not half so expressive as the well-known four bars, "Sara l'alma," in the *trio* 'Cruda sorte,' from Signor Rossini's 'Ricciardo,' still less as another four, those which open the subject of the *stretto* to the noble *finale* in 'Moise.' But that Signor Verdi is not abashed by any amount of platitude, a following hunting choros, exceeding even the "Robber chorus" in his 'Masnadieri,' shows. As regards the *solo* music, 'Luisa Miller' contains nothing so good as his *Settimino* or "O sommo Carlo" in 'Ernani,' or his *finale* in 'Nabucco,' or his quartet in 'Rigoletto,' or his 'Miserere' in 'Il Trovatore.' The heroine might be either Gilda, or Violetta, or Abigaille, for any touch that marks her life or her country. A pastoral introduction, weak if compared with similar things by Donizetti, a waltz-chorus, "Quale un sorriso," again, courageous in its puerility, are the little efforts by aid of which we are to consider ourselves in Germany. The want of local color, however, might be overlooked (in consideration of the *maestro's* school and country) were there any compensating beauty of melody. Everything that is not trite in the score is unpleasant. In the unaccompanied quartet, for instance "Come celar le smanie," the unisoned passage of seven bars for the four voices, is queer, but unmeaning. The close of the same movement, were it signed by M. Meyerbeer or M. Halévy, would be called French and affected. Exceedingly disagreeable, too, is the choral introduction to the second act, where rhythm is called in to do duty for air. The songs are in the known Verdi patterns, full of fever, empty of feeling. The *cabaletta* for the tenor, 'L'ara o l'avello,' (for which, by the way, Signor Giuglini substituted another) is, to our liking, the best *solo* in the opera. Luisa's *cavatina*, in the last act, 'La tomba è un letto,' with its threadbare *staccato* theme, has no more of the long sleep of the tomb in it than Marguerite's 'Ah, si j'étais coquette,' in 'Les Huguenots.' The music of 'I due Foscari' was meagre and dismal enough; but the music of 'Luisa Miller,' so far as idea is concerned, seems yet more meagre and dismal. To be just, however, after this wholesale dispraise, we should say, that a disposition may be traced on the composer's part to enrich and to vary his instrumentation, leading him in many passages to eccentricity, in some near invention, and in one or two happy effect.

PHILHARMONIC SOCIETY.—The programme of the fifth concert was as follows:

Sinfonia in C; Mozart.
Aria (Calvary), Madame Novello.
Overture (Melusina); Mendelssohn.
Concertstück, Herr Rubinstein; Weber.
Sinfonia in C minor; Beethoven.
Recit. and Aria, "Deh vieni," Mad. Novello; Mozart.
Solos, Pianoforte, Herr Rubinstein.
Overture (Anacreon); Cherubini.
Conductor—Professor Sterndale Bennett.

SACRED HARMONIC SOCIETY.—Mr. Costa's *Eli* was given for the first time this season on Friday night week. The Hall was crowded to inconvenience. *Eli* was produced at the Birmingham Festival of 1855, with a success almost unparalleled, and brought out the same year by the Sacred Harmonic Society. Since then it has become a stock piece in the repertory.

CHARLES HALLE'S RECITALS.—At the third and last, on Thursday afternoon, M. Halle introduced another very fine sonata of Clementi (in F. major) his execution of which was beyond all praise. The last movement, a *presto*, is amazingly spirited, and peculiarly in the composer's marked and individual manner. There were also Mozart's lovely and pas-

sionate rondo in A minor and Mendelssohn's extremely difficult *Presto Scherzando*, besides an early and a late sonata of Beethoven, op. 7, in E flat, and op. 90, in E minor, with the exquisite *allegretto* in E major, to which Mendelssohn was so partial. The second of these sonatas was played by M. Hallé last year at the Dudley Gallery. The first is not sufficiently often. It is perhaps the most beautiful as it is the most largely developed of the early pianoforte works of the "immeasurably rich master." Chopin's *Nocturne* in D flat (op. 27, No. 2), with two numbers from the *Promenades d'un Solitaire* and the *Tarantella* in A flat, capital specimens of M. Stephen Heller, completed the programme. These could hardly have been performed in a more finished manner.

Fine Arts.

For Dwight's Journal of Music.

The Athenæum Exhibition.

VIII. OIL PICTURES. (CONTINUED).

It is the familiar experience of critical readers of Shakespeare, that theatrical personations of his great characters generally involve the serious mutilation, if not the complete sacrifice of their most important attributes. Whether in the moral complexity of Macbeth, the diabolism of Richard III., or the metaphysical subtlety of Hamlet, the impressions of the author's conceptions, which are derived from a reading of the plays, are lavishly outraged in the average, and hardly re-enforced in the best stage representations.

Nor is it certain that they have been more adequately interpreted through the medium of pictorial illustrations. The famous Boydell Gallery, howsoever admirable in some respects, rests its fame upon other than Shakspearian merits. Retzsch's outlines are more conventional adaptations, than true inspirations; and John Gilbert throws the power of his fertile brain and the cunning of his hand into the scale of these comedies; so, that, judging out of these I have named, if we would recall the living energies of Shakespeare's grandest creations, we must go to the magical text, along whose lines troop shapes of mighty heroes voicing their cadences to the thoughts they bear.

Among the several arguments against the above conclusion offered by this exhibition, is Madox Brown's "King Lear," No. 93, which, although not wholly convincing, is certainly a most forcible plea.

Passing over with approval his choice of time and incident, as affording that point of repose into which the tender pathos of the drama could be most impressively gathered, and before discussing the real merit of his conception, I would suggest that it is not textually true; that he has not conceived the "fact as it was really likely to have happened, rather than as it most prettily *might* have happened," which Mr. Ruskin says, the modern Pre-Raphaelite conscientiously endeavours to do, but has warped the natural action of the scene to enhance the effect in his composition. At the risk of seeming hypercritical, I will adduce some proof of this.

Between the order of the Physician, and the lines spoken by Cordelia, which are printed in the catalogue, occurs a passage that seems to have an immediate verbal and dramatic connection with the one quoted as forming the motive to the picture, and to indicate its accompanying physical action with considerable clearness.

For the purpose of awakening Lear the physician orders louder music, when Cordelia, who is anxiously awaiting the event, that she may assure her father of the unabated loyalty of her affection, breaks out in the following invocation:

Cor. O my dear father! Restoration, hang
Thy medicine on my lips; and let this kiss
Repair those violent harms, that my two sisters
Have in thy reverence made!

Kent. Kind and dear princess!

When follows:

Cor. Had you not been their father,
These white flakes, &c.

as quoted in the catalogue.

The above passage demands that Cordelia should be at her father's bedside; and in the transition from this perfect expression of filial love, to that of sorrowful indignation at the unnatural cruelty of her sisters, there is nothing which warrants the artist in removing her to the foot of the bed, and there making a theatrical "point" of her emotions in attitudinized affectation.

There is doubtless abandonment, as there is deep tenderness and strong nature in her grief; but it would naturally express itself as she bends over her sleeping father, eagerly scanning his face, and tracing therein the lines of his mighty passions, and bitter sorrows, which, in her infinite compassion, she marks as scores against her own happiness. It is only when Lear wakes that she steps back, and then bids the physician speak to him, fearing perhaps that he may not welcome her presence, or that its too sudden announcement may endanger the quiet to which she hopes rest and kind treatment have restored him. Thus much for the equivocal "fidelity to truth" in the composition of this picture. Mr. Brown violates the probable physical action of the scene to secure pictorial effect; and at the expense of that powerfully poetic suggestiveness which dwells in natural attitudes, and would be found in the passion-wrecked old Lear quietly sleeping beneath the bending form and tender watchfulness of his child, Cordelia.

I have urged this at some length, because here is a mis-statement of fact, involving also some denial of the poetical capabilities of the subject, incompatible with perfect "truth," and a condition of honest passivity in the receptive process of gathering the total impression of a scene through the aggregation of parts, which necessarily precedes the creative one of imaginative reconstruction.

Independent of this, and other marked deficiencies, this picture is powerfully and rightly impressive. The prostration of Lear is physical, rather than mental, and Cordelia's mingled love and resentment are so subtly expressed as to be recognized only through faith, and patient scrutiny; and yet, we derive from this work a haunting remembrance of a passion which, springing from a hot nature, stirred by foul cruelty, o'erleaped nature, and in a single stride reached a height of demonic sublimity; and then suddenly drooped, with utter exhaustion, into the tender, sad waywardness of grieved, joyless old age; as also of the love of that daughter, whose simple truth of speech won for her a father's curse, which she forgave without forgetting, and who lost her life in restoring him to power, when she had regained his love.

We find a suggestiveness of this, in the sombre tone of color, and the alternating gloom and sunshine of the tent, landscape, and sky. We read it in the profoundly abstracted face of the fool, who stands gazing sadly at the King, and apparently absorbed in the painful retrospection of those swift calamities which he in his strange, untaught wisdom foresaw, but could not avert from the head of his master, and in the loutish face of Kent, kindling with adoration as he listens to Cordelia's recital of love, as loyal as his own, and heightened by a daughter's tenderness; and we hear it issuing as an unearthly symphony from the instruments of that motley group of musicians, accompanied by a low, throbbing undertone, which interweaves itself with the fiercest chords, subduing them with ineffable pathos, and lingering at the close like the serene flush of twilight.

Notwithstanding its incompleteness, the power of the exhibition culminates in this picture, and it is much to be regretted that it has not been detained among us.

(Conclusion next week.)

Special Notices.

DESCRIPTIVE LIST OF THE LATEST MUSIC, Published by O. Ditson & Co.

Vocal, with Piano.

Wapping Old Stairs. Song. 25
One of the old, standard English songs.

Thy Loving Call. Ballad. Emerson. 25
A charming love song, quite easy.

The Promised Land. Song. Sloman. 25
Sweet and pathetic, with quite an Italian flow of melody. Rather easy, but in some degree brilliant. Altogether a desirable song, such as will take hold upon a musical ear.

On we come to the sound of the drum. Song. G. H. Russell. 30
Of bold and martial character, with the very air of the camp.

Instrumental.

The First Kiss. Polka. H. Farmer. 50
An unusually pretty Polka, or better, Schottisch. Just the thing to play for a dance in the parlor. The title page is embellished with a fine lithograph.

Juvenile Sonatina. H. Schwing. 30
A little instructive work of much merit, and withal pleasing to the young player. The compositions of this author, mostly written for instructive purposes, bear a strong resemblance to the much lauded similar works of sterling old authors. Teachers who strive to promote a solid taste in their pupils should avail themselves of these efforts of their cotemporary.

Kinloch of Kinloch, and I'm o'er young to marry yet. Transcribed. Wallace. 30
This is a transcription of medium difficulty. The airs, although long known, have never before been put into a form elegant enough to admit them into the boudoir of the refined musical amateur. Wallace's arrangement will gain ready admittance for them everywhere. It removes the wornout and hackneyed touch which melodies of so respectable standing invariably have.

Lago Maggiore Quadrille. D'Albert. 30
The five parts of this Quadrille form a bouquet of airs borrowed from Italian composers. They are not the airs that every body knows and every body is tired of, but some gems, selected from Pacini's, Mercadante's and others' works, which furnish spirited and striking quadrille music. Easy.

Prize Banner Quickstep. With variations. C. Grobe. 25

Fredonia Mareh. " " 25

Hero's Quickstep. " " 25
Easy arrangements of "Melodies of the day." Accessible to players of only little experience.

Books.

SEMINARY CLASS BOOK OF MUSIC.—Designed for Seminaries, High Schools, Private Classes, &c., containing Elementary Instructions, Vocal Exercises, Solfeggios, and a Copious Selection of Secular and Sacred Songs, Duets and Trios. By E. L. White and T. Bissell. 50

An improved edition of this valuable work has been issued, in which the suggestions of those well qualified to judge of what is wanted in our Seminaries and High Schools have been acted upon, and the result is a volume of music with suitable instructions, in every particular adapted to the use of those for whom it is intended. The Elementary Studies are simple, and arranged with a view to a progressive, thorough attainment of the Art of Vocal Music. The Solfeggios are mostly taken from the best masters, and are arranged for two or three Soprano voices. The Songs, Duets, and Trios are partly original, and partly selected from the best compositions of the day. The Songs and most of the Duets have a piano accompaniment, and the Trios may be sung by two Sopranos and a Bass. The selection of words has been made with much good taste, and the volume closes with a choice collection of sacred pieces.

Dwight's Journal of Music.

WHOLE No. 328.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, JULY 17, 1858.

VOL. XIII. No. 16.

(From the Atlantic Monthly.)

I.—November.

The dead leaves their rich mosaics,
Of olive and gold and brown,
Had lain on the rain-wet pavements,
Through all the embowered town.

They were washed by the Autumn tempest,
They were trod by hurrying feet,
And the maids came out with their besoms
And swept them into the street,

To be crushed and lost forever
'Neath the wheels, in the black mire lost,—
The Summer's precious darlings,
She nurtured at such cost!

O words that have fallen from me!
O golden thoughts and true!
Must I see in the leaves a symbol
Of the fate which awaiteth you?

II.—April.

Again has come the Spring-time,
With the crocus's golden bloom,
With the smell of the fresh-turned earth mould,
And the violet's perfume.

O gardener! tell me the secret
Of thy flowers so rare and sweet!—
—"I have only enriched my garden
With the black mire from the street."

Translated for this Journal.

Henri Heine about Music and Musicians.

II. THE PIANO-FORTE VIRTUOSOS.

PARIS, March 25, 1843.

The reigning bourgeoisie have, for their sins, not only to stand old classical tragedies and tragedies, which are not classical; the heavenly powers have bestowed on them a yet more terrible artistic pleasure: namely, that Piano-forte, which one can nowhere now escape; you hear it ring in every house, in every company, both day and night. Yes, Piano-forte is the name of that instrument of martyrdom, with which the fine society of these days is particularly racked and scourged for all its usurpations. If only the innocent had not to suffer with the guilty! This everlasting piano-thrumming is no more to be endured! (Ah! my fair next-door neighbors, those young daughters of Albion, are this very moment playing a brilliant morceau for two left hands.) These hard, tinkling tones, with no natural dying away, these heartless whirring sounds, this arch-prosaic rattling and picking, this forte-piano kills all our thought and feeling, and we become stupid, dull and imbecile. This ascendancy of piano-playing, and indeed these triumphal processions of piano virtuosos are characteristic of our times, and proclaim the victory of machine-life over the spirit. The technical facility, the precision of an automaton, the identification of self with wood and wire, the sounding transformation of the man into an instrument, is praised and celebrated as the highest. Like swarms of locusts come the piano virtuosos every winter to Paris, less to earn money than to make

themselves here a name, whereby to reap a richer harvest in other countries.

Paris serves them as a sort of bulletin board, whereon their glory may be read in colossal letters; for it is the Parisian press that proclaims them to the credulous world, and these virtuosos show their shrewdest virtuosity in managing the journals and the journalists. They know how to reach even the most hard of hearing, for men are always men, are susceptible to flattery, love dearly, too, to play the protector's part; and one hand washes the other; the least clean, however, is seldom that of the journalist, and even the cheap retailer of praises is at the same time a deceived blockhead, who gets half his pay in wheedling caresses. People talk of the venality of the press; they are much mistaken. On the contrary, the press is usually duped, and this is particularly the case with it in regard to celebrated virtuosos. For celebrated are they all; that is to say in the puffs which they in person, or through a brother, or through their lady mother, offer to be printed. You can scarcely believe, how abjectly they beg in the newspaper bureaux for the smallest alms of praise, how they cringe and how they fawn.

When I still stood in great favor with the Director of the *Gazette Musicale*—(ah! by my youthful levity I have joked it away)—I had a chance to see with my own eyes, how subject-like those famous ones lay at his feet and crawled and wagged their tails before him, that they might be praised a bit in the columns of his journal; and of our highly celebrated virtuosos, who, like conquering princess, accept homage in all the capitals of Europe, one might well say in the manner of Beranger, that the dust of Moritz Schlesinger's boots is yet visible upon their laurel crowns. One has no idea how these people speculate upon our credulity, if one has not seen their importunity here on the spot.

In the bureau of the above-named musical journal I met once a tattered old man, who announced himself as the father of a famous virtuoso, and begged the editors of the journal to print a *reclame*, in which some noble traits out of his son's artist life were brought to the knowledge of the public. The famous youth, it seems, had somewhere in the southern part of France given a concert, with colossal success, and with the proceeds had supported an old Gothic church that threatened to tumble into ruin; on another occasion he had played for a widow who had been flooded out, or for a seventy-year old school-master, who had lost his only cow, and so on. After longer conversation with the father of that benefactor of mankind, the old man quite naively confessed, that his distinguished son did not do so much for him, as he might do, and that he often suffered him to starve a little bit. I might advise the celebrated person to give a concert some day for the dilapidated trowsers of his poor old father.

When one has seen this pitiable sight, he cannot feel indignant at the Swedish students, who

expressed themselves rather too strongly against this nuisance of virtuoso-deification, and prepared the well-known ovation for the famous Ole Bull when he arrived in Upsala. The honored hero thought indeed, that they were going to unharness his horses, and was reckoning with composure upon torch-light procession and flowery crowns, when he met a most unexpected good sound honorary cudgelling,—a real northern surprise.

The matadors of this present season were MM. SIVORI and DREYSCHOCK. The first is a fiddler, and as such I place him above the latter, the terrible piano-smiter. With the violinist virtuosity is not entirely the result of mechanical finger facility and mere technics, as with the pianist. The violin is an instrument which has almost human humors, and stands in sympathetic *rapproch* with the mood of the player, so to say: the least shade of unhappiness, the slightest commotion of the spirit, a mere breath of feeling, finds here an immediate echo; and that comes from the fact, that the violin, being pressed so very closely to our breast, perceives our very heart-beat. This is only the case, though, with artists who actually carry in their breast a heart that beats,—who have in fact a soul. The emptier and more heartless the violin-player, the more uniform will always be his execution, and he can count on the obedience of his fiddle, at all hours, in all places. But this much-praised certainty is after all but the result of intellectual limitation, and the greatest masters have been they, whose playing was not seldom dependent upon outward and inward influences. I have heard no one play better, and also at times no one play worse, than PAGANINI; and I may say the same thing of ERNST. This latter, Ernst, perhaps the greatest violinist of our day, resembles Paganini in his faults, as well as in his genius. Ernst's absence was much lamented here this winter. Signor Sivori was a very tame substitute, yet we have heard him with great satisfaction. Because he was born in Genoa, and perhaps as a child occasionally met Paganini in the narrow streets of his native city, where it would have been impossible to turn out of his way, he has been proclaimed here as his pupil. No, Paganini never had a pupil; could not have one; for the best that he knew, that which is the highest in Art, can neither be taught nor learned.

What is the highest in Art? That which in all other manifestations of life also is the highest: the self-conscious freedom of the soul. Not only a piece of music, composed in the fullness of that self-consciousness, but also the mere delivery of the same can be regarded as artistically the highest, if it only breathes over us that wonderful breath of infinity, which instantly announces that the executant stands on the same free spirit's height with the composer,—that he also is a free man. Nay, this consciousness of freedom in Art reveals itself especially through form, through treatment; in no case through the subject mat-

ter; on the contrary we may maintain that artists, who have chosen freedom itself and the struggle for freedom for their subject, are commonly men of limited and fettered soul, are actually not free. . . .

MARCH 26, 1843.

As the most remarkable appearances of the present season I have named MM. SIVORI and DREYSCHOCK. The latter has reaped the greatest applause, and I may truly record, that public opinion has proclaimed him one of the greatest piano virtuosos and placed him on a level with the most admired. He makes a hellish spectacle. You seem to hear not one pianist, Dreyschock, but *drei Schock*, three score, pianists. As the wind on the evening of his concert was south-westerly, you might perhaps perceive the powerful tones in Augsburg; at such a distance their effect is certainly agreeable. But here, in the department of the Seine, one's tympanum may easily burst when this piano-smiter thunders away. Hang thyself, Franz Liszt, thou art but a common wind-god in comparison with this thunder-god, who binds the storms together like a birchen rod and therewith scourges the sea. The older pianists sink more and more into the shade, and these poor, out-lived Invalids of fame must suffer for it now severely, that they were over-estimated in their youth. KALKBRENNER alone maintains himself a little while. He has publicly appeared this winter, in the concert of a lady pupil; upon his lips still shines that embalméd smile, which we have lately remarked also on one of the Egyptian Pharaohs, when his mummy was unwound here in the museum. . . .

A contemporary of Kalkbrenner is Herr PIXIS, and although he is of a subordinate rank, yet we will mention him here as a curiosity. But is Herr Pixis really still living? He maintains so, appealing at the same time to the testimony of Herr Sina, the famous watering-place visitor of Boulogne, who must not be confounded with Mount Sinai. We will put confidence in this brave wave-compeller, although many evil tongues assure us, that Herr Pixis never really existed. No, the latter is a man, who actually lives; I say a man, although a zoölogist would give him a more long-tailed name. Herr Pixis came to Paris at the time of the invasion, in the moment when the Apollo Belvidere was restored to the Romans and had to leave Paris. The acquisition of Herr Pixis must have been some compensation to the French. He played piano, composed, too, very neatly, and his little musical pieces were particularly valued by the bird-sellers, who teach canary-birds to sing on hand-organs. They have only to hum over a composition of Herr Pixis once to these little yellow creatures, and they catch it on the spot, and twitter it over after, till you are delighted and every one applauds: *Pixissime!* Since the old Bourbons have left the field, there is no more shouting *Pixissime!*; the new singing birds demand new melodies. By his outward appearance, the physical man, Herr Pixis still passes for somewhat; he has in fact the biggest nose in the musical world, and to make this specialty the more strikingly noticeable, he often shows himself in the company of a composer of Romances, who has no nose at all, and who on that account has recently received the order of the Legion of Honor; for certainly it was not for his music that

M. PANSEON was decorated in that fashion. They say, that he is to be named Director of the Grand Opera, because he is the only man, of whom it is not to be feared, that maestro GIACOMO MEYERBEER will lead him by the nose.

Herr HERZ belongs, like Kalkbrenner and Pixis, with the mummies; he shines now only through his beautiful Concert Hall; he died long ago, and lately, too, he married. Among the resident pianists here, who now have most success, are HALLE and EDWARD WOLF; but only of the latter will we take especial notice, since he is also distinguished as a composer. Edward Wolf is fruitful and full of verve. STEPHEN HELLER is more composer than virtuoso, although he is also highly honored for his piano-playing. His musical productions all bear the stamp of a distinguished talent, and he belongs already with the great masters. He is a true artist, without affectation, without extravagance; romantic feeling in classical form. THALBERG has been in Paris these two months, but will give no concert himself; he will only play in public in the concert of one of his friends. This artist distinguishes himself to advantage from his pianist colleagues by, I might almost say, his musical deportment. As in his life, so also in his art Thalberg shows an innate tact; his delivery is so gentleman-like, so well-to-do, so respectable, so wholly without grimace, so wholly without any forced air of genius, so wholly without that bullying clownishness which ill hides inward timidity. Healthy women like him. Sickly ladies are not less gracious to him, although he does not claim their sympathy by epileptic onslaughts on the piano, although he does not speculate upon their over-sensitively tender nerves, although he neither electrifies nor galvanizes them; negative, but fine peculiarities. There is but one, whom I prefer to him, and that is CHOPIN, who is, however, far more a composer than a virtuoso. With Chopin I forget entirely the mastery of piano-playing, and sink into the sweet abysses of his music, into the melancholy loveliness of his no less deep than tender creations. Chopin is the great, genial tone-poet, who should properly be mentioned only in the company of Mozart or Beethoven or Rossini. .

Revival of Bach's Music.

[From the London Musical World.]

There are certain phases of musical progress which we believe can find a parallel in no other art. The Bach mania, which very recently has pervaded all classes of the musical community—perhaps even more in this country than in Germany—is one of them. On the 30th of July, 1750, in the 66th year of his age, died the very greatest of "absolute musicians;" and now more than a century later we are beginning to estimate properly his worth.

Herr Richard Wagner, though perhaps the least musical in temperament of all men who have endeavored, through the medium of music, to express outwardly what inwardly moved them, has admirably marked the distinction between the musician *per se*, and the musician compelled to invite extraneous influences, as aids in the cultivation and promulgation of his art. The author of the *Kunstwerk der Zukunft* pronounces Mozart to be the greatest "absolute musician;" and here, as in many other places, shows how little he comprehended music in the abstract. A thousand forces acted upon the plastic nature of Mozart, just as a million did upon the still more plastic Beethoven. With Bach it was otherwise: music was his whole being; he revealed himself invariably in music, no matter what he had to say, simple or elaborate, trivial or sublime. Even the orchestral symphonies of Beethoven cannot be compared to the preludes and fugues of Bach, as exemplifications of art wholly independent of other resources than its own. The world of imagination and of dreams sug-

gested endless ideas to Beethoven, to which music gave expression. Like Mozart, he was not only a musician, but a philosopher, a man of the world, and a poet. Not so Bach. Bach was a musician, and nothing more. Whatever impressions he may have received from the exhaustless phenomena of nature were subservient to the art which was his only language. Had it occurred to Bach to write a *pastoral symphony*, how differently would he have accomplished his task! The song of the nightingale would have formed the principal subject of a fugue, to which the cry of the quail might have made one episode, and the notes of the cuckoo another. These pastoral objects would have been submitted without mercy to every device of counterpoint; while some ingeniously contrived "*stretto*," towards the end, would have brought the three voices as close together as Beethoven has brought them in the second movement of his immortal symphony. With Bach, however, the nightingale, the quail, and the cuckoo would have been made to etherealize music—instead of, as in the case of Beethoven, music etherealizing the cuckoo, the quail, and the nightingale. Thus Bach was a musician absolutely; for beyond music to him there was nothing; while Beethoven was a musician relatively, since all things in nature ministered to his invention, and helped him in the development of his art. Beethoven might perhaps have been a great sculptor, or a great painter; but Bach could only have been a musician; and for this reason, though profounder men than he have shed glory on music, Bach was still the first of musicians. Listen to the G minor Symphony of Mozart; and then, immediately after, to one of the most finished instrumental pieces of Bach—for example, the violin solo sonata in C, performed with such extraordinary effect by Herr Joseph Joachim, at the last New Philharmonic Concert. Compare the two. The exclamation after each, in one respect, will be much to the same purport. "What a splendid piece of music!" you will say of one; and *idem* of the other. And yet they are as wide apart as the poles. Mozart's symphony is a poem in music, of which passion and love are the elements. Bach's sonata is simply music—magnificent music, but music without any relation whatever to the outside world, and therefore music which can never possibly have a chance of penetrating to the inmost heart of the crowd that constitutes nine-tenths of humanity.

On the 30th of July, 1750, died the very greatest of "absolute musicians;" and now, on the 19th of June, 1858, we are congratulating our readers on the progressive taste for his works! What there is in Bach's music to have staved off general appreciation for a century, and yet, at the end of that century, to put to the blush all those who had failed to appreciate it, we cannot pretend to say; but it is quite true that the glowing encomiums and unbridled enthusiasm of the initiated were impotent, as years went by, to persuade the majority of the transcendent merits of the Patriarch of harmony. "Patriarch, as much as you please"—was the prevalent admission; "but spare us the infliction." Now things have changed; and, what is most consoling, Bach goes "up" without Handel and the rest going "down." Now, more than ever, the Leipzig Cantor is hailed "Patriarch;" while no one wishes to be spared "the infliction."

The last six months have been especially marked by a continually growing appreciation of Bach's music. The youngest and most gifted of our established pianists, Miss Arabella Goddard, has been playing his fugues, not merely to select circles, but to multitudes, and always with success. The *Passion of St. Matthew*, backed by the influence and true devotion of Professor Bennett, has obtained its first emphatic recognition in London; and since then, M. Hallé, with "suites" and "partitas," Herr Joseph Joachim, with solo violin-sonatas, and vocal music at Mr. Hullah's concerts or elsewhere, have, step by step, advanced the cause. Decidedly the music of John Sebastian Bach is becoming popular—which, if popularity be its just due, is not a bit too early, seeing that the composer has been dead nearly one hundred years and ten.*

* Bach died eight years before Handel. The two great musicians never met, although they produced their works and earned their fame contemporaneously.

MUSIC IN NEW ORLEANS. — A lively correspondent of the *Musical Review*, who was in the Crescent city previous to the close of the operatic season there, writes as follows:

I attended a Sacred Concert, given in the Catholic church, and led by the kindest conductor I ever saw. He not only put the chorus through in enthusiastic style, but stood beside all the solo singers, and beat time for them. As I never saw the like of that before, I was induced to wish his charity might also prompt him to do the singing. Think of such a compliment

to soloist and organist, to have the conductor beat time in a public concert!

The French opera is the standing musical institution of the place. The house itself is comparatively small, with scenery which looks like a calico dress washed for the ninety-ninth time; and the other appointments, as though they had become damaged traveling to the pawnbrokers and back. Prima donna, Mad. Colson has been singing here for years, and is very good. Her voice is of a veiled quality, and her execution indicative of study and care. She has the reputation of being a very estimable lady. Mad. Paolo is the second donna, or rather mezzo soprano, possessing a voice exuberant and of gushing freshness. She sings Verdi splendidly. The tenor, Del-agrave, is a little fellow, who acts like a woman, and has a voice very similar to Ceresia; has been (truthfully) "indisposed" for six months, and for which reason he backs down on the high tones, and sickens into falsetto. There is another "oh-summer-night" tenor, with a Dutch tongue, who looks as sweet as sugar; and another ditto, who is a whole team on a fortissimo G or A; but he can't diminish to the lines again without a "break," to save his life. The little baritone sings entirely out of the cigar-side of his mouth, and the big one is flat as a pancake. The basso, Mr. Junca, is "the noblest Roman of them all." He has a physique like our always-magnificent Badioli, ("to memory dear,") and sings nobly. Would you believe it?—Cesare Badioli is unknown down here. Presume the reason is, did not sing French, and therefore never appeared here.

Musicians and Maniacs.

[From Punch.]

The following paper was picked up between St. James's Hall and Hanwell, at the height of the late hot weather:—

I am not mad! I'm but *fanatico*
Per la musica—"De Lunatico
Inquirendo" no commission
 On my person c'er shall sit!
 No Forbes Winslow, Conolly, Sutherland,
 No mad doctor's inquisition
 To the question shall put my wit.
 I scorn the science of father and mother-land,
 But the art of Italia, Deutschland and Gallia,
 How I revel, how I rage, how I wanton in it!
 Bravo, Brava, Bravi, Bravissimo,
 E' Fortissimo, E' Pianissimo!
 Two Philharmonic Castalias flowing,
 Three Italian Operas going
 Hammer and tongs,
 Trombones and gongs!
 Viola, Violin, Violoncello,
 Clarionet shrill and Saxhorn mellow—
Flauti, fagotti, cembale sounding,
 Kettle-drums clashing, big drums pounding,
 And confusion worse confounding!
 Three *Traviatas* in diff'rent quarters,
 Three *Rigoletti* murr'ring their daughters!!
 Three *Travatori* heheading their brothers,
 By the artful contrivance of three gypsy mothers!
 Verdi in the Haymarket, Verdi at the Lane,
 Green's in Covent Garden and Verdi again!
 Was ever a being so music be-ridden,
 Barrel organ be-ground: German-brass-hand-bestriden!
 What with all the Concerts at all the Halls,
 And the Oratorios—*Sampsons and Sauls*—
 Mozart and Mendelssohn, Haydn and Handel—
 All lights of the Art in every part,
 From the blaze of the Sun to a farthing-candle!
 And the Classical matinées,
 With Claus's touch satiny,
 That to hear her your heart seems to go pit-a-pat
 in ye—
 And Halle so dignified, pure, and sonorous,
 And Henry Leslie's amateur chorus,
 And Fair Arabella, so melting and mellow,
 That she charms the stern judgment of Autocrat Ella,
 And Rubinstein,—rapid and rattling of fist,
 That one cries out with *Hamlet's papa*, "Liszt, Oh
 Liszt."
 And Piatti, *Di Dio, con fuoco, con brio*,
 The famed *fagottisti*, and violinisti,

Superbi, Sublime, Divine Artisti!

Joachim, Sainton, and Blagrove, and Molique,
 Whose famed Stradivariusses,
 Amatis', Gnamariusses,
 Can groan like the chol'ra, and scream like the colic,
 And the aspirants all,
 The great and the small,
 Let loose upon London, to blow, scrape, or squall,
 From Prague and from Paris and Berlin and Brus-
 sels,
 With small stocks of brain, but immense power of
 muscles!
 I breakfast off programmes,
 I sup upon scores,
 I vote my friends foegrums,
 And flats, brutes, and bores,
 Because they object to my musical taste,
 And declare that I'm crazy, and ought to be placed
 In the care of the Court—
 * * * * *
 Here the MS. closes in a maze of Musical notation.

The New Play at the Howard Athenæum.

[From the Courier, July 12.]

"Wit shoots in vain its momentary fires." This line of our accommodating quotation suggests thoughts of that truly brilliant and charming play, which, produced at any other time, would have run its full measure of success, but which, coming at so unpropitious a season has only won a fame for the author without adding much, we suppose, to his fortune; that play, the first worthy of a lasting record among American dramatic productions, "The Queen's Heart." The reputation of this comedy was firmly enough established by its first performance, but succeeding representations have added vastly to the favor with which it is regarded by all who have seen it. It was certainly universally welcomed at first with the warmest expressions of approbation, but as, unfortunately, the custom here in Boston is to pour indiscriminate laudations on everything new, the value of this approval was not, after all, of the highest. This very season, at this very theatre, we have seen, for instance, a play literally stolen from French authors, and passed off as original, praised beyond all reason, as a great American work, and praised all the more persistently after the fraud had been exposed; we have seen an indescribably bad three act play,—written by a talented man to be sure, but one lacking the playwright's inspiration,—so bad as to be forever withdrawn on the second night, complimented repeatedly as if in the author a Yankee Scribe had dawned upon the world. While this sort of thing lasts, and it seems likely enough to last a good while, a production of genuine merit has no chance. The hyperbole of panegyric having been long ago wasted on worthless things, what is left for those which are worthy? For this reason, we would endeavor to represent more particularly the real excellence of this new comedy—not forgetting its faults, for it has them, although few, we believe, not easily to be removed.

If the subject of "The Queen's Heart" had been American, we presume every one would have been better pleased. The scene was undoubtedly laid in France, however, on account of advantages in plot thereby to be derived, as well as advantages in lively, piquant and concise forms of expression. Since the author has made his play a French play, he has done it well. The language is thoroughly French, in spirit and in idiom. The first scene, in which that charming letter of Aglae to her mother is read, shows how cleverly this is managed. Charles Reade and Charles Dickens have done the same thing, and certainly not better. By selecting a Parisian plot, too, the author is enabled to put his characters upon familiar relations with each other, noblemen, artists and all, a thing utterly impossible out of Paris, to the discredit of the rest of the world, be it said. And, not the least important consideration, the variety of character among the French affords the widest possible field for illustration. All these things we suppose were taken into account, because all seem to have been improved upon in the play. In these connections, however, it has its shortcomings. The diction is delightfully French, without doubt, and so delightfully French that we are all the more horrified at the introduction of vulgar English and American slang in various places. The laugh which they bring is dearly purchased. What business have "Paphian Lotions, and Holloway's Pills, and the Retired Physician," to occupy the mind of a French villageoise? Was there over a Parisian manager who could eject from his stately mouth a phrase so low as the English "draw

it mild"?—or a Gallic comedian, however eccentric, who could circulate an old Knickerbocker joke of "patent back-action," &c., or torture his tongue into such an Americanism as "catawampously into everlasting smash"? We cannot help reminding the author that the success of his comedy will undoubtedly call for a second edition, and then —

So far as characters are concerned, the author has certainly given us two which could not have lived in any other atmosphere but that of Paris. Count Louis, Aglae, Judith, M. Role, Rose Jupon—such are native to any soil you please. But Madame Mondieu and little Aravir (pity his name could not have been his own,) are essentially French—the former in her scheming, serpent-like malignity, glossed over with conventional varnish; the latter in his careless, rollicking gayety, and his hearty good-nature—it is hardly anything deeper. And, to digress a minute, the author has been peculiarly fortunate in the original representatives of these two parts. No special characteristic quality is needed to play the others; but these depend altogether upon the exact spirit with which they are rendered. Miss Morant by culture, and Mr. Owens by nature are precisely fitted to these roles; and the fact that both are in a degree familiar with Parisian life gives them additional advantage. The characters throughout are well drawn, the only error, to our mind, being a want of tenderness and amiability in Miss Aglae, who is oftentimes quite as sententious and severe as the Schemer herself. Two characteristics like these, upon the stage especially, should be more directly contrasted than they appear to be.

It seems a little singular that, while adopting a French plot, the author should have forsaken the French form of dramatic construction, which is unquestionably the best. People may rail at the unities, as fetters to diffusive genius, but the principle of the unities is sound, notwithstanding. When the action of a play, or at least of an act, is confined to one scene, and the time of representation is identical with the supposed time of the events, it is much more easily comprehended, and of course much more enjoyed. But as this was entirely in opposition to the author's plan we must not quarrel with him on this point. It is a little unfortunate, nevertheless, that he should have attempted to compress so many incidents within the limits of three brief acts. We find in the first act a lapse of half a day between one scene and the next; and, by the way of opposite extreme, one short scene is made to cover the representation of an entire play. These things are confusing but not, of course, unjustifiable. The great length of the first act, however, is a serious evil—serious because even the beauty of the dialogue cannot secure the undivided attention of the audience for so long a time—and should be remedied by unsparing curtailment in representation. And now, having exhausted all points of adverse criticism (which the general high character of the play compels), let us at last say what we can heartily and candidly in its warm praise.

There has never been written by any American a comedy with so ingenious, entertaining and satisfactory a plot—and yet the plot is absolutely nothing compared to the language in which it is clothed. The lines are always musical in their smoothness and flowing grace, and often glitter with an epigrammatic sparkle that reminds one of the English comedies of the Restoration—the most pungent and brilliant in the world. Take the manner in which Madame Mondieu's shoulders are personified—"I have known her to play two parts at once, one with each shoulder"—what could be happier? Or the badinage of little Rose—"if one cannot bully one's lover, I don't see the use of keeping one"—this is an irresistible reminder of Congreve's "Way of the World," in which the fine lady says—"one makes lovers as fast as one pleases, and they live as long as one pleases, and they die as soon as one pleases; and then, if one pleases, one makes more." All through the three acts there is a constant play of wit. It is only when the author undertakes a broader humor that he fails. For a specimen of the terse sharp sentences with which the play abounds, take the interview between St. Cyr and Madame Mondieu, at the end of the second act. It is admirable. The situation is even more forcible than that of the second act of "Still Waters Run Deep," which it strongly resembles—not sufficiently, however, to afford the slightest pretext for a charge of imitation.

We have, then, to thank Dr. John W. Palmer for the first great American comedy. The success which "The Queen's Heart" will everywhere secure will probably induce him to continue in the pursuit of dramatic fame. We cannot doubt that he will make his first effort a stepping-stone to higher achievements, and that this experience in writing for the stage will enable him to combine with the fullest effect the literary ability he has shown himself master of, with the complete dramatic effects which here in

a few instances are wanting. We shall welcome with pleasure another play from his pen.

Finally, a word of the performance of "The Queen's Heart." Altogether it is as good as even the author could have desired. Miss Morant's part, Madame Epauline Mondien, is the most important, the most difficult, and the most capably played. The Judas-like assumption of honest affection, the deep plottings for the destruction of her victim, and the venomous intensity of baffled hatred are all depicted by her with very remarkable fidelity. Mr. Owens, as Aravir, is as "brisk as bottled beer," and infinitely more exhilarating. If he has done anything so well this season, we cannot at present remember it. His singing of "The little brown man," is perfectly unique. Mr. Owens and Miss Morant should be induced to accompany the play as fixtures, wherever it is performed. The part of Aglaie, in Miss Thompson's hands, is also the best performance of hers that we remember. She is not quite equal to the knitting scene, in the second act, which is a happy idea of the author, and which might be made a great deal of. Miss Carr, as Madame Judith, is *comme il faut*, and Mrs. Leighton, as Rose Jupon, infinitely better than one would have expected in a role so much apart from her usual line. Mr. Jordan's Count Louis is tasteful, elegant and completely effective—he makes the most of the part; and Mr. Norton, as the wily stage manager, is exactly what is needed. The representation throughout is worthy of the piece.

From My Diary. No. 10.

HARTFORD, JULY 5.—I know not when I have been so much gratified by the musical services in church as yesterday, in Christ Church in this city. The choir consists of eight trebles, two altos, two tenors and five basses, one of each composing the leading quartet.

Miss Clare Hoyt, of Boston, is the soprano. Her voice is clear, powerful, sympathetic and of great compass. She is an uncommonly fine reader and sings with great taste and expression. Miss H. Hodge, the alto, is uncommonly true in her intonation, her voice is sufficiently powerful, and she is also a very fine reader. Mr. Wander, a German, is the tenor, and his voice is in all respects worthy of its place with Miss Hoyt's, being of great compass, and remarkably pure, sweet and beautiful. Mr. Gundlach, also a German, is the bass; his voice is very powerful and full, brilliant and always in perfect tune, and easily runs down to E flat below the staff.

All the members of this quartet are good musicians, but Gundlach a very fine one. He plays organ, piano-forte, and half a dozen orchestral instruments, and his knowledge of musical works is very extensive.

Of these the soprano is the only one, who makes music a profession. The quartette is so admirable that I feel it worthy of these few words.

The rest of the choir are all people of education and cultivated taste, fine readers of music, and lovers of only the best.

With such a force at his command, it is clear that a man of taste and musical culture can have no difficulty in introducing and adequately performing music of a much higher order than we often hear in our churches. This is the case with this choir, which for two years and a half has been under the charge of Mr. HENRY WILSON, the organist. He entered upon his duties, fresh from a year's residence abroad, during which he had become familiar with the music of the famous 'Dom Chor' of Berlin, of the Thomas School at Leipzig, of the Cathedral at Cologne, and the like. Without undertaking to introduce music which, however fine for those cathedrals and churches, would be out of place in our Episcopal worship, he has labored to make his singers and the congregation catch its pure and noble spirit, and by gradually introducing new pieces of even higher and higher character, has proved how comparatively easy it is to teach people to love the best and only that. His choir now find no difficulty in the beautiful psalms and hymns of Mendelssohn, Hauptmann and their school.

Much of the music which they sing is composed or arranged by Mr. Wilson, and to its beauty, taste and high religious character I can testify. Yesterday there was but one composition from his pen, a "Gloria Patri" in fugue style, which was a striking to me as it is evidently a favorite of the choir and congregation.

The chanting is faster than I am used to, and not quite as satisfactory on that account, though remarkably well done.

For the psalm he sings invariably some solid choral. Yesterday, for instance, in the morning, as it was in long metre, it was sung to an arrangement of Luther's "Ein feste Burg," the first stanza being in unison, with a figured accompaniment upon the organ, the second stanza in parts, and the doxology like the first stanza. In the afternoon the choral was one, which he heard sung in Goettingen at a Lutheran church, solemn and grand, two of the three stanzas being also in unison.

With the hymns the case is different. To these he gives music of quite another character; for instance, in the morning, the hymn was sung by the choir to an arrangement of "If with all your hearts" in 'Elijah'; in the afternoon it was a six-line long metre:

"When gathering clouds around I view," &c.

and the music an arrangement of the duet and chorus: "I waited for the Lord," recently printed in Dwight's Journal. This was sung by six voices only, two sopranos, two altos, tenor and bass. I feel justified in recording this—taking the music, the organ accompaniment, the excellence of the voices, the deep feeling, the perfect execution, into consideration—as the finest specimen of hymn-tune singing I ever heard. It was indescribable. Above all else was the charm arising from the fact that it was no exhibition; there was no straining for effect—but those six voices all sang as if they felt every word, and in their tones did but give utterance to the emotions which they felt,—oh, it was beautiful!

The progress which Miss Hoyt has made since I heard her nearly two years since is remarkable. She sang then coldly, but now her clear, ringing voice "has tears in it." Why should we be deprived of her in Boston? If she can sing in the Music Hall as in the Church, she would take rank among our best songstresses.

Here then, I have at length found that ideal choir (almost—for I should like voices enough to sing grand choruses) which I have so often hinted at in *Dwight's Journal*.

The anthem, chant, motet, sentence, hymn, sung by a thoroughly trained and cultivated choir,—the psalm led off by them in solid choral style for the congregation to join in and add the majesty of multitudinous voices.

Quietly, making no show, striving conscientiously, and with a lofty standard of taste, Mr. Wilson has labored to elevate the music of his church. How finely he has succeeded, what noble fruits have rewarded him, I have endeavored to record.

His exertions are not, however, confined to his own choir. The description, by Macfarren, of Mendelssohn's "Hymn of Praise," which he found in *Dwight's Journal of Music*, led him to study that work, and the other—"As the hart pants"—which in Novello's edition is bound with it.

Through his exertions other choirs and amateurs of Hartford joined his own, and the latter psalm was the principal piece given at a concert here last week. He collected an orchestra, rehearsed with the singers, in short, was the Caleb Factotum of the whole affair, and most successful it must have been, if I can depend upon the opinions expressed to me on all sides.

Now all this shows progress—real progress,—and I record it—not to 'puff' Mr. W.—but to encourage others to emulate him.

Musical Correspondence.

NEW YORK, JULY 6.—It is now no news to inform you that our opera season is over, that the time of Italian singing birds is gone, and the voice of that operatic turtle, Brignoli, is no more heard in the land. The season was short, and disastrous to those peculiarly interested, while to that part of the public, which could stand such preternatural hot weather, it was productive of great enjoyment. Yet it must be said that the public did not exhibit such a noble, salamander-like disregard of heat as to attend in any great numbers; the dead-heads however—those musical Shadrachs, Meshachs and Abednegos, who can endure the caloric of any fiery furnace whatever—were present in large forces and white coats, and fanned themselves with palm-leaf fans and fortitude.

It was my intention to write you an eighteen-pager about the new opera "Sappho," but acting upon my great golden rule: "Never do to-day what you can put off till to-morrow," I procrastinated until my eyes were gladdened by an able description thereof in your journal, taken from the columns of the *Sunday Atlas*. This description will satisfy your readers better than anything I can give.

"Sappho" is a really great opera, and why its composer is not more generally known here I cannot comprehend. His works—those at least that I have heard—are replete with luscious melody, and remarkably excellent instrumentation. Verdi, Bellini and Donizetti, sound thin and water-gruelly after listening to one of Pacini's operas; at the same time I do not see that he bears any marked resemblance to Rossini, as some critics aver. His chorus writing is rich and full, and many of the choruses in "Sappho" remind one of those in *Semiramis*, while the favorite duet for Soprano and Alto in the former opera, undoubtedly resembles the *Giorno d'orrore* of the latter. Yet as a general thing I cannot see that Pacini's music is any more like Rossini's, than Donizetti's, Verdi's or Bellini's. The only reason one can think so, is because Rossini and Pacini are both much greater composers than the three others mentioned.

Last winter I saw Signor Pacini at Florence. The *Teatro Paliano* was crowded to excess to witness the first production of an opera new to the Florentine public—*Elisa Velasco*. It was gloriously performed and most enthusiastically received. After the grand finale of the third act, the house resounded with loud cries for Pacini, and soon the composer appeared, led out in triumph by Carlotta Zucchi, the prima donna, and Cresci, the baritone. He is a rather elderly man, thin and gentlemanly, and nervous. He bowed a few times and walked very awkwardly across the stage, treading on the prima donna's dress and the tenor's toes. The whole audience rose to their feet as he passed before them, and made the building re-echo with their cries of *Bravo! Bravissimo!* There was no speechifying and none expected; the public seemed naturally enough to think that Pacini, the musician, had said all he had to say in the music of the opera, and for that music-speech he now received their heart-felt applause. Their seems to be a difference on this point between the custom here in and Italy. Our American public, when they call out a composer, do so not that they may thank him for the pleasure he has given them, but they may give him the honor of thanking them, for allowing him to try to please. This great and mighty public is condescending. It applauds the good composer, and then expects him to come to the foot-lights and bow, and put his hand on his heart, and say that it is the happiest moment of his life, and that he only hopes and prays and asks that the favor extended to him may be a propitious augury of the spread of Art in this great and glorious country. That is how they do in America. But in Italy, the composer is called out

to receive a simple, child-like, grateful ovation. The people wish to thank him, and do not expect that he shall thank them.

The success of "Sappho" will, I think, induce other managers to bring out works of Pacini, and it is very likely he will take in public favor the place now occupied by Verdi—for, say what you will, Verdi is now the greatest favorite with the opera-going public, from New Orleans or Mexico to Boston or Valparaiso. There is no reason why this change in public opinion should not take place. Pacini is a greater composer than Verdi. He has nearly as great a flow of melody, while in his chorus writing and orchestration he is vastly superior. I hope he will live to hear, in his Florentine home, of the success of his works here, for he certainly deserves the gratification which honest appreciation always bestows on the musician. Rossini at Paris, Pacini at Florence—the author of "Tell," and the author of "Sappho!" they appreciate each other and are warm personal friends. The composer who has his home upon the Seine, has long been admired here, and now it is the turn for him who dwells upon the Arno, to meet a like appreciation.

So, with this long sentence, I shall wind up and make my bow, like the infant Phenomenon, standing on my head amid a blaze of fire-works. Curtain falls. TROVATOR.

HARTFORD, CONN., JULY 9.—The Journal can seldom receive a musical echo from this goodly city. An occasional concert by a travelling "celebrity," a flying visit from a Thalberg or a Formes, makes up the little sum of our musical entertainments; and even these great names cannot fill our small hall; a few devotees scattered here and there, with many an *hiatus valde deflendus*.

But of late a movement has been on foot amongst us which promises better things, and I hasten to chronicle the first efforts of what I trust will be a permanent musical organization. A few professional and many amateur musicians united in giving a grand choral and orchestral concert, last week, and the result was a complete success. Look at the programme:

Overture to Semiramide,	Rossini.
Forty-second Psalm, (complete),	Mendelssohn.
Wedding March,	"
Aria, from The Creation,	Haydn.
Sextette, from The Huguenots,	Meyerbeer.
Aria, from Don Giovanni,	Mozart.
Pianoforte Fantasia on William Tell,	Rossini.
Inflammatus, from Stabat Mater,	"

Here is a varied and excellent bill of fare, showing the wise determination of the management to offer the public nothing but choice music, trusting to its intrinsic excellence to elevate the general taste, and to elicit for this young society its due meed of patronage.

The concert was in all respects a success. Though the night was the hottest of the season, five hundred persons were present to enjoy the treat offered them, and to bid the musical laborers "God speed." The execution was throughout good, in many parts excellent. There were evident, of course, some of the crudities of a first performance; but these did not mar the general accuracy and beauty of the rendering. To the soloists, in particular, much credit is due for the faithful, and in one or two instances, all most faultless execution of their parts.

Mr. WILSON, the organist of Christ Church, acted as Conductor; and it is chiefly to his zealous efforts that we owe this gratifying exhibition of Hartford musical taste and talent. Many of the orchestra, of course, were Germans. No musical movement in America seems to succeed without their invaluable aid.

The success of this concert augurs well for the future, and we may hope that the "Hartford Musical Association" is now a permanent organization, and that many a series of successful concerts shall testify to a growing musical culture amongst us, and to the determination of our good people to cordially second every such true artistic movement.

Three days after the concert was "Commencement Day" of Trinity College. The usual exercises were enlivened by much of the same music, given with the addition of a fine organ, to the delight and satisfaction of all. T. C.

NEW YORK, JULY 13, 1858.—Last evening our Academy of Music was re-opened, by Mr. Ullman's agent, the attraction being Musard with his band. The house has been beautifully fitted up, the stage and parquette floored over, while the orchestra is accommodated on a raised platform near the centre of the building. The place formerly occupied by the stage is decorated with exquisite taste, and forms an admirable dancing floor. Not that people dance at the Musard Concerts—by no means—we are too severely proper, too elegant, too *recherché* for anything like that. On the contrary we come to a promenade concert, to sit in solemn rows on the same seats we occupied during the operatic season, or to stand in immovable groups, near the musicians, holding our hats carefully behind our backs, to preserve them from undue pressure. A promenade concert in New York is anything but a promenade concert. A few adventurous couples will sail solemnly around in eddying circles, but at the same time with an unpleasant consciousness of being stared at and taken for foreigners. American ladies will not promenade at our promenade concerts.

This awkwardness on our part (for after all it is only awkwardness) will, I fear, militate against the success of the Musard concerts. The music itself, though excellently performed, does not equal in general attractiveness, that of Jullien's band; there are not as many performers, and there is also a deficiency in queer noises, outlandish instruments, and other *ad captandum* effects, with which Jullien attracted the multitude—and if the popular Jullien did not succeed, we may reasonably entertain fears as to the success of Musard.

The programme for the opening evening was very good, however, and should have attracted a larger audience. There was a fine solo performed on the ophicleide by a M. Moreau, who drew out the most delicious tones from his unwieldy instrument, and the overture to Weber's *Oberon* was as well performed as I wish to hear it. If the weather were not so fearfully warm, I think that Musard with his pleasant musical entertainments would find at the Academy a pleasant and profitable summer engagement.

At a new concern called the Palace Garden, (because there is no palace anywhere about the vicinity), Mr. Baker, late leader of Laura Keane's orchestra, is giving promenade concerts, in which he certainly "caters for the million," if "novel effects" and "popular melodies" and "negro tunes," and "sleigh ride polkas with bells and whips" can be called catering. To give you some idea of the classical style of these concerts I copy for you the last programme issued;—you will observe, on a careful perusal thereof, that "Mr. Thomas Baker," is not inclined to hide his own light under a bushel—but rather will set it on a table or hang it up in the front entry, that it may give light to all that be in the house:

PROGRAMME OF A GRAND PROMENADE CONCERT

Given under the direction of Mr. THOMAS BAKER, late of Laura Keane's Theatre; formerly leader of Jullien's renowned band; musical director at Niblo's Garden; leader of the first promenade concerts ever given in London, at the Lyceum, under Signor Negri; next under Orsini; then with the celebrated Musard; and now leader of a choice orchestra at the most magnificent Garden ever opened to the public in America. Also, A Splendid Display of Fireworks, by Edge, to-night.

PROGRAMME FOR TO-NIGHT.

1. Overture, "Le lac des fées;" Auber.
2. Comic Polka, "Bobbing Round;" Baker. Composed on the popular songs.
3. Operatic Quadrille, "Etoile du Nord;" Baker. Arranged from melodies in Meyerbeer's grand opera, "The Star of the North." Solos for flute, oboe, blast, cornet, trombone, &c.
4. La Naranjera (Spanish), "The Orange Girl's Song," Schochdopole. Sung by Madame Gazzaniga, at the Academy of Music; arranged for Palace Garden Concerts by T. Baker.
5. Ballad, "The Light of Other Days;" Balfe. From the opera of "The Siege of Rochelle."
6. Music for the Million; a medley, embracing all kinds of popular airs; Baker. Namely: English song, "Villikins and his Dinah;" Ethiopian ballad, "Massa's in the Cold,

Cold Ground." "Nancy Till," Italian cavatina from Rigoletto, "Donna e Mobile," with cadences for flute and elaronet; American song, "Jordan's a Hard Road to Travel;" Finale, "The Sleigh Ride," accompanied with bells, whips, &c.

1. Operatic selection,—I Puritani,—Bellini. Arranged by Baker. Containing the following gems from that popular opera: Cavatina, "A te o Cara;" Polacca, "Son Vergin Vezzosa;" Duetto, "Suoni la Tromba;" &c.
2. Schottische—The Laura Keane, (by desire,) Baker.
3. Valse—"Love;" Koenig. Arranged by Baker. Duet for two cornets, with distant echoes.
4. National Quadrille—"The Irish;" Jullien. With variations for flute, violin, oboe, blast, &c.
5. Galop—"The Singing Galop;" Lambye. With novel effects.

Conductor, Thomas Baker.

These promenade concerts comprise the entire musical pabulum of the New York public, at the present writing. TROVATOR.

Dwight's Journal of Music.

BOSTON, JULY 17, 1858.

MUSIC IN THIS NUMBER.—We give something this time for the gratification of Italian tastes; that naïve little chorus of peasants, which forms such a refreshing and half-humorous interlude in the *Sonnambula*; always to our mind one of the pleasantest little wayside bits of Bellini's genius, but less generally known, perhaps, than the rest of the *Sonnambula* music.

Characters of the Different Keys.

Many ingenious attempts have been made to characterize the expression of the various Keys in which music is composed. They are not very satisfactory. To be sure, there are some coincidences among the witnesses. There is no mistaking the broad noon-day, *natural* expression of the key of *C major*; the triumphant, martial, hallelujah character of *D major*; the pastoral serenity of *F*; the sweet, unsatisfied, vague heart-yearnings (as in the "Moonlight Sonata") of *C sharp minor*. But what contradictory reports we get of many of the keys! What very various expressions they are all susceptible of, in various ways of using them. Here a correspondent sends us a curious conceit upon the subject, translated from the eccentric German, SCHUBART. The musician recognizes not a little truth in what he says, and finds the whole by no means uninteresting and quite suggestive. Yet how many of his characterizations go against all one's experience! Think, for instance, of his calling *A flat major* the "sepulchral key!" when in that key are written the Adagio of Beethoven's *Sonata Pathétique*, the Andante and variations of Sonata, Op. 26, &c., &c!

[Christian Frederic Daniel Schubart was born in Suabia in 1739. A child of very little promise, he suddenly developed an uncommon degree of musical talent. At Nuremberg, where he was at school, his taste for Art found ample food, and somewhat later he gave up the study of Theology for that of Music. He led, however, so dissolute a life at that time, that the habits then formed had a ruinous effect upon his whole career. He officiated as organist in various small towns successively, married, and in 1768 was appointed director of music at Ludwigsburg, where he also delivered lectures on Aesthetics. Here his life grew still more unbridled, in consequence of which his wife became deranged, and he was finally imprisoned for his immoralities. Shortly after he was dismissed from his post and exiled, on account of a satirical poem on some influential person at court, and a parody on the liturgy. Subsequently, he edited for some time a journal entitled German Chronicle, but in consequence of

the liberal opinions expressed therein, was again thrown in prison, and remained in confinement ten years. Through the intervention of literary friends, he was at last liberated, and appointed Director of Music and the Theatre at Stuttgart, in 1787. Here he published a volume of poems, "Ideas on the Aesthetics of Tone-Art" (from which we imagine the following curious composition to be an extract), and several other similar works. So far as can be ascertained, he never stood remarkably high as a practical musician. He died in 1791. — M. A. R.]

C major, is entirely pure. Its character is that of innocence, simplicity, naïveté, child-language.

A minor; pious womanliness and tenderness of character.

F major; serenity and repose.

D minor; melancholy womanliness, breeding spleen and vapors.

B flat major; cheerful love, clear conscience, hope, longings for a better world.

G minor; dissatisfaction, annoyance, worrying over a frustrated plan, fretful chafing of the bit; in a word, rancor and discontent.

E flat major; the key of love, of devotion, of intimate communion with God; expressing, by its triple signature, the Holy Trinity.

C minor; declaration of love, and at the same time, the lament of an unhappy love. All the yearning, languishing, sighing of the love-intoxicated soul lies in this key.

A flat major; the sepulchral key. Death, the grave, corruption, judgment, eternity, lie in its compass.

F minor; profound melancholy, funeral lamentations, the moans of deepest anguish and yearnings for the grave.

D flat major; a squinting key, degenerating both in joy and sorrow. It can laugh, but not smile; it cannot howl, but can at least mimic weeping: It is therefore only possible to represent very unusual characters and sensations by this key.

B flat minor; a singular fellow, clad mostly in the garment of night. He is rather sulky and rarely puts on a pleasant face. Mockery towards God and the world, dissatisfaction with one's self and everything else, preparation for suicide result from this key.

G flat minor; triumph in difficulties, free breathing on surmounted heights, the vibrations of a soul which has bravely struggled and finally conquered, lie in every application (Applikatur?) of this key.

E flat minor; sensations of vague terror, of the deepest oppression of the soul, of brooding despair, of the blackest melancholy, the darkest state of the mind. Every dread, every apprehension of the shuddering heart breathes from the chord of E flat minor. If ghosts could speak, they would speak in this key.

B major; strongly colored, expressive of wild passions, composed of the most glaring colors. Anger, rage, jealousy, fury, despair, and every freezing sensation of the heart lie within its realm.

G sharp minor; moroseness, a heart heavy to suffocation, lamentation, sighing itself out in the double sharp; violent struggles, in a word, all that costs sorrow and trouble is the coloring of this key.

E major; shouts of joy, laughing pleasure, and yet not quite the fullest enjoyment, lie in this key.

C sharp minor; the pains of joy, intimate communion with God, our best friend, or the companion of our life; sighs of the most unsatisfied friendship and love lie in the compass of this key.

A major; this key contains declarations of innocent love, contentment with one's situation; the hope of meeting again on parting with a loved one; youthful cheerfulness and trust in God.

F sharp minor; a gloomy key; it tugs at passion, like an ill-natured dog at a garment. Grumbling and muttering are its language. It seems almost as if it felt uncomfortable in its situation. Hence it is ever longing for the repose of A major, or for the triumphant happiness of D major.

D major; the key of triumph, of hallelujahs, of war-cries, of shouts of victory. Hence, all inviting symphonies, marches, festival songs, and jubilant choruses are set in this key.

B minor is, as it were, the key of quiet waiting for destiny and resignation to Divine Providence; therefore its lament is so gentle, without ever breaking out into offensive grumbling or whining. The application of this key is pretty difficult in all instruments; hence we find but few pieces which are exclusively written in it.

G major; everything in the style of rural idyls or eclogues, every quiet and satisfied passion, all tender thanks for sincere friendship and faithful love; in a word, every gentle and peaceful emotion of the heart can be admirably expressed in this key. It is to be regretted that, on account of its apparent facility, it is much neglected at the present day. Modern writers do not consider that, in reality, there are no difficult and easy keys; but that these apparent difficulties and facilities depend alone on the composer.

E minor; this key speaks of naïve, feminine, innocent declarations of love; of complaint without murmuring; sighs accompanied by few tears; of hope whose near fulfilment lies in the purest bliss, resolving into C major. As it has, by nature, but one color, it might be compared to a young girl, clad in white, with a bow of rose-colored ribbon in her bosom. From this key we once more return, with inexpressible grace, to the fundamental key of C, in which the heart and the ear find the most perfect satisfaction.

Brass! Brass! Brass!

The "heated term" continues — musically — in spite of East winds. Brass bands have it all their own way. The only concerts are the "Promenade Concerts" in the Music Hall, three evenings in the week, at which there is much timidity about promenading, although not for want of brass. Brass is the fiery dragon left in charge of the whole tone-world, during the summer absenteeism of Apollo and the Muses. But he is not content with literally blowing his own trumpets; he finds "the pen is mightier than the" — ophielied; the Press has tougher lungs than Brass; so he resorts to literary methods; he would fain write as well as trumpet his importance. We have a score of communications from brass bands; and our readers will oblige the writers by perusing a few specimens thereof.

1. The first is a counter-blast, by which our correspondent Mr. "—t—" will please consider himself blown away; — but to return, we trust, with Apollo and the Muses:

EDITOR DWIGHT'S JOURNAL OF MUSIC.

SIR,—In yours of the 26th ult., page 104, a correspondent "t" of your paper writes from New Haven, Conn., about the best Band of Boston, the Germania (on this point I claim the voices of all music professors whose judgment is not by rivalry biased) in a manner that would appear as if this Mr. "t" intended to deprive that Band of the good will and patronage of their friends in New Haven. Would you therefore have the kindness to insert the following few remarks:

This Mr. "t" seems to be all for the "classics," like many other ignorant pretenders who thus impose (in the French sense) on those that are less pretending. See, how he exposes his taste, when he praises a soirée musicale of amateurs, which consisted of eight pieces, for or with Piano-forte; viz: three for piano exclusively, with more or less hands; three for piano and voice, and two for piano and violon. And this homophonous concert I suppose this gentleman considers classical, because there is a *Ballad* by Beethoven, a piano arrangement of a march by Mendelssohn, and a ditto of a *Morceau* P'occasion by Weber. In another place the gentleman insinuates as if the Band was deficient in novelties, while he shortly before designates two of their pieces as Musard's newest, (neither happening to be by Musard,) and indeed the piece played instead of the *Stradella Overture* (from Verdi's *Nabucco*) he does not know at all! His remarks about J. Eichler not eclipsing Koenig, taken as merely silly, deserve no comment. When a man tries his best to please, other reasonable people will be satisfied. But this gentleman was out of tune with the band ere the concert began, as is further seen by his strictures on the programme generally.

When, however, the band expects an audience of six hundred persons, of which three hundred and fifty are still in days of joyous youth, and two hundred and fifty disposed to recall those happy days on a proper occasion, it would be folly in making out a concert programme to think of nobody but one, two, or even twenty-eight Beethoven-mad hypercritics—

A. T. U.

not a member of the Germania or of any other Band.

2. The next is a blast from the heart of the old commonwealth, showing that some people can do good things as well as others; only this brass trumpet utters "an uncertain [German-silver] sound."

MR. EDITOR:—Permit me, through the columns of your Musical Journal, to say a word or two about music in the heart of the old commonwealth. Stopping in Worcester, a short time since, I was very much pleased to see the great advance in music within the last few years, especially band music. They have one of the best bands in the State. It is known by the name of "Fiske's Cornet Band," who is the manufacturer of the German silver instruments used by them. It is said, and generally acknowledged, that his instruments are superior to any others now in use. M. Arbuckle, Leader and Director, has no superior in that branch. He commands the love and respect of all. He has the faculty to impart his peculiar and pleasing style to the members of the band, and no description of mine would convey a proper idea of their performance, compared with hearing them. You would be surprised to see the large audiences they nightly draw when they perform upon the balcony of the Lincoln House, or on the stand at Hamilton Square, or as they occasionally call at some private residence for the benefit of those who cannot conveniently go to more public places to listen to their most excellent music, performed with so much skill and taste as to win the admiration of all who hear them.

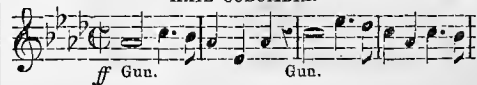
A TRAVELLER.

3. The next is from the skilful and popular arranger of the Brigade Band music in this city, and explains in notes the great event and triumph of our age, (at least in the opinion of all the boys), the incorporation of artillery into the Brass Band, as stupendously and gloriously illustrated upon Boston Common on the morning of our nation's birth-day. Now is Music quite prepared to carry any Malakoff of "classical" and gentle tastes by storm. We publish it, in spite of our unmilitary tastes. We are not over-fond of guns and drums. The driest, most pedantic musical canon has far more interest to our ears, far more saving grace in it, than all the salvos ever fired from warlike cannons' mouths:

MR. EDITOR:—The music below, marked where the guns of the Light Artillery, (Capt. Nims,) accompanied the bands on the Common, July 5th, shows with what unerring precision the art of firing a salute is brought by practice. The guns were discharged at the instant marked by the conductor's baton, dispelling all doubts held by eminent military men as to the result; a triumph in which, it is believed, that for the first time a battery, or park of artillery, kept perfect time with the music of the band.

Very respectfully,

B. A. BURDITT,
Arranger and Conductor of the Music.
HALL COLUMBIA.





Finally, we see by the newspapers, that Mr. Burditt's novel experiment wrought on the imagination of the Turkish ambassador, or admiral, visiting our city, and that through him he has been commissioned to arrange our national airs for the hand of the Sultan. We congratulate Mr. B. upon the compliment; but we wish the Turk had the monopoly of all the brass music. It has been called "Janissary music" before now, and that is the proper name for it. Julien ought to be grand vizier.

Musical Chit-Chat.

Besides the "Promenade Concerts" mentioned in our New York correspondence, we see announced a three-days' "Mammoth Musical Festival," in Jones's Wood, for August 2, 3, and 4, with "Fête Champêtre," bands, balloons, and what not, under the auspices of Maretzek and Anschuetz. . . . In Cincinnati, the sixth and last Philharmonic Concert was highly successful; Mozart's "Jupiter" symphony was played. . . . The Worcester *Palladium* speaks very highly of a private Organ concert given in that city by Mr. George E. Waring, who is a pupil of Mr. MORGAN, of New York; this young man, of scarcely eighteen years, acquitted himself well in an Organ Sonata by Mendelssohn, the Fugues in G and F minor by Bach, the overtures to "Tell and Oberon," a free Fantasia, &c. . . . Madame Jenny Lind Goldschmidt, with her husband and two children, (son and daughter,) arrived in London during the week ending the nineteenth ultimo, with the intention of residing in England for some time. The whole family, including domestics, have taken possession of a neat villa, called "Roehampton Lodge," situated near to the south side of Barnes Common, and about a mile from Putney. The house is in a retired position, and in the immediate vicinity of Putney Common and the picturesque village of Roehampton. . . .

Who has ever thought, says the *Athenæum*, of a Zealand festival? Yet we see that the dwellers on that quiet and picturesque country (not half enough, as we have often said, appreciated and frequented), have been holding their music meeting at Zierikzee, on the 10th. of June, Handel's "Samson" being the entire work performed, though the programme also comprised specimens by Mozart, Beethoven and Mendelssohn.

The Leipzig *Illustrte Zeitung*, for June 12, has a portrait, a long and glowing biography, and a short piano composition (his 84th *Opus*) of our sunny, happy friend, ALFRED JÄLL. . . . LEOPOLD DE MEYER has been concertizing with great éclat in Cracow, in Warsaw, in St. Petersburg, &c., and was recently in Hamburg. . . . TAMBURINI, after all, is not engaged at Drury Lane, and our old friend BADIALI is to play Don Juan. . . . Dr. HARSLEY is dead—one of the patriarchs of English music, and the composer of many famous English Glees. . . . Mlle. TURZEN's *congé* from Vienna is prolonged, and she will stay in London.

Fine Arts.

For Dwight's Journal of Music.

The Athenæum Exhibition.

IX. WATER COLORS.

For the threefold reason, that the pictures in this department rank higher than the oil paintings, in the scale of artistic completeness; that works of such

magnitude in this material are comparatively new to our Art galleries; and that there is an intrinsic charm pertaining to the qualities of the pigment, they form the most attractive feature of the exhibition.

We have been so long accustomed to think and speak of the merits of works of Art in water colors, with reference to an assumed feebleness in the medium itself, as a vehicle for Art expression, that the comprehensive excellence of these, and their manifest superiority to the oil pictures in artistic and technical qualities, is a matter of great surprise, and perhaps a too limited credence among us.

In addition to the power of rendering the aerial qualities of skies and distances, which has generally been conceded to water colors, with, however, a limited appreciation of its due importance, these pictures also demonstrate their fitness for expressing all the variety and solidity of natural foregrounds. Some of them are indeed nearly perfect examples of completeness; comprising delicacy of air-tone united with solid realizations of foreground, by gradations of finely-wrought beauty; breadth of masses, undisturbed by the utmost clearness of detail; and a purity of light and shadow, which are scarcely to be found among the other works of this collection, and which should teach us that the limitations of water colors are those of knowledge and skill in the artist only, and that the difference between works of Art in oil and water colors is rather one of kind, than degree of artistic merit.

Since nearly all the pictures here deserve attention beyond the limits of this article, I shall speak rather of general characteristics, and make single words stand for paragraphs of commendation.

In Finch's pictures, we find a very pure vein of feeling for the imported classicism of English landscape. Renouncing truth of detail, form is shown in broadly generalized conditions of stateliness and grace, and embody the sentiment of nature in their beautiful renderings of air, light and space in refined delicacy of tone; especially in the twilights, which perfectly express the diffused and penetrative quality of evening light. In the sense of repose and tranquil joy which comes of the central unity of these idealized compositions, there is an echo of natural beauty which forbids my calling them false.

Much less *rightly* true are the landscapes by Aaron Penly, who, in his foregrounds, loses the infinite variety of natural form and color, without securing its breadth and unity. The conventionalism of these pictures must have had its origin in indolence or indifference; although, in spite of it, they are interesting as scenes, and contain considerable charm of color in the distances. The "Convict Returned," No. 18, is a very strong, sterling picture by the same, and has I believe, found a purchaser here.

John Burgess, J. N. D. Egville, and G. P. Boyce, furnish spirited illustrations of continental street scenes, and Egyptian ruins, lacking the *force* of reality, (as perhaps all architectural drawings do?) but full of picturesqueness, sculptured grace, or colossal grandeur, artistic knowledge, and effective treatment of color and light. In No. 55 we have a drawing of Rouen Cathedral, by Samuel Rayner, that seems diminutive when compared with Turner's illustration in the "Rivers of France," within the small compass of which are revealed the sublime proportions and inexhaustible enrichments of its wonderful facade. Yet in the pure blue sky that arches above the summit of this, floating in its cup a sea of sun-lighted, fleecy white clouds, that break and fall away to the brink of the horizon, and linger there on its edge in hazy, luminous beauty, there is a charm that half recompenses us for the loss of architectural solidity and effect. The Convent of St. Amaud, No. 26, by J. S. Prout, combines all the good qualities of the other architectural drawings, adding thereto a reflection of the skill of the elder Prout.

Not the least attractive works in the collection are

from the hands of women, (if by preference ladies! they will pardon my choice of words,) who paint nature without the remotest hinting at feminine timidities and the characteristic weakness of the sex. No. 49, by Miss M. L. Oakley, painted from the garden bed with the open sky for a background, is very firm in drawing, vigorous and true in color, and only wants a little feminine refinement, to make it a complete "Study of Hollyhocks." Mrs. Barbara L. Smith presents some powerful effects in composition, somewhat marred by crudity of color; Mrs. Oliver a quiet charm in the grey tones of her "Hargrave on the Thames" and the "Obertahnstein," needing only clearness and distinction of parts in the Welsh "Valley of Conway" to render it, like the others, agreeable and true. The "Killarney Rocks," No. 53, by Miss Fanny Steers, is rich in exquisitely broken lines and color fascinations, and preserves its purity through endless elaborations of washes and stipple, embodying the truth of beauty rather than the beauty of truth.

The "View of Funchal, Madeira," No. 62, by Mrs. Murray, contains the material for a magnificent picture, in the broad expanse of grand mountain-crests, villa-mottled, sloping vallies, reaching to the sea, but the picture is not here. Very nearly good throughout, it nowhere reaches the expression of life. Mrs. Criddle's sentimental "Celia," No. 64, has sufficient beauty of color to redeem its insipidity of subject, as have also the finely wrought draperies of Miss G. Farmer's "Mary," to partially excuse the mistake in calling her the "Sister of Lazarus," who would serve as well for Shylock's daughter, or a well dressed match girl.

To preserve the balance of wrong conception, E. H. Corbould plays flippantly with "Faust and Margaret in the Garden," answering our demands for the subtle, moral antagonism of the scene, with a complaisant prettiness in the lovers, and a ninepenny mask for Mephistopheles; yet draping the whole in a veil of consummately wrought color, that partially conceals its defects and gives it a place among the riches of the collection. In "The flight of fair Helen," he has a subject better suited to his ornate fancy, and which he has treated with all the facility of unerring skill.

Madox Brown's "Christ washing Peter's feet," is so much the less a work of true Art as it is one of palpable and puerile affectation. Almost identical in form and posture with Giotto's "Studies of Apostles' Heads," which is to be seen in the Dowse Collection, the head of Christ is necessarily fictitiously conceived in its external relations, and is inferior to Giotto in internal expression. The solid sense of satisfaction visible in the face of Peter, the vacant stare in the countenances of the other apostles, who are inextricably imbedded in the sea of muddy impurity forming the background, and withal the painfully mortal humility of Christ, combine to render this a work which contains neither the power of true knowledge, nor the honesty of ignorance.

Two other contributors have works in each department, both of which exhibit their best efforts in water colors. John Brett finds *expression* for his Swiss Alps, No. 193, and evinces some sympathy with nature, in its cool, yet not ungenial sky, the firmness of structure, and beauty of modeling in the middle distance, and in the glow of sunlight which suffuses the central group of trees in the foreground. Although mainly very prosaic in color, there is a passage of light in the group above alluded to, that is certainly not surpassed in any other work of the collection.

In the "Righi Lake of Lucerne," No. 33, W. Colingwood Smith combines rare aerial lightness in effects of sky and mist, with great breadth and solidity of foreground, cramping the whole with a slight conventionalism of feeling, but evincing nevertheless a strong mastery of the subtle forces of nature, and presenting us with a most attractive picture—very unlike his "Castle of Chillon," in oil colors.

"The Old Forest of Sherwood," No. 192, by W. Bennett, illustrates much of the stalwart majesty of an open oak wood. With color and form broadly and agreeably massed, and treated with a free, bold hand, it needs only an occasional heightening, or refining touch of color, and some added sinewy force in the tree trunks, to generously fulfil the demands of truth.

In a "Marriage Procession in Cairo," No. 28, Henry Warren brings us into familiar correspondence with the utmost perfection of technical art. Answering all the conditions of artistic completeness required by the subject, it presents its most potent fascinations in the burning light of the Orient which fills the sky, and pours through the street with palpitating intensity, playing in chequered shadows with the network of the *jalousies*, sharpening with white strokes the tawny

cheeks of the stately, bridal company, and at last falls among the rich stuffs of an eastern bazaar, flooding the scene with inexhaustible modulations of color harmony.

Turning from this to No. 81, by Geo. Rosenberg, we find a quiet reach of sheep-cropped herbage, extending with scarcely a surface dimple, from the foreground to the horizon of the picture; above this vaults a cloudless sky, and between the two are grouped the mysteries of "Stonehenge." Blackened, grey stones lying on the scarcely broken green sward, or rearing their rude forms beneath the ungenial light of a cold, blue sky, seem hardly sufficient materials for an attractive work of Art. Yet it is out of these simple elements that love, right perception, and power of expression, have wrought the quiet and enduring charm of "Stonehenge."

The three pictures by P. J. Naftel demand much more than I can now say concerning them. Disclosing acute perceptions of beauty and variety of form and hue, both of earth, and sky; quick sympathies with the commonest aspects, or daintiest inspirations of nature, they each present a subject for the faintest disapproval, and the heartiest eulogy.

Sutcliffe's "Early Spring" combines in a remarkable degree the power of sight and touch. At first astonished, then charmed, I am finally discontented with the incompleteness of this power, that washes in skies and distances with the slovenly ease of indifference, and hangs,—glittering with sunlight,—a marvellously drawn, fresh, budding twig, against a dull, blotched mass of vegetable debris, and traces with consummate delicacy of line and tint, the upspringing, tender fern shoots, as they unfold their palm-like beauty to the beneficent influence of light and air, and imparts a limpid clearness, and sparkling joy to the spring torrent, as it leaps, and toys among moss-cushioned rocks, and runs its way over a yielding bed of living green. I do not complain that this is, only that it is too nearly all.

John Ruskin's "Block of Gneiss" for obvious reasons, challenges elaborate criticism, which, wanting space, the requisite knowledge, and therefore inclination, I shall not give; yet will suggest in passing, that the opalescent hues of this wonderful block test an artist's power of color much less than the simple, grey tones of our mountain boulders; and, that in his rendering of the more quiet tints of sky, mountain distance, and fore-ground trees, there is a lifeless crudity that ill accords with the impressions of natural beauty which we derive from his grandly wrought descriptions, and scarcely warrants the important allusion which he makes to this work in Chap. X. of the fourth volume of "Modern Painters," where it is referred to as forming a complete scene, and not as a mere study of a rock. Without denying its appreciable power and beauty, I will hazard the opinion that it is one of those equivocal essays:

"That palter with us in a double sense;
That keep the word of promise to our ear
And break it to our hope."

Leaving this, I will make a last pause in the quiet repose of the "Arisaig Country," so beautifully embodied in No. 37, by A. T. Wells. Whether in the photographic clearness of the distant islands, softened in the tender warmth of a cloud-barred sky, that is fretted in broken masses of pearl and azure; the dewy freshness of the blooming heath that flushes the foreground with rosy loveliness; or in the patient, rightly guided toil that reveals the gushing richness and delicate mysteries of color in the weather-stained rocks, and sea-washed, shallow bays at ebb-tide, this picture overflows with the truth and beauty of nature, and is a nearly perfect example of the serene joy of painting.

I have promised a word in review and will add it here, premising that, at the expense of logical completeness, the water colors shall pass harmless, nor be concerned in my present speculations.

We have been told that the English are a genial people, loving nature in open simplicity of heart; yet, in looking for the proofs of this among the productions of this professedly first, unsophisticated, and veracious Art that England has ever seen, we are surprised to find that geniality does not express itself, and the love to be that which worketh in the blindness of fear, rather than that clear-eyed love which casteth it out. The faith of the New School seems cold, and constrained, and, in the name of truth to, *unconsciously* perhaps, excite the worship of arbitrary fact. We see, then, evinced a strong grasping at the actual, striving without the cheering light of internal truth, but yet, within the limits of this exhibition, it is rarely reached. The *intention* is all that is expressed, while, in the representation of the subtle qualities of nature, their faith seems soulless, and all their labor vain.

Love of Nature is man's rightful inheritance, and howsoever he may for a time disregard it, or circumstances retard its development, whenever it finds expression, it will recognize the difference between fact and truth, and commit itself to the worship of that which most commands its reverence.

Devotees in the new faith seem to be forsaking the worship of deep, tender skies, tremulous, color-laden atmospheres and broad sunshine, and bending themselves to the fruitless labor of making microscopic geological, or botanical studies, simply because the voice that calls them speaks in the name of truth. Admitting it to be true, that the specific beauty of the simplest object of God's creation is worthy of our love, and is quite beyond our power of adequate Art-reproduction; still, as experience has taught us that we may reach equally approximate degrees of truth in the representation of the noblest, as the humblest elements of natural beauty, the *progress* which the nearly exclusive devotion to little things in the new Art is said to symbolize, seems somewhat abnormal.

With a strong predilection for the *motive* of Pre-Raphaelitism, I must confess to considerable disappointment in these practical results. Instead of being *naïve*, they are only awkward; for unmannered simplicity they present palpable affectations; in the place of geniality, and the warm glow of natural sunlight, we find a painful sense of hopeless solicitude struggling with all manner of uncouthness, white lights, and chilling shadows; and instead of cutting straight into the heart of truth, they file unceasingly away at its circumference, dulling the keen edge of right perception for coming generations, and delaying the day when we shall herald the discovery of absolute Art.

If the true result of modern Pre-Raphaelitism appears in the "Huguenot" let us honor the faith as one born of inspiration. If we are to read it in Madox Brown's "Christ," we will wage a war against it for its falseness—and affectation—so different are the effects of apparently similar causes.

Judging the faith as here interpreted, it lacks a clear expression of idea, and is more likely to mislead, than rightly lead the humble follower; yet, reading its character through these manifestations, guided by no philosophic insight, and aided by an experience which has been neither broad, nor deep, it would not be strange if my conclusion should prove somewhat superficial.

Awaiting the issue of time, we may thank our English friends for the pleasure and instruction which they have afforded us, not omitting the suggestion that, when next they proffer their services as teachers of the resources of the language of Art, they should more fully heed the dignity of their profession, and send us only such examples as they delight to own, thus doubly honoring themselves and us;—so shall we broaden our vision of what the domain of Art contains, still reserving the right to choose that which best answers our own needs and intuitions.

MESOS.

Special Notices.

DESCRIPTIVE LIST OF THE LATEST MUSIC,

Published by O. Ditson & Co.

Vocal, with Piano.

Lovely Flute. Song, with accompaniment of Flute and Piano. *Furstenau.* 30

This song might be properly called a duet between voice and flute. The dulcet strains of the latter instrument blended with a mellow, rich voice, make most delightful music. Some skill is required on the part of the flute-player. Amateurs, however, who read Forde's arrangements in the "Anima dell Opera," readily, will easily master the flute part. The song is very melodious, and has often, in concerts, obtained great applause.

Fare thee well, and if forever. Song. *Phelps.* 25

Byron's deeply touching verses will ever remain a favorite subject with the musician. There prevails a melancholy sadness in the present composition, which is quite appropriate to the words. Easy.

A lake and a fairy boat. Song and Quartet. *Wood.* 25
Light and pretty.

I would that the rose. Duet. *Mendelssohn.* 30

One of Mendelssohn's best two-part songs, with a new English version.

You say you're not remembered. Song. *Baldwin.* 25

A simple, plaintive ballad.

Oh, let hope for brighter days. Trio. *Stratton.* 25

One of the concerted pieces in the Opera of "The Buccaneer." Short and effective.

Instrumental.

Grand Marche Heroique by *Gungl.* Transcribed by *Voss.* 50

This is a very full and brilliant arrangement of Gungl's celebrated and widely known "Warrior's Joy March." Voss is acknowledged to be unsurpassed in this kind of transcriptions. They are always melodious, effective and interesting throughout. He does not lose the thread of the whole in meaningless passages, or dull variations; nor does he ever introduce difficulties, which are inadequate to the effect produced. His arrangements of "Long, long weary day," and "Then you'll remember me," may be quoted as well known examples of the beauty of his style. The present transcription is perhaps even more brilliant than either of these, although not more difficult.

Bridal Varsoviennne. *Blockley.* 25

Silver Lake Varsoviennne. *Montgomery.* 25

Excellent music for this favorite and fashionable dance. Both of these Varsoviennes have of late been the pets with the English dancing public. They are easy, striking in melody, and express the peculiar rhythm of the dance perfectly.

Brightest eyes. Variations. *Grobe.* 25

Eclipse Polka. " " 25

Easy arrangements of "Melodies of the day." Well adapted for new beginners.

Planxty Kelly. Flute (or Violin) and Piano. *Dressler.* 25

GiovINETTE che fate. " " " 25

God save the Queen. " " " 25

Very pleasing and easy for both instruments.

The Reaper's Polka. *D'Albert.* 35

A very spirited Polka, evidently doing the most effectual service in a hall-room. Not difficult. The title-page represents a very graceful group of youths and maidens among the cornstacks.

Elements of Velocity; 4 numbers, each. *Bayers.* 50

Intended for the first stages of instruction, where the pupil is rather shy of substantial food unless it is thoroughly sugared. The author has used these studies in his classes, and thoroughly and practically tested their usefulness. They have nothing in common with Czorny's "Studies in Velocity," but might be employed very properly as preparatory exercises to the latter work.

Books.

FIRST STEPS TO THOROUGH BASS, in Twelve familiar dialogues between a Teacher and Pupil. By a Teacher of Music. Price, 50 cents.

This is a book of upwards of one hundred pages, presenting in a very pleasing manner the principles of thorough bass. The author has, by the admirable clearness with which he has laid down the rules and given the reasons for the various combinations of harmony, produced a most satisfactory treatise on the subject. As a text-book for younger classes, it will be found superior to any other prepared for a similar purpose. The author has met with great success in his application of this method of instruction to pupils of ten or twelve years of age, and confidently recommends it to teachers, as an invaluable aid in their labors.

Dwight's Journal of Music.

WHOLE No. 329.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, JULY 24, 1858.

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For Dwight's Journal of Music.

Song.

From the German of HEINE.

As the moon's image trembling falls
On the wild ocean's heaving breast,
While still and calm through heaven's blue halls
She moves above the waves' unrest,

So keepest thou, beloved one,
So still and calm, thy course above,
While in my trembling heart alone
Thy wavering image seems to move.

Thou 'rt like an opening flower,
So good and pure and fair,
I look on thee, and sadness
Steals o'er me unaware,

As though my hands in blessing
Were laid upon thy brow,
Praying that God might keep thee
As fair and pure as now.

S.

Translated for this Journal.

Henri Heine about Music and Musicians.

III. SPONTINI AND MEYERBEER.

PARIS, June 12, 1840.

The Chevalier SPONTINI is just now bombarding the poor Parisians with letters, hoping at one cost to remind the public of his forgotten person. I have a circular before me at this moment, which he sends to all the editors, and which no one will print, out of regard for sound human understanding and for Spontini's old name. The ridiculous borders here on the sublime. This painful weakness, which expresses itself, or rather frets itself out, in the most *baroque* style, is quite as remarkable for the physician as for the student of language. The former sees in it the sad phenomenon of a vanity, which blazes up in the mind with all the greater fury as the nobler faculties burn out in it; but the latter, the linguist, sees what a delightful jargon arises when a stiff Italian, who while in France has necessarily learned a little French, has further cultivated this so-called Italian-French during a residence of five-and-twenty years in Berlin, until the old gibberish has become oddly interlarded with Sarmatian barbarisms.

The circular is dated February, but was recently sent here again, because Signor Spontini hears that they want to bring out his famous work here again; which is nothing but an accident—an accident which he would improve, in order to be called here. After some pathetic declamation against his enemies, he continues:—

Et voilà justement le nouveau piège que je crois avoir deviné, et ce qui me fait un inférieur (?) devoir de m'opposer, me trouvant absent, à la remise en scène de mes opéras sur le théâtre de l'académie royale de musique, à moins que je ne sois officiellement engagé moi-même par l'administration, sous la garantie du Ministère de l'Intérieur, à me rendre à Paris, pour aider de mes conseils créateurs les artistes (la tradition de mes opéras étant perdue) pour assister aux répétitions et contribuer au succès de la "Vestale," puisque

*c'est d'elle qu'il s'agit.** This is the only passage in these Spontine marshes, where there is firm ground; here the cunning of the fellow stretches out its long ears. The man wishes to leave Berlin altogether, where he can hold out no longer, since the operas of MEYERBEER have been performed there; and a year ago he came here for a few weeks, and ran about from morning to midnight to all persons of influence, begging them to further his re-call to Paris. As most people here supposed him long since dead, they were not a little terrified by his sudden ghost-like apparition. There was in fact something to make one feel uneasy in the wily agility of these dead bones. M. Duponchel, the director of the Grand Opera, did not admit him to his presence and cried out with terror: "This intriguing mummy may stand off; I have enough to bear already from the intrigues of the living!" Yet had Moritz Schlesinger, the publisher of Meyerbeer's operas—for through this good, honorable soul had the Chevalier announced his visit to Duponchel—volunteered all his trust-inspiring eloquence to place the bearer of his introduction in the best light. In the choice of this introducing medium M. Spontini displayed all his shrewdness. He showed it also on other occasions; for instance, when he talked about a person, it was usually with that person's most intimate friends. He told the French writers, that in Berlin he had arrested a German writer who had written against him. To the French *cantatrici* he complained about the German *cantatrici*, who would not accept an engagement at the Berlin opera, without a proviso in the contract, that they should not sing in any opera of Spontini's!

But he is resolved at any rate to come here; he can no longer bear to stay in Berlin, to which city, as he says, he has been banished by the hatred of his enemies, and where still he is allowed no rest. So in these days he writes to the editor of *La France Musicale*: his enemies are not satisfied with driving him across the Rhine, across the Weser, across the Elbe; they even wish to drive him further, across the Vistula, across the Niemen! He finds great resemblance between his own fate and that of Napoleon. He fancies himself a genius, against whom all the musical powers conspire. Berlin is his St. Helena, and Rellstab his Hudson Lowe. But now his bones must be allowed to return to Paris and be solemnly deposited in that musical Hôtel des Invalides, the Académie Royale de Musique.

The Alpha and Omega of all the Spontini-an complaints is MEYERBEER. When the Chevalier did me the honor of a visit here in Paris, he was

* "And here is just the new snare which I think I have divined, and which makes it an imperious (?) duty with me to oppose, I being absent, the putting of my operas again upon the stage of the Royal Academy of Music, unless I shall be officially engaged in person by the administration, under the guaranty of the Minister of the Interior, to come to Paris, to aid the artists with my creative counsels (the tradition of my operas being lost), to assist at the rehearsals and to contribute to the success of the *Vestale*, since that is the opera in question."

inexhaustible in stories swollen with gall and poison. He cannot deny the fact, that the king of Prussia has loaded our great Giacomo with marks of honor, and even thinks of entrusting him with high offices and dignities; but he knows how to impute the basest motives to this royal favor. He ends with believing his own inventions, and he assured me, with an air of deepest conviction, that, one day when he was dining with his Majesty, his Royal Highness confessed to him at the table with good-humored frankness, that he meant to fasten Meyerbeer in Berlin at whatever price, in order to prevent this millionaire from spending his fortune in a foreign country. And since music, the desire to shine as a composer, is a well-known weakness of the rich man, he (the king) seeks to turn this weak side to account, and lure the glory-seeker by distinctions. It is melancholy, the king is supposed to have added, that a native talent, possessed of such great power and almost genius, should have to lavish its good, hard Prussian dollars in Italy and Paris, to win the fame of a composer—"whatever one can have for gold, is also to be had with us in Berlin; in our hot-houses grow laurels too for fools, who are willing to pay for them; our journalists, too, are clever and like a good breakfast or a good dinner; our street porters and our pickle-venders have as hard hands for applauding as the Parisian *claque*—nay, if our idlers spent their evenings in the Opera house, instead of in the tavern, to applaud the *Huguenots*, they would gain in culture by it—the lower classes must be morally and aesthetically elevated, and the main thing is, that money circulate among the people, particularly in the capital." In such wise, as Spontini assured me, did his Majesty express himself, by way of excuse, as it were, for sacrificing him, the composer of the *Vestale*, to Meyerbeer. When I remarked, that it was really very laudable in a prince to make such a sacrifice to promote the welfare of his capital, Spontini broke in: "O, you are mistaken, the king of Prussia protects bad music not on grounds of political economy, but rather because he hates musical Art, and knows that it must go down through the example and direction of a man, who, without any feeling for the true and noble, only seeks to flatter the rude multitude."

I could not help frankly confessing to the spiteful Italian, that it was unwise in him to deny his rival any merit. Rival! exclaimed he furiously; and ten times changed color, until at last the yellow held the upper-hand again—and then composing himself, he asked with a sneering grin: "Are you so sure that Meyerbeer is really the composer of the music that is performed under his name?" I was not a little startled by this mad-house question, and heard with astonishment that Meyerbeer had bought of some poor musicians in Italy their compositions, and prepared operas therefrom, which however had fallen through, because the rubbish they had given was quite too miserable. That afterwards

he had got hold of something better from a talented abbé in Venice, which he embodied in his *Crociato*. That he also possessed the manuscripts left by Weber, which he coaxed out of his widow, and from which he certainly would draw hereafter. That *Robert le Diable* and the *Huguenots* were for the most part the productions of a Frenchman, by the name of Gouin, who was heartily glad to get his operas brought out under Meyerbeer's name, lest he should lose his place as *chef de bureau* in the post-office, as his superiors would certainly mistrust his administrative zeal, if they knew that he was a dreamy composer; the Philistines hold practical functions to be incompatible with artistic endowments, and the post-officer Gouin is prudent enough to be silent about his authorship, and leave all the worldly fame to his ambitious friend Meyerbeer. Hence the intimate connection of the two men, whose interests are complements of one another. But a father is still a father, and friend Gouin has the fate of his intellectual children constantly at heart; the details of the performance and the success of *Robert le Diable* and the *Huguenots* claim his entire attention; he is present at every rehearsal, he is continually talking with the opera director, with the singers, the dancers, the *chef de claque*, the journalists; he runs from morning till evening to all the editors' offices to carry paragraphs in behalf of the so-called Meyerbeer operas, and his indefatigableness astonishes everybody.

When Spontini communicated this hypothesis to me, I confessed that it was not wholly without plausibility, and that, although the robust exterior, the brick-red face, the greasy black hair of the aforesaid M. Gouin reminded one more of an ox-driver or a grazier than of a composer, yet there was much in his conduct to justify suspicion that he might be the author of the Meyerbeer operas. He often speaks of *Robert le Diable* or the *Huguenots* as "our opera." He lets slip such expressions as; "We have a rehearsal to-day" — "we must curtail an aria." It is singular, too, that at no performance of these operas is M. Gouin absent, and if an *aria di bravura* is applauded, he forgets himself entirely, and bows in all directions, as if he would thank the public. I confessed all this to the irate Italian, but yet I added that, in spite of my having noticed all this with my own eyes, I did not consider M. Gouin the author of the Meyerbeer operas; I cannot believe that M. Gouin wrote the *Huguenots* and *Robert le Diable*; but if it be the case, the artist's vanity must surely gain the upper hand at last, and M. Gouin will publicly claim the authorship of those operas for himself.

No, replied the Italian with a sinister look, as piercing as a bare stiletto, this Gouin knows his Meyerbeer too well not to know what means stand at his terrible friend's command for putting aside any one who is dangerous to him. He is capable, under the pretext that his poor Gouin is crazy, of having him shut up in Charenton forever, and the poor fellow might be thankful to have got off alive. All who stand in the way of this greedy seeker after honor are obliged to yield. Where is Weber? where Bellini? Hum! hum!

This hum! hum! in spite of all its shameless malice, was so droll, that I could not help laughing as I remarked: "But you, maestro, you are not yet crowded out of the way; neither is Donizet-

ti, nor Mendelssohn, nor Rossini, nor Halevy." "Hum! hum!" was the answer, "hum! hum! Halevy does not trouble his *confrère*, and the latter would willingly enough pay him for just existing as an undangerous foil to himself; and of Rossini he knows, through his spies, that he composes not a note more — Rossini's stomach has suffered enough, too, and he never touches a piano, lest he excite Meyerbeer's suspicion. Hum! hum! But thank God! only our bodies can be killed, and not our minds' productions; these will bloom on in eternal freshness, while with death this mere musical escutcheon with its immortality will come to an end, and his operas will follow him into the dumb realm of oblivion!"

It was with difficulty I could bridle my indignation when I heard with what audacious disparagement the envious Italian spoke of the great and honored master, who is the pride of Germany and the delight of the East, and who certainly must be considered and admired as the true creator of *Robert le Diable* and the *Huguenots*! No, no Gouin has composed aught so splendid! To be sure, with all my reverence for high genius, there will sometimes arise in me considerable doubt as regards the immortality of those master-works after the departure of the master; but in my conversation with Spontini I assumed the air as if I were convinced of their duration after death, and, to annoy the malicious Italian, I made a revelation to him in confidence from which he could see, with what far-sightedness Meyerbeer had provided for the thriving of his intellectual children beyond the grave. "This providence," said I, "is a psychological proof, that the real father is not M. Gouin, but the great Giacomo. In fact, he has created an entail as it were in his will in favor of his musical brain-children, leaving to each a capital, the interest of which is to be applied to securing the future of the poor orphans, so that after as well as before the departure of their father, all the necessary outlays for popularity, the expenses of finery, the *claque*, newspaper puffs, &c., may be met. Even on the yet unborn little "Prophet" the tender progenitor is said to have settled the sum of 150,000 Prussian dollars. Truly, never yet came prophet into the world with such a fortune; the carpenter's son of Bethlehem and the camel-driver of Mecca were not so well off. *Robert le Diable* and the *Huguenots* are said to be less richly endowed; they perhaps can live for some time on their own fat, so long as splendid decorations and dainty ballet-legs are provided for; afterwards they will need a subsidy. For the *Crociato* the bequest need not be so brilliant; here the father justly shows himself a little niggardly, and he complains that the extravagant young fellow cost him too much once in Italy; he is a spendthrift. So much the more magnanimously thoughtful is he for his unhappy, fallen-through daughter, *Emma di Rosburgo*; she is to be annually re-announced by the press, to receive a new portion, and appear in an *édition de luxe* of satin velvet; for crippled changelings the loving heart of parents always beats the truest. In this way are all of Meyerbeer's spiritual children well provided for; their future is insured for all time. Hate blinds even the most prudent, and it is no wonder, that a passionate fool like Spontini did not altogether doubt my words. "O!" he exclaimed, "he is capable of anything! Unhappy times! Unhappy world!"

German Music.

From "Truth about Music and Musicians," translated from the German, by SABILLA NOVELLO, for Novello's *Musical Times*.

It is usual to speak of German, French, and Italian music, although a Music may and does exist, equally popular in all countries. But, as the character of different nations influences music, as it does everything else, Tonal Art displays, in every land where it is cultivated, certain peculiarities, sometimes more, sometimes less salient,—sometimes praised as excellencies, sometimes blamed as defects.

To German music, which forms the subject of my present letter, has been generally ascribed superior qualities; but it also has many deficiencies, which I shall especially mention. Both the excellencies and the defects of German music are fundamentally the same as those of German character, and, on this account, resemble the excellencies and defects of German literature.

The peculiarities of German character which we may even call excellencies are: *Universality*, which seeks to apprehend and compass all; which endeavors to discover and appropriate to itself the good that exists in other nations and in other ages; which can comprehend and sympathize with anomalous circumstances, &c., &c.: *Profoundity*, which endeavors to penetrate into the Mysterious, and to ascertain the radical cause of all visible and tangible presentments: *Perseverance*, which untiringly pursues an object, and relinquishes it not until completely conquered: *Seriousness*, which, by preference, proposes as its Ideal, all that is great, elevating, and significant: *Tenderness*, which sympathetically divines the intricate workings of the human soul, but especially yearns after pathetic sweetness, soft emotion, and ardent aspiration.

These characteristic features of the German people are traceable in German music, which is also distinguished by its *universality*. Not only has it employed all existing forms used by other nations, such as opera, church music, &c., &c.; but it has invented new forms, such as the quartet, the symphony,—in fact, chamber and instrumental music altogether, in the present acceptance of the word; this branch of Art has remained, until now, the special property of Germany.

Neither French nor Italian writers have produced any quartet, symphony, or, in short (with the exception of opera-overtures), any instrumental music worthy to be compared with German works of this class; a few scattered essays in this style have occasionally appeared in France and Italy, but they could obtain no durable success, either in their native land or in Germany.

To German profundity and perseverance in ascertaining the original nature and possible development of Tonal Art we are indebted for that wonderful science,—thematic treatment, which imparts to the different forms of instrumental pieces, technical solidity, clearness, and intelligibility; it offers innumerable resources of ever-interesting change, by which a musical piece, containing but few principal themes, acquires manifold charms, and exhibits the purest unity combined with extraordinary variety.

Of this science, the French and Italians make scarcely any use; they repeat a theme, but almost always in its original shape; altogether, they retain existing forms to a remarkable degree, notwithstanding their otherwise acknowledged inconstancy and versatility. Italians have, as yet, taken no notice of German music, and the French have done so but on few occasions. Germans, on the contrary, have attempted the boldest innovations and reforms. Gluck, who entirely remodelled opera music, was a German; and, although he worked in and for Paris, yet his style did not find any direct imitators there, although the influence of his principles may be traced in later French operas.

The same remarks may apply to the science of instrumentation, in which Germans have far surpassed Italians and French; for, while these latter for ever and ever repeat usual and worn-out combinations, the former for ever seek to discover new and unprecedented effects. This science, as also that of thematic treatment, has been much advanced in France by Hector Berlioz; but, in these efforts, he has abandoned his native French element; by inclination and by study he is German, and is an exception to his countrymen.

German composers have, in a much higher degree than French and Italian writers, rendered musical expression, or the language of Tone, clearly and distinctly intelligible,—have faithfully represented all states of the soul, from gayest sprightliness to deepest melancholy.

Tenderness finds its most perfect, its most thrilling accents in German music. Thus we may justly assert that German music strives more earnestly,

more perseveringly, and more zealously, to attain the Ideal of Art,—the harmonious union of Truth and Beauty; and has reached nearer its proposed goal than has the music of any other nation. Germany may therefore be said to possess the *worthiest* national music.

Those peculiarities, however, of German character, which often are excellencies, and produce excellencies in German music, occasionally lapse into defects, which in like manner produce defects in German music. Thus, inclination towards *universality* not seldom preponderates in undue proportion to executive power, and leads small talent to fritter itself away. Not *all* can compass *All*, and therefore production is great—in quantity, but not in quality.

Profundity leads to hair-splitting and pedantry. Germans, who seek to penetrate deep mysteries, easily become abstruse, unintelligible, and tedious; they bind the wings of Fancy, and do not *create*, but laboriously concoct their musical works.

Perseverance degenerates into obstinacy, which doggedly and unreasonably retains even obvious errors.

Seriousness will occasionally cause neglect of grace, airiness, charm, and spirit; while *tenderness* may lead to an objectless yearning after—we know not what,—to a morbid sentimentality,—to vain aspirations towards an undefined Ideal.

All these faults and shortcomings may be detected in German music, and are as essentially its characteristics as the above-cited excellencies. Foreign opinion discerns principally these defects, and sets them prominently forth; having, during centuries, recognized them in our national compositions. German pride, on the contrary, will only discern the excellencies; and thus it ensues that, on one hand, a determined musical *Germanomania* prevails, which, as all extremes produce antagonism, has elicited an opposite feeling,—a predilection for exotic musical productions.

Germanomania will perceive nothing good or worthy of imitation in the music of other nations; it holds all the weaknesses, deficiencies, errors, and eccentricities of Germans as excusable, or even to be praiseworthy peculiarities, and, on this account, especially cultivates them, employs them pre-eminently, and exaggerates their features. Our many charmless symphonies, quartets, overtures, &c., are crying witnesses of this Germanomania.

Its opposite extreme—predilection for foreign works—merely loves and seeks French and Italian music, which is generally more pleasing to the ear,—and looks down with contempt on all the great and glorious qualities of German music, because it is not always gay—because it demands complete and steady attention, and oft-times thrills the soul with profound emotion. To this predilection may be attributed the prevalence of Italian and French operas on our stage, and the German propensity to imitate modern Italian, and, more especially, the modern French frivolous operatic style,—to exclusively strive after music which may gratify the ear, without any reference to truthful delineation of character, sentiment, or situation.

Mid-way between the extremes lies the sure path.

If we properly encourage our good qualities,—if we pursue the course indicated to us by our great masters in their immortal works, which display all the excellencies without the defects of the German element,—we may still lay claim to the possession of first-rank music, and we may still further cultivate and develop its capabilities.

It is a great, though an oft-repeated fallacy, to assert that French and Italian musicians are incapable of composing scientific, contrapuntal combinations, or of writing in polyphonic style; Germans first learnt this art from Italians, who now, however, choose to neglect it, as they are essentially practical, and have ascertained that such music no longer produces universal effect on the nation,—that the public no longer admires it. Italian composers give merely that which is demanded by the public, or by singers. Should a musician obey his own humors, and not the will of the public for whom he writes, he would be utterly ruined, for in Italy all listeners are equally connoisseurs, although not in our German sense of the word; an Italian audience is not divided into the two sects of initiated and uninitiated, who exercise such hateful dominion in Germany.

The text and music of an Italian opera often enter into an alliance of expediency, or are even entirely mismatched. They are united by force,—they unceasingly protest against their bonds, and mutually injure each other; if one cry, the other laughs,—if *she* (the text) go one way, *he* (the music) rushes off in a contrary direction; but no one cares for their quarrels. An Italian composer, in order to be a *divino maestro*, is not expected to furnish either interesting text, originality, superexcellent instrumenta-

tion, characteristic expression (according to German interpretation), or uniformity; the only requisites for his opera are—melody and good singers.

Italian and French operatic poets and operatic composers (when speaking of Italians and French, we never mention other than operatic music) do not, like Germans, set up an Ideal, which they endeavor to reach; their highest, *their only lawgiver is the public*,—not even the public in general, but the public of *their time, their country, their town*—nay, even the public of this or that *theatre*; for instance, in Paris, the public of the Grand Opera, of the Comic Opera, &c., &c.

Their first question is: "*For what public?*" and according to the answer received, they write their text, or compose their music. For confirmation of what I have adduced, compare the score of the *Muette de Portici* with that of the *Maurer*, by Auber. The first is fully instrumented, because it was composed for an opera-house of spacious size; while the second is but sparsely instrumented, because its performance was destined to take place in the smaller theatre of the Opéra Comique.

When the fully-instrumented operas by Auber and Meyerbeer are given in Germany, we blame those composers for superabundant instrumentation; but we judge them through the spectacles of German *universal principles*, and forget peculiar circumstances and appropriate adaptability,—we judge those operas which were calculated for effect in vast space by the impression they create in our small theatres, of which composers certainly took no thought.

Some injudicious, aping composers, on the contrary, consider full instrumentation as progress in Art, or, perhaps, as a reigning fashion, because it comes from Paris, and imitate this massive construction, even when composing for our small theatres; thus, what practical sense commands as perfectly expedient in one case, becomes an insupportable defect, when blindly employed in another.

We cannot doubt that exclusive consideration of the public of a day and total oblivion of a higher aim occasion many of those blemishes and deficiencies, such as unfaithfulness of expression and want of characteristic appropriateness, which disfigure French and Italian works. But it is equally certain that the contrary fault,—utter contempt for the public, and exclusive endeavor after some Ideal,—is committed by our modern German opera composers; and this may account for the fact that so many new German operas and other works are brought forth, which do not obtain any success.

Goethe has already said: "Germans are deficient in a true sense of what is *suitable* in the Arts,—that is, they too often neglect what is possible and practical, whilst dreaming and aspiring after Ideality."

In order to win this knowledge inculcated by Goethe, our young scholars should not entirely condemn modern Italians and French, as some rigorists and advocates of Ideality would desire. Art is but Art, and can never become *reality*. Absolute naked Truth annihilates Art, which must be permitted to show us Truth under a different aspect from that which it bears when proceeding directly from Nature's hand. In *reality*, no human being *sings* his anger or his despair; therefore, every song of this kind on the stage is an untruth. But, even supposing that it were feasible to force some individual to really sing forth his anger or despair, in order that such natural expression might be correctly noted, and precisely imitated on the stage, this "truth to Nature" would only be deserving of ridicule. Germans are too disregardful of this fact, and endeavor to approximate Art too closely to Nature; while Italians and French err too far on the opposite side, and pay no regard to Nature.

This is the principal difference between *false* German and *false* Italian and French style. German music is not *sensuously agreeable enough*. French and Italian music is *sensuously agreeable merely*. He only who can combine sensuous gratification with artistic truth of expression will afford delight to Germany and to all lovers of music, as our great German masters,—Mozart, Winter, Weigl, and Weber,—have done.

Above, I have alluded to the similarity between German music and German literature. French music and French literature are also similar, for French poets write in measures more pleasing to the ear, and in forms more symmetrical than those of our German authors, who often give utterance to their most precious thoughts in formless, unintelligible, and ungraceful diction,—they wish to appear *learned*, and consider an easy, light style as frivolous, shallow, and unworthy their use. It is precisely the same with musicians.

One more simile. Our German poetry and our German music have pursued a like course, and kept even pace. In Klopstock we find strict, artistic form; in Schiller and Goethe, grace and euphony

united to richness and depth of intellect; in moderns, empty verse-tinkling or pedantic verbosity. Thus, also, in Bach we find scientific, artificially-constructed music; in Haydn, Mozart, and Beethoven, grace and euphony united to richness and depth of intellect; in the moderns, empty tinkling or pedantic tediousness.

TRoubles of a Turkish Music Master.—Mrs. Hornsby, who has recently published a work giving her "Adventures in and around Stamboul," says that when there she became much interested in a young French lady, who, in giving an account of the fallen fortunes of her family, also describes a new trouble. Mrs. Hornsby says: "It seems that her young brother, who is remarkably good looking, and showed a great talent for music, was sent to Vienna in their prosperous days for his education. His piano forte playing is thought much of here, and the Sultan having set the fashion of Turkish ladies learning music, he now gives lessons to the wives and daughters of several Pashas on the Bosphorus. He is married, greatly attached to his wife, and has two pretty children; added to this he is a grave, shy young man. Well, Dhudu's trouble for her brother is this: He goes quietly in the morning to give his lesson. Perhaps there are two or three veiled ladies in the room into which he is ushered by the attendants. 'The lesson begins,' says Dhudu in a melancholy voice, 'and they are generally rather stupid. The men who guard them soon grow tired of looking on, and stroll away to their pipes. They are hardly outside the door when down goes the yashmak of one of the ladies. She is very pretty, but very tiresome; my brother is afraid to look at her. What should he do if the Pacha were suddenly to return, or one of the slaves to enter and report this to him! So he turns his head away and tries to induce her to go on with the lesson. Would you believe it,' says Dhudu, still more indignantly, 'the other day she took hold of his chin, and turning his face to hers, said laughing, 'Wy don't you look at me, you pig?' What can my brother do? The Pacha would never believe that it is not his fault. Sometimes one of them will creep under his piano-forte, and putting her finger into his shoe tickle his foot. Yesterday they slipped two peaches into his pocket, tied up in muslin with blue ribbons, clapping their hands and laughing when he found it out. You know what those peaches mean? They 'mean kisses,' said Dhudu, coloring, 'and it made my brother so nervous, for the men were in the outer room, and might have heard all about it. He would be sorry to have them punished, yet they make his life miserable. That pretty one is the worst of all, she is so daring. I visit at the harem, and went with my brother one morning. Knowing them so well, I took him in at the garden entrance, the way I always go myself. We heard somebody laugh a loud, merry laugh, and—Oh, what a fright I was in—there she was, up in a peach tree. My brother turned his head away, and walked on very fast; she pelted peaches at him, then got out of the tree, and would have run after him if I had not stopped her.' And here poor Dhudu fairly cried. 'What can my brother do?'"

Rossini's Barbieri.

When the celebrated tenor, Garcia, the father of Madame Malibran and Madame Viardot, came to Paris, and presented to the manager of the Théâtre-Italien the score of *Il Barbieri di Siviglia*, the work of his friend, young Rossini, whose name was beginning to be known on both sides the Alps, he had to overcome a redoubtable opposition, principally on the part of the illustrious Paër, then all-powerful in musical matters, and who, without undervaluing the great talent of the young *maestro* of Bologna, or rather because he perceived too plainly his rising talent, wished to shut the door in his new rival's face. It was this combat of old Paër against young Art which furnished M. Scribe with the well-known subject of his *Concert à la Cour*, and the character of the crafty manager, whose intrigues long obstruct and imperil the success of a *débutante*, destined, of course in the long run, to triumph over the plots of the scheming *maître-de-chapelle*.

Garcia, without being discouraged, disputed the ground, inch by inch, with the obstinate and malicious author of *Agnès*, and with such success, that the latter, beaten back to his last entrenchments, offered to be guided in the matter by the decision and well-proved good taste of Habeneck, who then swayed the dictatorial sceptre of the Opéra.

Habeneck, a great musician, and incapable of jealousy, received the score of *Il Barbieri*. He kept it for a long time, went through it, examined it, and, at length, gave it back to Garcia, stating that, "without doubt, there were some tolerably pretty things in the

work, but that a select public, like that of the Italiens, at Paris, required *operas of greater strength*; that the work in question was all very well as an operetta, manufactured in a hurry for a carnival or an Italian fair" ((it is true the *Barbiere* was conceived, written, and played in twenty days), "but that no one could think of introducing productions of such slight texture to a Parisian audience," etc.

Paër triumphed, but Garcia, fortunately for Rossini, would not be beaten. His energetic conviction, his devotion to the *maestro*, and his ardent desire to play before the Parisians the character of Almaviva, which he had created at Rome, and of which he had himself composed the famous serenade, "Io son Lindoro!" triumphed over every obstacle. Taking advantage of the fact that his services were needed as tenor, he would only consent to engage on condition of singing Rossini's *Barbiere* conjointly with Paisiello's. The rest is known. After a little indecision, the public evinced an enthusiastic admiration for the *Barbiere* of Rossini, while that of Paisiello was neglected. The revolution, so clearly perceived and obstinately combated by Paër, took place in musical art, and Rossini reigned, as he does still.

This anecdote was related, long afterwards, by Habeneck himself, as a striking example of the fallibility and uncertainty of human judgment.

Rossini's Summer Residence.

Rossini has just left the Boulevard des Italiens, and the Chaussée d'Antin, to take possession of his summer retreat at Beauséjour, a spot connected with some of the most pleasing reminiscences of his life.

The illustrious master resided there at the time when Madame Récamier, the Princess de Lieven, M. Guizot, and a host of other celebrities made it their place of meeting. You might have saluted Châteaubriand and Rossini in the same alley.

The old pavilion, honored by being the birthplace of more than one inspiration of the author of *Guillaume Tell*, has made way for a new building, without sacrificing anything of the green foliage, which sheltered the residence of the illustrious master. There are still the same lilacs in blossom every spring, and, within two or three generations, the same linnets and the same nightingales, which seek a refuge and indulge in a concert there every morning. It is within two paces of this old residence, within the same walls, and at the entrance of the Bois de Boulogne, that Rossini has come to seek the air of other times, the breeze wafted from Bellevue and from St. Cloud, that is to say, the perfume of the fields, without leaving Paris or his Boulevards, from which he could not tear himself away even exceptionally.

The pavilion of the Princess de Talleyrand, to whom Beauséjour belonged nearly half a century ago, has flung open its doors to him. From its proximity to the Bois de Boulogne, the celebrated composer is enabled, every morning, to take his first walk to Passy and Auteuil, passing, like a schoolboy, near the Artesian well in the plain, that gigantic work whose subterranean wonders interest in the greatest degree his inquiring mind. The slightest pulsations of this incessant boring process are interrogated by him, and his most lively wish is to be one of the first, if not absolutely the first, at the marvellous spectacle of the water gushing and springing forth, torn by the hand of man from the deepest entrails of the earth. It is still the great German borer, M. Kind, who, under the direction and with the assistance of M. Alphand, the chief engineer of the Bois de Boulogne, is urging forward, night and day, the deliverance of the sheet of water, destined soon to spread its hurrying waves towards Passy, Neuilly, Auteuil, and Boulogne. This gentleman only understands his ultra-Rhenish idiom, the only one, perhaps, not familiar to Rossini. Consequently, the celebrated master obtains from him the short but expressive reply, "*Mal-hour*" or "*Bon-hour*," according to the exciting oscillations of the interminable process of boring, which promises, however, to be brought to a successful termination, like all the great enterprises of the age.

Although, at the first dawn of day, Rossini strides with a firm and light step through the alleys of the Bois de Boulogne, he is only the better disposed every evening to take part in the most varied and sparkling conversation. His Parisian friends do not desert him; he has an amiable remark for every one, and something to say on every thing. During the day he willingly sits down to the piano, and extemporizes adorable bagatelles. From time to time, "the noble game of billiards"—as it used to be called—has the privilege of engaging his attention. Such days are festive days to the neighbor who has the honor of receiving him—together with Levasseur, Ponchard, Mesdames Rossini and Fodor—and of sometimes hearing Nadaud's songs, of which Rossini is particularly fond. A cue of honor, touched by no hand but the master's, and surmounted by a crown with gold

leaves, while opposite it is the bust which inspired the chisel of Dantan—such is the coat-of-arms of the highly privileged billiard room. The conversation never languishes, and the "*Swan of Pesaro*" is always the hero, as a matter of course.

Such is the way in which Rossini spends his summer, loved and venerated by every one, loving all around him, and happy at having again found France and his friends of former times, and at having returned to Paris, after which he had sighed for twenty years. —*Moniteur*.

A Musical Retrospect.

(From the Philadelphia Bulletin.)

Looking over an old volume of the *Inquirer*, for our neighbor has attained to a mature age for a newspaper, and can look back over a career of more than a quarter of a century—our attention has been attracted to the notices of the Italian Opera Company, then performing in Philadelphia. It was in the winter and spring of 1833, more than twenty-five years ago. There had been but few attempts here at Italian opera before this; indeed the Garcia company, that performed here in 1825, and in which poor Malibran was the prima donna, was almost the only one worthy of much consideration. The company of 1833 is remembered still by many veteran opera-goers, and there are not a few who still refer to the days of Pedrotti, Montresor, and Fornasari, as the "palmy days" of Italian music here; just as the days of Jefferson, Wood and Warren are talked of as the "palmy days" of the drama, and those of the Woods as the "palmy days" of English opera. We have faith in the steady progress of Art, and we have no idea that the performances of 1833 were nearly as good as those that we have had in 1857 and 1858. Nor do we believe that the performances of 1858 are nearly as good as we or our successors shall have in 1868 or 1878.

But this has nothing to do with our purpose, which is simply to note the opera season of 1833 as a bit of our musical history. The arrival of the company is announced as having occurred on the twenty-first of January, and with them came "the celebrated poet Da Ponte. This is the worthy old gentleman who was the contemporary and friend of Mozart, and wrote for him the words, now immortal, of *Don Giovanni*. The poor fellow died in poverty in New York, some years ago. The director of the Company was Signor Baglioli, who is, or was quite lately, still teaching singing in New York. The leader of the orchestra was Rapetti. The women of the company were Pedrotti, Salvioni and Marozzi; the men were Montresor, Fornasari, Orlandi, Sappignoli, Placi and others. The company opened at the Chestnut Street Theatre, on the evening of Jan. 23d., the prices of tickets being one dollar for the boxes and pit and fifty cents for the gallery. The opening opera was Mercadante's *Elisa e Claudio*, which was not a new opera then; for Mercadante, although still living and still composing at Naples, had begun to write in 1818, and *Elisa e Claudio* was first produced in 1821. It was a weak imitation of Rossini, with some very pretty melodies; but it has long since been banished from the stage. During the season, which continued, for four nights in a week, from January 23d till March 19th, the only operas produced were *Elisa e Claudio*, Bellini's *Il Pirata*, and Rossini's *Italiana in Algeri*, *Cenerentola*, *Otello*, and *Mose in Egitto*—the last produced at the Musical Fund Hall as an oratorio. The greatest hit seems to have been made by *Il Pirata*, which was comparatively new then, and was the first bold attempt to depart from the Rossini style, that was then so universally imitated. The principal singers, Pedrotti, Montresor and Fornasari, are the subjects of much enlogium, and doubtless it was all well deserved, for their after fame was great, in Europe as well as in this country. Still the profits of the season were not large, for at its close the editor says of the company:

"Their visit to this city, although not so successful as they anticipated, has not brought the company into debt, while it added to the funds of all the members who took benefits. Had the money received at benefits been deposited in the general fund of the company, there would have been several thousand dollars received beyond expenses. Considering the season, therefore, and the attractions of other theatres, we think they have no reason to complain of a want of liberality on the part of Philadelphia. If they choose to pay their principal singers enormous salaries, and to give them free benefits, always taking care to render the attractions of a benefit night far greater than any other night, they cannot expect to enrich the managers and the "stars" also.

Here we have the complaint, which is still reiterated everywhere even now, of inordinately high salaries for the leading artists. It was damaging to the managers in the little, dingy, old Chestnut street Theatre, which

had only room for some fourteen hundred people. It is equally damaging now in the superb Academy of Music, where there is room for over three thousand people.

The poverty of the repertoire of the company of 1833 must strike every one, especially as novelty and variety are so imperatively demanded at every opera season of the present day. During nearly two months only five operas were played, and of these none possess the dramatic interest that is necessary to make an opera succeed before a modern audience. But the demands for novelty have done much for the art of music since 1833, and the number of successful operas produced since then is surprising. Nearly all of Donizetti's numerous successful operas were written after 1833. *Anna Bolena* was the only one that had made any sensation previously. Bellini had not then written his *Sonnambula*, his *Norma* or his *Puritani*. Meyerbeer had written his *Crociato*, but his great works and the only ones now performed—*Robert*, the *Huguenots*, the *Prophète*, and *L'Etoile du Nord*—were all written subsequently. Rossini had written his *William Tell*, which was like the birth of a new genius, totally distinct from that which produced the *Barber*, *Cenerentola*, &c; but it was monopolized by Paris, and its production in America could not have been dreamed of. Auber, also was too exclusively French to be much thought of then in this country, and the same may be said of Halevy, and the other writers for the Paris stage. The writer of the most popular and successful modern operas—Giuseppe Verdi—was in 1833 only 19 years old and was of course totally unknown to the musical world at large. Reflecting on the immense additions that have been made since then to the stock of operas that please the public, by the few composers we have named, one is surprised to hear that the season of 1833 should even have been as successful as reported. It must be remembered, too, that Philadelphia then had only about 180,000 inhabitants, or less than one in three of the present population. But it must also be remembered that the opera was a much greater novelty then than it is now, and that short seasons, occurring at intervals of several years, might succeed much better than long seasons, such as are undertaken now in Philadelphia and New York.

William Horsley.

(From the London Athenæum, June 19.)

The long life of Mr. HORSLEY, one of the patriarchs of English music, and certainly one of the best composers this country has ever produced, closed a few days since. He was in his eighty-fourth year; and for something like three parts of a century had kept a distinguished place among our professors, having only retired from the organ at which he presided a very few years since. It would be too much to expect one trained and occupied as he was to have kept pace with a time which successively flung out varieties and novelties so great and distinct as Beethoven, Signor Rossini, Weber—not to speak of the Liszts and Chopins and Thalbergs, who for awhile pushed aside the smoother and simpler pianoforte music of elder dynasties. But Mr. Horsley's moral worth and uprightness would have always kept him in a place of credit among his brethren; if even he had not deserved well of old and young among them by writing some of the most beautiful part-music in being. His glees in every respect merit this epithet. The words are mostly chosen with a refinement of taste in itself significant; the melody in them has generally a grace and distinctness, and the harmony is always pure, rich, and delicate. It is almost superfluous to name "*By Celia's Arbor*," and "*See the Chariot*." In the stricter forms of composition Mr. Horsley, too, was fortunate and free. His vocal canons are excellent of their kind. It is pleasant to think that competence, respect of friends, and the domestic ministrations of those who without indiscretion may be characterized as a remarkable artist-family, made the latter days of his life easy and cheerful.

(From Moore's Encyclopedia of Music.)

WILLIAM HORSLEY was born in London, in 1774. In his youth he was remarkably unhealthy, and, owing to this circumstance, to family misfortunes, and to other causes, his general education was neglected and he arrived at the age of sixteen before it was finally resolved that he should pursue music for a profession. At that period he was articled for five years to Theodore Smith, who was esteemed to be a good piano-forte player, and who claimed to be the first who introduced duets for that instrument into England. Smith's theoretical knowledge was very limited. He was, besides, passionate and indolent to an extreme degree, and entirely neglected the instruction of his pupil, who was, at all times, most happy to escape from his violence.

However, while with Smith, the subject of our present article made several valuable acquaintances, who had a vast influence on his future pursuits. In particular, he became very intimate with the three brothers, Jacob, Joseph, and Isaac Pring, and from them he first imbibed that love for vocal music which he ever after cherished. Joseph Pring, having obtained the situation of organist in the cathedral at Bangor, removed thither, and his brother Isaac soon afterwards went to Oxford, where he died, after having been organist at the new college for some time. Horsley's great intimacy, therefore, was chiefly confined to Jacob Pring, from whose kindness and friendship he derived advantages which he has never failed to acknowledge. In 1799 he had the misfortune to lose his estimable friend; but previously he had procured an introduction to Dr. Calcott; and the example of these two excellent musicians, and his constant intercourse with them, had determined him more particularly to the practice of glee writing. At this time his ardor for composition was very great and every moment which he could spare from his occupation, as a teacher, was devoted to it. Besides glees, he wrote services in five, six, seven, and eight parts, "Two Anthems," in twelve real parts, and a "Sanctus," for four choirs. He also employed himself much in the construction of canons, and found considerable improvement in the exercise of that difficult species of writing. In 1798 he suggested to his friends, Dr. Calcott and Pring, a plan for the formation of a society, the object of which should be the cultivation of English vocal music. The members met for the first time in that year, and, on the suggestion of Mr. Webbe, took the name of *Concortores Sodales*. The establishment of this society was a great advantage to Horsley. It introduced him to an acquaintance with several eminent professors; and as each member was to preside in turn, and furnish music for the day, it gave a new stimulus to his exertions. About the same period, he was introduced by Dr. Calcott to the committee of the asylum for female orphans, and was accepted by them as assistant organist of the institution. On this occasion, he resigned his situation of organist of Ely Chapel, Holborn, which he had held for some years. He now began to employ himself in vocal compositions with instrumental accompaniments, and set, among other things, "Smollet's Ode to Mirth," "The *Cantate Domino*," and an anthem to words beginning, "When Israel came out of Egypt," with which he took his bachelor's degree in 1800, at Oxford. His time was now much occupied by his pupils; nevertheless, when the vocal concerts were revived, in 1801, he applied himself with fresh diligence to composition, and furnished the managers of those concerts with many new works. This he was particularly induced to do, not only from his love to the art, but from his great intimacy with Harrison and Bartleman; and, till the death of the former, he was the most copious and the most successful among the native contributors to their undertaking. In 1802 Dr. Calcott resigned his situation at the Asylum, and Horsley, having been recommended by the committee to the guardians at large, was chosen to succeed the doctor, without any opposition. He continued to perform the whole duty at the Asylum till 1812; when Belgrave chapel, in Halkin Street, Grosvenor Place, being finished, he accepted the office of organist in it. For many years, a very large portion of his time was occupied in giving instruction; but the remainder he devoted, with unabated assiduity, to the study of his art, and to the practice of composition. His published works consist of the services, odes, and anthems already mentioned; "Three Symphonies for a full Orchestra," which were several times performed at the vocal concerts; several trios for violin and violoncello; and a great collection of single pieces, consisting of glees, canons, songs, duets, &c. Of these have been published: "Three Collections of Glees, Canons, and Madrigals, for three, four, five and six voices"; "Six Glees for two Trebles and a Bass"; "A Collection of forty Canons, of various species." This work the author has inscribed to his friend Clementi, in language which shows his respect and admiration for that great master. He was likewise a great contributor to the "Vocal Harmony," published by Clementi & Co. That splendid work contains fifteen or sixteen glees, which were purposely composed for it by him. To these publications may be added single glees, songs, &c. Horsley occasionally employed himself in writing for the piano-forte, chiefly, however, with a view to the improvement of the younger class of students. His works for that instrument consist of "A Set of Easy Lessons, containing Familiar Airs." "Six Sonatinas for the Use of his Pupils, with the leading fingering carefully marked." "Three Sonatas, composed for the Hon. Miss Ponsonby." "Sonatas, Nos. 1 and 2." These were intended as part of a series, to be published from time to time. He has also printed "An Explanation of

the Major and Minor Scales," accompanied with exercises calculated to improve the hand.

FREE PLAYGROUND FOR THE PEOPLE.—Mr. C. P. Melly, a young merchant of Liverpool, and a partner in the house of Melly, Romilly & Co., after having beautified that town with numerous wall fountains, at which thirsty pedestrians may help themselves without let or hindrance, has recently fitted up a piece of land in the suburbs belonging to the corporation, as a free Gymnasium and playground for the people. Its opening was numerously attended. The following sensible address was freely distributed:—"Friends,—This playground is intended for your enjoyment, and is placed under your care. The poles, ropes, ladders and chairs will bear any fair usage. It will be for you to protect them from wilful damage. The trees will adorn your playground if they are allowed to grow up, and you will, I am sure, prevent them from being destroyed. This playground is hereby placed in your hands; let it be used for the purposes for which it is obviously intended. Let good humor and good temper prevail. Let there be no quarrelling among yourselves, and allow no stone-throwing or fighting among your younger members. It rests with you whether the first attempt at free out-door amusement in our town be a success or a failure. Charles P. Melly."

The fancy for providing playgrounds appears to be extending. Mr. Dickens lately presided at the first anniversary festival of the "Playground and General Recreation Society." On this occasion a hundred persons sat down to an excellent dinner.

The object of the society is to seek out and provide available open spots for playgrounds in populous places in which the children of the poorer classes may disport themselves in healthful games, instead of playing at hide-and-seek in dens and alleys. The present movement originated some months ago with the Rev. Dr. Laing, to whom all honor is due.

In proposing the toast of the evening, "Success to the Playground and General Recreation Society," the Chairman drew a racy picture of his encounters with the children playing in the streets on his way from his house to the London Tavern. He next descanted upon the desirability of providing suitable places of recreation for the children in question, and wound up by saying that, though it was impossible to provide at present for all the wants of the metropolis in this respect, yet that, with respect to two parishes, two benevolent ladies had come forward and pledged themselves to subscribe £100 each, provided the remaining necessary funds could be obtained from other sources. It was in fact therefore, with a view to a trial of the experiment of these two parishes that he appeared before them that evening, and he hoped to see the experiment fairly tried before long. The health of the chairman, and of the ladies, were the two concluding toasts. The last toast was proposed by the chairman, who vowed and declared he would not preside at another dinner unless the ladies also dined, an announcement which was received with enthusiastic cheers.

The list of subscriptions during the evening amounted to £578 6s.

YANKEE DOODLE.—We find the following in the National Intelligencer:

"The following letter has been received by a gentleman of this city from our accomplished secretary of legation at Madrid:

Madrid, June 3, 1858.

My Dear Sir,—The tune Yankee Doodle, from the first of my showing it here, has been acknowledged by persons acquainted with music to bear a strong resemblance to the popular airs of Biscay; and yesterday a professor from the north recognized it as being much like the ancient sword dance played on solemn occasions by the people of San Sebastian. He says the tune varies in those provinces, and proposes in a couple of months to give me the changes as they are to be found in their different towns, that the matter may be judged of and fairly understood. Our national air certainly has its origin in the music of the free Pyrenees; the first strains are identically those of the heroic *Danza Esparta*, as it was played to me, of brave old Biscay.

Very truly yours, BUCKINGHAM SMITH."

Kossuth informed us that the Hungarians with him in this country first heard Yankee Doodle on the Mississippi river, when they immediately recognized it as one of the old national airs of their native land,—one played in the dances of that country,—and they began immediately to caper and dance as they used to in Hungary. It is curious that the same air should be found in old Biscay.—*Post*.

Musical Correspondence.

NEW YORK, JULY 20, 1858.—The Musard concerts have suddenly ceased. After a week's trial it was found impossible to draw paying audiences to the Academy of Music, at this time of the year, and the enterprise has been abandoned. The Academy will now remain closed until September, when Maretzek promises a short operatic season, with Gazzaniga, Brignoli, Amodio, and Miss Philipps. Madame and Monsieur Gassier are also engaged. The lady I had the pleasure of hearing a few months ago at Rome, where she is a great favorite. Madame Gassier is a lady of considerable personal beauty, looks like an Italian, with her dark eyes and hair, is perfectly familiar with the stage, sings with sweetness and flexibility, and altogether holds a very fair rank among European prima donnas. She is favorably known to the English as well as the Roman public, and if she comes to America will undoubtedly be successful, though I do not think she will create a furore or rival La Grange or Gazzaniga in the affections of our opera-going public. For light and comic roles, she will be a pleasing relief to our heavy tragedy queen, Gazzaniga. After a short season, Maretzek with his company will depart for Cuba, while his place at the opera house will be filled by the Ullman troupe. Who will be the members of this forthcoming company has not yet transpired, but I learn it is the intention of the manager to leave the beaten track of Italian operas and produce German and French works comparatively unknown here. The *Huguenots* will be revived, with Meyerbeer's other operas, and Halevy's *La Juive* is also mentioned. At Niblo's we shall have this fall, a French company for the production of light operas and vaudevilles.

Maretzek and Anschutz are getting up a curious musical open air Festival for the inauguration of the Jones' Wood Park, to take place on the 2d, 3d, and 4th of August. Two hundred performers will take part, and there will be balls, and fireworks, and balloon ascension, and Turners, and magnificent prizes (!), and Sing-Vereins, and probably Lager Beer. The admission will be 25 cents, which will include everything except the Lager.

Our Philharmonic Society holds a rehearsal Saturday evening to test the acoustic qualities of the new Music Hall under the Cooper Institute. Should the result of the experiment be satisfactory, the room will probably be engaged for the regular rehearsals of the Society.

Brignoli and Amodio are at Saratoga, concertizing in the train of Miss Fay, one of the innumerable host of "American prima donnas." By the way, talking about American singers, I may as well mention that Mrs. Cora Wilhorst has been engaged to sing in opera this fall at the Academy. It is said that the reports of her not being able to obtain an engagement in Europe were false—that she was offered engagements both at the opera at Paris and elsewhere. Certain it is, that I have heard worse singers than she occupying prominent position in the lyric world on the other side of the water. TROVATOR.

PHILADELPHIA, JULY 20, 1858.—Not many miles from the city of Philadelphia, ensconced amid the noble hills which surround the valley through which meanders the placid Lehigh, is found the time-honored town of Bethlehem, the mother-congregation of that zealous and devoted band of Christ's followers, ye leapt, the *Moravians*. Romantic to a fascinating degree in location, rich beyond measure in historical and aboriginal associations, endowed with most excellent schools, embracing within its limits a population of superior intelligence, Bethlehem has lured hundreds of summer tourists from the gay dissipations of Saratoga, Cape May, and other kindred resorts, and has, in point of fact, especially since the completion of

the North Pennsylvania Railroad, constituted itself the favorite watering place of the pent-up denizens of the Quaker City. The peculiarities of the Moravian Church, its early origin in Bohemia, its fearful struggles against the persecutions which reigned rampant in the middle ages, its final overthrow and subsequent renewal, its untiringly faithful and self-sacrificing efforts in the mission cause in all parts of the globe,—these are doubtless familiar to all such of your worthy readers, as chance to take even a superficial interest in general church history, and it is not my design to touch upon these prominent features of Moravianism. My object is rather to point attention to the musical culture of this body of Christians, who foster the "divine Art" with all the inherent enthusiasm and assiduity peculiar to the Germans and their descendants. Sacred and secular music seem to be cultivated with equal zeal by them, and all of the light, flippant, modernized style of composition is scornfully spurned from both departments.

Every Moravian church lays a peremptory stress upon congregational singing, and the children are trained with a view to this from the earliest infancy. They are, if I may use the expression, *inoculated* with the rich harmonies and graceful movements of the church chorals, and these settle firmly into their systems. Apart from all this, however, there is attached to each church a regular choir, trained to the execution of difficult sacred music, and brought into active requisition upon festival days and solemn occasions. This body of vocalists usually finds its accompaniment in a fine orchestra, which, in connection with the village organ, very materially heightens the general effect, rendering this more imposing and swelling in anthems of glorification, and *per contra*, more impressively solemn in the requiem over the departed or in the holy ceremonies of the Passion Week. The choir and orchestra of Bethlehem have been very celebrated for well nigh a century past. Years ago, when, in the gradual growth of Philadelphia, amid the slow development of its internal resources, music first assumed a living shape in the formation of the Musical Fund Society, and when this now powerful corporation was in its puling infancy, it was very customary, upon concert occasions, to borrow from Bethlehem the material wherewith to fill up its orchestra to suitable dimensions. The village musicians, enthusiastically devoted to the "divine Art," practically, theoretically, and aesthetically, were never tardy to respond to such invitations; and although Philadelphia in those days of rickety mail stages, seemed almost immeasurably far off, and access thereto proved really laborious, the names of such staunch musicians as the brothers Weiss, the Crists, the Beckels, the Rauchs, and others, almost invariably graced the poster-announcements of concerts in the city.

But I am digressing from my remarks upon the sacred music of the Moravians; I shall enlarge upon their cultivation of the secular department in another letter.

The repertoire of every Moravian congregation comprises within its limits the works of the greatest masters, from Mozart to Spohr, besides numerous contributions of great merit from the pens of church-members, who, with less of retiring humility and more of worldliness, might have carved out for themselves prominent niches in the temple of Fame.—There are now in constant use and practice among this small body of Christians, anthems, motettos, &c., from the works of their own brethren (such as Beckler of former times,—Bishop Wolle and Rev. Francis Hagen of the present day,) which exhibit unmistakably that deep-searching, mathematically constructed *cultus*, that intellectual, ideal, aesthetical conception of music, which causes the rigorous German school of composition to be regarded as the broad foundation upon which the entire Temple of the Muses stands firm.

The rehearsals of Moravian choirs are very faith-

fully and judiciously held at stated times throughout the entire year; in fact, so punctually did the individual members attend them at the time when your humble correspondent was a viola performer amongst them, several years since, that neither a drifting snow-storm, nor a driving rain deterred the hardy, buxom damsel, from donning a pair of boots, if the occasion demanded this, and hastening to the old church to mingle their voices in preparation for some coming festive Sabbath.

Another feature of the sacred music department, among the Moravians, is the *trombone choir*, which announces from the steeple of the village church to the quiet inhabitants beneath, the deaths of individual members, as these chance to occur; and which usually precedes, with solemn chorals, the funeral cortege, as it winds its noiseless way towards the lovely, peaceful graveyard, not many paces from the church. This so-called *trombone choir* also performs upon other occasions, but its services are chiefly brought into requisition as above mentioned; in fact, when a death occurs, and the rich harmonies of the quartet float over the undisturbed village in announcement of the melancholy fact, the mechanic lays aside for the moment his implements, and feels as though distant strains from another world were approaching him. By a systematic arrangement, he is furthermore enabled to distinguish accurately the sex and progress in life of the deceased, by the particular hymn-tune which comes to his ears. However, I greatly suspect myself to have wearied your patience with this subject, by spinning my story unduly. In my next letter, I propose to afford to your readers some idea of the secular music of Bethlehem, as cultivated by its Philharmonic Society, its excellent Brass Band, and in its individual private families. MANRICO.

Dwight's Journal of Music.

BOSTON, JULY 24, 1858.

MUSIC IN THIS NUMBER.—Conclusion of the "Chorus of Peasants" from Bellini's *Sonnambula*. The plates are borrowed from Messrs. Ditson & Co's beautiful and cheap vocal and piano score of this ever fresh and popular opera.

The musical gossip, of which we translate this week a third specimen from that brilliant and satirical dog, HENRI HEINE, is gleaned from his various series of letters from Paris, which treat of all the topics of their day, political, philosophical, artistic, literary, &c. It is gossip merely; yet it contains not a few just and sharp perceptions in the sphere of music and musicians. We give them rather as amusing, characteristic observations of one of the most original and piquant writers of our century, than as musical criticisms of much real value. Heine certainly is no musical authority; but Heine's whims and fancies and quaint, saucy comments on the musical world, so far as he could know it there in Paris,—though to be taken always *cum grano*—may furnish a few hours of pleasant and not entirely worthless summer reading.

We trust none of our readers, who are interested on either side of the vexed question of German or Italian music, or who have felt bored and sick with the unprofitable vagueness of the controversy, will fail to read the very candid and judicious statement of the excellencies and the faults of "German Music," which we copy on another page. We think it contains the essence of the matter in a nutshell. Such analysis leads to something like definiteness of ideas, as to

wherein the real difference lies between German music in its best sense and the current Italian music, which of course means simply Italian Opera, of a fashion so exclusively modern as scarcely to include Rossini. At the same time it shows how much poor German music there is, growing out of zeal beyond discretion (and beyond inborn talent) for German ideals; and how much of still poorer music, which is only German because manufactured by Germans, but in feeble imitation of feeble Italian models. But this reminds us of a piece of news we have just found in a foreign paper, which we hope is not too good to be true. Here is the paragraph, which we may make a text for more remark hereafter:

ROSSINI'S OPERAS.—According to the Italian papers, the people throughout the entire peninsula are returning to their ancient love for Rossini's music. At Rome, the *Siege of Corinth* is now the operatic rage; whilst at Florence and Genoa, *Guillaume Tell* and *Moïse* are being performed with the utmost enthusiasm. A few vocalists of the old school alone are wanted to make Rossini's operas as popular as ever. Verdi's music not only wears out the singers, but the hearers, while the music of the Swan of Pesaro, like port wine, is rendered more palatable by age. One bottle of old Rossini is worth a pipe of Verdi.

The newspapers all round are complimentary to our "Diarist" and notice his departure on his third visit to Germany, to complete his *Life of Beethoven*, with cordial interest. This is from the *Courier*:

MR. ALEXANDER W. THAYER, a gentleman of most cultivated musical taste and large knowledge of musical history, sailed last Wednesday from New York for Germany, with the intention of there devoting a year to the completion of his *Life of Beethoven and Weber*. The *Life of Beethoven* has long been a cherished object of Mr. Thayer's ambition, and for many years the greater part of his studies has been directed to that end. Mr. Thayer's course has not been a path of roses. He has had to encounter obstacles that would long ago have discouraged any man of less enthusiasm and determination. But we believe that this time he leaves our shores happy in the hope of concluding his long labor of love. His work, when finished, will be the most valuable record of events of the life and time of the great master that has ever been produced in any language, and will absolutely leave no room for improvement in the matters of completeness and detail. What literary attractions it may possess cannot of course be determined in advance, but we do not doubt that it will earnestly appeal to every lover of the divine art. We hope Mr. Thayer may be as successful in his final researches as he deserves to be, and that uninterrupted good health—which has not always been his portion—may enable him to prosecute his labors without discouragement or pain. We bid him an affectionate God-speed. Mr. Thayer, we may observe, is very well known by his writings in Boston, as the "Diarist" of *Dwight's Journal of Music*, and somewhat also by his "Letters from a Quiet Man," published in this paper.

Here is another from the *Worcester Palladium*, which does justice to our friend's story-telling faculty, under his other name as "Mr. Brown":

A GOOD STORY.—We would call attention to the story on our first page, copied from *Dwight's Journal of Music*. It is a model for the story-writers of the day; one of its merits being the perfect concealment of the art used in its composition. It is a popular error to believe that nothing is easier than to write a story as this is written. On the contrary nothing is more difficult; involving more concentration of thought, more study of the power of language. It is from the pen of A. W. Thayer, Esq., the well-known "Diarist" of *Dwight's Journal*, who has recently sailed for Europe, to complete in Berlin and Vienna, his *Life of Beethoven*.

FLOTOW's *Martha* has been successfully performed in the Russian language, at St. Petersburg SPOHR has accepted an invitation to be present at the Jubilee of the Prague Conservatory; he has been asked to conduct the performance of his own opera, *Jessonda*.

LISZT's plan for establishing a musical conservatory on a grand scale in Vienna, it is said, will be carried out, under the patronage of a very high personage, and only waits the new arrangements for re-building a portion of the city. . . . The three hundred and first representation of *Der Freyschütz*, which was to have taken place in Berlin on the 18th of June, (the anniversary of its first performance), in aid of the fund for a monument to WEBER, was postponed, on account of the great heat, until the autumn.

The London *Musical World* does not at all agree with the *Athenæum* (copied on page 132), in the opinion that the late Mr. HORSLEY was "one of the best composers England has produced," and thinks he was decidedly an *old fogey*, who never could learn to admire anything after Haydn and Mozart and the earlier works of Beethoven. FRANZ ABT, the popular German song composer, has arrived in London. Mme. SZARVADY (Wilhelmina Clanss) left London for Paris the last week in June.

A German Singers' Festival was held in Davenport, Iowa, on the last three days of June. Herr ROHR, of Philadelphia, a chance visitor, conducted, in the unexpected absence of Herr BALATKA, of Milwaukee. A small orchestra, of twenty, played the overtures to *Oberon* and the *Huguenots*; the various *Männerchöre* sang part-songs, Mozart's *O Isis und Osiris*, &c., with fine effect; one of Beethoven's early Trios for piano, violin and 'cello was played; and various solos, German and Italian, such as *Adelaide*, *Ah non credete*, *Casta Diva*, &c., were sung with much acceptance.

FERDINAND HILLER's new oratorio, *Saul*, is spoken of both by friends and enemies as Wagnerish and Lisztian! RICHARD WAGNER's operas, which since 1849 have been tabooed in Dresden, have recently received permission to be performed again. *Tannhäuser* will lead off, and will derive new interest from the appearance of JOHANNA WAGNER, the composer's niece, in the part of Elizabeth. The HANDEL monument at Halle is approaching its completion; the plaster model, by Professor Heidel, of Berlin, is already finished. The statue of the composer, eight feet high, will, it is said, be an ornament to German Sculpture, with such beautiful simplicity, such truth and boldness is it executed; it will be placed on a granite pedestal of five feet in height. The desk, on which Handel leans, has carved upon its feet the figures of Orpheus and David; and the leaf, which bears the score of the "Messiah," shows on the outside St. Cecilia, in which the portrait of Jenny Lind is recognized.

Musical Review.

Juvenile Sonata, for Piano. By HENRY SCHWING (Oliver Ditson & Co.); pp. 7.

We are glad to see any disposition among piano teachers to familiarize their pupils with the Sonata form,—the most pregnant, most complete and interesting of all the forms of instrumental music, and the form in which more fine musical inspirations have embodied themselves than in any other. Of course form and spirit ought to go together; exercises should not be dry and empty; there should be the soul, the charm of real music in them; and therefore it were well, as soon as practicable, to have the young pianist study the easier Sonatas of the great masters that have poetry and beauty in them. But there is, also need of very simple, easy pieces in Sonata form by way of preparation. We have seen a couple by Schumann, which are interesting, perhaps not much too difficult, but hardly child-like in their spirit. Here is one, expressly juvenile, which promises to be quite useful. The first movement, *Allegro moderato*, develops a cheerful little theme and counter-theme in right Sonata fashion, and will not interest a child the less for its strict unity of idea and treatment. The other movements are a pretty enough little Scherzo and Trio, and a finale in the usual Rondo form. The omission of a slow movement, by way of contrast and completeness, seems one that ought to be supplied.

From the same publishers we have a variety of pieces arranged for practice of four, six, eight hands

upon one and two pianos. For the formation of habits of greater unity and precision teachers sometimes like to combine and concentrate their pupils in this way; and for their own satisfaction two or three amateurs like sometimes to try the effect of parts of operas, overtures, &c., transcribed with such full harmony for the piano. We mention here:

1. *The Three Amateurs*, a collection of *Six Trios* for three performers on one Piano-Forte. Arranged by CARL CZERNY, op. 741. The one before us is a Fantasia of twenty-seven pages on airs from Mozart's operas, including "Batti, batti," "Non più andrai," airs from the "Magic Flute," *Così fan tutte*, &c. We have not heard them tried, but Czerny's name is good for all arrangements.

2. *Grand Duet for two Pianos*, (four hands), No. 3. *Coronation Duet* ("God save the Queen" and "Rule Britannia.") By HERZ and LERARRE. pp. 11. Wrought up in brilliant concert style, with variations.

3. *Overture to Zampa*, for eight hands (four performers) on two Pianos. Arranged by LATTENBERG.

4. Of a much easier and simpler sort are a collection of four-hand arrangements of things good, bad, and indifferent, but all popular, styled the "Constellation." No. 18 is ANT's song: "When the swallows homeward fly," arranged as a pianoforte duet by MUELLER.

Music Abroad.

London.

The three Opera Houses go on with the usual style of entertainment. At Her Majesty's it has been *Lucrezia Borgia*, *Travatore*, *Luisa Miller*, &c., with (by way of variety for a morning performance) Paesello's operetta, *La Serva Padrona*, so good an impression did it make at Benedict's concert. Mlle. Titiens continues to be the star.

At the Royal Italian they have had *Fra Diavolo*, *Traviata*, *Martha*, the *Huguenots*, and finally *Otello*, in which Tamberlik appeared in his great part of the Moor. Grisi was Desdemona, and Ronconi Iago.

At Drury Lane, *I Puritani*, *Il Barbiere*, and *La Sonnambula* have been performed. Mme. Persiani, Viardot Garcia, and Sig. Badiali are the attractions.

PHILHARMONIC SOCIETY. The sixth and last concert had the following programme:

Overture, "The Ruler of the Spirits;" Weber.
Aria, "Parto," Miss Louisa Pyne, clarinet obligato, Mr. Williams (La Clemenza di Tito); Mozart.
Concerto, violin (No. 8, scena cantante), Herr Joachim; Spohr.
Duetto, Misses Louisa and Susan Pyne, "Come, be gay" (Der Freischütz); Weber.
Overture, "Leonora;" Beethoven.

Sinfonia in B flat (No. 4); Beethoven.
Prière et Barcarole, Miss Louisa Pyne (L'Etoile du Nord); Meyerbeer.
Concerto, violin, Herr Joachim; Mendelssohn.
Overture, "Tannhäuser;" Wagner.
Conductor—Professor Sterndale Bennett, Mus. Doc.

NEW PHILHARMONIC SOCIETY. The programme of the fifth and last concert, June 14th, was as follows:

Overture (Medea); Cherubini.
Concerto, No. 6, piano-forte, Miss Arabella Goddard; Dussek.
Sonata, No. 5, violin, Herr Joachim; Bach.
Symphony Eroica; Beethoven.

Overture (Oberon); Weber.
Duet, "Schönes Mädchen," Madame Rudersdorf and Herr Reichardt; Spohr.
Romance in F, violin, Herr Joachim; Beethoven.
Overture (Ruy Blas); Beethoven.
Conductor, Dr. Wylde.

CHARLES HALLÉ. After helping, by his classical playing, to make the fortune of the Musical Union, M. Hallé has seceded from that institution and set up for himself. The concerts he is now giving at Willis's Rooms are of first-class interest, and attract brilliant and fashionable audiences. The programme of the first (Thursday afternoon, June 17) was as follows:

Trio in E major; Haydn.
Solo, violin, Praeludio, Loure and Gavotte in E major; S. Bach.
Grand Sonata, piano-forte and violin, in A minor, op. 47, dedicated to Kreutzer; Beethoven.
Stücke im Volkstone, piano-forte and violoncello, op. 102, No. 1, "Mit Humor," in A minor; No. 2, "Laugsam," in F; No. 4, "Nicht zu rasch," in D; Schumann.
Solo, piano-forte, Nocturne in F sharp, op. 15, "Berceuse," op. 57; Chopin.
Grand Trio in E flat, op. 70, No. 2; Beethoven.
Executants—Piano-forte, M. Charles Hallé; violin, Herr Joachim; violoncello, Signor Piatti.

That of the second (Thursday evening, June 24) was as follows:

Quartet, two violins, viola, violoncello, in F minor, op. 80 (Posth.); Mendelssohn.
Sonata, piano-forte and violoncello, in D, op. 102, No. 2; Beethoven.
Rondeau Brillant, piano-forte and violin, in B. minor, op. 70; F. Schubert.
Solo, piano-forte, "Promenades d'un solitaire," Nos. 1 and 4; Valses in C sharp minor and D flat; Heller and Chopin.
Grand Trio, piano, violin, and violoncello, in D, op. 70, No. 1; Beethoven.

Executants—Piano-forte, M. Charles Hallé; violins, Herr Joachim and Herr Pollitzer; viola, Mr. Webb; violoncello, Signor Piatti.

At the third and last (July 8) the programme will include Mozart's Concerto in E flat, for two pianofortes, performed by Miss Arabella Goddard and M. Charles Hallé, with orchestral accompaniments.

CRYSTAL PALACE. The great musical event of the season was fixed for the 2nd instant, to consist of a grand demonstration by the Great Handel Festival Choir, with orchestral and military bands, all numbering 2500. The 1400 London amateurs have been kept in constant practice and were to be reinforced by deputations from the provinces and from the continent. Costa was to conduct, Clara Novello and Sims Reeves to sing, and Mr. Brown-smith to preside at the great Handel Festival Organ. Here is the programme:

Chorale, The Hundredth Psalm.
Chant, "Venite, exultemus Domino;" Tallis.
Trio "Lift Thine eyes" (Elijah); Mendelssohn.
Chorus "He, watching over Israel;" (Elijah); Mendelssohn.
Chorus "When His loud voice;" (Jephtha); Handel.
Chorus "The Lord is good;" (Eli); Costa.
Quartet and Chorus, "Holy, holy, holy;" (Elijah); Mendelssohn.
Motet, "Ave verum corpus;" Mozart.
Song and Chorus, "Philistines, hark!" (Eli); Costa.

Chorus, "Oh, the Pleasure of the Plains;" (Acis and Galatea) Handel.
Part-song, "Farewell to the Forest;" Mendelssohn.
Chorus, "To thee, O Lord of all;" (Prayer—Mose in Egitto); Rossini.
Trio and Chorus, "See the Conquering Hero comes;" (Judas Maccabæus); Handel.
Solo and Chorus, "Calm is the glassy ocean;" (Idomeneo); Mozart.
Chorus, "Hear, Holy Power;" (Prayer—Masaniello); Auber.
Song and Chorus, "God save the Queen."

MISS ARABELLA GODDARD. On Saturday afternoon Miss Arabella Goddard gave one of her most interesting performances of classical piano-forte music, and achieved perhaps her greatest success before the public. The following was the programme:

Quartet in E flat, for piano-forte, violin, viola and violoncello, op. 53—Miss Arabella Goddard, Herr Joseph Joachim, Herr Goffric, and Signor Piatti; Dussek.
Grand Sonata in A minor, op. 42, first time in public—piano-forte, Miss Arabella Goddard; Franz Schubert.
Variations on an Original Air, for tenor and piano-forte—Herr Joseph Joachim and Miss Arabella Goddard; J. Joachim.

Suite de Pièces, in F ("Suites Anglaises," No. 4)—piano-forte, Miss Arabella Goddard; J. S. Bach.
Grand Sonata in A minor, for piano-forte and violin, op. 47, dedicated to Kreutzer; Miss Arabella Goddard and Herr Joseph Joachim; Beethoven.

Germany.

SCHWERIN. The only novelty here has been Flotow's operetta, *Pianella*. There has been great operatic activity during the past season, especially in the production of German works. Mozart's *Figaro* and *Belmont* and *Constanza* have each been given twice. Also *Oberon* twice; *Freyschütz*; *Fidelio* twice; *Robert de Diable* and the *Huguenots*; Mendelssohn's *Loreley* fragment; Marschner's *Hans Heiling*; Flotow's *Martha* twice, *Andreas Mylius* twice, *Pianella* three times, and *Stradella*; Kreutzer's *Nachtlager in Granada* twice; Wagner's *Tannhäuser* twice; and Schenk's *Dorfbarbier*. Of French and Italian compositions we have had Mehul's *Joseph in Egypt* twice; Auber's *Maurer und Schlosser*; Herold's *Zampa*; Halevy's *Juive* twice; Rossini's *Barbiere*, *Tell* twice, *Otello*; Bellini's *Sonnambula*, and Donizetti's *Lucrezia Borgia*. In all 38 performances of 22 largo works.

AIX-LA-CHAPELLE. The Whitsuntide committee has just presented Dr. Franz Liszt with a silver medallion portrait of himself, as a memento of his direction of last year's Whitsuntide concert. The artist, to whose chisel we owe the portrait, is Mohr, the sculptor, in Cologne, who has really produced a master-piece, as far as regards characteristic resemblance, speaking expression, and delicacy of modelling.

STUTTGART. Mozart's only buffo opera, *Così fan tutte*, was revived here in the middle of May, after a pause of thirty years. A new and excellent libretto had been prepared in place of the licentious nonsense of the old one. The principal singers were Mme. Leisinger, Fr. Mayerhöfer, Fr. Marschalk, Herren Pischek, Jäger and Schlütty. The whole performance is said to have been worthy of Mozart.

FRANKFORT-ON-THE-MAINE. — May 20th. — Yesterday, the Cäcilien-Verein brought its regular meetings for practice to a close, with a little extempore concert for its passive members and subscribers, in a highly satisfactory manner. The works selected were, partly, such as had not been sung for several years, and were perfectly new to no inconsiderable portion of the younger members. In spite of this, the execution of them was very creditable and pleasing. Only a few of the more difficult choruses were repeated, for the sake of greater finish. We had the choruses of Mozart's *Requiem*, at least as many as are undoubtedly his, a grand "Crucifixus" for eight voices, by Lotti, Mendelssohn's wonderfully fervent "Ave Maria," Hauptmann's *Cäcilien-Cantate*, so rich in harmony, and Mendelssohn's fresh and dramatically effective first *Walpurgisnacht*. Such evenings, when smaller works, which have not been given for a considerable time, are sung at sight, are, leaving out of consideration the gratification they afford the singers and their audience, of the greatest use, especially to the singers, since the latter are exercised in singing at sight, and made acquainted with the rich stores of classical music possessed by the Verein. Unfortunately, they can seldom occur, on account of the rehearsals and practice requisite for the grand public concerts. The Cäcilien-Verein gave in all four concerts with a full band for the first time this winter. The pecuniary sacrifice involved was by no means inconsiderable, and it is reported that, in the opinion of the members, the experiment will scarcely become a permanent fact, principally owing to the want of accommodation. A cheering prospect of an interest being taken in such concerts by the general public is afforded by the hope of the society's building a concert-room of its own. The Mozartstiftung, set on foot here by the Liederkrantz, at the vocal festival of 1838, has taken the initiative. It has come forward with its funds, amounting to 38,000 florins, and founded a new society, called the Mozart-Verein. The sale of the shares has begun during the last few days, and been so brisk, that we can no longer entertain any doubt as to the realization of the plan. A very large plot of ground, conveniently situated opposite the old Bürger-Verein, has been obtained, and there is every chance of the new edifice being one worthy of our city, and fully adapted for its purpose. At the first public concert the *High Mass* of J. S. Bach, which has already been noticed in these columns, was performed. This was followed, on the 20th January, by Mendelssohn's 95th Psalm, Mozart's "Ave verum," and Cherubini's *Requiem*, for mixed voices. The selection was extremely good. The psalm, though not one of the composer's greatest works, contains some magnificent choruses; the "Ave verum," with its heavenly clearness, and the grand *Requiem*, with its moving magnificence and loftiness, are too well known for us to say a single word about them in a paper destined for persons acquainted with serious music. The performance was, in every respect, admirable. While, in Mozart's prayer, the chorus of 175 male and female voices, swelled in flowing gentleness and died away in the softest strains, it rose, especially in the introduction to the "Dies Irae" to overpowering grandeur. Many persons were inclined to blame the employment of the gong in the latter piece, but if the employment of this instrument can be justified anywhere, it is certainly in this instance, where it is used once only, at the announcement of the Last Judgment.

On the 2nd April (Good Friday) followed, as on the preceding year, a performance of J. S. Bach's grand "Passion-Musik," according to St. Matthew, in the German Reformed Church. The organ again supported the chorales and grand choruses. The recitatives, on the other hand, were accompanied by the piano, gaining considerably and manifestly in quiet effect thereby. The solos were very well cast; Herr Carl Schneider sang the part of the Evangelist entirely according to the original version with a degree of perfection we never heard before. The chorus of nearly two hundred persons was supported in the *Cantus firmus* of the opening, and also, in the grand chorales, by one hundred and fifty pupils, male and female, of the Musterschule. This produced an unparalleled effect in a building so well adapted for the purpose as the church is. We can joyfully assert that, owing to this combination, the performance of the *Passion* was one of the greatest musical treats we ever had, and a real consecration of the religious festival for very many persons.

The last concert, on the 14th May, introduced to us Handel's *Jephtha*, for the first time with a full band. This last oratorio of the above master, which is sung scarcely anywhere in Germany, was incorporated by Messer, as early as 1841, in the repertory of the Cäcilien-Verein, but executed only once since, in 1844, and on both occasions with a pianoforte accompaniment. We have already severely criticized, in these columns, Von Mosel's orchestration, which, it can-

not be denied, is not totally in keeping with the spirit of Handel's music. Nor can the violence with which choruses from *Deborah* are introduced in it, and material portions of the work itself omitted, be at all justified. But Herr Messer, who is thoroughly acquainted with Handel, has changed and simplified a great deal of the instrumentation. He has, also, restored, with instrumentation of his own, Jephtha's aria in G major, in the third part, "Schwebt, ihr Engel," as being one of the finest pieces, and quite indispensable for the connection of the whole. This piece sung in a masterly manner by Herr Carl Schneider, produced a profound impression. Both on account of its admirable and highly-poetical subject, which, by its strong contrasts, was excellently adapted for the composer, as well as on account of the freshness and great animation of the composition, expressing the most varied feelings, from the softest and gentlest to the most elevated, in the wonderful recitatives and mighty choruses, we place *Jephtha* side by side with *Judas Maccabäus*, *Samson*, and *Israel in Egypt*. The chorus in the second part, "Verhüllt, O Herr!" with its four motives, is, perhaps, one of the greatest choruses Handel ever wrote. Besides Herr C. Schneider, and Mad. Nissen-Saloman, who, with highly laudable readiness, undertook, on the day of the concert itself, the part of Ipsis, with which she was totally unacquainted, in the place of Fräulein Veith, suddenly taken ill, the members of the Association sang the other parts exceedingly well; and this performance, also, despite the oppressive heat of the densely crowded room, was perfectly successful. The Cäcilien-Verein now possesses in its repertory all the oratorios of Handel known in Germany, except *Balsazar* and *Deborah*. We trust the Handel-Gesellschaft will shortly enable the Association to study his other oratorios. The summer vacation will now commence; after that, Bach's *Wah-nachts-Oratorium* will be put in rehearsal. It will be performed at Christmas, and will, no doubt, take as firm root among us as the *Matthäus-Passion*. — *Niederrheinische Musik-Zeitung*.

PRAGUE.—Programme of the 50th anniversary of the Prague Conservatory, to be held from the 7th to the 10th July, 1858. On the 7th July, at ten o'clock, A. M., a solemn high mass and *Te Deum*, in the St. Jacobskirche, in the Altstadt. At six o'clock, P. M., a grand concert of the Conservatory in the Ständisches Theater. The concerted pieces will be performed exclusively by pupils now in the institution, and the solos by artists educated there. On the 8th July, at seven, P. M., a grand performance in the Ständisches Theater. On the 9th July, at seven, P. M., a grand concert of sacred music, in the Ständisches Theater. A. The 100th Psalm, by Handel; B. The Ninth Symphony, with chorus, by L. van Beethoven, executed by the pupils of the Conservatory, the members of the Cäcilien-Verein, and of the orchestra of the Ständisches Theater, assisted by several artists and amateurs, as well as by such visitors as may choose to take part in the proceedings. On the 10th July, a grand dinner, given by the Association for the Advancement of Music, to the visitors and persons engaged in the Festival, namely — A. Persons specially invited, Conservatories of Music, and former pupils at the Conservatory at Prague. B. All working-members of the Association for the Advancement of Music in Bohemia. C. The professors and teachers of the Prague Conservatory. D. All musical amateurs who may signify their wish to be present, and pay ten florins currency for their tickets.

VIENNA.—Herr Eckert, who has returned from Paris, has engaged Mdle. Brand, from Brunswick, for play-operas, and Mdle. Prause, who achieved her first success, years ago, at the Imperial Opera, as *bravura* singer. As we hear, Mdle. Titiens will leave the Imperial Opera, having accepted a brilliant engagement at Her Majesty's Theatre, London. Signor Giuglini, Imperial Austrian chamber-singer, is again engaged as first tenor at the Imperial Opera, for the season of 1861. He will previously proceed to America, where he is engaged for seven months, at the rate of 16,000 florins a month. Mad. Charton-Demeure the graceful representative of Susanne, has been appointed chamber-singer by his Majesty the Emperor. The Italian operatic company has, at present, no less than six *Cantante e Cantanti di Camera di S.M.I.R.A.*, namely, Mesdames Medori, Brambilla, Charton-Demeure, MM. Bettini, Carion, and Debassini. The well-known *Mecenas* of Art, Count Dietrichsen, has made Mad. Demeure a valuable present, consisting of two rare autographs MSS. by Mozart, an aria of a serious kind, and an arietta to — an aching tooth.

Special Notices.

DESCRIPTIVE LIST OF THE LATEST MUSIC, Published by O. Ditson & Co.

Vocal, with Piano.

- Highland blossom. Song. W. V. Wallace. 50
This is a beautiful song in that refined imitation of the Scotch style, for which the Composer is famous. The Titlepage has a charming vignette in colors.
- Norah, darling, don't believe them! Ballad. Balfe. 25
A simple, very touching appeal of a lover. Balfe's prolific pen sometimes runs in a highly popular vein, as in this instance.
- Little Norah. Ballad. E. T. Baldwin. 25
A plaintive, simple little Song.
- My home o'er the deep blue sea. Song and Ch. Della Dean. 25
Pretty, with a chorus of fine effect, written in sixteenth time, the genuine time for all Water-Songs. Recommended to social gatherings of musical people, either in the parlor or on board of a pleasure-boat, homeward bound.
- Give, give us light. Cho. in "The Buccaneer." Stratton. 25
May be tried with success by Singing Societies. Will remain effective when sung by a well-balanced Quartet.
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This is the second of a series of eight little Duets, which are written and composed expressly for the young folks. Modern German composers have written very felicitously for children. There is nothing commonplace in these melodies. Each song has an individual charm of its own, which will be readily understood and appreciated by musical people.
- The May Queen. Chorus for 3 female voices. Concone. 30
Concone, a teacher of singing in Paris, who has made his name celebrated by a number of Vocalises and Sol-feggios, which are extensively used here as well as in Europe, has arranged a number of concerted pieces for the use of young misses at Seminars or Colleges. They are mostly for 3 voices, and may be sung by one or fifty voices on a part; some very easy, and a few difficult. All of them are pleasing and of acknowledged merit. The "May queen" is one of the most simple ones. This Collection will be found truly invaluable by Teachers in Ladies' Schools. Other numbers will follow soon.

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Czerny designates this work of his an "indispensable Companion to every Pianoforte School." Among the various compilations of Finger Exercises which are now in use, Czerny's is certainly one of the best. It shows everywhere the Teacher of vast experience and the Pupil of sound judgment. It has long been conceded that these technical exercises, dry as they are, are absolutely necessary to obtain an even touch and that equality of Fingers, which is so very desirable in the execution of classical music.
- Daily Studies in the major and minor Scales, for Teacher and Pupil. Opus 107. Book 1. I. Moscheles. 2,50
Here is a work of sterling value, showing in every particular the hand of a master. These so-called daily Studies embrace "59 Characteristic Pieces," Duets for Teacher and Pupil. The peculiarity of these duets is, that the part of the pupil consists of nothing but scales, ascending and descending, both hands in unison, and of an infinite variety in rhythm. With the part of the teacher a new element is introduced. This part is so full of melodic and harmonic beauties, of striking and original ideas, that it is difficult to conceive, how two parts, so utterly different in everything, should nevertheless be firmly linked to each other by the subtle laws of harmony. These duets furnish the means to make even the study of the Scales agreeable, interesting and instructive.
- Hoop de dooden do Galop. D'Albert. 30
- English Polka. " 25
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Late Dance music, fresh and spirited, and arranged for the Piano in an easy style.

Books.

BERBIGUIER'S METHOD FOR THE FLUTE.
To which are added Drouet's Twenty-Four Studies in all the Keys. Price \$2.50.

This is a course of lessons of real, practical ability; one which is prepared, not merely for the object of getting up a book, but with the far higher aim of furnishing to all who wish to acquire a good knowledge of the use of the Flute a means of doing so in a thorough, masterly manner. The book has been successfully employed by the best teachers in Europe, and to beginners, as well as to those who, having some acquaintance with the Flute wish to obtain a better knowledge of it, we recommend this Method as one of unusual excellence, and one that cannot fail to give them entire satisfaction.

Dwight's Journal of Music.

WHOLE No. 330.

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For Dwight's Journal of Music.

Song.

(From the German of FR. KUHLER.)

Thou'rt like unto a still and starry night—
Upon thy lips a tender secret lies,
And in the silent depths of thy dark eyes,
I know it well and honor it aright.

Thou'rt like unto a still and starry night—
My eye is weary of the daylight's glare,
And with a stranger's heart I wander there,
Bewildered by its shifting forms of light.

Thou'rt like unto a still and starry night—
Oh, hold me wrapped in thy encircling arms!
There can unfold, within those sacred calms,
My heart's pale flowers, that daylight's beams affright.

S.

Translated for this Journal.

Henri Heine about Music and Musicians.

IV. MUSIC AND THE ARTS—LISZT—"L'AMI DE BEETHOVEN"—DOEHLER—VIEUXTEMPS AND OTHER BELGIAN VIOLINISTS—Mlle. LOEWE—"ADELAIDE"—MEYERBEER.

PARIS, April 20. 1841.

Soon after the July revolution, Painting and Sculpture, and indeed Architecture, received a joyful impulse; but their wings were only fastened on externally, and their forced flight was followed by the most pitiable fall. Only the young sister Art, Music, had risen by her own original and native force. Has she already reached her highest point of light? Will she long sustain herself there? Or will she quickly fall? These are questions which only a later generation can answer. It seems, at all events, as if in the annals of Art our present age would have to be distinguished as preëminently the age of music. With the gradual refinement of the human race the arts keep even step. In the earliest period Architecture necessarily stood forth alone, glorifying mere rude unconscious mass, as we see, for instance, with the Egyptians. Afterwards we see in the Greeks the blooming period of Sculpture; and this already announces an outward control of matter: the soul chiselled a prophetic sense in stone. Still the soul found the stone much too hard for its need of revealing itself in higher and higher expressions, and it chose color, mingled light and shade, to represent a glorified and twilight world of love and sorrow. Then arose the great period of Painting, which unfolded in full splendor at the end of the Middle Age. With the development of self-conscious life in men, the plastic gift first disappears, and finally the sense of color, which is always bound to definite form and outline, also goes out; and the heightened spirituality, the abstract power of thought, grasps after sounds and tones, in order to express a stammering transcendentalism, which perhaps is nothing but the dissolution of the whole material world. Music is perhaps the last word of Art, as death is the last word of life.

I have made this short prefatory remark, to show why the musical season causes me more pain than pleasure. That we are almost drowned here in mere music; that there is hardly a single

house in Paris in which one may find an ark of refuge from this sounding deluge; that the noble tone-art overflows our whole life,—this, for me, is a suspicious sign, and often it affects me with an uneasiness which aggravates itself into the most morose injustice towards our great virtuosos and maîtres. Under these circumstances one must not expect from me too blithe a song of praise for the man about whom such delirious, enthusiastic jubilee is kept up here, just now, by the fine world, especially the hysterical lady-world, and who is, in fact, one of the most remarkable representatives of the musical movement. I speak of FRANZ LISZT, the genial* pianist. Yes, the genial one is here again, and giving concerts, which exert a charm that borders on the fabulous. Beside him, all piano-players vanish—with the exception of a single one, of CHOPIN, the Raphael of the piano-forte. In fact, with this single exception, all the other pianists that we have heard in countless concerts this year, are mere piano-players; they shine by the facility with which they handle the wire-strung wood. With Liszt, on the contrary, you think no more of difficulties overcome; the keyboard vanishes, and Music is revealed. In this respect Liszt has made the most wonderful progress since we heard him last. With this excellence there is coupled a repose, which we formerly missed in him. Then, when he played, for example, a storm on the piano, we saw the lightnings quiver over his own face, his limbs shook as before the storm-wind, and his long locks dripped as if it were with the splashing rain he represented. Now, let him play the most violent thunder-storm, he rises high above it all himself, like the traveller who stands upon the summit of an Alp, while it is storming in the valley: the clouds lie deep below him, the lightnings writhe like serpents at his feet, his head uplifts be smilingly into the pure ether.

In spite of his geniality, Liszt meets with an opposition here in Paris, which consists of serious musicians for the most part, and which reaches the laurel to his rival, the imperial THALBERG. Liszt has already given two concerts, in which, contrary to all custom, he has played entirely alone, without the aid of other artists. He is now preparing a third concert, in aid of the monument to Beethoven. This composer must, in fact, best suit the taste of a Liszt. For Beethoven drives spiritualistic Art to that sounding agony of the phenomenal world, to that annihilation of Nature, that fills me with an awe which I cannot conceal, although my friends shake their heads about it. To me it is a very significant circumstance, that Beethoven, in his last days, was deaf, and that the invisible tone-world had actually no sonorous reality any longer for him. His tones were only reminiscences of a tone, ghosts of sounds died away, and his last productions bear an unearthly death-mark on their brow.

*The word *geniale*, in German, means *full of genius*, the adjective retaining the sense of the noun.—Ed.

Less awful than Beethoven's music was, for me, the friend of Beethoven, *L'Ami de Beethoven*, as he here everywhere announced himself, I think even on his visiting cards. A black hop-pole of a man, with a terrible white cravat, and the mien of one who bids people to funerals. Was this friend of Beethoven really his Pylades? Or was he one of those indifferent acquaintances with whom a man of genius sometimes is all the more fond of associating, the more insignificant they are, and the more prosaic their babble, since it gives him refreshment after exhausting flights of the poetic soul? At all events, we saw here a new way of exploiting genius, and the small papers jested not a little over the *Ami de Beethoven*. "How could the great artist tolerate such an unquicken, insipid friend!" exclaimed the French, who lost all patience over the monotonous twaddle of that tedious guest. They did not consider that Beethoven was deaf.

The number of concert-givers, during the past season, has been legion; and there has been no lack of mediocre pianists, who have been praised as miracles in the public prints. Most of them are young people, who, in their own modest persons, beg these praises of the press. Self-deifications of this sort, the so-called *reclames*, form very entertaining reading. A *reclame* which recently appeared in the *Gazette Musicale*, announced from Marseilles, that the celebrated DOEHLER had there too captivated all hearts, and particularly through his interesting paleness, which, being the consequence of a dangerous illness, had claimed the attention of the *beau monde*. The celebrated Döhler has since then returned to Paris, and has given several concerts. He plays, in fact, finely, neatly, and daintily. His delivery is charming, shows an astonishing nimbleness of fingers, but betokens neither strength nor soul. Ornate feebleness, elegant impotence, interesting paleness.

Among the concerts of this year, which still ring in the ears of Art-lovers, belong the matinées given by the publishers of the two musical journals to their subscribers. The *France Musicale*, edited by the brothers Escudier, shone in its concert through the coöperation of the Italian singers and the violinist, VIEUXTEMPS, who was considered one of the lions of the musical season. Whether under the shaggy skin of this lion was concealed a true king of beasts, or only a poor donkey, I am unable to determine. Honestly, I can give no credence to the excessive praises that have been bestowed on him. It will seem to me as if he had not yet climbed to any great height on the artistic ladder. Vieuxtemps stands somewhere about the middle of that ladder, on whose summit we once beheld Paganini, and on whose last and lowest round stands our excellent Sina, the famous watering-place guest of Boulogne, and possessor of an autograph of Beethoven. Perhaps M. Vieuxtemps stands much nearer to M. Sina than to Nicolo Paganini.

Vieuxtemps is a son of Belgium, and most of the important violinists proceed from the Nether-

lands. There the fiddle is the national instrument, cultivated by both great and small, by man and woman, from of old, as we may see by the Dutch pictures. The most distinguished violinist of this origin is unquestionably DE BERIOT, the husband of MALIBRAN. I cannot help imagining that the soul of his deceased wife sits in his violin, and sings. Only ERNST, the poetic Bohemian, knows how to woo from his instrument such melting, bleeding tones of sweet complaint. A countryman of De Beriot is ARTOT, also a distinguished violinist, but in whose playing one is never reminded of a soul: a trim and well-turned fellow, whose delivery is as smooth and shining as oil cloth. HAUMANN, the son of the Brussels book pirate, drives his father's trade upon the violin; he fiddles you neat copies from the most excellent violinists, the text here and there garnished with superfluous original notes, and enlarged with brilliant misprints. The brothers FRANCO-MENDEZ, who also have given concerts this year, in which they have shown their talent as violin-players, certainly hail from the land of drag-boats and Dutch dolls. The same is true of BATTÀ, the violoncellist; he is a born Hollander, but came at an early age to Paris, where he charmed the ladies by his boyish youthfulness. He was a dear child, and wept upon his violin like a child. Although he in course of time became a young man, yet he never can leave off the sweet habit of crying. Lately, when he could not appear in public on account of indisposition, it was a common saying, that through his childish weeping on the violoncello, he had finally played himself into an actual child's disease, I think the measles. But he seems to have quite recovered, and the newspapers announce that the celebrated Battà will next Thursday give a musical matinée, which will compensate the public for the long absence of its favorite.

The last concert, given by M. Maurice Schlesinger to the subscribers of his *Gazette Musicale*, was, as I have said, one of the most brilliant of the season, and of peculiar interest to us Germans. Here, too, all our countrymen were assembled, eager to hear Mlle. LOEWE, the admired singer, who sang the beautiful song of Beethoven, *Adelaide*, in the German tongue. The Italians and M. Vieuxtemps, who had promised their assistance, sent in their excuses during the concert, to the greatest confusion of the concert-giver, who, with his peculiar dignity, stepped before the public and explained: that M. Vieuxtemps would not play, because he did not consider the place and the public suited to him! The insolence of that fiddler deserves the sharpest censure. The place of the concert was the Musard hall, in the Rue Vivienne, where the *Can-can* is only danced

little during the Carnival, but where, all the rest of the year, the most respectable music of Mozart, Giacomo Meyerbeer, and Beethoven, is executed. To Italian singers, to a Signor Rubini, or a Signor Lablache, one pardons such humors; in nightingales we must put up with the pretension, that they will only sing before a company of eagles and gold-pheasants. But Meyerbeer, the Flemish stork, must not be so dainty, nor despise a company among whom are found the honestest sort of birds, peacocks and guinea hens, and among the rest, the most distinguished German dunghill cocks. But what was the success of Mlle. Loewe's debut? I will tell the whole truth briefly: she sang admirably, pleased all the Germans, and made a *fiasco* with the Frenchmen.

As to this last misfortune, I might console the respected singer with the assurance that it was her very excellencies that stood in the way of a French success. In the voice of Mlle. Löwe there is German soul, a quiet thing, which so far has revealed itself to but few Frenchmen, and finds but gradual admission into France. Had Mlle. Löwe come some decades later, she would perhaps have found greater recognition. But to this day the mass of the people are ever the same. The French have *esprit* and passion, and they enjoy both most highly in an unquiet, stormy, and exciting form. Such they missed entirely in the German singer, who moreover sang to them Beethoven's *Adelaide*. This tranquil sighing forth of the soul,—these blue-eyed, languishing tones of forest solitude,—these linden blossoms turned into song, with moonlight *obligato*,—this dying away in super-earthly longing,—this real German song, found no echo in the French breast, and was in fact, sneered at as trans-Rhenish sentimentality.

Although Mlle. Löwe found no favor here, yet all possible means were used to procure her an engagement for the Royal Academy of Music. The name of MEYERBEER was used more frequently on this occasion than was perhaps agreeable to the honored master. Is it true that Meyerbeer would not suffer his new opera to be performed unless they engaged Mlle. Löwe? Has Meyerbeer really made the fulfilment of the public's wish dependent on so trivial a condition? Is he actually so overmodest that he imagines the success of his new work depends on the more or less flexible throat of a prima donna?

The numerous worshippers and admirers of this admirable master are grieved to see what unspeakable pains he takes with every new production of his genius, to secure its success, and how he squanders his best powers upon the most minute details of that sort. His delicate and feeble physique must suffer under it. His nerves are morbidly excited, and with his chronic difficulties he is often attacked with the prevailing mild form of cholera. The intellectual honey that drops from his masterworks of music, to inspire us, costs the master himself the most fearful bodily pains. When I last had the honor to see him, I was frightened at his miserable aspect. Heaven send our honored master better health, and may he never forget that his life's thread is very thin, and the shears of the *Parcæ* all the sharper! May he never forget what high interests are bound up in his good care of himself! What would become of his fame, should he, the highly-honored master, (which may Heaven forbid!) suddenly be torn from the theatre of his triumphs by death? Will his family continue it, that fame of which all Germany is proud? The family, to be sure, will not lack the material means, but it may lack the intellectual. Only the great Giacomo himself, who is not only general music-director of all the royal Prussian institutions, but also chapel-master of the Meyerbeer prestige,—only he can direct the monster orchestra of this same prestige.

He nods with his head, and all the trombones of the great journals resound *unisono*; he winks with his eyes, and all the violins of praise fiddle as for a wager; he moves but slightly the left nostril, and all the feuilleton flageolets flute forth their sweetest, most caressing tones. Then, too, there are unheard-of antediluvian wind instruments, Jericho trumpets, and yet undiscovered

wind-harps, stringed instruments of the future, whose use betokens the most extraordinary gift of instrumentation. Indeed, no composer in so high a degree as our Meyerbeer, has understood the art of instrumentation, especially the art of using all possible men as instruments, the smallest as well as the greatest, and, by their coöperation, of conjuring forth a harmony of public recognition, bordering on the fabulous. That is what no other ever understood. While the best operas of Mozart and Rossini fell through at the first performance, and years passed away before they were truly appreciated, the masterworks of our noble Meyerbeer find already the most undivided favor on their first production, and on the very next day all the journals furnish the desired articles of praise and glorification. This is done by the harmonious co-working of instruments; in melody, Meyerbeer must yield the palm to the two masters above-named; but he surpasses them through instrumentation. Heaven knows that he often makes use of the meanest instruments; but perhaps by this very means he brings out grand effects upon the multitude, who admire him, worship him, and even esteem him. Who can prove the contrary? On all sides fly to him the laurel crowns. He wears upon his head a whole grove of laurels; he hardly knows how to leave them, and he pants under their green burden. He ought to buy himself a donkey, that should trot behind him, carrying the heavy wreaths. But Gouin is jealous, and will not suffer any other to accompany him.

I cannot refrain from mentioning here a *bon mot*, which is ascribed to the musician FERDINAND HILLER. When some one asked him what he thought of Meyerbeer's operas, Hiller, with a bored and evasive manner, answered: "Oh, let us not talk politics!"

Musical Music.

(From the New York Musical World.)

The first requisite of music certainly is,—that it be musical. We hear, nevertheless, much, very much, music now-a-days that has not this essential quality. In the drawing-room, in the church, in the concert-room, may be heard very unmusical music. So many notes in a measure, so many notes on a page, we are fast being taught do not by any means signify music—properly so considered.

And yet, musical music is not so very difficult to define. It has three essential qualities: first, melody—fresh and pure from the living springs. Second, harmony—chaste and refined. Third, rhythm—tasteful and varied. The composer of music, then, must, perforce, in its truest sense, be first a melodist; second, a harmonist; third, a time-ist. Of these necessary qualifications the first is indispensable—and yet how very rare the melodic gift! The second is more a matter of education and training. The third is a universal talent, denied to comparatively but few.

Now, if we investigate what may be termed unmusical music, we shall find lacking chiefly the first two of these essential requisites. Fresh, salient melody is nowhere to be discovered. Rich—even passable harmonies, are equally lacking, and in their place very unchaste and crude harmonies.

A composition without fresh and definite melody is like a poem without a new thought—no sparkle in it, no life. A composition, again, abounding in such positive dissonances as we hear now-a-days, is like a dish of red pepper, salt, and vinegar, with no assuaging oil and no salad to make it go down easy.

Now, that a composer is not a natural melodist, is hardly his own fault—he cannot help it. Melody is the soul of musical art, and the soul of anything is inspired—it is a sparkle of divinity. Not being a melodist, he ought, of course, never to have been a composer. But that is his mistake—generally an unconscious mistake with all such men. But that he is a dissonant and impure harmonist is his fault—because proper education and proper training of the ear ought to have provided against this. The rage for dissonances—positive, downright dissonances—is,

strange to say, the musical mania of the present day. The auditory sense of composers has become so morbid and unhealthy in its appetite for spices, that it is all red pepper and vinegar, and nothing else. Listen only to some of the music of otherwise fine composers, like Robert Schumann, and the still more rampant Wagner—why, the men seem sometimes dissonance-crazy.

Now, a dissonance is, in itself, a painful thing. It is only pleasant after it has passed—that is, when the discord becomes a concord. But dissonances to such men seem *per se*, in and of themselves pleasant. They accumulate and multiply them; they dwell on them; they brood morbidly on and among them; no sooner happily out of one than they pop you upon another.

Why do they this?—one might reasonably ask. We really believe, for our own part, because, not having, to any great extent, the gift of melody, they labor to make this good by arresting and retaining people's attention with strange and bizarre harmonies. Their best quality is, that they are generally ingenious time-ists. Their rhythms are often new, piquant, and attractive. They have also fluency—there is no lack of notes: we often wish, before they get through, that they had much less of them.

Now, setting aside melody, which there is no use in talking about—if a man have it not he can never get it—if one would see what can be done with *harmony*, let one listen only to Mozart's orchestration; or even observe his harmonies in simple piano-forte music. How charmingly everything sounds! How round, how smooth, how clear! How entirely satisfactory to the ear; how grateful to the most sensitive musical organization! If a dissonance come, it seems but a round pebble in the bed of the brook; so fitly is it introduced that it makes the stream of melody gurgle only the sweeter. We have often asked ourselves why these harmonies sound so well; and one great secret, we think, is, that they are so *well-dispersed*. But this is a point which would lead us to too great length here to enlarge upon. Musical music, however, is, *par excellence*, the music of Mozart. There never has been, and we venture to say that there never will be, any music so absolutely musical as that of this wonderful man. It is a balm for wounded ears, after Schumann, Wagner, and all the painful rest of it, to revel in a small instalment of Mozart. Try it, suffering musical soul, try it!

One reason of our modern unmusical music lies in a melancholy fact, to which we will briefly advert. There is such a thing as manufactured music. Art, generally, in all its departments, as artists sadly know, can be, and is, manufactured. We will cite a case in which the manufacture of music is too often induced.

A composer, for instance, has made a happy hit in a composition which has commanded a large sale. He soon receives a proposition from a publisher to furnish him with compositions for the market; and he entertains this proposition. Very well—thus far there is nothing incompatible with Art, or the high ends and aims of a true artist. An artist must live, like any other man; and the most elevated art is a thing to be bought and sold. If the proposition of the publisher, therefore, prove but a spur and healthy encouragement to the artist, and he go on composing in his own way, and following the bent of his own genius, the publisher taking all he produces and bringing it before the public eye—why, this is all legitimate and right. But if the artist, on receiving the proposition, leave the upper world of Art, where his fancy has always freely revelled, and descend to the world of trade—or otherwise, if the publisher step in between the artist and his genius, if he lay a fetter on his wing, and say: "Now, I want you to compose for me, and not for yourself; I want wares for the market—saleable things. Give me the things not that you want, but that I want. Compose popularly, furnish polkas, mazurkas, negro minstrel songs with choruses, &c. &c. &c.;"—why, then the composer forfeits his position as an artist and becomes a music manufacturer—awaiting orders from the music merchant, who disposes of his wares.

No! In case such a proposition be made to an artist, he should say to the publisher: "My friend, it is very natural for you to wish to put my fancy in harness, you holding the reins and driving it to such artistic gold diggings as seem to promise the greatest yield. This is natural in you, because music with you is a business—and I suppose business means money; but music, with me, is an art. It is, first of all, an art; second, it is name and fame; third and last, it is money. I cannot invert this view of it, and consider it first as money, without inverting my nature. When I set about composing, if I be true to myself and my heaven-imparted gift, I must forget you and trade altogether. I cannot compose with a gold dollar in the palm of my hand, or with its im-

age in my heart. The moment I should try to do this; the wing of my fancy would be lamed. I could not soar. No; it is very civil of you to make this offer, but you mistake me. Let me follow the bent of my own wayward fancies. I will then submit to you the result; you can thereupon, if you will, pass judgment upon it as merchandise. I, and others perhaps, will have our artistic opinion; each will judge from his own stand-point, and each will be right in his way. Take my apparently saleable compositions, then—but take the others, too; for it is best that you should do something for the credit of your house as a publisher—something for Art, as well as for money. Besides, publishers cannot always tell what will eventually prove most profitable. The lighter fancy wares which command the quickest sale, command also the shortest sale. Things of slow, continuous sale are always in the end most profitable—and such productions are always the most meritorious. Think of this. Let me continue to be an artist, while you continue to be a very excellent merchant. The interest of each lies in the perfect independence and apart-ness of the other."

This is the way that an author and publisher, in our view, should talk together. But this is not always the way they do talk. The poor artist—Heaven help him!—the moment he catches a glimpse of gold, or even assured daily bread-and-butter—is but too willing to sell his noble birthright; to yield to any commercial fetter, and to be *ad captivandum* to the publisher's content; thereby sacrificing, in too many instances, his independence, his self-respect, and the respect of his fellow-artists.

It would not be at all a difficult matter to lay editorial finger on quite a number of music-manufacturers in this country—men who are really artistically compromised, having sacrificed their birthright; who are much more wronging themselves, however, than they are wronging the public or the world of Art. But this would be a very obnoxious task. Besides, such men themselves know it better than any one else can inform them of it; they know it, in some instances, we doubt not, sadly, bitterly better than they could ever be told—for gold-enslaved genius is always a very humiliated and wretched genius.

For Dwight's Journal of Music.

Music at the N. E. Institution for the Blind.

MR. EDITOR:—On my arrival in Boston I happened to have a ticket offered to me which would admit me, to-day, at the Institution for the Blind. Having always taken an interest in charitable schools, and being somewhat acquainted with the Institutions for the Blind in New York and Philadelphia, I gladly accepted the offer. The building has a fine and elevated situation in South Boston. Its beautiful view over Boston and her harbor is lost to the inmates, but not so the oxygen contained in the winds which have free access on every side. A spacious playground invites the boys to run about, and the large attic story in the house, with swings and other contrivances, is open to the girls for gymnastic exercises. Baths in fresh and salt, cold and warm, water, are regularly taken, and the physical health of the pupils is apparently well cared for. There are neither public examinations nor strict exhibitions at this institution. Those who get a "permit" are free to visit it on Thursday, at a set hour, and then the teachers offer such entertainment as is thought best. The time allowed to visitors is very short (from eleven to half past twelve o'clock,) fully taken up, and leaves to the guest hardly a minute to put a few questions for information to her who shows the company around. Very little idea can be got of the method and course of teaching, and the progress of single scholars cannot be observed at all, even by those who should happen to go there on a visit quite often. The girls' school-room offered, to-day, nothing new, or even as good as can be seen at any of the weekly exhibitions at Philadelphia; but it is justice to observe that scholars are here admitted when quite young. We saw several girls who could hardly be seven or eight years old. Many were apparently under twelve, an age which, in other similar institutions, is one of the conditions for admittance. We were told that considerable attention is given to plain sewing and general housework, two points certainly very useful to all, but more so to those of the poorer

and foreign classes, who, after leaving this house, will have to depend on the work of their hands. We should have liked to purchase a little head chair or basket, but they were carefully locked up in a showcase; and when finally the case was opened we found ourselves in the midst of a stream of human beings, who followed their guide to another part of the house. Neither Oliver Caswell nor Laura Bridgman could be seen. The former left the institution several years ago; the latter has not been here for four months, but may be expected back at some future time. On our journey to the library we observed telegraph wires leading to a bell. On inquiry, we were told that this telegraph apparatus was put up a few months ago, but failed to work, and was superseded by a large hand-bell, the powerful sound of which we had occasion to experience.

The library is connected with two large rooms by folding doors, which were thrown open. A violin class, numbering fourteen lads, were performing some pieces. The first violin part had all the melody, which was in a simple way accompanied by the three lower parts. The execution, the position of the body, and the bowing, showed that a good and systematic beginning had been made, which was put to practical use as soon as possible. We always have pitied primary-school teachers on account of their monotonous task; but to-day we pitied still more the gentleman who taught this class. The former have at least plenty of time, and the hope that the work will be continued in higher classes; while this class of players, with but three hours' time a week for instruction and practice, can have but little hope of great advancement. On inquiry, the teacher told us that the more advanced players commenced taking lessons three years ago; that of a class of fourteen boys who began eighteen months ago, only four remained to play the second violin; the others had left the institution, were dismissed from the class, or were absent on account of sickness. Whether under such depressing circumstances it would not be better to give up all instruction on the violin entirely, as it is done in the New York Institution, is difficult to decide. We were told that there also exists a brass band, numbering twenty players, but we did not hear them play.

At a quarter before twelve o'clock we were led to the Chapel, which was well filled with visitors. It is well ventilated, light, and pleasant. The organ in the midst, with two busts of benefactors of the institution at the sides, decorate the scholars' platform. While we were snugly seated there, we examined the state of our feelings, in order to ascertain among which of the ten classes of listeners the editor of the *New York Musical World* would count us. We resolved to behave like one of the tenth, if we could. During a solemn voluntary, finely played by a young lady, on the organ, all the pupils, numbering about seventy, took their seats. Then the teacher came forward, struck a few chords on the grand piano, and all the scholars sang the beautiful four-part song by Mendelssohn: "Deep silence reigns," entitled "Morning Prayer." This was immediately followed by the chorus: "Awake the harp," from Haydn's "Creation." Both pieces were rendered without fault, and produced a deep effect upon the assembly. Four pieces were played upon the piano; two sets of variations by Herz, one duet, and a waltz. They were all rendered in good time, and with much expression, but not without considerable nervous excitement and some marked difference in the touch. All the players labored hard to do well, and seemed to rejoice when their task was done. A little song, "The Fly and the Spider," was sung well by a little colored girl, who, with her sweet and rich voice, may become a fine singer. She seemed to be perfectly self-possessed and happy during the singing. Two more four-part songs by Mendelssohn, "Farewell to the Forest," and "Take a last Farewell," (*Comitat*),

were given; the latter with a great deal of expression and feeling, and in excellent time and tune; while in the former the contralto was too prominent and the bass too feeble. A vacation song, composed by one of the teachers, (Miss Mitchell,) with music by Miss Browne, a former pupil of this institution, was sung without accompaniment, with very good effect. The "*Gloria in excelsis Deo*," from one of Haydn's Masses, was sung in Latin words. The singers did very well, but it would have been better if the teacher had played the organ instead of the piano-forte. The exercises were concluded and crowned by the last choruses of Handel's "*Messiah*," "*Worthy is the Lamb that was slain*." Well did the full organ, with its loudest strains, come in to sound the praise of our Redeemer. Well did the countenances of the singers brighten as the concluding words, "*Forever, Amen*," were sung. They felt what they were singing, and seemed to be sure that others must feel it also. Truly, good influences must be planted in the hearts of the pupils by such singing; and hard as the teacher's task is, he must feel glad to see such results. Such a performance would have been acceptable in any concert-room in our land, even if these pieces had been especially prepared for the occasion. We lingered in the chapel as long as we could, and succeeded in getting some additional information. The pupils have a lesson in singing every day. They sing, at present, thirteen choruses by Haydn, Handel, Mozart, and Rossini; thirty-six glees and songs for two, three, or four parts; and forty sacred tunes in four parts, for which the hymns have been printed in raised letters. The farewell song was sung with more than common feeling, from the fact that the present teacher of music, Mr. ANSORGE, leaves the institution at the end of this month. Mr. CAMPWELL has been appointed as his successor, and from his long experience in teaching the blind, it is hoped, will succeed in carrying on the work so nobly begun and continued by his predecessors.

Boston, July 22, 1858.

C. M.

"Old Hundred."

In a rustic old church opposite, while we write, a company of worshippers are singing the old, old hymn, "*Be thou, O God, exalted high*." The air is old, also; the immortal "*Old Hundred*."

If it be true that Luther composed that tune, and if the worship of immortals is carried on the wings of angels to heaven, how often has he heard the declaration: "*They are singing 'Old Hundred' now*."

The solemn strain carries us back to the time of the Reformers—Luther and his devoted band. He, doubtless, was the first to strike the grand old chords in the public sanctuary of his own Germany. From his own stentorian lungs they rolled, vibrating not through vaulted cathedral roof, but along a grander arch, the eternal heavens. He wrought into each note his own sublime faith, and stamped it with that faith's immortality. Hence it cannot die! Neither men nor angels will let it pass into oblivion.

Can you find a tomb in the land where sealed lips lay that have not sung that tune? If they were gray, old men, they had heard or sung "*Old Hundred*." If they were babes, they smiled as their mothers rocked them to sleep singing "*Old Hundred*." Sinner and saint have joined with the endless congregation, where it has, with and without the pealing organ, sounded on sacred air. The dear little children looking with wondering eyes on this strange world, have lisped it. The sweet young girl whose tombstone told of sixteen summers, she whose pure and innocent face haunted you with its mild beauty, loved "*Old Hundred*," and as she sang it, closed her eyes, and seemed communing with the angels who were so soon to claim her. He whose manhood was devoted to the service of his God, and who with faltering steps ascended the pulpit stairs with white hand placed over his laboring breast, loved "*Old Hundred*." And though sometimes his lips only moved, away down in his heart, so soon to cease its throbs, the holy melody was sounding. The dear white-headed father, with his tremulous voice! how he loved "*Old Hundred*." Do you see him now, sitting in the venerable arm-chair, his arms crossed over the top of his cane, his silvery locks floating off from his hollow temples, and a tear, perchance, stealing down his furrowed cheeks, as the noble strains

ring out? Do you hear that thin, quivering, faltering sound, now bursting forth, now listened for, almost in vain? If you do not, we do; and from such lips, hallowed by fourscore years in the Master's cause, "*Old Hundred*" sounds indeed a sacred melody.

You may fill your churches with choirs, with Sabbath prima donnas, whose daring notes emulate the steeple, and cost almost as much, but give us the spirit-stirring tones of the Lutheran hymn, sung by young and old altogether. Martyrs have hallowed it; it has gone up from the dying beds of the saints. The old churches, where generation after generation has worshipped, and where many scores of the dear dead have been carried, and laid before the altar where they gave themselves to God, seem to breathe of "*Old Hundred*" from vestibule to tower top—the very air is haunted with its spirit.

Think, for a moment, of the assembled company who have, at different times and in different places, joined in the familiar tune! Throng upon throng—the stern, the timid, the gentle, the brave, the beautiful, their rapt faces all beaming with the inspiration of the heavenly sounds!

"*Old Hundred*!" king of the sacred band of ancient airs. Never shall our ears grow weary of hearing, or our tongues of singing thee!—And when we get to heaven, who knows but what the first triumphal strain that welcomes us may be—

"Be thou, O God, exalted high!"

The Nightingale.

A German writer has essayed to give us the notation of the song of the nightingale, or rather an imitation of the sounds in words, which, though they fail to give an idea of the notes to one who has never heard them, are perfectly traceable by such as know the song well, and are correct as to the order of succession. Daines Barrington has recorded the names by which the English bird-fanciers of the last century distinguished every separate note of the song, many of them being almost identical in sound with those of the German essayist. Most of the names mentioned by Barrington are still in use among connoisseurs, and are very expressive, especially the "*Jug*," as applied to a note which, in a clear and brilliant tone, repeats the sound "*Djug! djug! djug! djug!*" sometimes as many as sixty or seventy times, finishing with a brilliant shake or rattle. Then there is the "*Sweet jug*," being a similar note in a more finely-drawn and sweeter tone; then follow the "*Bell-pipe*," the "*Scroty*," the "*Rattle*," the "*Pipe-rattle*," and the "*Water-hubble*," the last being a delicious note, resembling the trickling of water through a deep and narrow channel in a brook when swollen by a summer shower. The names of many other notes are recorded; but I do not recollect that the one known by the present race of fanciers as the "*Doane*," or "*Done*," is mentioned. It is one of the most characteristic, and the most entirely unlike anything in the song of other birds. It commences in a deep, rich contralto tone, long drawn out, and getting gradually fainter; then it is repeated half a tone higher, and rises a semitone each repetition, till a brilliant pitch of the voice is reached; when it suddenly quits the plaintive *adagio* in which the gradual rising was performed, and bursts into a short brilliant cadence that gushes forth like the last notes of a passionate *bravura*, or like one of those glittering codas of Beethoven that terminate suddenly, with a few daring notes, some wild and fantastic *scherzo*.

With regard to singing only at night, I can state from my own experience that the nightingale sings with the greatest power and brilliancy at about nine in the morning; but so many other birds are then joining in the woodland concert, that only experienced connoisseurs stay to distinguish the melody of the nightingale from the general buzz of song, though it is, in fact, distinct enough, rising above the accompanying chorus like the notes of a *prima donna*, whose brilliant and passionate bursts of declamation ring out clear and distinct above all accompanying sounds of voice or orchestra. It is not, as Barrington ingeniously observes, that part of the charm of the song arises from being heard at night, when all other birds are silent, but that then it receives its chief attention from those who are ignorant of the fact that the night-song of the nightingale is not its only song, and, in fact, only a continuation of the one generally commenced shortly before twilight.

Occasionally, in the warm, still, balmy evenings of high summer, the nightingale will burst into a new song after dark, which, however, seldom continues later than eleven o'clock, though on such evenings I have heard occasional brief outbursts till after midnight, when, on account of the general stillness, it is heard for a considerable distance; for the volume of sound, it has been calculated, fills something more than a mile in diameter, or quite as much as the hu-

man voice. Our great surgeon, the celebrated William Hunter, and more recently Dr. Troschel, in his essay on the muscles of the throat in singing-birds, sought to account for this extraordinary power in so small a bird by anatomical investigation, and found that the muscular tissues of the throat were much stronger in proportion to its size in the nightingale than in any other bird.

On Musical Form.

From "*Truth about Music and Musicians*," Translated from the German by SABILLA NOVELLO.

"Every form, however beautiful, has some defect, yet it serves as a lens, through which we collect the sacred rays of universal Nature, that they may irradiate and quicken the heart of man.—GOETHE."

I quote the following from Laube, who says: "Our contempt for Form destroys a number of valuable talents. I do not believe that out of Germany there occur so many literary and artistic suicides as in our country. An unhappy conceit causes some of us to consider it unworthy our dignity to act according to established customs; we treat the idea of Form with contempt, and consider as almost an indignity, whatever may be termed, in the widest sense of the word, *technical*. It is in vain that we are shown, by the correspondence between Schiller and Goethe, how deeply both these great authors respected the study of Form. We praise the works of these men, but we follow not their footsteps. We readily comprehend that a wealthy man may possess land, stone, lime, wood, meadows, and trees in plenty, and yet be unable to create a castle and park until he have sketched out a plan, and proceeds to work with due consideration,—until he can command the necessary aids of labor, skill, and art. But authors (and composers) apparently do not perceive that the possession of rich and plentiful material is not sufficient to compass success."

Again, we may read, in Eckermann's *Aid to Poetry*, the following:—"Form has been established by the unceasing exertions of our greatest masters, and, therefore, succeeding authors should at once attain perfect knowledge on this point. It would be a highly ridiculous fancy of misunderstood originality, should each individual desire to grope his way in search of that which already stands clearly discovered in full perfection. Form has been transmitted to us, already improved and developed; we must accept it, and make ourselves masters of it,—else it would be vain to talk of study or of progress in Art; every man would have to recommence anew. But Art is long and life is short; therefore, those who will do well who squander not their powers in unnecessary labors."

These truths are ignored and unheeded by our modern composers and critics, who fancy that progress in music may be effected by *changed forms*, instead of new musical ideas. The result of this opinion is, a monstrous form, or, rather, want of form; the fact is, the want of study induces ignorance of form; so, in order to conceal this deficiency, modern writers have declared recklessness of form to be a sign of genius. These good gentlemen (but bad musicians) do not remember that our great teacher, Goethe, says: "What most justifies us in maintaining the necessity of strict rules and stringent laws is, that men of genius are the first to comprehend them, and willingly yield them implicit obedience. Mediocre talent only would desire to substitute its circumscribed singularity in the place of enlarged and cultivated intellect, and to conceal its insufficiency under the cloak of pretended insuperable originality and spontaneity."

In music, or painting by tones, which rapidly succeed each other, and flit across the sense of hearing, a distinctly recognizable and familiar Form is absolutely requisite, in order that listeners should, so to speak, be placed in a convenient situation from whence to perceive and review the separate components of a whole piece.

Every Form of Art, however, should possess three qualities:—*appropriateness*, or faithfulness, in order that the subject represented may be duly expressed, both in mass and in detail; *comprehensibility*, in order that different individual parts should easily unite themselves into a whole, and be recognized as generic sections; *beauty*, in order that each individual part may appear in well regulated proportion, and agreeable relation to the whole structure.

Voss, with justice, demands that a consummate work should contain—beautiful sounds, graceful movement, and harmoniously phrased construction; these emanations of creative genius will faithfully, and at the same time agreeably express the inly-felt inspiration of a composer.

The greater error of our young Art-world is the constant effort after a *new form*. When is a form new? When a tonal piece is spun out to such extent that listeners are wearied, and yearn for its conclusion? When

phrases are so lengthy that their commencement is forgotten before their termination is accomplished,—or are so short that they merely indicate, but do not satisfactorily express a meaning? When the end of one phrase and the beginning of another are so *smeared* into each other, that their separate identity cannot be traced? When each bar is completely heterogeneous to its neighbor? When a piece modulates, or blindly wanders through every possible key? When idea is patched to idea, without any principal phrase or phrases which should unite all components, and give to the whole a distinctive character? Such and similar peculiarities may be found plentifully enough in the works of several modern heroes; but I have not, as yet, discovered any other *novelties* in their productions.

"Genius," says Goethe, "accommodates itself respectfully even to that which may be termed conventional; for, after all, what else is conventionality but the unanimous decision of leading minds, to acknowledge all which is necessary and inevitable, to be best?"

If we carefully analyze any really meritorious works, we shall clearly discern that, however *novel* they may at first appear, each component idea, individually and relatively to the whole, is constructed, connected, regulated, and restricted by established laws; and that only the *ideas* themselves are original.

The first eight Symphonies of Beethoven always afford delight, although they all bear a similar form; in the same manner as the dance-music by Laener and Strauss pleases, although its form be well known and ever recurring.

If a piece do not please, its want of success cannot be attributed to the fact of its being presented in a traditional form; but blame must rest on the ideas contained in it, which may not be faithful, or not be beautiful. Such untrue, half-true, or indistinct ideas will not please in any form,—even in the most fantastic; while really original, striking ideas, clothed in the simplest and most usual form, will surprise, delight, and impress all hearers. On the other hand, the most glorious ideas, presented in an ungainly form, will produce no effect, because either they will be unrecognizable or utterly impaired.

I cannot help believing that all those who are constantly occupied in searching after *new forms*, and in attempting to abandon those which great masters have fashioned into the aptest and most beautiful by the labor of centuries, possess no real creative fancy, and seek to conceal their want of original thought by zealous search after new form. They remind me of those insignificant authors, who unceasingly clamored against censorship, and announced to all readers the wondrously fine ideas they *could* make public, did not the censure (*i. e.* Form) exist, to cramp their efforts. When censorship was abolished, they knew not how to write!!

Insignificant ideas, clad in easy, homogeneous form, will more readily find favor than better matter in bad attire; this fact is known to and acted upon by French and Italian composers, who take the greatest pains to render Form simple and intelligible, while our writers, on the contrary, seem purposely to disfigure Form, much to their own injury.

Of course, by the above observations, I do not imply that long-existing musical forms are to be slavishly retained; for instance, that, without exception, the first part of a symphony must be repeated, &c. I merely maintain that the time will never arrive in which unconnected, planless, hap-hazard composition can be preferable to that which is regular, well-planned, and duly reconsidered.

Moderns have progressed only in harmonic weaving, and various use of chords; they allow of bolder combinations of chords in remote keys, hazardous modulations, anticipations and suspensions, &c.,—more rapid passages, peculiar and uncommon rhythms; but this same progress was made by former masters relatively to their predecessors. This is no "opening new paths,"—no bursting asunder of shackles,—but merely a step forward on already well-worn tracks.

New paths can only be discovered by diverging from the acknowledged right road, and such diverging from the right road is apt to lead to a—quagmire!

Illiterate Music.

(From the New York Musical Review.)

There is such a thing as illiterate music; rude, low, vulgar, it is made up of cant phrases, disconnected melodies, usually, not necessarily erroneous harmony; it has a kind of "hum-drum" rhythm, all of which are offensive to good taste and refined musical sensibilities. It is generally found among the ignorant and rude; always among the low and vulgar; in grogeries and drinking-shops; at

the revels of the libertine and drunkard; in scenes of debauchery and beastliness, and in the haunts of licentiousness and vice of every description—it pleases and excites the sensualist and debauchee in their vile orgies, inflames and intensifies their brutal passions, and gives zest to their polluting practices; this seems to be its natural tendency, aside from collateral circumstances and associations. No doubt these augment the power of the music; there is a reflex influence, each helps the other; but the music alone, aside from other circumstances, tends to excite and inflame the low animal passions, and enkindle sensual desires.

I am aware that some writers make the music merely accessory, and ascribe the entire origin of the evil to the place, circumstances, and surrounding influence, asserting that the music only acts upon unholy passions already excited, and is but an accomplice to iniquity already existing. However this may be, I think it will be found almost universally, that the music used in scenes of debauchery and vice is usually constructed in a form or style, which in other literature would be considered low, coarse, and vulgar; and those who maintain that there is no kind of music which will originate the low and sensual passions, but that, on the contrary, *all* music naturally tends to *refine*, as well as excite the feelings, must, if they admit that music under any circumstances ministers to evil, which I presume no one disputes, follow out their premises, and take the position that, under the same circumstances, a higher order of music would produce still more deplorable results by exciting stronger emotions.

This position, however, begs the question, which is not whether music, even illiterate music, when allied to pure and exalted poetry, and introduced into an atmosphere already undulating with refined and holy emotion, will not in all cases and always intensify the feelings already existing; but, is there not a style of music, the tendency of which is to inflame the lower and animal passions, and thus exert a baneful influence (more or less) wherever it is introduced?

The facts in the case show also that their argument lies directly across their own path, for if music *universally* in all cases tends to elevate and refine the senses, then surely, if it can only be introduced into the haunts of vice and debauchery, it would be a direct, sure, and effectual means of reformation, whereas we know that it is introduced into such places for the very opposite end.

Again, it may be asked, how shall we account for the fact, that in all places of excessive sensual indulgence at feasts and carousals, not only among the illiterate and coarse, those who have never been in circles of refinement, but also (as is often the case) those among the intelligent and learned, whose tastes have been cultivated and refined, indulge in bacchanalian revels and sensual excesses? How is it that with such persons a kind of music is almost universally heard in their drunken frolics, partaking of the same general characteristics as that which is found in the lowest brothels of the confirmed drunkard and debauchee? Why is it that they seldom or never introduce into their scenes of revelry, the songs and ballads which they hear and admire in their sober moments, and in their refined and genteel amusements?

Again: How is it that when a solitary individual—one who has had the advantages of education, and enjoyed the privileges of elegant and refined society—falls into confirmed habits of intemperance and vice, he never carries with him into his scenes of debauchery those melodies which have been his delight in his better days, but invariably takes what he finds among his degraded associates? These questions refer to those *only* who have moved in circles where truly refined, correct, and educated taste prevails—not to those whose views of what is correct have been formed by hearing some "professor's" "easy arrangement" of a few melodies and extracts from Rossini, Bellini, and others; nor to those whose taste has reached no higher than the thousand and one waltzes, polkas, marches, and negro melodies, which are weekly thrown out from the presses of this country, and cover the land like the frogs in Egypt. Again, it has been said, and perhaps universally conceded, that when hostile armies approach each other for battle, the music inspires courage, fills the soul with exalted emotions, and impels the soldier to deeds of heroic valor.

Among those in authority, and whose rank in office does not require them to be in the midst of the fight, or in personal rencounter, and possibly with very few who are actively engaged, it may be so; but if we judge by the testimony of those who have given us their experience as private soldiers, we shall find, as they marched up with a bold front to the cannon's mouth, or rushed on the point of bristling bayonets, they were filled with wild, ungovernable fury; anger,

malice, revenge, ruled without resistance or restraint; the whole man was given up to the most violent and revengeful passions, and, to use the language of an American soldier, in his description of one of the battles in Mexico: "We felt and acted like the very devils incarnate."

It may be a matter of doubt whether or no there is a kind of music, the natural tendency of which is to excite unholy or sinful passions, that is, without the aid of outside influences; but that there are certain musical combinations and movements which are illiterate and low in conception, and which more or less, according to circumstances, always address the base and animal passions, and are at least of doubtful moral tendency, is, I believe, generally acknowledged by refined and intelligent musicians. We may therefore leave the nicer and more difficult point for future discussion, (if need be,) but the fact that there is a kind of music which appeals to the baser passions, and intensifies animal appetites and sensual desires, always too strong, ought to awaken an interest in this matter, and not allow it to slumber until the thing is understood, and the church, the parlor, the school and concert room, are purified from its contaminating influence.

That such music exists in all these departments of sacred, domestic, and social life, we have only to turn to the various books of popular music used in the church choirs and congregations, by all the various denominations in the land; to the bound and sheet-music on the pianos of the rich, as well as those in more moderate circumstances; to the school song-books, the programmes of concerts and musical exhibitions, and to the music which (with the exception perhaps of two or three large cities) we generally hear at our social gatherings and public assemblies. Examine it by the light of science; test it by the standards of the greatest musical geniuses that have ever lived, we shall find a major part of it is trash, much of it low and vulgar. But (says many a good Christian minister and layman) much of the very music which science and musical taste and genius condemn as wanting in scientific accuracy, and as coarse and illiterate, moves us to religious and holy aspirations—there is a consciousness of increased holy emotion in hearing and singing it ourselves, and we see the same effects produced by it in others. How, then, can its influence be otherwise than good? And, besides, if some of those compositions which science decides are erroneous, low, and vulgar, will send the warm heart's blood coursing with increased vigor through the system, your science must acknowledge "*she is not true to nature*," and seek for further developments before she condemns that to which the heart in its most holy emotions responds.

'Tis true science is founded in nature; its principles and rules are derived from nature; and she must be true to her origin. And now suppose the world were in total ignorance of any rules or order for harmonic combinations and progression. Suppose, also we find two youths, of the same age, dispositions temperaments, attainments, general appearance, desires, etc.; suppose that one listens with admiration and delight to certain successions of musical tones, and feels an almost heavenly rapture as he follows peculiar harmonic progressions and resolutions; while other combinations and other progressions grate upon his ear, jar his nerves, and fill him with agony. The other youth listens to all these changes without emotion; he thinks some parts of both are pretty and pleasant, and some of each unpleasant and disagreeable: he has, however, but little choice.

Now which of these two shall decide what is and what is not scientific music?

Which shall be considered as nature's test for right and wrong?

Which would be taken for authority in any other department of science or taste?

It is not, however, by the testimony of a single youth of extraordinary musical sensibilities, that the beauties of peculiar harmonies and melodies have been discovered, while other combinations and progressions have been pronounced disagreeable; but by hundreds of such, who have listened and analyzed, studied and compared, in youth, and up to manhood, and through old age—men of large and highly-cultivated intellects, of well-balanced minds; men of profound thought and refined sensibilities; men who have commanded the respect and admiration of the world for ages. This is the testimony of history and biography, and is as well authenticated as any other biography or history whatever. Tens of thousands, in almost every condition of life, and in almost every land, taught by their own experience, and the writings of others, have attested to the truth of the science as it now is; many of its principles have been mathematically demonstrated, and we may as well deny the astronomical theory of Sir Isaac Newton and his compeers, or Harvey's theory of

the circulation of the blood, as to reject the authority of Bach, Albrechtsberger, Handel, and a host of others.

In reply to the fact, that many a good Christian finds his holy aspirations ascending with more fervor and stronger gratitude while he sings the very tunes which science most unequivocally condemns, I remark: We are the creatures of association and habit, and our passions are excited or restrained by circumstances, many of which are not only beyond our own control, but have existed beyond the reach of our memories. Our associations with music are connected with our childhood; we have heard certain tunes sung by our fathers and mothers, perhaps by our grandfathers and grandmothers; they are interwoven with the pleasures of youth, are strengthened by the more substantial joys of domestic life, and the still higher emotions of the family altar and the public worship of God; we have seldom, perhaps never heard them except in our moments of cheerfulness or solemnity, and always connected with that which was pure and pleasant, and usually with poetry of a correct moral and somewhat literary character—hence the strongest and holiest emotions of the soul are associated with them, and have been tied to them from infancy, and when we hear these tunes, or others of a similar style and character, all these associations cluster around us. Here is the true reason why so many Christians, with tastes more or less cultivated on other subjects, are satisfied with a style of church music, low, illiterate, vulgar—in one word, it is association.

Memory cannot reach the time they first heard it, and always associated it with divine and spiritual hymns; the spirit and sentiments of the poetry have first moved their thoughts heavenward, and stirred their souls to some degree of devotion, and the music turned from its natural tendency, by the thoughts and spirit of the hymn, has, to a limited extent, increased the already excited emotion. The two, however, if not antagonistic, travel in different directions, and it is only by the power of holy aspirations, already excited, together with association, and the time, place, and circumstances, that the stronger is made subservient to the weaker.

(To be continued.)

Dwight's Journal of Music.

BOSTON, JULY 31, 1858.

MUSIC IN THIS NUMBER.—Chorus of Pilgrims returning from the Holy Land, from Wagner's *Tannhauser*, arranged for four parts.

Festival of the Boston Public Schools.

Wednesday was a great day with the thirteen thousand children of the twenty grammar and high schools of Boston; being the sixty-fifth annual exhibition and festival of the medal scholars. In accordance with a resolution of the School Committee, which we have already mentioned, the festive part of the exercises, hitherto held in Faneuil Hall, was this year transformed into a Musical Festival at the Boston Music Hall. It was a first experiment, tried in the face of not a little scepticism, and with but a few weeks' time for training the voices and maturing plans.

To secure unity of effect, a few plain old chorals had been practised, in unison, in the same key, rate of time, &c., in the different schools; and then twelve hundred voices were selected for the public performance, who, as the time approached, held several rehearsals together in the Music Hall, under the conduct of Mr. CARL ZERRAHN and Mr. CHARLES BUTLER, one of the music teachers in the schools. These rehearsals, in themselves, made a protracted feast, novel and of still-increasing interest, to the children.

At four o'clock on Wednesday afternoon, there was a sight to behold, which no one who beheld it ever can forget. Entering the Hall, you saw before you a towering amphitheatre of twelve hundred boys and girls, rising rank above rank, from the platform of the stage, which had been brought forward, to the upper gallery. The girls in their pure white dresses looked like a field of lilies; and the colored ribbons, blue and pink, violet and green, the darker tone of the boys' costume, the fresh and bright young faces, piled

up in such multitudes before you, every form alive with joy and expectation, made a scene as unexampled here as it was beautiful and touching. It was some time before one began to look around him to see what else the Hall contributed to this rare feast for the eyes. First, in the opening at the middle of the stage, before the organ, was the bronze Beethoven statue,—in the background and in the centre of that mass of young life,—relieved upon a green ground, with a floral lyre over his head, and wreaths of flowers in the hand and at the feet of the composer. The statue never looked so finely. The fronts of the two galleries, which were filled with the medal scholars, were festooned with the usual national bunting—scarlet, blue, and white—which would have had too hot and military an aspect, but that it was relieved by ovals (purple ground, surrounded by green civic wreaths,) bearing the names of the different schools and dates of their foundation. Above, upon the walls, were shields bearing the names of the successive Mayors of the city. The niche opposite the stage was draped with flags, surmounted by the city seal. Scrolls and mottoes, showing the date of the Franklin and the City medals, &c., completed the very chaste and tasteful scheme of rich yet simple ornamentation, which the live presence of guests, parents, and citizens, upon the floor, with children in front, and children all around, above, enhanced to an ensemble of beauty and magnificence that made one again think what a blessing to our city is that Music Hall, which lends itself so admirably to such uses.

The exercises commenced with a good solid voluntary on the organ, at which Mr. J. C. D. PARKER presided. Then a prayer by the Rev. Dr. BLAGDEN.

Next came the Lord's Prayer, chanted in unison by the twelve hundred children, conducted by Mr. Butler. It was a grand, rich, fresh mass of tone; all in good tune and time, every syllable distinct, and the effect quite imposing. But it was all of one uniform degree of loudness; and as this old Gregorian chant is, in itself, monotonous, consisting of but three notes, it seemed to require every art of light and shade to lend variety. The final Amen, however, was beautifully swelled up.

After the chant came a piece, singularly well chosen, called, we understand, a Spanish chant, by the Germania Band, which occupied the space between the statue and the seats of the committee and distinguished guests in the front of the stage. The band had reed instruments as well as brass, and discoursed light and appropriate music at intervals, with very fine effect.

Next followed short addresses by the chairman of the festival Committee, Rev. Dr. CHANDLER ROBBINS, by Mayor LINCOLN, and by Dr. J. BAXTER UPHAM, who, as the originator of this fine experiment, and the one most full of its spirit and its policy, was called upon to explain. Happily, the reporters of the daily papers have caught for us his speech in full, which is too interesting and instructive not to be placed here.

REMARKS OF DR. J. B. UPHAM.

A few words may very properly be demanded of some of us, as to the why and wherefore of this new feature—this innovation, as some may be disposed to call it, in the good old established routine of the annual school jubilee. A full explanation would involve the history of music, as connected with the system of public school instruction, in other countries and in our own. But I shall not take up time for that any further than barely to allude to one or two facts and dates.

Passing over this history, then, as connected with Germany, where the system originated, and whence it spread into Holland, into Switzerland, and later into France, we find it, at a comparatively recent date, engaging the attention of educationists in Great Britain. Not there, indeed, without serious and strong and strenuous opposition at first; for our English brethren are never too ready to espouse any innovation, however much they may be convinced of its utility. So when Mr. Wyse, a prominent member of Parliament, first ventured to hint in the House of Commons that singing should be taught in all the schools, as in Germany, the suggestion was received with ridicule and with laughter only.

The same spirit of opposition afterwards elicited

from the celebrated John Hullah, who engaged early and fought long and successfully as a champion in this cause, the quaint but forcible remark, "Yea, verily, thanks to the arduous labors of those who well addressed themselves to ears once as deaf as stone walls on the subject, the principle is now recognized by all the educational societies in the realm." Once recognized, it spread rapidly over the country. In Scotland, even, in spite of her national prejudices, among the followers of the sturdy old Covenanters, who had been wont to shake their fists in the face of all such pagan practices, it was shortly acknowledged as a fitting element in the education of youth.

And in Ireland, it followed, as a matter of course, for Ireland is the Italy of the British dominions in the North. In her the genius of music and the arts exist *naturally*, in greater degree of perfection than in either of her more favored sister realms. The harp is her rightful emblem. The patriot poet, Tom Moore, well knew, as he penned those lyrics and songs which are to Ireland as household words, that he spoke to hearts as readily responsive to the melody of his muse, as are the chords of the Æolian lyre to the wooing of the winds.

About the same time with this movement in Great Britain, occurred the introduction of music into our Boston schools. Just twenty-one years ago, at the recommendation of the Boston Academy of Music, it was tried as an experiment, in four only of the grammar schools, at first. I need not say the trial was satisfactory, and that ever since music has been recognized as a part of the Boston system of school instruction. A little more than a year since, a series of orders was offered in the School Board by the present efficient chairman of the Music Committee, Dr. Read, having for their object to raise this department to a nearer level in importance with that of other branches of study. They were passed by a large majority.

It is the more effectually to carry out the spirit and intention of these orders, that the performance of choral music is to take so prominent a part in the festival exercises to-day; and on this, the becoming of age of the system, so far as Boston is concerned, to inaugurate an advanced and permanent step in its progress; for if the present experiment—and experiment it must be called—shall prove in any adequate degree satisfactory, it is our hope—I speak, at least, for myself—I believe, also, for every member of the Music Committee, and, I trust, the whole School Board—that, hereafter, a *distinct* and separate exhibition of the musical department of the schools will be annually held, which, from small beginnings, shall grow, at length, into an important and permanent institution.

I have not time to go now into a discussion of all the objects, influences, and expected results of such measure, if adopted and carried out.

I might, indeed, enter into a computation, if necessary, to show what proportion of the twenty-four thousand scholars in our schools may, when the recently adopted system of a more thorough and extended musical instruction shall have come fully into operation, be fitted to take a creditable part in such public exercises. Suffice it to say now, that, judging from promises in the fifty or sixty primary and grammar schools, which, in the distribution of duties, it has fallen to my lot personally to visit and examine, the force will ultimately be limited only by the capacity of a building to contain them.

I am aware of the popular objection against this and all measures of a similar nature proposed in connection with our schools. They tend, it is said, to pre-occupy and engross the minds of the pupils, to the exclusion of more practical things. More than this, it has been asserted that a high degree of proficiency in music is inconsistent with an exalted standard of scholarship. I say this is the common and popular objection; but, like many other popular and traditional sayings, I believe it to have been too readily taken for granted, without due inquiry as to whether the assertion be founded in fact.

In my own school experiences I remember that many of those who were skilled in music, and largely devoted to the practice of it, were also the first in rank on the merit roll. And I appeal to the worthy and efficient Superintendent of the Boston Schools, with whom I had the honor to be associated as a classmate in college, as to whether his recollections do not tally with mine in this particular. The distinguished scholar, the statesman and orator, to whose eloquence we hope soon to listen, whose eminent taste in music and in art we all acknowledge and admire, and who himself once played a very acceptable trombone in the Pierian Sodality at Cambridge, can answer for himself and for Harvard. And the number of medal and diploma scholars in these choral ranks is a sufficient refutation of the error, as regards our Boston schools. I take it for granted for the present, then, that music is, in itself, a benefit as a study.

The advantages of the plan which we now inaugu-

rate to the schools themselves, so elevating and advancing the standard of musical instruction, are, I think, self-evident. I need not take up the time to recite them.

Let me allude, however, to one of its natural results, extrinsic to the school, and in my own mind a most interesting and important one, which is this: In the course of a few years, a generation will thus be trained up to engage acceptably in the music of the church, in the form of congregational singing, which, when properly done, I hold to be the best and most impressive form of devotional music. Says the good old Roger Ascham, in writing from Augsburg, about the middle of the sixteenth century, on this point: "Three or four thousand singing at a time in a church here, is but a trifle." I could wish such trifles might obtain in the middle of this nineteenth century, in our churches. This, indeed, is what we have been aiming at, and attempting, for so many years, in this country, in vain to accomplish—not because, as has sometimes been said, we have no congregations, nor altogether because our congregations cannot sing, but because, for lack of previous methodical training, they cannot sing together. Now once establish this movement, and, in a few years, the rising generation will have in their heads, in their hearts, and upon their tongues, a repertoire of sacred music, always ready, always adapted to the singing of a great congregation, and such as will never wear out. Once establish this measure as a *distinct and annual institution*, and you make the congregational music of the church as much the property of Massachusetts, and ultimately of New England, as it is now, in its perfection, almost exclusively that of Holland and certain parts of Germany.

A word as to the impression, the legitimate impression and effect of the occasion itself, if carried out in its integrity, on both participants and hearers. The plan, though never to my knowledge attempted here, at least on so large and complete a scale as we propose, is not without a precedent abroad. Haydn once expressed himself as having been never more affected than by the simple singing in unison of the four thousand charity children, under the dome of St. Paul's in London. This was more than half a century ago. The good old custom remains there yet, and in the same form. Nor is it alone in the great and sensitive heart of Haydn, but upon the masses and men of ordinary musical susceptibilities as well, that such effects are produced.

I shall long remember, indeed I shall never forget the impression left on my own mind, on one of these occasions, at which it was my good fortune to be present, a few years since. And I speak of this experience in immediate connection with that of the great composer, to illustrate the effect, the similar effect, from the same cause on human natures, though the very antipodes of each other in all things else. There was, on the occasion to which I allude, an audience of some fifteen thousand persons, extending out into the nave and transepts of the church. The children, now increased to eight or ten thousand in number, were ranged on benches, rising and receding in amphitheatrical form, from the floor to near the springing of the arch of the dome. They were, in age, about the average of the scholars in our grammar schools, though far inferior to them in point of intellectuality and acquirement. They all sang together in unison, with the harmony only of a powerful organ as a basis, the simple melody of the old Gregorian chants and German chorals mostly, though ending, as I well remember, with the sublime Hallelujah Chorus of Handel.

Now, how much of that effect may have been attributable, in my own case, to the associations of the time and place, I will not attempt to decide; but of all my musical experiences, before or since—whether of the choicest instrumentation or the grandest combinations of choral harmony—whether I should mention the efficient rendering, by six hundred picked voices, of the Elijah and Messiah, in this, our own Music Hall, a year ago—the great choral performances on the opening of the Industrial Exhibition in Dublin—and in various parts of England—the clash and clang of collected scores of military bands in France—in the celebration of the high and festal Mass in the Cathedral of Cologne—the shoutings of the huge congregations in the fine old Lutheran temples of worship at Dresden, at Leipzig, and elsewhere—or in the sple did achievements, vocal and instrumental, of those great musical gatherings in the Valley of the Rhine, in the vintage time;—all, all, I say, have failed to leave in my memory an effect so deep, so solemn, so impressive.

And, if such things can be done in London, they can be done here; if success, such as this, can be achieved out of materials which make up that choir of charity school children in the cathedral of St. Paul; much more can it be accomplished, in connection

with our liberal and enlightened system of public school instruction, in Boston; not in these first feeble experiments, indeed, but by patent and systematic, and well-directed and constant and continual effort.

But this is only an immediate and pleasing accessory of our plan, a gratifying success, indeed, if obtained—and, in my own mind, a desirable one, if it but lead to the addition, in the limited calendar of our festival days, of another and that so esthetic and rational a jubilee.

And here again we may be met with the utilitarian objection, *cui bono?* which, by a somewhat liberal translation, might justly be interpreted, in the New England tongue, will it pay?

But what,—I would ask, in answer to this inquiry, is the end an object of education? Is it to develop the intellectual part of our natures *only*, the *working* faculties merely, to the neglect of the moral and physical,—leaving the emotions and affections to run riot or take care of themselves as best they may? Would this be rational, would it be philosophical in this our land and in our day? Consider, for a moment, the spirit and tendencies of our country and the characteristics of its people—a toiling, speculating, money-getting, fast living, excitable race—wearing themselves out with labor or with thought, reckless and impatient always. Was there ever a nation more requiring the amenities of life, more needing an infusion of the æsthetic among the harsh and discordant elements of their composition? Story, in his appropriate ode at the inauguration of our noble statue of Beethoven, well expressed this idea, when he said: "Never is a Nation finished, while it wants the grace of Art: Use must borrow robes from beauty; life must rise above the mart;

Here, as yet, in our Republic, in the furrows of our soil. Slowly grows Art's timid blossoms, 'neath the heavy foot of toil.

Spurn it not! but spare it—nurture it, till it gladdens all the land."

And this is what, as a nation, we are just beginning to do. In the cities along our Atlantic shores, at any rate, the galleries of our Athenæums, the recent meritorious collections of pictures, public and private, the growing disposition to ornament with groups of statuary our squares and public buildings, and our National Capitol, and the increasing beauty of our architecture, are witness to it.

Says the poet I have already quoted—

"Topmost crown of ancient Athens toward the Phidean Parthenon.

Upon Freedom's noble forehead, Art, the starry jewel, shone."

I would, sir, it might sparkle in the front of this Modern Athens as well.

Now, music, it has been well said, is the handmaid of painting and sculpture—their gentler sister, more refining and humanizing in its influences upon the hearts of the people.

Shall we pause, then, or retrograde in this movement which introduced and recognized it in our schools? I do not believe it. I look rather, in the future, though the time is not yet, for the completion of the work, by the establishment, in connection with our system of public school instruction, of a Conservatory of Music, *vocal and instrumental*, on a scale commensurate with that of kindred institutions abroad.

The sweet old tune of "Dundee" was now sung by the children, with organ accompaniment, Mr. Zerrahn taking the conductor's stand; and it was soon evident what pleasant and complete control he had in this short time acquired over his young army. The first verse was sung by the girls alone, whose soft, sweet voices had a peculiar and religious charm. The second verse by boys, whose more metallic *timbre* made fine contrast; the third by all united, when the sonorous volume was superb. Throughout the whole, there was pure, sustained, truly musical tone, and such fine effects of loud and soft, *crescendo*, &c., as one would have hardly expected from a mass of children. It was a kind of glorified, transfigured *canto fermo*; as superior to any church psalmody we have ever heard, as that hall to a prosaic country meeting house. The problem of producing grand and edifying musical effects by combining thousands of children's voices in such very simple choral strains as they can easily be taught to sing in common primary and grammar schools,—with no injury but with much help to their general education—was now already fully solved.

"Dundee" was followed by a very pertinent and happy address from the Hon. R. C. WINTHROP, which we have in type for next week.

There were also addresses by Mr. PHILBRICK, the superintendent of the schools, and by His Excellency, Governor BANKS, who made some

capital remarks upon the benefits of singing, as a branch of physical culture.

"Luther's Judgment Hymn" was the next choral, sung in the same manner with "Dundee," but with the additional accompaniment of the Band, whose trombones and other brass told with sublime effect in such a piece. Here was where brass performed its true, legitimate function; here it was altogether grand; and the ensemble of voices and instruments was one of the most sublime we ever witnessed. We were only troubled somewhat by the not very dignified expression of those trumpet blasts which followed up each strain; the idea in itself was good, and we believe traditional; but the phrase lacked right rhythmic form; it did not seem to grow naturally out of the choral movement, but sounded far-fetched and intrusive. We might question, too, the wisdom of having children sing at such a time to such lugubrious and dreadful words.

The presentation of bouquets by the Mayor to the two hundred medal scholars, accompanied by music from the band, and followed by a few words of wise and tender counsel to the happy winners of these honors, by Dr. Robbins, formed the next act of the spectacle. It was a fine scene, as the medal-wearers, girls and boys, filed through the front seats of the first balcony, around three sides of the hall, ascended the stage at the foot of the statue, from the rear, to receive their floral honors, and with these emerged one by one again at the opposite corner, into the balcony.

The "Old Hundredth Psalm," sung with an effect musically and morally sublime and beautiful, the whole audience joining in the last verse, worthily concluded the inspiring festival.

How little faith we have in true ideas! Who was there, even of those well convinced in reason of the goodness of the plan, that had at all anticipated a success so beautiful and so inspiring? How far the reality transcended the imagination of the most sanguine advocates of the idea! We have only room left now to chronicle the complete success of the first Musical Festival of the Boston Public Schools, leaving our reflections on its educational and moral aspects to next week. For the present, we will only say, that it was in the highest degree creditable to the committee, to the conductors, teachers, and the schools, and that it contains a future in the matter of the blending of musical with the intellectual and moral culture of our youth. It was precisely the right kind of a school festival. Music, music in large, simple choral strains, music by the vast choir of fresh, unbroken children's voices, was the most practicable, most expressive and inspiring utterance of all the sentiment of such a day. It was the word that summed up all words. It was prayer, and it was eloquence, and joy, and hope, and aspiration, so that all felt that the only fault was a little too much speaking, pertinent and good as all the speeches were. But the mind was weary with attention and excitement, and the heart mainly wanted utterance. The children had just come through their trying school examinations; they had heard speeches in abundance; a unitary, universal, heavenly language, which refreshes and exalts, but does not task the mind by close attention to new trains of intellectual statement, was the language for that hour; and we all saw and heard how easily and cheaply, by a right and simple plan, this large and lovely language can be furnished.

There certainly was very little skill in singing; there was room enough for criticism in details; but the *effect*, one of the most beautiful effects of Music in its grandeur and simplicity, was there.

Music Abroad.

London.

The *Athenæum* furnishes the following items:

This day week Messrs. Puttick & Simpson are about to bring to the hammer the music-books and MSS. of the late Mr. W. Ayton,—a musical amateur who had tastes and associations connected with other arts than music, (being one of *Elia's* set), who for some years edited the *Harmonicon*, who later wrote on the art in the *Examiner*, and whose collections were miscellaneous (to judge from the Catalogue), but comprised some precious and peculiar items. Among these may be mentioned a copious (we almost imagine unique) asse-

blage of opera-books; ranging from Handel's days to our own. This should be kept together, in the hope that some day we may have a public musical library, as such thought meriting gradual enrichment.

Another report is curious indeed, being none other than one more last appearances of Signor Tamburini, who, it is said, may possibly join the opera company at Drury Lane, there to sing *Don Giovanni*. This we hope—in gratitude for much pleasure given us by the veteran in his young and maturer days—is not true. Rumor the third (and a good one it is) mentions that Mr. Hullah is about to give a concert consisting of Mr. Horsley's music. This—respectively to both dead and living—ought to have the warmest support from every one that talks of "native talent."

MR. BENEDICT'S CONCERT.—The elaborate and excellent programme, equally remarkable for quantity and quality, which Mr. Benedict issued on the occasion of his annual concert, attracted an exceedingly brilliant audience to Her Majesty's Theatre, on Monday. A glance at some of the items comprised in this long musical *carte* will show that the *beneficitaire* had catered most liberally for his friends. The overture to the "Gipsy's Warning" appropriately opened the first part, and was followed by the familiar "Suoni la tromba," from the "Puritani," and the cavatina "Languir per una bella," from "L'Italiana in Algieri." Miss Louisa Pyne sang charmingly Rode's air; Madame Ortolani displayed to advantage her peculiar style and accomplishments in the aria "Qui la voce," and then the great feature of this portion of the concert followed, Madlle. Titiens, Madame Sherrington Lemmens, and Madame Viardot rendering, in the most effective and delightful manner, two unaccompanied trios for female voices, written by Mr. Benedict, and which, possessing melodies at once original and artistic, are most gracefully and vigorously wrought out. Bach's somewhat curious and decidedly interesting concerto for three pianofortes, with accompaniments added by Moscheles, exhibited the remarkable proficiency of Herr Rubinstein, Mr. Benedict, and Herr Alois Schmitt, a new and highly successful candidate for pianoforte honors and the son of a well-known Frankfort musician of that name. The "Miserere" from the "Trovatore," executed in the most brilliant style by Madlle. Titiens, Signor Giuglini, and the chorus of Her Majesty's Theatre, won an enthusiastic *encore*, and similar honors were paid to Madame Alboni's delicious rendering of "Non piu mesta." In the performance of Maurer's concertante for six violins, Messrs. Molique, Joachim, Maurer, Deichmann, Viotti Collins, and Blagrove, sustained their high reputation as exponents of a composition that must be pronounced eccentric rather than enlivening; and Herr Pischek appeared in costume as Hassan, and sang a scena and aria from Benedict's opera, "Der Alte Vom Berge." We have not space to run in detail through the remainder of the pieces of vocal and instrumental interest comprised in the lengthy programme, but we must not omit mention of the great treat afforded by Madlle. Titiens, who sang the grand scena from Weber's "Oberon," "Ozean du Ungeheures," and the performance, for the first time in this country, of an operetta by Paesello, "La Serva Padrona," in which Madlle. Piccolomini, and Signori Rossi and Cazoni appeared. It is a quaint and fanciful little work, full of graceful melody, and was interpreted with consummate ability by the leading songstress. The only disappointment arose from the absence of Signor Belletti, who was prevented from attending by indisposition.

THE TONIC SOL-FA CONCERT.—Three thousand five hundred little vocalists, drawn together from seventy-four schools, of all Christian denominations, and without having had the advantage of a single rehearsal in combination, all singing admirably together, and heard by an audience of some thirty thousand people, formed a delightful scene at the Crystal Palace on Wednesday, not easily to be forgotten by those who had the good fortune and the good taste to be present. The concert was conducted in a very spirited manner, and with the smallest possible amount of interruption between the several pieces. The first *encore* was won by R. A. Smith's anthem, "How beautiful upon the mountain," the second by "The Echo," the third by Spofforth's glee, "Hail! smiling morn," and the fourth by the National Anthem. Among the other pieces which created a great sensation, though they were not *encored*, may be mentioned "Old England," "Bells Ringing," "Mark the Merry Elves," "The Quail Call," "Auld Lang Syne," "Hail Judea, Happy Lan!," "Wild Wood Flowers," and a Pie-nic glee. Of the concert generally we have much pleasure in reporting favorably. It passed off most successfully, and the cheer of the children at the close of the National Anthem, coupled with an enthusiastic waving of their colored banners, was alone worth a journey of ten times the distance from London to Sydenham. There was a heartiness about it which was perfectly irresistible, and it need excite no wonder, therefore, that the National Anthem, in which the audience joined, was

repeated. The only wonder is, that it was not repeated half-a-dozen times, for neither children nor adults seemed to know when to stop. Miss Stirling relieved the vocal portions of the concert by some admirable performances upon the Handel Festival organ, and we may add, as a matter of interest, that the vocal music could be heard without difficulty in the Rosary, and that words, as well as music, could be distinctly heard in the vicinity of the central fountain in the grounds. The performances were most ably conducted by Messrs. Sarll and Young. Had the tenors and basses not been over-weighted by the trebles of the children, the effect would have been much greater, but as it was, the entire performance was such as to reflect the greatest credit upon the instructors, and give the fullest assurance of the success of the system.—*Sunday Times*, June 27.

Mr. HULLAH gave an interesting concert of vocal and instrumental music, with organ and piano-forte accompaniments, on Wednesday evening, which we were sorry did not attract a larger audience. The heat, however, was intense enough to render it a matter of surprise that there should be any one present. The concert began with the solemn and pathetic motet in F minor, "I wrestle and pray," for two choirs—which, in the act of setting down to J. S. Bach, Mr. Hullah should have stated had been variously attributed to Bach's uncle, Christopher, and to Bach's son, Emanuel. All we can say is, whoever *did* write it was a very clever fellow. Miss Palmer then sang two sacred songs of Beethoven, which showed that Beethoven could at times be dull. Dr. Crotch's motet, "Methinks I hear the full celestial choir" (Mr. Santley and chorus, unaccompanied) was remarkably well given; nevertheless, the composition itself is little better than twaddle. After this came Miss Freeth, with Beethoven's solo sonata in E, Op. 109, the performance of which showed that the young lady had greatly over-estimated her powers. Mendelssohn's convent motet, "Laudate Pueri" (Misses Banks, Fanny Rowland, and Palmer, with female chorus), and the gloomy but splendid psalm of the same composer, "Why rage fiercely the heathen?" were both included in the first part; and both suffered much from the occasionally false intonation of some of the singers. M. Gounod's Christmas song, "Nazareth," for Mr. Santley and chorus, was capably executed; but we have seldom listened to anything less attractive. Mr. Hullah conducted, and Mr. Hopkins presided at the organ.

At the end of the first part we were compelled to leave. What was lost may be seen below:

Madrigal, "Die not, fond man, before thy day;" Ward.
Duet, "The Starlings," Miss Fanny Rowland and Miss Palmer; Hullah.
German songs, "Auf Flügeln des Gesanges" and "Durch den Wald," Madlle. Maria de Villar; Mendelssohn.
Part song, "Song should breathe of scents and flowers;" Hullah.
Capriccio, piano-forte, Miss Freeth; Clementi.
New song, "The wind is fair, good bye," Miss Banks; Hullah.
Part song, "Where the bee sucks;" Arne and Jackson.

The rooms (Willis') were crowded to suffocation, with members of the aristocracy and fashionable world, distinguished professors and well-known connoisseurs. We have rarely seen such an audience assembled at a concert—never at a mere chamber concert. Nor have we ever witnessed greater, more sustained, or more richly warranted enthusiasm. Every piece in the programme had a special interest, and every piece was thoroughly appreciated. As we have written a great deal about Dnssek and Schubert lately, not to mention Bach and Beethoven, we are at a loss for further sentences. Moreover, we can find nothing new to say about Miss Goddard's playing (unless perchance she would, for once in a way, lay herself open to criticism, to which she seems perversely disinclined). Under these circumstances we must be content to sum up at once in a verdict of unqualified approval. The great novelty was the picturesque and very original sonata of Franz Schubert, whose numerous works will afford our young English pianist a new and wealthy mine to explore—and especially his six grand solo sonatas, of which this one in A minor is the first. The next in importance was the interesting and thoughtful composition of Herr Joachim, in which the variation form is developed in a very elaborate and ingenious manner. The quartet of Dnssek, a master-piece of grace, was also almost as good as a novelty, so rarely is it publicly performed. Bach's *suite* is one of the freshest and most vigorous from the *Suites Anglaises*; and about the Kreutzer sonata we need say nothing. Herr Joachim played superbly, both on the viola, in his piece, and on the violin in Beethoven's sonata, which was a triumph of skill and expression, on the part of both executants, and created nothing short of a *fuore*.—*Mus. World*.

Special Notices.

DESCRIPTIVE LIST OF THE LATEST MUSIC,

Published by O. Ditson & Co.

Vocal, with Piano.

I'll try my luck again. Ballad. L. Heath. 25

A fresh little song, serio-comic in style, by a popular author. The words express very happily that truly American spirit of enterprise and energy, which knows no such word as "fail." Add to this an easy, pleasing melody, with a charming peculiarity in the refrain: "I'll try my luck again," and it is safe to predict a great popularity for this song.

Many changes I have seen. Song. H. Russell. 25

In Russell's well-known vigorous style.

The Chamois Hunter. H. A. Pond. 25

A merry hunting song, full of spirit and life.

'Tis the moonlight sleeping. Wrighton. 25

A mother's last farewell. Wrighton. 25

Two beautiful ballads by the composer of "The dearest spot on earth, to me, is home." The first has a very telling accompaniment in Arpeggios. The melody of both is simple.

Instrumental.

Spring Song. Mendelssohn. 25

Among those forty-two charming Tone-poems which Mendelssohn has written under the name of "Songs without words," there are some which have excited a much more general admiration than others. Perhaps the most distinguished of these is the Spring Song in the Fifth Book. Thalberg seemed to have conceived a particular liking for it. It is the very ideal of grace and neatness. The issue of this number, separately, will be welcomed with pleasure by those who deem the whole of a series too heavy for their tasks. Other prominent numbers will be issued shortly.

Books.

Weber's Theory of Musical Composition. Treated with a view to a Naturally Consecutive Arrangement of Topics. By Godfrey Weber, Doctor Honorarius, Knight of the First Class of the Hessian Order of Lewis, Honorary Member of the Royal Swedish Academy in Stockholm, of the Hollandic Union for the Promotion of Music, &c. Translated from the third enlarged and improved German edition, with Notes. By James F. Warner. 2 vols. \$4.

Weber's work is pre-eminently adapted to this country. Its admirable clear and simple style, taken in connection with the copious detail of its matter, renders it, as the author himself very justly observes, peculiarly appropriate to those who have but little or no present acquaintance with the subject. It is truly the book that we need. On the one hand it is the best authority that the world contains; on the other, it is simple and easy to be understood. And welcome indeed to our shores should be a work so well adapted as is Weber's to the condition and wants of our country. * * * The word "Theory" seems rather an unfortunate one to be used in this connection. To the apprehension of many, it carries the idea of something that is far removed from the practical and useful, and that is attended with no real, substantial advantages; while in point of fact, the term, as employed in the present instance, designates a body of principles and a mass of knowledge which is practical in the highest degree, and which sustains very much the same relation to musical action, as a helm does to a ship, or a guide to a traveller, or subbeams to all our operations in the external world.

Technical Studies, (Technische Studien,) For Piano-forte Playing. By Louis Plaidy. Teacher in the Conservatory of Music at Leipsic. Translated from the German by J. C. D. Parker. \$2.

The author remarks concerning this book:—"Notwithstanding the many schools already written for the piano-forte, I have still felt the want of a work which I could thoroughly recommend to my scholars as the ground work of their technical studies. The large works are on the one hand inaccessible to many on account of their cost, and on the other contain much that is calculated only for beginners, but which would be of little use to those for whom this guide is especially intended. I have thought that many useful hints might be given, which are undoubtedly well known to all good teachers, but which I have, thus far, missed in all schools. It is hoped that this guide may facilitate the studies of artists as well as amateurs, and at least contribute something to the cause of solid piano-forte playing."

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Henri Heine about Music and Musicians.

V.—MUSICAL SEASON OF 1844—BERLIOZ—MENDELSSOHN—FERDINAND HILLER—PIANISTS—LISZT.

PARIS, April 25, 1844.

A tout seigneur tout honneur. We begin, to-day, with BERLIOZ, whose first concert opened the musical season, and might be regarded as the overture thereto. The more or less new pieces that were here brought before the public met with due applause; and even the most sluggish souls were carried away by the impetus of genius that reveals itself in all the creations of the great master. Here is a flapping of wings that indicates no common song-bird; it is a colossal nightingale, of eagle's size, such as may have existed in the primeval world. Yes, the Berlioz music has for me something primeval, if not antediluvian; it reminds me of fabulous kingdoms and of monstrous sins, of high-heaped and towering impossibilities; of Babylon, of the hanging gardens of Semiramis, of Nineveh, of the wonder-works of Mizraim, such as we see in the pictures of the English Martin. In fact, if we look round for an analogy in the art of Painting, we find remarkable resemblance and affinity between Berlioz and the mad Briton; the same feeling for the monstrous, for the gigantic, for material immeasurableness. In the one, sharp effects of light and shadow; in the other, screaming instrumentation; in the one, little melody; in the other little color; in both, little beauty and not any soul. Their works are neither antique nor romantic; they remind you neither of Greece nor of the Catholic middle ages; but they point much farther back, to the Assyrian-Babylonian-Egyptian period of architecture, and to the mere massiveness that is expressed therein.

What a regular modern man, on the contrary, is our FELIX MENDELSSOHN BARTOLDY, our highly-honored countryman, whom we mention next on account of the Symphony which was brought out by him in the concert hall of the Conservatoire. We owe this enjoyment to the active zeal of his friends and patrons here. Although this Symphony of Mendelssohn was very frostily received in the Conservatoire, yet it deserves the recognition of all true connoisseurs in Art. It is a work of genuine beauty, one of the best of Mendelssohn. But how comes it that since the *Paulus* was presented to the public here, no laurel crown will bloom on French soil for an artist so deserving and so highly gifted? How comes it that here all efforts go to wreck, and that the last desperate resource of the Odeon theatre, the performance of the chorusses to *Antigone*, was followed by the same lamentable result? Mendelssohn always affords us an occasion to reflect upon the highest problems of æsthetics. Especially are we always reminded in him of the great question: What is the distinction between Art and falsehood? We admire most in this master his great talent for form, for *stylistics*, his gift for assimilating what is most ex-

traordinary, his exquisite invoice, his fine lizard's ear, his delicate feelers, and his earnest, I might almost say passionate, indifference. If we seek in a sister art for an analogous appearance, we find it this time in poetry, and its name is LUDWIG TIECK. This master, too, knew always how to reproduce what was most excellent, whether in writing or in reading aloud; he understood how to produce the *naïve*, and yet he has never created anything which subdued the multitude and lived on in their hearts. The more gifted Mendelssohn would be more likely to succeed in creating something lasting, but not on the ground where truth and passion are the first requirements, not upon the stage; so Ludwig Tieck, in spite of his most ardent longing, never could bring it to a dramatic performance.

Besides the Mendelssohn symphony, we heard with great interest, in the Conservatoire, a symphony of the blessed MOZART, and a no less talented composition by HANDEL. They were received with great applause.

Our excellent countryman, FERDINAND HILLER, enjoys too great an esteem among the intelligent friends of Art to make it necessary for us, great as the names are which we have just named, to mention him among the composers whose works have found deserved recognition here in the Conservatoire. Hiller is more a thinking than a feeling musician, and too great learnedness is even made an objection to him. Mind and science may frequently, perhaps, impart a certain coldness to the compositions of this *doctinaire*, yet they are always graceful, beautiful and charming. Of wry-mouthed eccentricity there is here no trace; Hiller has an artistic affinity with his countryman, Wolfgang Goethe. Hiller, too, was born at Frankfort, where, when I last passed through, I saw his paternal house. It is called "*Zum grünen Frosch*," (the Green Frog,) and the image of a frog may be seen over the front door. But Hiller's compositions never remind one of such an unmusical beast, but rather of larks, nightingales, and other sorts of singing birds of Spring.

There has been no lack of concert-giving pianists here this year. The ides of March, especially, were notable days in that particular. Everything jingles away, and will be heard, if only for a show, that one may put on airs as a great celebrity beyond the barriers of Paris. These artist youths, especially in Germany, know how to speculate upon the begged or stolen rags of feuilleton praise; and in the newspaper puffs there we may read how the celebrated genius, the great RUDOLPH W., has arrived—the rival of Liszt and Thalberg, the piano-forte hero, who has excited such a great regard in Paris, and has even been praised by the critic Jules Janin. Hosanna! Now, one who has chanced to see such a poor fly in Paris, and who knows how little notice is here taken even of more important personages, finds the credulity of the public very entertaining, and the coarse shamelessness of the virtuoso very disgusting. But the sin lies

deeper, namely, in the condition of our daily press; and this, again, is only a result of worse fatalities.

I must still come back to the conviction that there are but three pianists who deserve a serious consideration, namely: CHOPIN, the gracious tone-poet, who unfortunately has been sick, and seldom visible this winter; then THALBERG, the musical *gentleman*, who, in fact, would have no need to play the piano in order to be greeted everywhere as a fine appearance, and who actually seems to consider his talent merely as an *appanage*; and then our LISZT, who, in spite of all his perverseness and his sharp corners, still remains our dear Liszt, and at this moment has again thrown the *beau monde* of Paris into excitement. Yes, he is here, the great agitator, our Franz Liszt, the knight-errant of all possible orders, (with the exception of the French Legion of Honor, which Louis Phillippe will not grant to any virtuoso;) he is here, this Hohenzoller-Heckingen state counsellor, this Doctor of Philosophy and miraculous Doctor of Music, this resurrected rat-catcher of Hamelin, this modern Faust, who is always followed by a poodle in the figure of Belloni, this ennobled and yet noble Franz Liszt! He is here, the modern Amphion, who, with the vibrations of his strings, set stones in motion at the building of the Cologne Cathedral, so that they fitted themselves together like the walls of Thebes! He is here, the modern Homer, whom Germany, Hungary, and France, the three greatest countries, claim as their child, whereas the minstrel of the Iliad was only claimed by seven small provincial cities! He is here, the Attila, the scourge of God to all Erard pianos, which tremble at the first news of his coming, and which now again quiver and bleed and whimper under his hand, till it becomes a fair case for the society for preventing cruelty to animals! He is here, the mad, beauteous, hateful, enigmatical, fatal, and yet withal the very childlike child of his age, the gigantic dwarf, the furious Roland with the Hungarian sabre of honor, the genial harlequin, whose mad pranks turn our own head for us, and to whom, in any case, we render loyal service in here publicly reporting the great *furor* he has been exciting. We candidly confirm the fact of his immense *succès*; how we interpret this fact to our private thinking, and whether we accord or refuse our own private approval to the admired virtuoso, must be a matter of indifference to him, since our voice is only that of a single individual, and our authority in the art of music is of no especial significance.

When I heard formerly of the giddiness, which broke out in Germany and especially in Berlin, when Liszt showed himself there, I shrugged my shoulders and thought: That still and sabbath-like Germany will not be slow to improve the opportunity of a bit of permitted movement; it will shake its sleep-paralyzed limbs a little, and my Abderites upon the Spree will gladly tickle themselves into a given enthusiasm, one declaiming after the other: "Love, thou ruler of both

men and gods!" Their interest at a spectacle, thought I, is in the spectacle itself, in the spectacle for itself, no matter what the occasion thereof may be called, whether George Herwegh, Franz Liszt, or Fanny Elssler; if Herwegh is forbidden, they will cleave to Liszt, who cannot harm or compromise them. So I thought, so I explained to myself the Liszt-omania, and I took it for a sign of the politically un-free state of things beyond the Rhine. But I was mistaken, and that I remarked some weeks since in the Italian Opera House, where Liszt gave his first concert, and indeed before an assemblage which one might call the flower of Parisian society. At all events they were wide-awake Parisians, men quite familiar with the highest manifestations of the present; men who, for a greater or less period, had been contemporaries of the great drama of the time; among them so many invalids to all artistic enjoyments, the weariest men of action, women equally weary, after having danced the polka all the winter through, an innumerable crowd of preoccupied and *blasé* minds—that surely was no German sentimental, no Berlin sensibility-affecting public, before which Liszt played, all alone, or rather accompanied only by his genius. And yet how powerfully, how thrillingly his mere appearance operated! How impetuously all hands clapped applause! Bouquets were thrown, too, at his feet! It was a sublime moment, when this *triumphator*, with a calm soul, let the nosegays rain upon him, and at last, smiling graciously, drew a red camelia from one of the bouquets, and stuck it in his breast. And this he did in the presence of some young soldiers who had just come from Africa, where they had seen no flowers, but only leaden bullets, rain upon themselves, and had adorned their breasts with the red camelias of their own hero-blood, without attracting much notice either here or there. Strange! thought I, these Parisians, who have seen Napoleon, who had to give them battle after battle, to fix their attention—these men now go into jubilation over our Franz Liszt! And what a jubilee! A kind of madness heretofore unheard of in the annals of *furor*!

But what is the ground of this phenomenon? The solution of the question belongs more, perhaps, to pathology than to æsthetics. A physician, who makes female diseases his speciality, smiled very strangely, and then said all sorts of things about magnetism, galvanism, electricity, of the contagion there is in a close room, filled with innumerable wax-lights and with some hundreds of perfumed, perspiring men, of histrionic epilepsy, of the phenomena of tickling, &c., &c. But perhaps the solution of the question does not lie so adventurously deep, but on a very prosaic surface. It will continually seem to me, that the whole witchcraft of it is explained by the fact, that no one in the world knows so well how to organize his successes, or rather the *mise en scène* thereof, as our Franz Liszt. In this art he is a genius, a Philadelphia, a Bosko, nay, a Meyerbeer. The most distinguished persons serve him as *compères*, and his hired enthusiasts are models in good dress. The crack of champagne bottles, and the fame of lavish generosity, trumpeted through the most reliable journals, win recruits in every city. Nevertheless, it may be that our Franz Liszt was actually by nature much inclined to spend, and free from avarice, a shabby vice, which cleaves to so many virtuosos, especially to

the Italians, and which we find even in the sweet and flute-like RUBINI, of whose niggardliness a very funny anecdote in all respects is told. The celebrated singer, it seems, had, in connection with Franz Liszt, undertaken an artistic tour at joint expense, and the profits of the concerts, which they were to give in various cities, were to be divided. The great pianist, who takes everywhere about with him the general-intendant of his celebrity, the before-mentioned Signor Belloni, delegated to him on this occasion all the business matters. But when Signor Belloni gave in his account after the business was closed up, Rubini, with dismay, remarked that among the common expenses also was set down a considerable sum for laurel crowns, bouquets, eulogistic poems, and other costs of an ovation. The naïve singer had imagined that these tokens of approval had been thrown to him on account of his fine voice; he fell now into a great rage, and swore he would not pay for the bouquets, in which, perhaps, the costliest camelias were found. Were I a musician, this quarrel would afford me the best subject for a comic opera.

But ah! let us not investigate too curiously the homage paid to famous virtuosos. After all, the day of their vain celebrity is short, and the hour soon strikes when the Titan of music perhaps shrivels up to a poor town musician of very subordinate stature, who, in his coffee-house, tells his fellow guests, and assures them on his honor, how once bouquets were hurled at him, with the most beautiful camelias, and even how, on one occasion, two Hungarian countesses, to get his snuff-box, threw each other down upon the ground, and fought till they were bloody! The ephemeral reputation of the virtuoso soon exhales and dies away, lonely and trackless as the camel's scent upon the desert.

Illiterate Music.

(From the New York Musical Review.)

(Concluded.)

Again it is asked, if the spirit of the poetry can so overpower the debasing tendency of the music, and make it really add to the good influence of the hymn, is there not a real gain in the use of the music, and if so, why break up all these hallowed associations and reminiscences? I answer, there is more lost than gained. If this should not prove true when applied to the aged and middle aged, it is certainly true with regard to the children, youth, and young persons now living, and to all posterity. And shall we withhold from our children and our children's children, the vast, ecstatic joys which they may receive during a whole life-time, in order that the aged may receive a limited pleasure during their few remaining days here below?

The sincere Christian, when first brought to a true knowledge of God in Christ, finds that his former associations and feelings have all been wrong, and the longer he has lived in impenitence, the stronger these feelings and associations have become. At his conversion he resolves that they shall be overcome and slain: but they will not be; they force themselves upon him in his most sacred moments; unbidden and unwelcome, still they come. They may be necessary here below, to keep him of an humble and contrite spirit, and thus be made to help him in his heavenly road; but suppose, if wholly purified from them, he could still be humble and penitent for the past, enjoying at all times a perfect peace of conscience and the full assurance of hope, how much more rapidly would he advance in holiness! How much joy would he gain! How much sorrow and grief would he avoid!

So it is with these holy and divine *hymns*, which, although consecrated to the service of Christ by their authors, have been wedded to base and vulgar tunes by the churches. Divest them of the clogs and hindrances with which they have to contend in their unholy union; free them from their association with a class of tunes fit for nothing, unless it be to help the drunkard and debauchee in their way to destruction;

and associate them with the many heart-stirring melodies, with which they are in perfect sympathy, so that both music and poetry will cordially unite their influence for good, and the devotion of the Church will rise until she shall realize in her own experience, that "the highest exercise of the powers of man is the praise of God." (Doctor Alexander.)

We admit that tunes of an illiterate and vulgar cast do excite the passions, and so also do ribald rhyme and vulgar verse; so do rum and whiskey; but this is no reason why these things should be admitted into the Church, nor for continuing them when they are in. Heretofore our argument has had reference to the influence of music alone; that is, the natural tendency of musical tones arranged in a certain tune form, but sung (or played) without words, and we think the facts sustain us in the position that there is a style of music, which is adapted to low, vulgar scenes, and which, aside from all associations, has a deleterious effect upon the mind and heart, and when allied to low and vulgar rhyme, intensifies its power for evil, and thus becomes the handmaid of vice. We believe tunes of this description are found in many books of church music, and they are not unfrequently sung by choirs and congregations in the sanctuary on the Sabbath, and their influence, to say the least, is not good—but musical tones, however beautifully and scientifically (or otherwise) arranged in the form of tunes, or other compositions, cannot of themselves suggest particular ideas—in other words, music alone, without words, however perfect the composition and execution, will not suggest the same ideas in different minds: if accurately performed and with proper expression, it will excite similar *emotion* in various persons, but not necessarily the same ideas; for this, we must depend upon the words. Thus, if two persons listen to the same gentle, tranquil strains, both will feel the same quiet, placid emotion, though the thoughts of one are fixed upon the calm, still beauty of a summer sun-set, while the mind of the other is stretching far away to the serene and peaceful circle around the family hearth-stone in a distant home. A cheerful strain might intensify the anticipated pleasure of a coming party or ball in the one, while in the other it might revive the joy experienced in hearing new-born souls tell of their happiness and peace in their newly-discovered love of Christ.

These illustrations show that while music alone can excite similar emotions in different individuals, it is dependent upon poetry to elicit the particular subject of thought.

By the power of association, therefore, these illiterate and vulgar tunes may in a very limited degree enhance the pious aspirations of devout Christians; but it is doubtful, even with their best associations, if their effect on the impenitent is not otherwise than good when used in the worship of God.

There is still another class of tunes, which, although good in themselves and *in their place*, are yet decidedly out of place, and deleterious in their influence when used in the house of God, simply in consequence of their associations—I refer now to such tunes as *Lily Dale*; *Coming through the Rye*; *Nid, Nid, Nodding*, and all other secular melodies which are associated with certain secular words by a large majority of the community. These associations are quite as strong in the minds of most people as are those of some Christians with the style of music heretofore discussed; and after having heard these and other ballads, airs, etc., where they belong, it is impossible to hear them in the church, and not be carried directly to the parlor and drawing-room, the party and concert. The effects of these associations, although unobjectionable in themselves, (because music of this kind is useful as an amusement), are in reality worse, under the circumstances, than those of the other class; those in most instances will exert but a negative influence, preventing that high attainment in religious emotion which would be obtained by the devout worshipper, in the use of good tunes adapted to the sentiment of the hymns, and leaving the minds of the careless inactive, or at most engaged in the scenes around them; while these have a direct, positive, and almost universal tendency to divert the thoughts entirely from heavenly things, and turn them wholly into another and (under the circumstances) a sinful channel.

If these things are so, what is the remedy? I answer: ministers and others—but particularly *ministers*—must give more attention to the subject, not in order to complain and find fault with their choristers, choirs, and tunes, and yet not be able to tell what kind of a change they want; but they must be willing to learn; and if there is no better way, to learn from those who, although comparatively ignorant of many other things, have yet so studied and pondered upon this subject, that they understand not only the powers and uses of musical tones and phrases, as the scholar

understands the powers and uses of words and sentences, but also its relations and adaptation to the wants of man as a social, religious, and immortal being. They must be willing to forego the satisfaction they receive in the use of certain tunes, only because they have heard them from childhood, and associated them with the house of God and revivals; and if knowledge, science, cultivated taste, and experience have discovered a more excellent way, they must be willing to see it and turn to it, and give their influence for it. There are many good men, both ministers and laymen, who, from ignorance and heedlessness, and some I fear from stubbornness, continue to carry their grist to mill in one end of the bag, with stones in the other, who ought to know and do better.

Ministers must be willing to give a little time to the study of musical history, and the reading of such books as "Latrobe's Music of the Church," "Hasting's Dissertation on Musical Taste," "Mason's Letters," etc. They must read the biography of some learned musicians, and, whenever they have an opportunity, listen to the music of those who are acknowledged by all to be masters in the science. Surely, so long as music holds such an important position in the public worship of God, it is the minister's duty to understand it—so far, at least, as not to compel it by the selection of inappropriate hymns, nor allow it, by the whims and caprices of an impatient chorister, to become a foul blot on the sacrifices of the Sabbath, and an hindrance to the progress and success of the gospel.

Jehovah says, "Whoso offereth praise glorifieth me," (Psalm 50: 23,) but He requires a perfect sacrifice and a free-will offering.

Is not the object well worthy the labor necessary to accomplish it? T. B. M.

How People Listen to Music.

(From the N. Y. Musical World.)

Many with their thoughts on something else—like Napoleon, who used music to amuse his ear, while his mind was busy with ambitious dreams and schemes:—just as some people smoke a cigar, while writing, to give their body something to do while their mind is employed. But music, in such a case, must not prove more attractive than a cigar, otherwise the design is thwarted, the mind being withdrawn from the occupation to the amusement. It was for this reason that Napoleon disliked Cherubini; for that great master's music had something about it which irresistibly attracted the attention, and from which there was no getting away; the Emperor therefore preferred the more negative and less strongly-marked compositions of Mehul.

While many persons are thus thinking of something that has no connection with the music, others are busy with thought actually suggested by the music. We doubt not that in many minds a parallel course of thought is carried on while listening to music—consecutive thought we mean—such thought following the light and shade and constantly-varying coloring of the tones.

Another class of listeners is composed of such as have acute musical sensibilities, who float off upon musical strains as upon balmy breezes, which waft them to some upper and happier realm. They have no clear and well-defined thought, like the former class just mentioned, but they are indulging in a merely sensuous delight; their thought, if they have any, being vague and rambling. The pleasure of such persons is a kind of refined, nervous pleasure, music sweeping over their nervous organization like electricity and producing a species of musical incubation.

Another class embraces those who are more self-collected and who distinguish the music much more nearly. These persons are chiefly pleased, however, only with pretty melodies when they occur in a composition; that which intervenes being meaningless and listened to only because something enjoyable is momentarily expected. This embraces a very large class of persons—such as have an appreciation only of tunes; that is, of a single clearly-expressed melody, floating on a thin basis of harmony. This harmony best pleases such persons, when it is most negative—not distracting their attention from the tune. For this reason Italian music is, and always will be, most popular, because it consists so much of a simple melody, floating on thin and trivial harmony.

A fifth class embraces those persons who chiefly enjoy music from seeing the manipulation thereof. They must see the fingers of the pianist, the bowing of the violinist, the face and features of the singer. Their delight is a mechanical one. If prodigious difficulties seem to be overcome, their pleasure is by so much the more enhanced. If great difficulties actually are overcome, but the artist be of that superior class of men who conceal even the appearance of dif-

ficulties from the audience, the delight of such listeners is proportionably diminished. They believe their own eyes in music—they have no cultivated each wherewith to believe. Ole Bull is an immense genius with such persons—Henri Vieuxtemps a fifth-rate artist.

A sixth class embraces those who listen to music by looking at bonnets, and dresses, and faces, and looking at beaux and belles; who talk, and smile, and coquette and flirt, just such as one may see by scores at any Philharmonic rehearsal or concert—those sweet pets of fashion and society, who are assassinated fifty times an evening with daggers fiercely looked at them by indignant musical Orsinis right and left.

A seventh class embraces those who listen to music with critical ears only. Such are chiefly reporters and critics of the public press. They listen (much too often) to be displeased, rather than to be pleased. A false tone, a sin of musical omission, or commission, are instantly "made a note of." If commendation be expressed, it must be followed by a "but"—and the place where the "but" comes in, is to them a very important place. People sometimes eat bread for the sake of its accompanying fresh spring-butter—critics often commend for the sake of half that oleaginous word, the inevitable "but," which is to follow thereupon.

An eighth class consists of those liberal minds who take music into their breasts like a gentle dove, who willingly suffer it to nestle and coo there, who warm it into still fresher vitality by a kindly reception and who are warmed in turn by it: who never question its right to come, or to stay; who keep it as long as they can and only reluctantly allow it to depart: who live long on its recollection afterward, and think of it as sweet, departed fragrance.

A ninth class of listeners comprises those who are fond only of such music as is familiar to them. Their pleasure is chiefly one of association. They are reminded thereby of old sights and scenes; of friends departed; of their youth; of days of joy and hilarity; of old dreams and old aspirations; of old loves and old flirtations; of those vague, indefinite feelings of youth, which are a kind of roseate atmosphere enveloping early life, and which so sadly and so soon fades into a leaden hue as we advance in years—something which, at the time, was very subtle and intangible, but which, now that it is gone, is inexpressibly missed and regretted. Sweet songs, and ballads, seem ever to have had their birth and their home in this atmosphere, hence they strongly remind of it when heard again—nay, they seem even partially to cause it to float once more around the heart with that soft, dreamy haze, which is the morning mist of early life.

A tenth class comprises the few who enjoy music to the very fullest possible extent, and to the very bottom of their hearts, because they know most about it. They have not only the delicate musical organization which secures to them all the merely sensuous delight of music, but they combine with this the rare intellectual pleasure of a perfect understanding and appreciation of masterly musical workmanship. They listen not only with the ear, but with the intellect. In fact, they can listen with either, or with both combined; they can shut their eyes and float off upon delicious waves of music, until they attain to a heaven of delight—they can lay a fetter on their nerves, and intellectually (alone) enjoy the rare handiwork of the master: or they can combine these two pleasures into one; the mind being capable of a double action—that of intense enjoyment, and a clear perception, meantime, of the causes of that enjoyment. If listening to a symphony of Beethoven, the ear of such persons not only hears, but penetrates the dense tonemasses of the orchestra; it distinguishes each individual instrument at will, and hears the pleasant, melodic story told by each; where all instruments are talking as in a general musical conversation, it catches the agreeable remark made by the humblest participant in the tuneless debate. It follows, moreover, the course of the argument. When the subject (or theme) is first broached, that subject is recognized: and any allusion to it afterward is instantly understood. When a second subject is broached, that also is clearly perceived; its discussion is followed; and when both subjects are discussed at once (perhaps) and are wrought up in a wonderful manner together, the intelligent listener wonders which is the greater, the intellectual pleasure in the perception of a composer's fine intent, his musical architecture, his treatment of his materials, and his management of instruments—or the merely sensuous delight of the delicious sounds he evokes.

Nor think that because such persons know much, they must suffer much. If the music is bad, there is at least a pleasure in knowing why it is bad. The investigation of this, even, is some alleviation, and

turns the mind from dissonance to scientific matters. Moreover, there being a marked difference between music and noise, there is a vast difference in one's feelings, whether one listens as to music, or as to noise. The intelligent musician, therefore, having decided that it is mere noise, and not music, he can the more calmly endure it: while the uninformed, listening to it still as music, is suffering dreadful disappointment and discomfort.

The educated and intelligent musician, moreover, is always far more charitable and considerate than any one else, knowing the reasons of things and the difficulties of musical attainment: wherefore he gives more credit for what really is accomplished, and knows how to value a good thing well-attempted.

The upshot of the whole matter would seem to be, then, that enjoyment of music to the very utmost, implies musical knowledge. Wherefore let us study, and understand music, if we would marvellously enhance music's pleasures—adding to the delights of musical sensuousness musical sense.

Hon. R. C. Winthrop's Remarks at the Public School Festival, (July 27, 1858.)

I hardly know, ladies and gentlemen, what I can find to say in the brief moment which I feel at liberty to occupy this afternoon, and more especially after so much has been so well said already, which will be in any degree worthy of such an occasion as the present; or which will not rather seem like a rude and harsh interruption of the melodious strains which we are here to enjoy. I cannot but feel that a mere unaccompanied solo from almost any human voice—even were it a hundred fold better tuned and better trained than my own—must sound flat and feeble when brought into such immediate contrast with the choral harmonies to which we have just been listening.

But I could not altogether resist the temptation (so kindly presented to me by my valued friend, the Chairman of the Committee of Arrangements), to identify myself even so humbly, with this charming festival—the first of its kind in our city—and I cannot refrain from thanking him and his associates, now that I am here, for counting me worthy to be included among those whom they have selected to supply the brief interludes to these delightful performances of the children. I am afraid I have no great faculty at firing a minute gun—not even so much as I once had in playing on that trombone to which my friend has so pleasantly alluded*—but I am sure I shall have fulfilled every reasonable expectation, if I may have aided in breaking the fall for this noble choir, as they pass along so triumphantly from key to key, from choral to choral.

Seriously my friends among all the numerous reforms which have been witnessed in our community of late years, I know of none more signal or more felicitous—none with which any one might well be more justly proud to associate his name—than that of which this occasion is the brilliant and beautiful inauguration. I would not disparage or depreciate the annual school festivals of the olden time. I have not forgotten, I can never forget the delight with which, more years ago than I might care to specify in precisely this presence, I myself obtained a medal boy's ticket to the old Faneuil Hall dinner; nor how proudly I filed off with my cherished compeers behind the chairs of the Fathers of the city—after the cloth was removed—to receive their recognition and benediction, before they proceeded to their speeches and sentiments, and to the discussion of their nuts and wine. I rejoice to remember, in passing, that the Mayor of that day—though to my boyish eye he was even then a venerable person—still lives to adorn the community over which he so worthily presided—still walks erect among us to receive the daily homage of our respect and affection. You have all anticipated me in pronouncing the name of the elder Quincy. But how poor were even the most sumptuous viands of those occasions, shorn, as they were, of the best grace of every modern festive board—deprived altogether of the participation or the presence of the mothers and daughters of our city, and prepared only for the satisfaction of the mere animal appetites! What "funeral baked meats" they were at the best, when contrasted with the exquisite entertainment for eye, ear, mind, heart, soul, which we are this day enjoying. I have only to regret that the amiable and accomplished Minister from Great Britain, whom we had all hoped to welcome on this occasion, should have been prevented by engagements at Washington, from lending to the occasion, as I am sure he most gladly would have done, his genial presence and eloquent words.

And now, let us hope, my friends, that the inspiration of this hour and of this scene will not be lost on

* See Remarks of Dr. UPHAM in our last.

the young hearts which are throbbing and swelling around us. We are too much accustomed to speak of the future as quite beyond all human control or foresight. And it is true that no consultation of oracles, no casting of horoscopes, no invocation of spirits, will unveil to us the mysteries which lie beyond this sublunary sphere. But we may not forget that the immediate future of our own community is before us—visibly, audibly, bodily before us—in the persons of these young children of the Schools. These boys I need not say, are the men of the future; and, under God, the masters of the future. The ever moving procession of human life will pass on a few steps, and they will be on the platforms, and we shall be beneath the sod. But to-day we are not merely their examples and models, but their masters and mentors; and these schools are the studios, in which, by God's help, they may be formed and fashioned, and shaped as we will. Yes, my friends, not by any idle rappings on senseless tables, but by simply knocking at our own honest School room doors, and asking how many boys and girls there are within, and what is their mental and physical and moral and spiritual condition and culture,—we may find a revelation of the future, hardly less sure or less exact than if it were written in letters of light by the pen of inspiration.

I have somewhere seen it recorded of England's great hero, the late Duke of Wellington, that, on some visit to Eton School in his old age, while gazing upon those well remembered scenes of his boyhood, and when allusion had been made by some of his companions to the great exploits of his manhood, he exclaimed, "Yes, yes, it was at Eton that Waterloo was won." And not a few of you, my young friends, will one day or other be confessing that the best victories of your mature life have been virtually won or lost at school.

There was, indeed, a deep significance in the arrangement of that old choral trio, which has come down to us in the history of the ancient Lacedæmonians—for even the sternness of Sparta did not disdain the employment of music in their festive celebrations. They are said to have had three choirs, corresponding to the three periods of human life.

The old men began—

"Once in battle bold we shone;"

The middle-aged replied—

"Try us; our vigor is not gone;"

But the boys concluded—

"The palm remains for us alone."

Yes, young children of the schools, the palm remains for you alone. To you, alone, certainly, it remains still to strive for it and to win it. By too many of your elders it has been won or lost already. But for you, the whole course is clear; the whole competition free and open; and you are invited to enter upon it under such auspices, and with such advantages, as were never before enjoyed beneath the sun. May the inspirations of this occasion go forth with you to the trial, encouraging and animating you to higher and higher efforts for success, "*Excelsior, Excelsior*," the motto of each one of you. Above all, let not the praises of God be the mere lip service of an Anniversary Festival, nor the love of your fellow men and of your country—the true harmonies of the heart—die away with the fading echoes of a Jubilee chorus. And while you strive to fulfil every duty to your neighbors and yourselves, and to advance the best interests of the world in which you live—may you ever look forward with humble faith and trust, to the day, of which you are just about to sing, when other palms than those of mere human triumphs may be seen in your hands, and when, with a multitude which no man can number, you may be permitted to mingle in other and nobler songs than any which can be fully learned on earth.

The Country and Musicians.

[From *La France Musicale*; translated for the London Musical World.]

The emigration of artists is complete. In a few days more, there will not be one left in Paris, except M. Auber, who alone braves the heat of the Boulevards and theatres in the dog-days. The Conservatory gives its bantlings a holiday; the professors hang their lyre at the head of their bed, and are off. "O, country! meadows, valleys, mountains, streams, hill-sides, and shepherd's pipes, I salute you!" exclaims, with tender emotion, the musician, who during six months of cold, has, in vain, courted his rebellious fancy, or submitted to listen, at all hours of the day and night, to the gamut executed by his pupils. "O country! with thy chirruping grasshoppers, murmuring waters, warbling birds, sighing breezes, and answering echoes—with thy leaves, trees, alleys, shepherds, goats, cows, and everything that lives in the

open air, far from cities and their asphaltic pavements—once more I salute you!"

Will any one believe it! In the midst of this general exclamation, one voice is silent; among all the generals and soldiers serving in the same army, a single captain, or, I should rather say, field-marshal, remains insensible to the beauties of the country. It is M. Auber. M. Auber is a child of Paris. Do not speak to him of flowers, save such as blossom in the Passage de l'Opéra; his verdure, his trees, and his palaces, are those which MM. Séchan, Despléchin, Thierry, Cambon, etc., daub on the canvas scenes of the Opéra-Comique. "Why should I travel?" asked M. Auber, one day, "have I not in the theatre everything Nature can offer? From the ocean, with its vessels tossed about by the winds, to the cascades of Switzerland; from the palaces of Goleonda and the Greek and Roman temples, to the simple huts of Brittany and Normandy; from kings and emperors, to the angler with his rod; and from the wildest mountains to the most smiling plains, I find everything at the Opéra. Besides, there is something I do not meet with in your woods, and that is the little frisking feet, the shapes that twist about like spindles—those pretty children of the air, vulgarly called *dansesuses*. Then, again, if you could show me, far away from here, unknown countries, and incomparable castles, I should always miss an orchestra and voices to lend them animation. I am so accustomed to all the whistling, singing, scraping noises of the opera, that the country without an orchestral accompaniment would, for me, resemble a churchyard. I am shown a mountain lighted up by the rays of the sun, with processions of soldiers and peasants; it is very fine! But when a gigantic *finale* bursts upon this effect of light, it is sublime! Such is my creed." In fact, M. Auber has never been beyond the Bois de Boulogne all his life, or, if he has, by chance, wandered as far as Fontainebleau or Compiègne, he has thought, on again beholding the Boulevards, that he had returned from a journey of a thousand leagues. Such illusions should be respected. Who knows? It is, perhaps, to this antipathy for travelling, and this doating fondness of the capital, that M. Auber is indebted for the fact of having preserved the freshness of his melodic ideas, and the springtime of his mind.

As for M. Meyerbeer, he cares neither for town nor country; he lives for music alone—his own, of course. He has taken a liking to Spa, and if his sovereign conferred on him the right of hanging or decorating the editors of *La France Musicale*, it is from Spa that he would date his decrees. It is to Spa that the managers of the Opéra and the Opéra-Comique proceed regularly, at the very least, once a year, on a pilgrimage, to entreat the learned composer for a score.

Like M. Auber, Signor Rossini has a decided predilection for the Boulevards. He does not, however, object to be under the tall-spreading trees; as inspiration comes from God, and God is everywhere, he could, if he pleased, write a *chef-d'œuvre* with equal facility in a garret, in a gilded saloon, or on a grassy bank. He has a charming little retreat at Passy, where he receives his friends. He is fond of long walks, accompanied by light, joyous conversation. What astonishes me, is the sympathy of the author of *Guillaume Tell* for street organs; what astonishes me still more, is his particularly liking those with damaged barrels, playing, in all sorts of keys, the overture to *La Gazza*, the airs from *Il Barbiere*, or any other of the inspirations of his immortal genius.

Signor Verdi would give all the palaces of the world for a cottage and ten feet of green sward. When he is compelled to inhabit Paris, Milan, Naples, or Venice, to superintend the performance of a new opera, there is no getting at him. But speak to him of Bussato, his dearly beloved village, and he will smile agreeably. It is the place which sheltered his infancy, and consists of ten houses in the open plain, traversed by the high road; a little church, ornamented by an organ to which he confided his first melodies; cultivated fields, without shade, and, in the distance, the Po with its roaring stream; such is the rural residence of the author of *Il Trovatore*. Once at Bussato, Signor Verdi is the most amiable man in the world; once there, he forgets music. From morning to evening, he follows the little paths leading to the cottages of his peasants. He speaks to one about his corn, and to another about his vines. He is everywhere saluted with profound respect. When the first shades of night descend on the earth, choristers, echoing each other, are heard in the immense plain; they might be taken for *orphenists* organized in companies; they are the peasants, the vine-dressers, and harvesters, repeating the airs of *Nabucco*, *Ernani*, *I Lombardi*, *Macbeth*, *I due Foscari*, *Il Trovatore*, *Rigoletto*, *Luisa Miller*, and *I Masnadieri*. They are celebrating, in their fashion, their

lord and master. Their voices answer each other at distances, and produce a delicious concert. Signor Verdi is only really happy on this vast estate, which he has acquired by the fruits of his genius. He loves the open air, space, and liberty. He would certainly die of *ennui* if he were deprived of his birds, his trees, and his fields.

M. Halévy works incessantly; he would love the beauties of Nature, but he has not time. He can scarcely go and inhale, for a few hours, the fresh odor of the roses, at his villa at Marly. Amiable in disposition, and always ready for work, he has scarcely finished one production before he wants to commence another, not perceiving that he is using up too quickly his strength, both physical and moral, by such intellectual labor. Mr. Halévy works with the same pleasure in town as in the country. He does not like solitude and, if he smiles on the green trees, it is because he has around him numerous friends, who carry his mind back to Paris, by talking to him of present successes, past failures, and the other common topics of the day. Possessed of an excellent disposition, particularly impressionable, he surrounds himself with flowers. His saloons are a perfect garden, where the violet and jasmine blossom all the year, so that, even at the Institute, he can still fancy himself at the beautiful villa at Marly.

LEON ESCUDIER.

Mozart Judged by M. Lamartine.*

I.

A remarkable fact connected with young Wolfgang Mozart (the most prodigious musical organization that ever existed) is that the individual and the man constitute, so to speak, in his case, only one being; music lies with him in the cradle; when he is three years old he stammers out, on his father or mother's lap, music instead of words; music plays with him on every sonorous instrument as with the playthings of his infancy; music writes with his hand sonatas for the harpsichord, fugues for cathedral organs, or operas for the theatres of Italy, from his earliest youth; she travels with him from Milan to Naples, from Naples to Venice, from Venice to Vienna, and from Vienna to Paris, culling harmony from all these various languages, climates, waves and winds, as the breeze, sweeping over the earth, steals its sweet odor, to perfume itself. Music sobs with him at the death-bed of his mother, and takes part in her funeral obsequies; she participates in his love; she writes with his dying hand his angelic *Requiem*, thus noting down his first and last sigh; and she passes away with his soul, to join the celestial concert of which his whole life here below was simply the prelude.

The character of Mozart's existence is that he was not a musician, but music incarnate in a mortal organization.

II.

Everything in him was serious, because everything was sublime; his piety, the inheritance left him by his father and mother, caused him incessantly to lift his thoughts to the Christian's heaven, where he still beheld them with the eyes of his faith. A few passages from his letters to his sister, who was happy at Salzburg, having married for love, reveal the pious serenity of his mind, which was translated into sacred music; he thought in sounds which filled vaulted cathedrals with soul. One of Mozart's musical phrases converted as many hearts as a sermon. God is above, and Mozart's genius was constantly ascending. Like the French poet, Gilbert, who, when dying, celebrated in poetry his own death, Mozart sang for himself eternal peace, on his death bed, with his *Requiem*. He died, aged thirty-five, in 1791. The world had no idea of the extent of its loss; it required thirty years for his name to attain that ripe glory it possesses at the present day. But Rossini was about to be born at the very moment Mozart was dying, as if Providence intended that the voice and its echo should be separated only for a moment in the ear of a century. When we say "its echo," we do not pretend to degrade Rossini's original genius to the level of a mere repercussion of that of Mozart; Rossini is Mozart when happy; and Mozart, Rossini when grave. They are different but equal; Mozart is the pensive melody of the Tyrol and Germany; Rossini is the gaiety and enthusiastic joy of Naples; we carry our country in our own breasts. Rossini was more at home in the musical drama, and Mozart in lyrical melody, apart from the orchestra and the actor. His music was sufficient of itself; he sings simply to sing, while Rossini does so to move and please us.

III.

If we are now asked which of the two kinds of

* Cours Familier de Littérature, mois de Juin; (translated for the London Musical World.)

music we prefer, that which sings alone without words, or that which is accompanied by the words of the dialogue on the stage, we do not hesitate in preferring non-dramatic musical to theatrical music. It is only for the vulgar that any art becomes popular by an unequal match. What would you think of a school for sculpture which should borrow the colors of painting to render the divine forms of Phidias more like the colored wax-figures before which the ignorant multitude of our public squares goes into ecstasies? What would you think of a school of painting which should use *relief* in the drawings of Raffaele or Titian, to impart more illusion or depth to them? You would think the two arts were overstepping the limits assigned them by nature, to produce more effects, perhaps; but what effects? gross, sensual effects, and popular enthusiasm, instead of the ecstasy of a chosen and discriminating few. In the matter of art, we find sensation in the multitude, but judgment in the select few.

Now this is exactly what that speaker without words of the language of the senses, the musician, does, when he enters into partnership with the dramatic poet, to make his music speak, tremble, cry, and bellow, in what is called an opera, on a theme given by the poet. He increases the material effect of his art, but he does so by changing its nature, and abdicating its independence; by mixing up one art with another, and even several others, augmenting its effects produced on the senses, but diminishing its real magic over the heart.

We can very well understand that the musician, the poet, the singer, the dancer, the dramatic declaimer, the painter, and the statuary, conceived the idea of combining with each other in one single group of several arts, mixed together on the stage, in order to produce on the multitude, one sovereign charm: by the aid of all these charms united. We, ourselves, do not escape the all-powerful sensual impression of such a combination; where the poet composes and versifies; where the painter decorates; where the architect builds; where the *danseuse* intoxicates us by beauty, movement, and attitudes; where the declaimer writes; where the tragic or comic personage laughs or cries, raves, kills or dies with song; and where, lastly, the orchestra, like the chorus of ancient tragedy, accompanies and multiplies a hundred fold all the impressions of the drama by those sighs, or those thunders of skilful instrumentation which caress or snap each fibre of the bundle of nerves within us. But whatever may be the irresistible force of this impression produced on our nature by such a coalition of arts, while submitting to it we judge it, and when judging it from the really intellectual point of view, that is to say, from the elevated and true artistic one, we cannot help regretting for each of the arts separately, the coalition or rather promiscuousness, which alters the very essence of them. We cannot help believing that painting is more beautiful in an isolated picture by Raffaele, in the solitude of some gallery of the Vatican, than on a scene at the Opéra; that poetry is more divine in a page of Homer, Virgil, Dante, or Petrarch, than in the vocalization of a male or female singer; that a tragic actor is more mighty when reciting simply his part upon his platform, between a couple of lamps, without any charm but his feeling, his accents, and his gestures, than when singing it in the midst of the phantasmagoria of scenery, costume, ballet, and orchestra; and that, lastly, the musician is more eloquent and more pathetic in the sublime nudity of his notes, than in the heterogeneous alliance of them with poetry, drama, declamation, scenery, dancing, and tinsel. There is such a thing as adultery between one art and another; the true nature of the arts forbids certain unions, without that nature lowering itself, while thinking it is heightened. The ancients were aware of the fact; the Greeks, who invented everything, did not invent these unnatural combinations. With them, each art was all the more complete for being isolated, and more itself.

We do not accuse the later composers, such as Mozart, Rossini, and their emulators, of lending themselves to these forced alliances; we pity them: declamation is not made to be sung, or music to be declaimed. Each has its proper sphere.

We understand that the crowd can be mistaken, and that music does not touch their dull ears, unless an immense orchestra makes an immense noise for them, unless words interpret the notes, and a tragedy translates both words and notes by its gestures, its accent, and its physiognomy. But the case is different with men endowed with musical feeling, such as these great composers, or those who are worthy of understanding them; what need have they of this? Is not music a complete language, as expressive, as productive of ideas, of passions and of sentiments, of the Finite and the Infinite, as the language of words? Is not this language of sounds, by the very vagueness

and illimitability of its accents, more unlimited in its expressions than languages in which the sense is circumscribed by the positive value of words, or by syntax, which obliges each word to assume its fixed place in the phrase? Does not the man who best speaks and writes his own language find, every instant, that there are nice shades, distinctions not to be expressed, sensations, thoughts and sentiments, which die away on his lips or under his pen, for the want of words sufficiently indefinite to render them? Are we not sometimes smothered in love, enthusiasm, and prayer, from the impossibility of producing in words the impression which oppresses us? Is not a sigh, a groan, an inarticulate cry, in such a case, the only ejaculation of our ideas and sentiments? Is music aught else but such a sigh, or groan; a melodious cry which commences on our lips exactly at the point when the incapability of expression by words, also, commences? Is not a symphony by Beethoven a thousand times more dramatic, for the dreamy imagination of the predestined and impassioned lover of music, than all the dramas ever written by a poet to serve as a text or a framework for a musical drama on the stage? Has any one ever experienced in any theatre a musical impression comparable to a religious song, executed by the voice or on the organ, alone, and exhaling all around altars or tombs, under the arched roof of some cathedral, the melodious *Hosannah*, the sobbing *Stabat*, or the suppliant or resigned *Requiem* of Mozart? Has not a popular air, suddenly springing up and striking the traveller's ear from a wave in the Bay of Naples, a gorge of the Tyrol, one of the Isles of Greece, a Scotch lake, or the flute or voice of a shepherd, a fisherman, a young girl before her hut, caused a thousand times more sympathetic cords to vibrate within his soul than all the operatic orchestras that ever existed? And why is this? Because words, although explaining the music for the vulgar, limit it for the imagination and the heart of a man of well-organized mind; words are the Finite, and music is the Infinite. This is its domain. Words are a leaden weight, which the musician is obliged, on account of the crowd, to attach to his notes, to bind them to the earth, and prevent them from soaring too high—too far into space. For our own part, we prefer detaching the lead from the wings of the musician, and allowing ourselves to be carried away with him to the third heaven.

Musical Correspondence.

PHILADELPHIA, JULY 27.—My last letter to your interesting Journal contained a few desultory remarks upon the sacred music of the Moravians, a theme which might be constituted the basis of a series of most edifying analytical articles in the hands of some literary gentleman of leisure, with more time and talent at disposal than those accorded to your correspondent "Manrico." Thus, too, must my remarks upon the secular music of that sect prove cursory and brief.

The Moravians cultivate secular music practically and perseveringly; but although many of their prominent musicians, deeply skilled in the theoretical, ideal, and æsthetic phases of the divine art, have produced, (as I remarked in my last,) works, which, under certain circumstances, would command unequalled admiration in any part of the world, I am not aware that any of these men have ever essayed or produced secular effusions of special note. The glad some piety which pervades the ranks of this little band of Christians has prompted these religious worshippers of the Muses to direct their talents exclusively to the praise and glory of that higher power which has blessed them with gifts so precious.

The cultivation of secular music in Bethlehem is fostered by a Philharmonic Society of many years' standing, a brass band, a sextet of saxhorns, and by the judicious efforts of excellent teachers in private families, as well as in its very justly celebrated female seminary.

The Philharmonic Society has, at almost every period of its existence, been regarded as the best organization of the kind, outside of the three great cities of Boston, Philadelphia, and New York. It finds its support in a regular number of subscribers, who, for an annual contribution, receive the enjoyment of four concerts during the winter season. Formerly a grand daylight concert on Whitsuntide

was added to the subscribers' *quid pro quo*. Indeed, this Whitmonday entertainment was the concert, *par excellence*, of the season, as each successive year rolled onward; for the exercises almost invariably comprised a great oratorio or cantata, well rehearsed, and exceedingly well given. The "Creation," the "Messiah," the "Seven Sleepers," "Alexander's Feast," and other distinguished works, have all been frequently and satisfactorily performed at their Whitsuntide *fêtes*. I shall not forget the impression made upon my youthful mind by the annual repetition of scenes and exercises so enlightening, so edifying, so refining, and so well calculated to generalize the various social attributes of our human nature. Methinks the leader of that orchestra is even now painted upon the retina of my mind's eye, as he stood on the left side of the platform, vigorously *violining* his way through, perchance a symphony of Beethoven, or an overture of Boieldieu; or, halting for an instant, to frown at an uncertain viola or a hurried flute. That identical *chef d'orchestre* was most admirably adapted to his position. Endowed with brilliant talents apart from his musical accomplishments, which were of a very high order, he was universally respected and uniformly appealed to as one whose attainments amply qualified him to guide a band of well-studied and intelligent musicians. The rehearsals of this society were faithfully held twice per week, for many years. These "practisings" also rest vividly in my memory; how, before the appointed hour, as each member dropped in, the older portion were wont to gather around a patriarchal old stove, and pass the news of the village from month to month, while the young sprouts ogled the girls in the main body of the old Concert Hall;—but I must onward.

Some few years since, the Philharmonic Society of Bethlehem, from various causes, disbanded *in toto*. It has, however, been vigorously revived; and the names of many of its former active and honorary members stand side by side with young men who now make their first attempts in the renewed orchestra. Its present leader, Mr. Charles F. Beckel, is an admirable musician, theoretically and practically, and enjoys to a well-merited degree the confidence of his *confères*.

The Bethlehem Brass Band, as at present constituted, has attracted much deserved commendation wherever it has been heard. Its repertoire consists of a most admirable assortment of arrangements for various occasions, all of which are executed with a precision and general excellence in detail, which leaves very little to be wished for, and which ensures for it more engagements than the individual members find time or inclination to accept. The very men who now compose this excellent *corps*, were, some years since, known as the *Juvenile Band of Bethlehem*, a clarionet band of the old style, sustained by young boys whose leader had numbered scarcely his fifteenth summer.

Another noticeable feature of the secular music of the Bethlehem Moravians, is its Sextet of Saxhorns. It is an offshoot from the Brass Band above mentioned; and the young gentlemen who comprise it really deserve much credit at the hands of a public which has time and again been delighted with its performances. I can scarcely imagine a more delightful serenade than this admirable sextet of musicians are able to furnish. Their repertoire contains an extensive selection of arrangements from German melodies, oratorios, operas, &c., with occasionally an airy Italian cavatina to follow the substantial feast in the capacity of a light dessert.

Finally, Music is taught in all the private families of the individual Moravian congregations, with an assiduity and watchful perseverance which greatly tends to develop the results which we have thus cursorily endeavored to portray. Children are not forced beyond their capacities, into flimsy polkas and flimsier waltzes, but are gently and progressively piloted

through the requisite preparatory exercises, even as the careful parent leads a tottering infant watchfully across a rough and uneven patch of ground.

Much enthusiastic stress is likewise laid upon the cultivation of good music in all of the Moravian boarding schools. Those at Nazareth, Bethlehem, Lititz, and Salem, N. C., possess, in their internal economy, the best arrangements for implanting into the minds of their pupils a thorough and systematic foundation in this heavenly art; and their public entertainments and vacation exhibitions are almost invariably graced with compositions of a very high order of merit. The "Messiah" has been several times most admirably given at the Bethlehem Seminary, under the superintendence of its efficient and accomplished Principal, Rev. Sylvester Wölle.

MANRICO.

CINCINNATI, JULY 24.—Our Philharmonic Society lately closed the season by their sixth concert, which had to be postponed to so late a day, the programme embracing Mozart's "Jupiter Symphony." The concert was pleasant and pretty well attended.

In looking back upon the musical performances of the past season, we have reason to be well enough satisfied, considering many unfavorable circumstances. I cannot say that much progress has been made, but neither could this be expected, as our musical Societies had to struggle under very adverse circumstances. During the first season they were benefitted by the sunshine of novelty; this having left them, the past second season was a hard trial. It showed that there is not quite as much interest for good music among the public of this city as had been sanguinely assumed after the first year's experience; in addition, the bad times took away a large number of subscribers, and even the elements seemed to conspire against them. "A Philharmonic evening" came to be looked upon as synonymous with duck's weather. There was also, unfortunately, some grating between our two principal Societies, or, I should say, between a few members of them, and this was also somewhat detrimental to a quiet pursuit of their objects. But, in spite of all this, they have persevered, given all their concerts and rehearsals, and have been well united among themselves to the last. For this they deserve much credit, and, no doubt, the experience they have made is very valuable for the future.

From present appearances the prospects for our next musical season are very fair; it is likely that there will be more life and earnestness, and that the advancement of instrumental and choral music among us will be pursued with renewed vigor. Large works of the great masters, we may hope, will be brought out for the first time in this hemisphere; and the public, when they see some inherent strength and steadiness of purpose, will, no doubt, show an increased interest.

SPRINGFIELD, MASS., JULY 31.—Our Musical Society, under the direction of Mr. FITZHUGH, has thus far been a decided success; and the advantage gained in the heavy choruses, by its union with the Northampton artists, has, I am told, suggested the further extension of its field of operations, with a view of concentrating the strength of our proud and thrifty trio of valley towns, in some of the grand choruses of the Oratorios, the coming fall and winter, "a consummation devoutly to be wished."

I was shown, a few days since, a copy of a beautiful *Salve Regina*, by Hauptmann, a composition eminently worthy of its author, who is, probably, second to none of the masters of music now living; and to whom the sacred mantle of Beethoven, Mozart, and Mendelssohn, may be most appropriately transmitted. At the same time my attention was called to another piece of music, entitled, "*Turn thy face from my sins*," a full anthem for four voices," published in London as the composition of a certain stoical person whose residence is not exactly fixed, and who answers to the name or title of "Doctor." This "Anthem for four voices" proves to be the same thing, almost

note for note, as the first-mentioned piece by Hauptmann, copied almost entire, with English words, and a slight change of key! This is a specimen of wholesale plagiarism before which all others must pale, and wilt, and fade away.

In every department of science, and amongst all the professions, there may be found a set of dullards who are not content to stand or fall on their own merits, or to bide their time, till, by industry and perseverance they can honestly reach the desired point of attainment; but having more money than brains, they supply themselves with the best literary or musical works, and select and publish as their own, not only the ideas, but sometimes the phrases, and even whole pages of the valuable compositions of others. This is particularly true of the musical profession—the temptation to pilfer being greater as the chances of detection are less.

Our knight of the rueful countenance, whose music is not his own, (to use a Paddyism,) must take his place in the class above described. He made the tour of Europe. He heard and saw abundance of rich music. His head was turned. He took—he fell! The injury was not great, for he had fallen before!

The copying "Doctor" is said to wear with due meekness the questionable honor of playing some big-gun-and-trumpet-variations of his own invention, to some of Handel's organ themes, at which the uninitiated, all green and pliant,

"Would bend in mute surprise
And think———my eyes!"

Now, my dear sir, I have considered this subject, not "during an hour of rural idleness, under the shade of green trees, and with the melodies of the many-voiced sea to lull us into the mood to tranquil contemplation," but I have considered it in connection with a certain code of laws, one article of which says, "Thou shalt not steal," and I have the honor to recommend to the learned "Doctor" a prayerful consideration of his own selection from the words of the Psalmist, "Turn thy face from my sins."

Yours truly,

BACH.

Dwight's Journal of Music.

BOSTON, AUGUST 7, 1858.

MUSIC IN THIS NUMBER.—Chorus, with Soprano Solo, from GLUCK's opera *Armida*: "Great is the glory when laurels we gather," &c.

Music in the Public Schools.—The Festival.

II.

The Festival of last week, experimental as it was, has made its mark. All present were delighted and convinced that there is great good in a Festival so arranged, and great good in such training of the children of our schools in simple choral music as makes such a Festival possible. In first alluding to the plan two months ago, we expressed a confidence that, should this experiment succeed, it would be found worth repeating, year after year, upon a larger scale, and pass into an institution. We think the general feeling now regards it as an institution; this single trial has been worth a thousand arguments; the annual Musical Festival of the Public Schools now takes its place with Boston Common, Franklin medals, and the other fixed facts in the calendar of Boston boy life.

No one could listen to that beautiful and touching music of twelve hundred fresh, sweet children's voices, blended in sublimely simple choral melodies, and not feel that music can repay far more attention than has yet been given to it in our general scheme of education. No one could doubt, that, even if its only fruit were annually such a festival, the hour or two it claims each week from other studies, would be well-accounted for. Add to the inspiration of the

music that of its accompaniments, the feast for eye and heart and soul, as well as ear,—add to the æsthetic the rare moral gain of so much harmony of sense and soul and reason blended—add the experience of one such hour of higher, sweeter, heavenlier life, and who will hesitate to own that such a Festival is in itself, and simply as a festival, worthy to be made an end and as such to receive its share of special training in the school routine? Whatever that occasion as a whole was worth, remember Music was the soul of it. 'Around what other principle, as centre, could such a feast be organized? The bringing of twelve hundred voices within range involved all that kaleidoscopic beauty of arrangement; music built up that wondrous flower-like pyramid of youths and maidens, that living type of social harmony and heaven on earth; music necessitated the selection of so beautiful a place; and music drew to it those floral wreaths and ornaments, by an artistic instinct, for completeness' sake. It was the right sort of a School Festival. For such an hour, when thousands must take part, when all things must be short and nothing wearisome, all things intelligible to all, enjoyable by all, eliciting response from all,—all virtually giving and receiving—where feasting would be scramble and "refreshments" heaviness, and speeches but a weariness, unheeded in the general confusion,—in such an hour Music is the one most fit, refreshing, all-uniting, intellectual, practical and practicable entertainment; the one least liable to fatigue, distraction and disorder; the one most suited to the spirit of the occasion and most expressive of the common feeling; the very language of what every heart would have expressed in such an hour, when all have had enough of mental stimulus and tension, of intellectual statements and distinctions, and seek refreshment in a high religious utterance of joy and unitary feeling. Fewer speeches henceforth, is the chief hint of improvement furnished by the first experiment. The children may not enter into the conscious philosophy of all this, but they are nevertheless made happier by it. And theirs too is the joy and wholesome discipline not only of the great day itself, but equally of all the preparation and rehearsing for it, the marshalling into order, the daily accumulating excitement, the surprised, delighted sense of order as the work grows to completion, the sense of sharing the responsibility of the great whole, the charm of watching to its hour of bursting open in full splendor this fine century plant in which they all shall shine.

The marked success of this experiment makes it self-evident that much more may be made of such a Festival hereafter. Here we had but the simplest elements. The very best thing that could be done, and done well and with edifying effect, was here attempted:—nothing but the singing, all in unison, of a few of the plainest old familiar chorals, which doubtless, most of the children only knew by ear and sang by rote, with no more training than sufficed them to keep in time and tune, to prolong, subdue and swell a note at given signal, and to produce something like a musical quality of tone, so that, in spite of individual imperfections, the entire mass of sound was sweet and musical, was tone and not mere noise. A simpler thing could not have been attempted, unless it were that sillier thing, of which we have had quite enough of late years, and which has brought school music into much discredit, of making multitudes of children sing in listless or in noisy fashion a few hum-drum, jig-like ditties and street songs, that only sound well sung by a single or a few voices, that fall short of the dignity of such an occasion, and sound ridiculously senseless and confused when joined in by a thousand voices. But now, for once, without carrying the children a step beyond the very little culture they already had, a really musical effect has been produced, and one which was found in a very great degree inspiring and sublime. This right combining of the simplest materials into so genuine an effect of music,

sets the key for future lessons in the schools. Here was an evidence of sound and sensible beginning, though at the very bottom of the scale. Here was the foundation shown for everything that may be profitably added in the way of musical instruction in the schools.

The old church Choral, *Canto fermo*, or Plain Chant, was the beginning and foundation of the whole development of the musical art in modern history. The rest has been built up on that. So in the musical culture of each rising generation now, the singing of the plain Choral is the true ground to start from. These Chorals are the world's oldest, simplest, most primitive, popular, religious common stock of melody,—the broadest, firmest rock on which to build. The training of a large mass to sing them well involves the mastery of two important elements in all true singing, which in themselves almost contain the soul and essence of the art. These are: first, the producing and sustaining of a firm, pure, musical tone; secondly, the art of graduating the force of tones, of softening or intensifying tone, of what is figuratively termed *light and shade*.

When our thousands of children can do these two things, they are on the right road to some musical acquirement. This has already formed in them something like a right musical sense, an ideal in the mind and nerves and ear of music, as distinguished from mere rhythmic noise. All other culture may be built on this. We shall not inquire how much of the theory, of the technical routine and rules of music may well be made a general requirement in our schools. It is plain that we can go but a moderate way in this. All children can be taught to read and sing plain melodies, and even parts in easy harmony, from notes. This, with the choral practice in large bodies, loosens the upper surface of the soil, so that whatever seeds of higher faculty for music may lie latent in this individual or that, will have a chance to germinate and seek the sun. Special aptitudes deserve special training. But all should learn to hear a part in the plain choral unison. So much of music is, unless we neglect it, a common gift, designed for solid good, to the whole human family.

And this leads to a most important practical consideration, urged with convincing force in the remarks of Dr. Upham. Congregational singing—though we do not believe in narrowing our church music down to that alone—is yet a most important part, the most essential part, in fact, of music as an element in public worship. What a poor, feeble, inexpressive, vulgar thing it is, for the most part, when it is attempted now! How few of any congregation can sing even "Old Hundred" decently well! But in this choral practice of the children, generations grow up in the love and practice of the Choral; the entire people are endowed from childhood with a never-failing repertoire of grand old tunes, and with the art, recalled as easily as instinct, of joining in them with great multitudes of voices, so that, whether in the solemn service of the temple, or in great national or other festival occasions, where there is a deep and universal sentiment, that sentiment shall never lack the means of uttering itself sublimely.

We have yet to speak of certain practical hints furnished by this festival, as to the best method of teaching singing in the common schools.

pany with my readers, I gain, by this release from editorial labors, more time to devote to musical conventions and the other professional duties that have of late increased so rapidly upon my hands. In the meantime let me assure my friends that the Northwest is still my field of labor; that Chicago continues to be my head-quarters, and that, though I relinquish to one abler than myself the pleasing duty of furnishing them with stated supplies of musical pabulum, I shall always, as formerly, be happy to hear of their prosperity, and subscribe myself, as of old.

"Yours truly,"

C. M. CADY.

Chicago, August 1, 1858.

Musical Chit-Chat.

The "Promenade Concerts" are still kept up, tri-weekly, at the Music Hall, and, if increasing crowds be any evidence, now bid fair to become an institution. We are certainly glad to see a disposition to enjoy and to support cheap concerts; but we seriously doubt if the continued hearing of mere brass bands, only relieved by vulgar clap-trap like the "Old Folks" singing, introduced of late, does really tend to cultivate and refine the public taste for music. Indeed, we fear that it does just the contrary; that it creates a love for what is coarse and meaningless in music, just as the "yellow-covered" novels spoil the taste for pure and wholesome reading. If the people are so fond of going to the Music Hall, why cannot better bands, of reeds and finer instruments, tempering the bray of brass, and suited to more delicate, refined effects of music, be supported quite as well? How much better were a band like that which played at the School Festival, last week! Or such reed music as the Brigade Band furnished, with such marked success, at one of their Spring concerts in the same hall! Where is the difficulty? If it costs a few more instruments, will not the attraction be thereby increased enough to make it pay! We ought not to regard the idea of cheap people's concerts as at all truly realized, until we get so far as to have not only a reed band, but a *bona fide* orchestra within reach, every pleasant summer evening. What we fear is, that such constant din of brass will blunt the popular sense, destroying all demand for better things.

The present number of our paper goes, according to arrangement, to the subscribers of the late *Chicago Musical Review*. The editor of that paper, whose Card will be found above, has kindly promised to furnish us, from time to time, with a me-long of musical matters in the West. . . . The great musical festival in Jones's Wood, New York, is postponed on account of the bad weather, to the 9th, 10th, and 11th inst. . . . Is not the passion for brass bands, so universal in these days, another symptom of the general sensation fever; all of a piece with the taste for scarlet uniforms, for murder stories, frightful accidents, French novels, Verdi-ism, and all forms of filibusterish uneasiness? . . . A season of French Comic Opera, at Niblo's, is talked of. . . . PARONI has returned to New York, having had great successes in the West Indies. . . . MARETZKE has leased the Tacca Theatre, Havana, for the coming season, at \$13,000 per month. He will first commence a two months' season of Italian Opera, at the New York Academy, the 30th inst., with Mme. GASSIER as prima donna. ULLMAN is said to have secured the PICCOLOMINI for his new season in October, and also to have engaged FORMES, who will sing in some operas new in this country. It is high time. GAZZANIGA and BRIGNOLI have been presented by the Directors of the Philadelphia Academy with gold medals, in commemoration of the part they bore in the inauguration of that institution. They will remain in the United States next season, and will, no doubt, join either Maretzek or Ullman. . . . Miss ABBY FAY, with Signors AMONIO and BRIGNOLI, and also accompanied by her teacher, Sig. BENDELARI, has been creating a sensation by her concerts at Saratoga and other fashionable watering places. . . . Mme. ANNA BISHOP, now in South America, will soon return to us. She is said to be accompanied by "Sig. Belletti, who sang with Jeany Lind." This must be a mistake, as Belletti, the singer, is in London. There was also a clarinet player, Belletti, who accompanied Jeany Lind. . . . GOTTSCHALK was recently at Porto Rico. . . . RUBINSTEIN has left London and returned to Moscow.

Music Abroad.

London.

HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.—During the week ending July 17, Balfe's *Zingara*, ("Bohemian Girl"), with Albani, Piccolomini, Giuglini and Belletti; *Lucresia Borgia*; *Lucia*; *La Serva Padrona*, and a scene from *L'Italiana*, for Signors Belart, Belletti and Viaretti. The subscription season closed with *Trovatore* for a wonder! The new season, of reduced prices,

was to open with the *Huguenots*, followed by *Don Giovanni*, *La Traviata*, &c.

MISS KEMBLE'S CONCERT was one of the choice entertainments of the season. Its giver, though still hampered by nervousness in no common degree, and with a voice that will require incessant watching for years to come, has more intelligence, accomplishments, and promise than any contemporary of her standing—her share in the entertainment being a duet with Signor Mario (who was in radiant voice), a couple of German *Lieder*, and two Shakespeare songs—the first an exceedingly elegant setting of "Orpheus and his Lute," by Miss Gabriel. Then she was assisted by MM. Halle and Joachim (whose Tartini solo, "Le Songe de Diable," was incomparably given), by Signor Piatti, by Madame Viardot in her very best voice and spirits, and by Mr. Santly, who sang the well-known *buffo* duet, "Senza tanti complimenti," with the lady in good style. This young artist's place may be already defined by the fact that, in his first season, besides going the round of English oratorios with great success, he has been associated with all the best Italian singers, and kept his ground among them steadily, modestly, improvingly. A pleasing *Canzone* sung by him—a composition of M. Berger to some of Barry Cornwall's words—was the other novelty of this agreeable concert.

The Vocal Association's last concert on Wednesday was given with an orchestra, the great work performed being Mendelssohn's "Lohgesang." The second act had one remarkable feature—M. Halle's execution of a pianoforte *Concerto* in E flat, by Mozart,—very seldom played, though, to our thinking, a more attractive work than the *Concertos* in D and C minor,—and one interesting novelty, Herr Joachim's Overture to "Henry the Fourth." The last prelude bearing such a title that we recollect is the old trumpet-and-drum piece of business by Signor Martini. "Was that overture written in the same language as this?"—was a question that would whimsically break across the mind as we listened (laboriously we must admit) to the new composition. Herr Joachim's is not wholly "music of the future," for we desire to hear the overture again—provided it be more carefully performed. It seems to us to contain distinct ideas, ingenious combinations, forms too intricately disguised where a clear development would have been more welcome, good instrumental effects, and a happy close. Without wholly establishing its writer as a composer, it is an advance on most of his essays at composition with which we have as yet made acquaintance. The playing of Herr Joachim is, in every sense of the word, too masterly, too real, too purely and reverentially musical (without the slightest intimation of charlatanism) for it to be possible for him to remain within the circle of fogland if he continue to exercise himself as a writer.

ROYAL ACADEMY OF MUSIC.—Much complaint has been called forth by the concert given recently in St. James's Hall in aid of the funds of this institution. We borrow a description of the concert from the *Sunday Times* of June 27.

The Hall was filled by a most numerous and aristocratic audience. Her Majesty, the Prince Consort, the King of the Belgians, and a distinguished suite, occupied a prominent position in the hall, but it is to be regretted that the prominent position was such as to allow the audience only to see the backs of the illustrious personages. The programme, though hardly of that character that was to be expected from our English Conservatoire, included some good names as executants; but a better illustration of what we were doing, in the way of musical progress, amongst ourselves it would have been hardly too much to have anticipated. Amongst the principal female artists thus grouped together were—Madlle. Titiens, Madame Clara Novello, Miss Louisa Pyne, Miss Dolby, Madame Rudersdorf, Madame Weiss, Miss Messent, Miss Palmer, and Madame Viardot Garcia; whilst the male vocalists were Mr. Sims Reeves, Signor Giuglini, Mr. Harrison, Herr Reichardt, Mr. Allan Irving, Mr. Weiss, Mr. Allen, Mr. Boddá, and Signor Belletti. Here was a force quite strong enough, if properly employed, to have really done credit to our national position in every respect, but, with infinite pain and humiliation do we record that which must have been patent to every one present, that the programme neither showed our native singers nor our native composers to anything like advantage. The first part was almost wholly occupied with a selection from a mass by the Earl of Westmoreland, which, however creditable to the musical taste of the noble amateur, who has shown much skill in previous compositions, was utterly unfitted to an occasion of this kind. With the powerful assistance of such names, as we have above enumerated, the mass had certainly the fullest vocal justice done to it, but the absence of applause, as much out of deference to her Majesty as tributary to the sacred character of the music, would not, we apprehend, have been superseded by very enthusiastic expressions of rapture had the circumstances been otherwise. The effect was heavy, and left behind it no exalting impression. A concertante by MAURER, for four violins, by Messrs. Blagrove, Isaac H. Hill, and Watson, followed, and ably displayed the talents of these expert violinists, and then Haydn's "Spirit Song," beautifully executed by Miss Dolby, enlivened the rather deadened sympathies of the audience. The first part concluded with the finale from Mr. Lucas's opera of "The Regicide," which is founded

To the Subscribers of the Chicago Musical Review.

The Messrs. Higgins Brothers have recently disposed of the *Chicago Musical Review* to Oliver Ditson & Co., of Boston, and its subscribers will hereafter be supplied with DWIGHT'S JOURNAL OF MUSIC in its stead. As by this arrangement all such subscribers are to receive a quarto in place of an octavo musical paper, it is presumed that they cannot be otherwise than satisfied. While I regret to part com-

on the same subject as Arne selected for his "Artaxerxes," and which was rendered with the fullest effect by Miss Pyne, Madame Weiss, Mr. Sims Reeves, Mr. Allen, and Mr. Weiss. The second portion of the programme was opened by the introduction to Rossini's "William Tell," the soli parts being undertaken by Madame Weiss, Miss Palmer, Herr Reichardt, Signor Giuglini, Signor Belletti, and Mr. Bödda, with the important harp accompaniment being cleverly contributed by Mr. Harold Thomas. This was most admirably sung, and gave great satisfaction. The other leading features of this portion were Macfarren's sparkling recitative and song with burlesque, "The Queen's Greeting" (May-day) charmingly rendered by Miss Pyne, and Mendelssohn's magnificent finale to the opera of "Lorely," in which Mlle. Tiliens gave the soprano solo with exquisite effect. A recitative and romance, composed by His Royal Highness the Duke of Saxe-Coburg, called "Am Blumigen Rain," and sung by Herr Reichardt, was received with considerable favor. We cannot, however, accept the present concert as a decisive illustration of the stage to which musical art has advanced among us, nor of the ample resources at the command of the Academy, but we are glad to believe, from the numerical strength and fashionable character of the attendance, that the funds have been materially benefited by the experiment. Mr. Costa was the conductor, assisted by Mr. Lucas, conductor of the concerts of the Royal Academy.

There is a rumor that Prof. William Sterndale Bennett has formally withdrawn himself from all connection with the Royal Academy; whereupon the *Athenæum* remarks:

This will surprise no one who reflects that he is the only composer of European reputation whom that luckless establishment has ever turned out; and that, therefore, he had no figure nor place in the "illustrative" concert got up by the noble amateur whose Mass was brought forward. So unanimous, indeed, is the feeling of every one with regard to this creditable exhibition, that it will not surprise us—still less be any cause for regret—if such puny life as lingered in the Academy is shaken out of it by Wednesday's concert. Had artists as a body more moral courage to resist intimidation in the form of cajolery, such things could never happen. While, however, it may be feared that the present is not the last case of the kind by many on which we may have occasion to animadvert, we shall not cease to fight the battle in defence of their independence, ungracious though the task be.

CLASSICAL CHAMBER CONCERTS.—The last concert of CHARLES HALLE, (than whom no one seems to command more respect in England as an interpreter of classical music), took place July 8, and attracted an enormous audience. On this occasion he played Mendelssohn's C minor Trio, with Messrs. Sainton and Piatti; a Sonata by Clementi; Beethoven's Sonata for piano and violin, in G, with Sainton, and Mozart's Concerto in E flat, for two pianos, with Miss Arabella Goddard and orchestra. A violoncello solo, by Piatti, completed the programme. Mme. SZARVADY's third Matinée (June 25) had the following programme:

Sonata in G, pianoforte and violin, Madame Szarvady and Herr Molière—Mozart. Suite de pièces, No. 5—Sterndale Bennett; Ronde, *Les Vendangeuses*—F. Couperin (le grand); and Lied ohne Worte. *Volkstied*, pianoforte, Mad. Szarvady—Mendelssohn. Grand trio, in B flat, op. 97, pianoforte, violin, and violoncello; Madame Szarvady, Herr Molière, and Signor Piatti—Beethoven. Sonata, in C sharp minor, op. 27, pianoforte, Madame Szarvady—Beethoven. Berceuse—Chopin; Air—Pergolesi; and Capriccio, *La Truite*, pianoforte, Madame Szarvady—Stephen Heller.

Mr. ELLA, and his "Musical Union," seems to have lost all favor with the critics by taking the task of criticism,—in other words, laudation—into his own hands. The *Athenæum* gives a reason for abstaining from all report of his concerts, that the Director prefaced his prospectus for the past season by declaring "that no anonymous critics were admitted to his concerts," said declaration on the prospectus being followed up by a string of anonymous laudations which had appeared during the past ten years in the journals.

Mr. LOUIS RAKEMANN, who will be remembered here in Boston and New York, and who, for some years has been living in Italy, gave a concert at Willis's Rooms, July 15. The Musical World says:

It was a strictly classical affair, the selection comprising Mozart's quartet, in G minor, for pianoforte, violin, viola, and violoncello, executed by Messrs. Rakemann, Joachim, Webb, and Payne; Beethoven's sonata quasi fantasia for pianoforte, in C sharp minor op. 27, by Mr. Rakemann; Bach's prelude and fugue for violin, by Herr Joseph Joachim; Mozart's fantasia for pianoforte "à quatre Mains," in F minor, performed by Messrs. Charles Hallé and Rakemann; Mendelssohn's capriccio for pianoforte, in E, op. 33, No. 2, played by Mr. Rakemann; and Beethoven's sonata for violin and pianoforte, op. 30, No. 1, in A, Messrs. Joachim and Rakemann at the instruments. With such a programme, it would be strange indeed if the audience were not a musical one, and the lover of classic music thoroughly satisfied. Merely to hear Herr Joachim in three pieces so widely separated

in point of style, treatment, and feeling, was worth a journey of twenty miles. It is useless to eulogize the great violinist. About his talents there is no difference of opinion. His playing in Mozart's quartet almost surpassed itself for grace, tenderness, and expression. Of course, Bach's prelude and fugue always creates the sensation of the evening when he plays; but to those who listen with the inward ear, such a performance as that of Mozart's quartet steals quietly to the heart, and leaves an almost ineradicable impression. Mr. Rakemann acquitted himself ably at the piano. Mozart's Fantasia for four hands, with such a consummate associate as Mr. Charles Hallé, could not fail to prove a rare treat. In Beethoven's Sonata, too, Mr. Rakemann indicated his classic acquirement no less than his classic predilection.

SWEDISH NATIONAL SINGERS.—From the *London Musical Gazette*, July 17.—Sweden—who has already laid her claim to a position in the art-world by issuing Thorwaldsen, Ole Bull, and Jenny Lind—has sent us nine of her glee-singers—as odd-looking fish as one would meet with in a good many days' march, but with a nationality and distinctness of character about their songs and singing that has its charm, and that will probably render them popular in England for some time to come. Here's a description of their appearance, taken from the *Morning Post*:

"The alto, a Laylander, we believe, looks as if he had been living upon train-oil all his life, whilst his attire displayed a curious cross betwixt that of a Chinese tea-gatherer and an English butcher. The principal tenor, with tight leather inexpressibles, and a huge stiff frill standing erect to the top of his head, resembled at once a bold sportsman and a frightened vulture. Another gentleman, with a very high hat running to a peak, and bandages about his legs, looked like a gouty Persian. Another resembled a half-starved Zouave in undress. The rest had the air of doubtful peasants. All were differently attired, and presented an appearance more curious than picturesque."

This description is true as the needle. The oddity is increased by the variety of the costumes, and one is puzzled to conjecture why such difference should be, and particularly why some should wear their hats while they are singing, and others dispense with the capital surmount. Perhaps the singing is thereby influenced. We have heard of tenor singers whose chest notes depended much on the absence or presence of shirt studs. Whether the hatted or unhatted Swedes are the best vocalists, we cannot pretend to decide, for their unanimity is astonishing; their *crescendos* and *diminuendos* are managed to perfection, *sforzandos* and other suddennesses with equal adroitness, and they go as one voice. This being the case, and as one voice, or one singer, cannot both wear a hat and not wear it at the same moment, we have no means of separating these folks according to their respective merits, at which we are somewhat chagrined, for we do not like to be posed in this way. Besides, it is so unusual for attitude to be preserved in the presence of in-door company, that, if it is sanctioned in such an instance as this on the score of nationality, one wonders why, in the name of goodness, they should not all wear their hats. Verily, 'tis a knotty point.

The roundness of tone of these singers, both in loud and soft passages, is very remarkable, and *sforzandos* are produced with no less care than energy, the preservation of quality of tone in the sudden forcing of the voice being quite surprising. Their united power is extraordinary. It is evidently the result of constant practice together, and in this respect their performance will be a great "caution" to our concert vocalists, too many of whom regard rehearsals as very unnecessary ceremonies. The compositions which they introduce are very peculiar, and no composer's name is appended. They are, in all probability thoroughly national airs harmonized, for we did not, at our visit on Monday morning observe that much constructive skill had been brought to bear on their part-songs. A "Trum-marsch," though there is not much imitation of the drum introduced, is clever, and will, doubtless, become popular. A glee, by Bellman, in the refrain of which words are dispensed with, and the voices imitate horns, with much faithfulness, is also out of the common way. This is the only work to which a composer's name is attached, and possibly it is German.

We fear the encore nuisance has "obtained" considerably in Sweden. Her nine representatives do not evince the remotest intention of quitting the platform after the performance of one of their *morceaux*, nor are they particular as to the amount of applause awarded. They simply take off their hats—at least, such as have them; it is quite obvious that those who have not cannot join in the ceremony—replace them, and sing something else. This is not right. Madame Goldschmidt must invite them all to a national feed at Rochester, and read them, in their native tongue, all that has been said against encores in *Punch* and the *Musical Gazette*. That estimable lady, by the by, was present on Monday with her husband and little girl.

Special Notices.

DESCRIPTIVE LIST OF THE LATEST MUSIC, Published by O. Ditson & Co.

Vocal, with Piano.

Little Hans. Song or Duet. *Curschmann*. 25

A quaint little Duet for Tenor or Soprano. It is more generally performed as a Song, with the second part in the last verse omitted. As a Song it is in Germany often made use of by Concert-Singers. It is one of the most beautiful compositions of Curschmann, and the one that has most tended to make his name familiar with the great musical public.

Farewell (Addio) Trio, for two Sopranos and Tenor. *Curschmann*. 25

In the style of the well-known sacred Trio by the same composer, "Protect us through the coming night," and quite as fine. The words, which are a short, tender adieu to a beloved person, exclude it from the church, but make it doubly acceptable to the home-circle. The Tenor part may be taken by a Contralto, and in that case must be sung an octave lower than written.

Little Sunbeams. Ballad. *Henry Farmer*. 25

A light, pretty, little song, lively and gay, with a pretty picture for a title-page.

The Day I first thee saw, (Le jour où je te vis,) for Voice, Piano, and Flute Obligato.

Fürstenau. 25

A Love Song, in slow-measured, pathetic strains, accompanied by the airy warblings of the Flute. The Flute part is easy of performance. Voice and Piano parts are even more so. There are so few compositions of this kind, that it is easy to select the best, of which this Song is one, unquestionably.

Home, Sweet Home. Transcribed by *Osborne*. 25

Another arrangement of this ever-pleasing Sicilian melody, which will be sure to find its admirers. It is comparatively easy, and yet full of fine effects.

Il balen del suo sorriso, (Like a rainbow.) Romanza in "Il Trovatore." Transcribed by

Osborne. 25

This is the first transcription of merit that has appeared in print, of this exquisite song of the Troubadour in Verdi's Opera. It is beautifully done, of but moderate difficulty, and should grace the portfolio of every Piano player who is fond of transferring the gems of song to the key-board of his instrument.

Scene de Bal. Valse brillante. *H. Cramer*. 40

A very brilliant and pleasing Waltz, in about the style and difficulty of Bergmüller's and Macdowell's well-known Parlor Waltzes. Like all compositions of this author, it is distinguished by its perfect fitness for the instrument it is intended to be performed on. Every chord, every passage, is laid out in such a manner, that the right fingers will quite naturally take hold of them. This quality makes the Waltz but moderately difficult.

Books.

Schneider's Practical Organ School, containing all necessary instructions in Fingering, Management of Stops, Pedals, &c., with a great variety of Exercises, Interludes, easy and difficult Voluntaries, &c., to which is added a complete Treatise on Harmony and Thorough Bass. Translated and adapted to the wants of young organists. 2.00

The author of the above work maintains a position in Europe as a teacher of organ music, the same as that held by Bertini, Czerny, and Hungen as teachers of the pianoforte. This method of instruction is not excelled by any similar work in all points necessary to the acquisition of a thorough and practical knowledge of the class of music of which it treats. The author is plain in the elucidation of every particular; and has taken special pains to impart, by examples and exercises, an acquaintance with what is sometimes called "the organ touch," which differs from that of the piano in its prologation.

The Young Folks' Glee Book, consisting of nearly one hundred copyright Songs and Duets never before harmonized; and the choicest gems from the German and Italian. The whole arranged in a familiar style for the use of Singing Classes, Glee Clubs, and the Social Circle. By Chs. Jarvis.

Special attention is solicited to the general features of this work, as possessing universal attractions. The Copyright Songs, Duets, &c., comprise the best pieces of the leading publishers, inserted here by permission, and contained in no other book. Of the gems of German and Italian song, nothing need be said, as their beauties are universally known and admired; and their arrangement and collection in this form cannot fail to be duly appreciated by every lover of a highly-refined and classic style of music. Attention has been directed to the choice of words, and they will, in each case, be found elevated in sentiment, and adapted to the great mass of the people. In a word, the "Young Folks' Glee Book" is intended to be of a superior class in every particular. A glance at its table of contents will convince any one that what it was intended to make it, it really is.

Dwight's Journal of Music.

WHOLE No. 332.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, AUGUST 14, 1858.

VOL. XIII. No. 20.

The All Hail Hereafter!

From R. W. EMERSON.

And, henceforth, there shall be no chain,
Save, underneath the sea,
The wires shall murmur thro' the main
Sweet songs of liberty.

The conscious stars accord above,
The waters wild below,
And under, thro' the cable wove,
Her fiery errands go.

From the N. Y. Courier & Enquirer.

Hymn to the Atlantic Cable.

Bow, Science, bow thy head in awe,
With lightning chain in hand,
Be still, as through the ocean's depths,
Thou bindest land to land;

For thou hast wrought a miracle,
Next to the Son of God,
Thou walkest down on sea's dark floor,
High on its waves He trod;

He holds the lightning in the cloud,
And thou within the wave,
And wind and wave, which yield to Him,
Thou hast had power to brave;

Then tremble thou before thyself,
So near to God akin,
That to thy hand His power comes,
And seems to dwell therein;

And hushed and trembling thank the Lord
For favor on thee shed,
That thou, through sea with lightning chain,
Two continents hast wed.

SALUTATORY.

Peace hath her victories
No less renowned than war.

Translated for this Journal.

Henri Heine about Music and Musicians.

VI.—SEASON OF 1844 (CONTINUED)—MINOR PIANISTS—MUSICAL MARRIAGES—VIOLINISTS—ERNST—GRAND OPERA—SPONTINI AND MEYERBEER AGAIN—GRISI AND MARIO—VIARDOT GARCIA.

PARIS, April 25, 1844.

The transition from the lion to the rabbit is somewhat abrupt. Yet I must not pass unnoticed those tamer piano-players who have figured here this season. We cannot all be great prophets, and there must be also minor prophets, of whom twelve make a dozen. As the greatest among the little ones we name here THEODOR DOEHLER. His playing is neat, fine, pretty, delicate in feeling, and he has a quite peculiar manner of stretching out his hand in a horizontal level and striking the keys only with the curved tips of the fingers. After Doepler, HALLE deserves special mention among the minor prophets; he is a Habakuk of as modest as true merit. I cannot avoid here also mentioning Her SCHAD, who, among piano-players, takes perhaps the rank which we assign to Jonas among the prophets. May no whale swallow him!

As a conscientious reporter, who has to give account not only of new operas and concerts, but also of all other catastrophes of the musical world, I must speak also of the many marriages that have broken out, or threaten to break out therein. I speak of real, life-long, highly respectable marriages, not of the wild dilettante wedlock

which dispenses with the mayor in his tricolored scarf and with the blessing of the church. *Chacun* seeks now his *Chacune*. The messieurs artists dance along on suitors' feet, and warble hymeneals. The violin enters into matrimonial alliance with the flute; the horn music will not be left out. One of the three most famous pianists* married recently the daughter of in all respects the greatest bassist† of the Italian Opera. The lady is beautiful, graceful, and intelligent. A few days since we learned that still another distinguished pianist from Warsaw had entered the holy state of wedlock; that he, too, had ventured out upon that deep sea for which no compass ever yet has been invented. Go on, bold sailor; push from shore. May no storm break thy rudder! And now the report goes, that the greatest violinist whom Breslau has sent to Paris, is on the point of marrying here; that this expert of the fiddle also has got tired of his quiet bachelorship, and means to try the fearful, unknown other side. We live in a heroic period. Just now another famous virtuoso has become engaged. Like Theseus, he has found a charming Ariadne, who will lead him through the labyrinth of this life; she will be at no loss for a clew of yarn, since she is a seampstress.

The violinists are in America, and we have had the most edifying accounts of the triumphal processions of OLE BULL, the Lafayette of the puff, the reclame hero of two worlds. The manager of his successes had him arrested in Philadelphia, to compel him to pay the costs of his ovations. The hero paid, and no one can now say that the blond Norman, the genial fiddler, owes anybody for his fame. Here in Paris, meanwhile, we have heard SIVORI. Portia would say: "God made him, and therefore let him pass for a man." Another time, perhaps, I will overcome my disinclination to report upon this fiddling emetic. ALEXANDER BATTÀ, too, has given a fine concert this year; he still weeps out his little child-tears on the great violoncello. On this occasion I might also praise Herr SEMMELMAN; he needs it.

ERNST was here. He is more fond of playing only at friends' houses. This artist is loved and esteemed here. He deserves it. He is the true successor of Paganini; he has inherited the magic violin, wherewith the Genoese knew how to move stones, nay, even blockheads. Paganini, who with a light stroke of his bow now led us to the sunniest heights, now let us look down into awful depths, possessed, to be sure, a far more demoniacal power; but his lights and shadows were at times too glaring, the contrasts too sharp, and his most grandiose sounds of nature often had to be considered as mistakes in Art. Ernst is more harmonious, and the soft tints predominate with him. Yet he has a partiality for the fantastical, and even for the grotesque, if not indeed the scurrilous; and many of his compositions remind me always of the legend-comedies of Gozzi, of the most adventurous masquerades, of the "Vene-

* Thalberg.

† Lablache.

tian Carnival." The piece of music which is known by this name, and which was seized upon in the most shameless way by Sivori, is a most charming *Capriccio* of Ernst.—This lover of the fantastical can also, if he will, be purely poetical, and I have lately heard a Nocturne by him, which was, as it were, dissolved in beauty. One fancied himself transported to Italian moonlight, with still cypress alleys, shimmering white statues, and the dreamy plashing of fountains. Ernst has, as is well known, taken his dismissal at Hanover, and is no longer royal Hanoverian concert-master. That was no fit place for him. He were far more suited to conduct the chamber music at the court of some fairy queen, as, for example, that of the Lady Morgane. Here he would find an audience that would understand him best, and among them many high and mighty personages, who are as appreciative of Art as they are fabulous: for instance, King Arthur, Dietrich of Bern, Ozier the Dane, &c. And what ladies would applaud him here! The blonde *Hannoveriennes* may certainly be pretty, but they are mere heath-sheep in comparison with a fairy Melior, with the Lady Abonde, with Queen Genoveva, the fair Melusina, and other famous lady personages, abiding at the court of Queen Morgane in Avaluu. At this court (and no other) we hope some day to meet the admirable artist, for we, too, have the promise of an advantageous situation there.

MAY 1.

The Academie-Royale-de-Musique, the so-called Grand Opera, is found in the Rue Lepelletier, about in the middle, and exactly opposite the restaurant of Paolo Broggi. Broggi is the name of an Italian, who was once ROSSINI's cook. When the latter came, last year, to Paris, he visited the *trattoria* of his former servant, and after he had dined there, he stood a long time before the door, in deep reflection, gazing at the great opera building. A tear came into his eye, and when some one asked him why he seemed affected with such sadness, the great master answered, that "Paolo had served up for him his favorite dish of old times, *Ravioli*, with Parmesan cheese, but that he was not in a condition to consume one half the portion, and even that oppressed him now. He, who had once possessed the stomach of an ostrich, could scarcely bear as much as a love-sick turtle-dove!"

We do not undertake to say how far the old wag mystified his indiscreet inquirer. Let it suffice to-day, that we advise every friend of music to go and eat a mess of *Ravioli* at Broggi's, and then, lingering a moment before the door of the restaurant, contemplate the building of the Grand Opera. It is not distinguished by any brilliant luxury; it has rather the exterior of a very respectable stable, and the roof is flat. On this roof stand eight large statues, which represent the Muses. The ninth is wanting, and ah! that ninth is just the Muse of Music. We hear the strangest explanations of the absence of this very

estimable Muse. Prosaic people say, a tempestuous wind has hurled it from the roof. Minds more poetic, on the other hand, maintain that the poor Polyhymnia threw herself down, in a fit of desperation at the miserable singing of Monsieur Duprez. That is quite possible; the broken, glassy voice of Duprez has grown so discordant, that no mortal, certainly no Muse, can bear to hear it. If it goes on at this rate, all the other daughters of Mnemosyne will fling themselves down from the roof, and it will soon be dangerous passing in the evening through the Rue Lepelletier. Of the bad music which for some time has prevailed here in the Grand Opera, I will not speak. DONIZETTI still remains the best, the Achilles. You may imagine, therefore, what the smaller heroes are. As I hear, too, this Achilles has retired to his tent; he is out of humor, God knows why! and he has informed the Direction that he will not furnish the five-and-twenty promised operas, since he feels disposed to rest. What twaddle! It a windmill were to say the same, we should not laugh more. Either it has wind and turns, or it has no wind and stands still. But Donizetti has an active backer here, Signor Accursi, who always raises wind for him.

The newest artistic enjoyment which the Academy of Music has given us, is the *Lazzarone* of HALEVY. This work had a mournful fate; it fell through with drums and cymbals. As to its worth, I refrain from all expression; I merely confirm the report of its terrible end.

Every time that an opera falls through, or a remarkable *fiasco* is made in the Academy of Music, or at the Buffo Theatre, you will remark there a mysterious, meagre figure, with pale countenance and coal-black hair—a sort of male gypsy granny, whose appearance always indicates a musical disaster. The Italians, as soon as they see him, hastily stretch out the fore and middle finger, and say, That's the *Jettatore*. But the light-minded Frenchmen, who never have a superstition, merely shrug their shoulders and call that figure Monsieur SPONTINI. It is, in fact, our former general-director of the Berlin Grand Opera, the composer of *La Vestale* and *Fernando Cortez*, two splendid works, which will long keep fresh in the memory of men, and will long be admired, while the composer himself atones for all the admiration, and is nothing but a faded ghost that enviously haunts the world and frets itself about the life of the living. He can find nothing to console him for the fact that he is long since dead, and that the sceptre of his power has passed into the hands of MEYERBEER. The latter, the deceased maintains, has crowded him out of his Berlin, the place he always loved so much; and any one who has the patience, out of sympathy for past greatness, to listen to him, may learn, to a hair, what countless documents he has collected to lay bare the intrigues and conspiracies of Meyerbeer.

The fixed idea of the poor man is Meyerbeer, and they tell the most amusing stories of the way in which his animosity proves always harmless by the admixture of excessive vanity. If any writer should complain of Meyerbeer, that he, for instance, has not yet composed the poem which he sent him years ago, Spontini seizes suddenly the wounded poet's hand, exclaiming: "*J'ai votre affaire*. I take up your cause; I know a means by which you may revenge yourself on Meyerbeer. It is an infallible means, and it is this: do

you write a great article about me, and the higher you appreciate my merits the more will Meyerbeer be vexed." Another time, a French minister finds fault with the composer of the *Huguenots*, who, in spite of the urbanity with which he had been treated here, had still accepted a servile place at Court in Berlin, and our Spontini springs up to the minister in great glee, and exclaims: "*J'ai votre affaire*, you can punish the ungrateful fellow in the worst way. You can put a dagger into him, and that simply by nominating me grand officer in the Legion of Honor." Lately, Spontini finds poor Leon Pillet, the unfortunate director of the Grand Opera, in a towering passion against Meyerbeer, who has just informed him, through M. Gouin, that he will not give the *Prophète* yet, on account of the inferiority of the singers. How the eyes of the Italian sparkled then! "*J'ai votre affaire*," he cried in ecstasy, "I will give you a divine hint, how you may humiliate the ambitious wretch to death; have me chiselled out life-size, set my statue in the foyer of the Opera, and this marble block will weigh like an Alp upon the heart of Meyerbeer." Spontini's state of mind is beginning to be a matter of serious anxiety with his friends, particularly with the family of the rich piano manufacturer, Erard, with whom he is connected through his wife. Recently some one found him in the upper halls of the Louvre, where the Egyptian antiquities are set up. The Ritter Spontini stood like a statue, with folded arms, for nearly an hour before a great mummy, whose sumptuous gold case indicates a king, that could be no less than that Amenophes, under whose government the children of Israel left the land of Egypt. But at last Spontini broke his silence, and spoke as follows: "Unhappy Pharaoh! thou art the cause of my misfortune. If thou hadst not suffered the children of Israel to go out of the land of Egypt, or if thou hadst only drowned them all *en masse* in the Nile, I should not have been crowded out of Berlin by Meyerbeer and Mendelssohn, and I should still continue to direct there the grand opera and the court concerts. Unhappy Pharaoh, weak crocodile king, by thy half measures has it come to pass that I am now a ruined man; and Moses, and Halevy, and Mendelssohn, and Meyerbeer have conquered!" In this style does the wretched man hold forth, and we cannot refuse him our compassion.

As regards Meyerbeer, as before said, his *Prophète* is postponed for a long time yet. But he himself will not, as the journals recently announced, take up his abode forever in Berlin. He will, as heretofore, spend alternately one half of the year here in Paris, and the other half in Berlin, to which he has formally pledged himself. His situation reminds one somewhat of Proserpine, only that the poor maestro finds his hell and his hell torments here as well as there. We expect him here again this summer, in this beautiful lower world, where already several scores of musical he and she devils lie in wait for him, to howl his ears full. From morning till evening must he listen to singers of both sexes, who wish to make their debut here, and all his leisure hours are occupied by the albums of travelling English ladies.

There has been no lack of debutantes at the Grand Opera, this winter. A German made his debut as Marcel, in *Les Huguenots*. In Germany, perhaps, he was only a big clown, with a *brumming* beer voice, and thought therefore he

might appear as basso here in Paris. The fellow screams like a wild ass. Also a lady, whom I suspect to be a German, has produced herself upon the boards of the Rue Lepelletier. She is supposed to be extraordinarily virtuous, and sings very false. They do say that not only her song, but everything about her—her hair, two thirds of her teeth, &c., are all false; that there is nothing genuine but her breath, and that compels the frivolous French to keep at a respectful distance. Our prima donna, Mme. STOLZ, will not be able to sustain herself much longer; the ground is undermined, and although, as a woman, she has all the cunning of her sex at her command, she will be overcome at last by the great Giacomo Machiavelli, who would like to see Viardot-Garcia engaged in her place, to sing the chief rôle in the *Prophète*. Mme. Stolz foresees her fate; she feels that even the partiality which the director of the Opera devotes to her, cannot help her in the least if the great master of the tone-art plays his cards; and she has resolved, of her own free will, to leave Paris, never to return, and end her life in foreign lands. "*Ingrata patria*," said she recently, "*ne ossa quidem mea habebis*." In fact, for some time she has actually consisted of mere skin and bones.

At the Italiens, in the Opera Buffo, there have been quite as brilliant *fiascos*, the past winter, as in the Grand Opera. There, too, there was much complaint about the singers, with this difference: that the Italians often would not sing, and the poor French song-heroes could not sing. Only that precious pair of nightingales, Signor MARIO and Signora GRISI, were always punctually at their post in the Salle Ventadour, and trilled forth the most blooming Spring, while, outside, all was snow and wind, forte-piano concerts, and Chamber of Deputies debates, and polka madness. Yes, these are charming nightingales, and the Italian Opera is the everlasting singing wood, to which I often flee when wintry gloom beclouds me, as the frosts of life become intolerable. There, in the sweet corner of some covered box, one is again warmed up most agreeably, and does not at least grow bloodless in the cold. There the melodious enchantment turns to poesy what was but now coarse reality; pain loses itself in flowery arabesques, and soon smiles the heart again. What rapture, when Mario sings and in the eyes of Grisi the tones of the beloved songster mirror themselves as if it were a visible echo! What delight, when Grisi sings, and in her voice the tender look and blissful smile of Mario are melodiously echoed! It is a lovely pair, and the Persian poet, who has called the nightingale the rose among birds, and the rose, again, the nightingale among flowers, would here find himself in a quandary, for both of this pair, Mario and Grisi, are distinguished equally for beauty and for song.

Unwillingly, in spite of that charming pair, do we miss here at the Buffos, PAULINE VIARDOT, or as we prefer to call her, the GARCIA. Her place is not supplied; and no one can supply it. This is no nightingale that merely has a *genre* talent, and sobs and trills so exquisitely of Spring; nor is she a rose, either, for she is ugly, but of a sort of ugliness which is noble, I might almost say beautiful, and which frequently excited the great lion-painter, Lacroix, to enthusiasm! In fact, the Garcia suggests less the civilized beauty and tame grace of our European

home, than the terrible splendor of an exotic wilderness; and in many moments of her passionate delivery, especially when she opens her great mouth, with its dazzling white teeth, too wide, and smiles so grimly sweet and gracefully grinning, then one feels as if the most monstrous kinds of vegetation and of animals of Hindostan or Africa must spring into being; one looks to see gigantic palms, all overhung with thousand-flowered lianas, shoot up; and one would not wonder, if suddenly a leopard, or a giraffe, or a herd of young elephants, should run across the scene. We hear, with great satisfaction, that this singer is again on her way to Paris.

For Dwight's Journal of Music.

The Fatherland.

From the German of GRUEN.

Across the dark green waters
With swelling sail we flew,
A band of joyous spirits,
A merry, motley crew;

Such as, perchance, this morning,
The wind together flings,
And far and wide, to-morrow,
Will scatter on its wings.

One was by birth a Frenchman,
Came from the Rhone's green strand;
Harvests of gold and vine-hills
He called his native land.

For home another boasted
Far Northland's rocky wall;
And Scandinavia's glaciers
And ocean's crystal hall.

Where,—a perpetual beacon,
Vesuvius smokes and shines,
A third had left his cradle
O'erhung with blooming vines.

To Germany's oak forests,
The Alpine herdsman's track,
And meadows of the Danube,
My homesick thoughts went back:

"To all our homes a health, now!
Take each his glass in hand!
Not all, I trow, have sweethearts,
But all, a Fatherland!"

And each his brimming beaker
With flaming glance drank dry;
But one stood, sea-ward gazing
With mute and mournful eye.

It was a man from Venice,
Who murmured all alone;
"Alas! my home—my country!
Thou art but water and stone!"

"Once blazed the sun of Freedom—
Then lived and spake the stone;
At dawn, like Memnon's music,
Was heard its thrilling tone!"

"Girdling the world with purple,
The water rolled that day,
And flung its gorgeous rainbows
To heaven in sparkling play.

"Why art thou quenched forever,
O glorious sun? and thou,
Ah, why, my home—my country!
But stone and water thou?"

Far out to sea in silence
Long gazing, did he stand,
And still, untouched, the beaker
Held sparkling in his hand.

Then, as a death-libation,
He gave the sea the wine,
Like sparkling tears in showers
I saw the gold drops shine.

C. T. B.

Mlle. Titiens.

The London *Morning Post* has the following remarks concerning Mlle. Titiens and the present condition of opera generally:

It is a great pity that Mlle. Titiens should be obliged to leave us without having performed some of those great characters belonging to the high classic school of tragic opera, in which she now excels, we believe, every living singer. The only part of the kind Mlle. Titiens has played in England is that of Donna Anna in *Il Don Giovanni*, and it were superfluous to tell our readers how greatly she succeeded in it, or how much that really grand impersonation has contributed to the fame she now enjoys in this country. As the heroine of Beethoven's *Fidelio*, Gluck's *Iphigenia in Tauris*, or Weber's *Oberon*, she would have appeared to the utmost advantage, improved the public taste, and—as we think, at least—have drawn crowded houses. But in the present state of affairs managers are not, unhappily, always free to choose their own course of action, even though that be the only right one; and the dire necessity of conciliating a depraved taste, and succumbing to prejudices, violent in proportion to their silliness, will account for many of the strange mistakes and shortcomings which call, nevertheless, for the critic's animadversion. It may be very true that, where large commercial interests are at stake, the public critic should exercise his vocation with circumspection—that if a series of articles in which the truth be very harshly told possess the power of closing up a large theatrical establishment, and throwing some hundreds of deserving persons "out of bread," as the phrase goes, it is better, in one sense at least, that such articles should not be published. It is proper, in short, to let mercy temper justice, and even to lean to mercy's side. But still, there is a point at which even kindness should stop; and whatever respect may be due to the commercial interests of a management struggling with great difficulties, such as every management in this country must necessarily encounter, the critic's first and paramount duty is to the public in relation to the art he professes to criticize, and whose taste is wholly dependent upon the works most frequently set before them. Musical art is far too grand and important a thing to be dealt lightly with. Its influence upon the passions and emotions—its power of ennobling and enervating the mind, of exciting the purest and deepest feelings of the soul, or of becoming a merely sensual, frivolous, and contemptible pastime, according to the manner in which it is used, has been known and recognized by all enlightened and refined minds ever since the time of the ancient Greeks. Music, in short, like every other art which influences man's nature, is potent for good or evil; and although it cannot present an unchaste image to the eye, or inculcate an immoral principle, it may nevertheless produce something akin to both, namely, a state of feeling combining voluptuous languor with vulgar enjoyment, whose tendency is to debase the mind and render it unsusceptible of great thoughts, which, however differently they may be expressed in various arts, have all the same source.—We know of nothing more humiliating to a lover of true music than to observe the silly delight of some people while listening to the rapid strains of modern Italian opera. The blank, idiotic vacuity of their countenances, the meaningless wave of the outstretched hands,—do they not faithfully reflect the imbecility of the music? Nobody in his senses, we believe, would suppose such results could emanate from an intellectual source. We may very possibly be preaching in the Desert; but still, when season after season passes without any sign of improvement—when Italian opera-houses are springing up around us like mushrooms, and works of the lowest order of art form the staple attractions at all of them, it is really time to remind the public that there is such a thing as fine operative music in existence—that there might be much more if they would have it so—and to endeavor at least to uphold the true standard of art, upon which are emblazoned so many immortal names, if we cannot succeed in making it popular, as it ought to be. No man having any voice in public affairs of art should allow such a state of things to exist without entering his protest, if it be but occasionally, against it, for it is something to maintain people's belief in an important truth, even if we cannot make them love it.

Mlle. Titiens, the great tragic queen of the German lyric stage, is about to leave us without having

been afforded opportunities for displaying half her genius, which shines most brightly in the works of the greatest masters, and the prevalence of modern Italianism is the cause. Thus have the above general reflections been forced upon us; but it should be at the same time understood that they apply with equal force to all our Italian opera-houses, and must by no means be limited to the establishment immediately under notice. Everywhere is Verdi rampant, and everywhere, as a necessary consequence, is an attempt made to trample the classic standard in the mud. Mlle. Titiens was of course unable to contend with such overwhelming circumstances as those which surrounded the commencement of her career in this country, and therefore appeared in parts like Leonora in *Il Trovatore*, and Lucrezia in *Lucrezia Borgia*, reserving others more worthy of her powers for a future season, when the magic of her genius, then better known and appreciated, may possibly make even the *habitués* of the Italian opera swallow a classic dose or two with something like resignation. Of Mlle. Titiens' efforts in modern Italian opera we prefer her last, viz., the impersonation of Lucrezia Borgia. Making due allowance for a certain constraint imposed upon her by a strange language, the peculiar requirements of unmitigated Italian music, and the knowledge that other singers 'to the manner born' had already played the same part on the London stage with immense success, we cannot but think the gifted German's performance a triumph in its way. Physically, she is perfectly well suited to the character. Her tall, stately, and elegant figure—her large eye, flashing command—the full, magnificent voice, so capable of expressing all the stormy or pathetic accents of lyric tragedy—are most assuredly equal to the requirements of Donizetti's heroine; and it is almost superfluous to add, that an artistic mind which could grasp the whole meaning of a part like Mozart's Donna Anna, and express that meaning so clearly and beautifully, is not wanting in power to realize such a conception as Lucrezia Borgia. Briefly, then, nobody acquainted with the physical and mental abilities of Mlle. Titiens will doubt for a moment that she is more fitted for the due portrayal of the part—her personation of which immediately concerns us—than any other young artist at present upon the Anglo-Italian stage. We remark, indeed, in her conception a grandeur and ideality, and in her execution a temperance and smoothness, which give new value to the composer's notes, materially mitigate the turgid, vainglorious fury of his bombast, and even impart something like dignity to his meretricious frivolity. Once, and once only, throughout the opera, does Mlle. Titiens descend from the heights of lyric tragedy, and address herself to the ears rather than to the minds of her audience; and this is to show what, perhaps, her greatest admirers did not previously suspect—namely, that, in addition to her other unsurpassable and well-known abilities, she is a complete mistress of the art of florid vocalization. We allude to Mlle. Titiens' execution of the *cabaletta* of the air, 'Com' é bello,' which is remarkable for rapid fluency, as it is for decorative fancy and rich brilliancy of tone. Never before, in our recollection at least, was so much effect given to this particularly insipid tune. For us, however, the softly-intense and exquisitely mellow tones, 'in linked-sweetness long-drawn out,' of her 'Com' é bello' and 'Ama tua madre,' colored as they are by dramatic sentiment of the truest kind, have much greater charms. Although it is not even in these instances that Mlle. Titiens' 'fiery and original virtue' can appear in all its native force and fullness, or rise to the height of poetical rapture, it is enabled to reach it in later scenes of the opera, namely, those which terminate the first and second acts, where the heart-rending accents of a mother's agony, wrung from the depths of a 'divine despair'—the stern, haughty, scornful courage, and blood-thirsty fierceness of the Borgia—are by turns portrayed by the gifted artist with harrowing truthfulness.

Wild Music in London.

From the Athenæum, July 17.

What a Babel of music is this capital!—with Pifferari from the Abruzzi in the streets—an organ as large as a sea-side cottage, including an orchestra and a *marionette ballet*, drawn by a horse (a cruel instrument of torture this! because heavy to move) Highland pipers with their flings at our own corner—two rival German bands at our neighbor's—not to speak of the mulligatawny-colored individual, in a muslin turban, who sings his song (is it a song?) while he busily pats the parchment of his *tam-tam* in exact time, as he lounges along. Then the black musicians, genuine and fictitious (principally the latter), seem to have taken their places among the institutions of the metropolis; and not merely in the Strand or "down East," but in the West End also

not alone as attractions to the shades, or Saloon, or Cyder Cellar, but in the "halls of dazzling light," which a Mr. Owen Jones bedecked so as to give Pica-dilly a peep into his own *Alhambra*. Mr. Mitchell has much to answer for, in having first loosed the inky troop of serenaders on London. During the full season the street delights are drowned by the roar of carriages and the rattle of the omnibuses; while *Bones* and *Banjo*, as concert-givers, hardly come to the surface—thanks to the superior attractiveness of "white music," directed by Messrs. Costa and Benedict, Dr. Wylde, Prof. Bennett and Mr. Hullah. Now, when stagnation is rapidly approaching, and when silence out-of-doors and in-doors would be sweet, this wild music breaks out with a spiteful violence. It is needless to observe how intrinsically worthless are such exhibitions. They are frequented for the sake of the lamp-black, the woolly wigs, the grimaces, and the rattle of the bones; and this by people who should know better. Yet (as was said when the Hutchinson family were here) out of the cooking-up of opera-airs and caricatures of such faded ballads as load the counter of Messrs. Cramer & Co. by the thousand—out of the odd twists and chords stuffed into them, which these sable folk exhibit, may possibly come in later days a set of national melodies as characteristic as the tunes of Ireland, Scotland or Wales. Such—as we have said a thousand times—do we imagine to have been the growth, by degrees, of much, if not all, wild music—the primal forms of melody being almost as few as primal fairy tales. The nine *Sveedish Singers* who are now appearing in the smaller *St. James's Hall*, stand in a different category. How far their costumes are genuine in their difference—whimsically reminding us as they do of Quakers, firemen, Armenians, peasants from the Black Forest—we do not pretend to declare; but their singing is good enough of its kind to carry off any wildness or whimsy of costume. Their voices are very tuneful, and nicely managed—with a tone of the same quality as gives its fascination to Madame Goldschmidt's voice: and which thus we may fairly imagine to be generically national. They sing very well together, and their music, though not as characteristic and startling as the hill-tunes which the Rainers brought us (and with them the pathos and solitude of the Alps, into the midst of our close, crowded English cities), has a charm and a quality of its own; and if it be made up—not altogether in a state of nature—it is well made up. Their performances, which are to us full of interest, are diversified by the violin-playing of Mdlle. Humler. No offence to Madame Parmentier, formerly Mdlle. Milanollo—no scandal to more than one old Italian St. Cecilia—her instrument is one which always looks more or less grotesque in female hands—but, with the exception of Madame Parmentier, we have never seen a woman wield the violin—and coax it and make it talk, in a more masterly fashion than this very young lady, who, we perceive, has been taught her craft by M. Alard, of Paris.

BOSTON MUSIC SCHOOL.—This institution was incorporated in May, 1857, since which time it has been in successful operation.

The plan on which this school is organized furnishes instruction to pupils in vocal and instrumental music, and in musical composition. The study of the piano-forte and harmony is enjoined upon each pupil, and that of singing, or of any orchestral instrument is optional, either as a primary or a secondary study. The pupil, however, can study only in three branches in one term, and in each branch two lessons a week will be given, all of which instruction is included under the same price of tuition.

This is the first institution of the kind organized in this country, and it promises to be to America what the music schools in Germany, Paris and Italy are to Europe. The importance and value of such facilities for instruction as the board of managers of this school present, cannot be overstated. By a judicious arrangement the instruction, which is imparted by practical as well as theoretical teachers, is emphatically thorough in every department, and is given at a very low price.

The want of such an institution has long been felt in our community, and it cannot be doubted that the efforts of those who have established it, and the peculiar advantages it offers, will be properly appreciated and encouraged. Pupils of both sexes are admitted, and, except in choral practice, their instruction will be kept entirely distinct. Pupils can enter the school at any stage of their musical progress, and the course of their studies will be arranged by the Board of Instruction. A new term will commence on the first Monday of October next.—*Transcript.*

A LARGE ORGAN.—The Roman Catholic (French) Parish Church of Montreal, that large and magnificent edifice, the admiration of strangers in the city, has recently been supplied with a large organ, pro-

portionate in size to the vastness of the building. Although not yet completed, the central section has been up and is now in operation. The builder is Samuel W. Warren, of Montreal. He began the work in November, 1857. The central section was completed and performed upon on the 24th of June last, the anniversary of St. Jean Baptiste, to the delight and satisfaction of a congregation numbering over 10,000 persons. The remaining two sections are in course of construction, and when fully completed the dimensions of this immense organ will be fifty feet in height, forty-five feet wide, and twenty feet in depth; number of pipes, 4698 (some of which weigh 12 cwt.) four sets of manuals; one set of pedals, 2½ octaves, with twelve stops; six large bellows (to be worked by water power) and eighty-nine different stops. The pneumatic lever is to be applied to each of the manuals distinctly, and also distinctly or separately to the manual complete. To the pedal organ there will be a double set of pneumatic levers; but the most elaborate use of this power will be found in its application to the combination of stops. Here we have it exhibited in a compound form to each organ individually, and to the whole collectively; where, by one operation, the player is enabled to produce a combination of stops upon the instrument at once. This movement is effected by a series of knobs, about two inches apart, placed immediately in front and under each set of manuals, occupying a centre position, always within reach of one or other of the performer's thumbs. The registers extend throughout the entire compass of the key-board, without any exception. Mr. Warren has made an important improvement in the construction of the pedal keys of this organ, which are concave at the centre, thereby obviating the necessity of describing a semi-circle in the movement of the foot from side to side, or stretching of the leg, heretofore so embarrassing to the performer. The cost of this organ, when fully completed, will be \$20,000.

A Piano with Pedal Obligato.

The following is from a French journal, *Le Maître*:

If the number of clever organists has always been limited, this fact has resulted from the difficulty of procuring an instrument on which they could practise. Organs are rarely to be found except in churches, where it is difficult to make them serve the purposes of study. The organist is, therefore, in most cases, compelled to practise on a piano, and to this he resigns himself so willingly, that a too prevalent opinion has, in some measure, made pianist the synonyme of organist, although between the two instruments there is but one point of resemblance, viz., the key-board. The touch, the fingering, the style of music, are all different; and the pedals, which constitute at once the main difficulty of the organist, are wanting in the piano. And yet it is only by long practice that the organist can make himself master of his instrument, and obtain full command of the magnificent play of thirty-two feet which they alone put in action, and which produce the deepest grave tones that the ear can perceive. The difficulty of his study consists chiefly in the peculiar and complicated fingering required in order to enable the organist to link together the sounds produced, even in the most rapid passages. An attempt had been made, before the invention of the piano, to adapt a system of pedals to the harpsichord. A similar system has since been applied to the piano by one of our most skillful manufacturers, who, however, merely borrowed from that instrument its hammers and strings, which were acted upon by the feet instead of by the hands. This system, which has the advantage of setting free the left hand, adds little to the possibilities of the instrument. It is the application of the *pédale tirasse* of the organ to the piano.

A distinguished musician, M. Auguste Wolff, head of the house of Pleyel, Wolff, and Co., has recently invented a *Pédalier* forming an instrument independent in itself, having its own strings and hammers, as well as its own peculiar mechanism. This instrument is not cumbersome, and may be conveniently introduced into the smallest apartments. It is a kind of *armoire* placed upright against the wall; the performer seating himself on a bench attached to the front of the instrument, which may be raised or let down at pleasure. The pedals are under his feet; and a piano of any kind, upright, square, or grand, is placed before him. The height of the *Pédalier* allows its strings to be unusually long and thick; while the dimension of the sounding-board, proportionately large for a key-board of two octaves and a-half, imparts a peculiar richness and power to its tones. In the best grand pianos, the last octave, and especially the last fifth, is composed of notes lacking both tone and clearness. In the *Pédalier* of M. Auguste Wolff, the last ut is as pure and as full as

that of the best flute-stop of 16 feet. As in the organ, in which a play of eight is always added to a play of 16 feet, M. Auguste Wolff, with a view to modify the gravity of the thick strings of his instrument, has united with them finer strings which produce at the same time the octave next above. The prolonged vibration is of remarkable fullness. This beautiful instrument has the advantage of being attainable at a moderate price; therefore it appears to us that it will be found to be widely useful. Henceforth, by its aid, the organist will be enabled to study, in his own room, the most complicated organ-music; the pianist may familiarize himself with the numerous *chefs-d'œuvre* of the great masters written with *pédale obligato*; and composers for the piano will find new resources in this instrument, which we believe is destined to become the complement of every grand piano."

We have inspected and tested the *Pédalier*, which is now on view in London. When the makers have obtained the full benefit of English organic experience, and have acted upon the advice given them, the instrument will doubtless be extremely valuable. At present the pedals are most inconveniently located. Provision should be made for their extending at least a foot further under the piano-forte. By the arrangement of the *Pédalier* and its 'bench' (for sitting) exhibited to us, the student was effectually debarred from anything approaching a pleasant practice of any pedal fugue. This must be remedied; notice must be served to us that the remedy has taken place; and then we shall be happy to call attention to one of the most simple yet important inventions that has for some time been published.—*Lon. Mus. Gaz.*

A Uniform Diapason.

The *Moniteur* of Wednesday contains a decree of the Minister of State instituting a commission to devise means of establishing in France a uniform musical diapason! The preamble of the decree of the French Minister of State is as follows: "Considering that the elevation, constantly increasing of the diapason presents inconveniences by which musical art, musical composers, artists, and musical instrument makers, have equally suffered; considering that the difference which exists between diapasons in different countries, in different musical establishments and manufactories, is a source of embarrassment in general, and of difficulties in commercial relations, a commission is instituted," &c. The commission will consist, amongst others, of two professors of physics, and the following composers—Auber, Berlioz, Halévy, Meyerbeer, Rossini, and Ambroise Thomas.—There are, I dare say, many who will be ready to smile at this decree as a frivolous intervention of the State; but I fancy the present generation in England have overcome the prejudices of their fathers against an art so comprehensive in its study and effects as music, and the feeling must be now general that the English Government might do more than it has done for the encouragement of the higher branches of musical education. "Tonic sol-fa," and other singing establishments on the voluntary system, are excellent after their kind, but they will never, unassisted, create an English school of dramatic composition. I believe it has been long agitated in musical circles to establish a uniform diapason throughout Europe. The present is a good opportunity to revive the idea.—*Lon. Mus. Gaz.*

The Music Show at Sydenham.

(From *Punch*.)

To their Flower Shows and Shower Flows (this latter word has birth in the spray of the Great Fountains) the Directors of the Crystal Palace now are wisely adding Music Shows. Unthinking minds fancy that, as music is addressed to the ear, not to the eye, it is somewhat of a Taurism to say there has been a "Show" of it. But a concert like last Friday's, with its acre of performers, and its square mile or more of audience, appealed not less to the ocular than to the aural sense. A blind man or a deaf one might alike have been delighted with it. Besides, whoever cavils at our calling it a Music Show may be silenced by a reference to the official programme. The concert is there termed a Choral Demonstration; and Dr. Johnson's synonym for this big word is Show. *Quod erat Demonstrandum*. Argal, *Punch* is right, as usual, in his coinage; and, as the words struck from his mint invariably pass current, the next "Grand Choral Demonstration" will be more simply called a Music Show, and will not upon that account, *Punch* bets, prove less attractive.

Opera-goers are well used to hear music in a hot-house; and there therefore was small fear that Sir Joseph Paxton's greenhouse would be found too hot to hold them. Indeed, grilled as they've been lately, with thermometers at midnight standing at 100 de-

grees in the coolest shade procurable—that is, we should say, in the shade of Aristocracy—we think that the *habitudes* of Covent Garden and Her Majesty's must have felt a new sensation in listening to music in a comfortable temperature, and where they could respire without the exercise of fanning. Moreover, in a floral point of view, the great green-house at Sydenham surpasses both the London hot-houses. The boquets in Covent Garden are growing more and more gigantic every season, but they can't quite yet come up to the Crystal Palace flower-baskets; and there is no green in the eyes of the frequenters of the Haymarket, so freshly verdant as the leaves of the orange-trees at Sydenham. Comparisons are "odorous;" but, even in a nasal point, the C. P. has just now undoubtedly the best of it.

We are sure the dauntless Lumley and the indefatigable Gye do everything they can to keep their houses in good odor. But fresh air in London is not so easily imported as fresh pine-apples and cherries; and, disguise it as we may with pleasant perfumery, there is just now an all-pervading something in the air (an air-dresser might christen it *Boquet de la Témise*, or Concentrated Sewer Scent) which, follow our noses where we may, we can't, in town at least, get out of them.

But how about the music? cries some unbiassable critic, who has in his wisdom been reserving his opinion until he ascertain what *Mr. Punch's* may be. We regret to disappoint him, but our hatred of routine will not allow us to indulge in musical criticism. Critics must look elsewhere for the cut-and-dried phrases on which they pin their faith. *Mr. Punch* went to the Music Show solely to enjoy himself; and he therefore cleared his mind of all idea of being critical. *Mr. Punch* has a notion (it may be a mistaken one), that the man who, at a concert, listens as a critic, can't have much enjoyment in it. The hearing of the music is a business, not a pleasure to him. With his ears stretched to their utmost to detect the flaws, he has no aural power left him to appreciate the beauties. To write about a concert without mentioning the music will certainly be varying from the regular routine; and, as variety is charming, *Mr. Punch* by this course will best keep up his character.

Nevertheless, as in these days of Rainpant Puseyism some sort of auricular confession will doubtless be expected of him, *Mr. Punch* (speaking not as professed critic, but as one who has enjoyed it) is "free to own" that the Music Show at Sydenham was as pleasant as the temperature in which he sat and listened to it. In both respects the green-house had the better of the hot-house. The varied bill of fare which was presented at the Sydenham feast formed an appetizing contrast to the *terjourns Verdi* diet with which the British opera-goer has of late been sickened. The *morceaux* of Mozart and Mendelssohn and Roastbeef (this latter is the musical synonym for Handel), which were put before us last Friday afternoon, showed that *Mr. Costa*, the celebrated chef, was as choice in his selection as in his serving up. Every dainty dish was fit to be "set before a king;" and *King Punch* is pleased accordingly to intimate his relish of them, and to state that, long before His aural feast was finished, the taste of *Traviata* was clean gone from His mouth.

Musical Correspondence.

NEW YORK, AUG 2.—Of course, during the dog days, little to say about music. There are rumors of future operative movements, but little more than you have already been informed of. They say BRIGNOLI has been offered a flattering engagement at the Italian Opera in Paris, and will probably accept it, first opening our fall season in New York. MANETZER's great open air Musical Festival in Jones's Wood, (of which I hope to speak at further length in my next,) has been postponed for a few days, in consequence of wet weather.

I spent last Sunday with a friend in New Haven, making my first visit to that delightful city. Everybody knows what a lovely place it is; how neat and beautiful are the houses, each isolated in its own little court-yard, and embowered by shrubbery; how beautiful the view from East Rock; how noble the Park, ornamented by the three old churches, and flanked by the buildings of Yale College; and above all, how magnificent the stately elms, with their interlacing foliage, and noble Gothic naves! Beecher, in his "Star Papers," thus discourseth about this noble tree:

"No other tree is at all comparable to the elm. The ash is, when well grown, a fine tree, but clumpy. The maple has the same character. The horse chestnut, the linden, the mulberry, and poplar, are all of them plump, round, fat trees, not to be despised, surely, but representing single dendrological ideas. The oak is venerable by association, and occasionally a specimen is found possessing a kind of grim and ragged glory. But the elm, a lone monarch of trees, combines in itself the elements of variety, size, strength, and grace, such as no other tree known to us can at all approach or remotely rival. It is the ideal of trees—the true Absolute Tree! Its main trunk shoots up, not round and smooth, like an over-fatted lymphatic tree, but channeled and corrugated, as if its athletic muscled showed their proportions through the bark, like Hercules' limbs through his tunic. Then suddenly the whole idea of growth is changed, and multitudes of long, lithe branches radiate from the crotch of the tree, having the effect of straightness and strength, yet really diverging and curving until the outermost portions droop over and give to the whole top the most faultless grace. If one should at first say that the elm suggested ideas of strength and uprightness, on looking again he would correct himself, and say that it was majestic, uplifting beauty that it chiefly represented. But if he first had said that it was graceful and magnificent beauty, on a second look he would correct himself, and say that it was vast and rugged strength that it set forth. But at length he would say neither; he would say both; he would say that it expressed a beauty of majestic strength, and a grandeur of graceful beauty. A village shaded thoroughly by grown elms cannot but be handsome. Its houses may be huts: its streets may be as dirty as New York, and as frigid as Philadelphia; and yet these vast majestic tabernacles of the air would redeem it to beauty. These are temples indeed; living temples, neither waxing old nor shattered by time, that cracks and shatters stone, but rooting wider with every generation, and casting a vaster round of grateful shadow with every summer. We had rather walk beneath an avenue of elms than inspect the noblest cathedral that art ever accomplished. What is it that brings one into such immediate personal and exhilarating sympathy with such venerable trees? One instinctively uncovers as he comes beneath them; he looks up with proud veneration into the receding and twilight recesses; he breathes a thanksgiving to God every time his cool foot falls along their shadows."

One of the most beautiful sights I have ever seen, was the park at New Haven upon the moonlight night we were there. The Capitol building stood out clear and cold, in its Grecian majesty, while behind it a few lights twinkling amid the foliage betrayed the locality of old Yale. The Episcopal church, its grey walls covered with ivy, stood near by, silent and dark, while the two other churches were brilliantly illuminated, and from their interior the sacred music of the choirs swelled out upon the quiet night. Far over the foliage of the elms arose, in majestic and ghostly whiteness, the noble spire of the Central Church, bathed in moonlight, while the lovely walks beneath the elms were enlivened by idle wanderers who quietly listened to the church music, or softly whispered to each other as they strolled along, ever and anon stopping to admire the magical effect of the moonlight as it crept in, here and there, through the interstices of the heavy foliage. I have seen moonlight nights in Florence, in Rome, in Venice, but nowhere is a moonlight night more exquisitely lovely than that Sunday night in the Park of New Haven.

They have some very good church music in New Haven, withal. At the Central Church there is a fair organ, a skilful player, and a large and tolerably well-trained choir; but I was particularly pleased with the music in the adjacent Episcopal church. An admirable quartet (the contralto of which is deserving of great praise,) is ably seconded by a tasteful organist, whose name I did not learn. Of course, one cannot judge of the merits of a performer from hearing him at a single service; but from what I did hear, my only objection to this gentleman's playing is a lack of *vim*. He must be careful that his tasteful, elegant style does not become cloying from monotony. Another remark: Why does a capable organist omit the customary final voluntary? Such an

omission looks as if it proceeds either from laziness or snobbishness. I do not, either, understand why an excellent choir like this should allow the clergyman to read the *Te Deum*. This noble canticle loses half of its grandeur when divorced from music. Small country choirs may be excused for adding its rendition to the duties of the clergyman, but I do not see why a competent city choir should do so. With this exception, I think the music of this excellent quartet will give a great satisfaction to any of our readers who may visit the city and feel inclined to attend this church. They sang, the morning I was present, the beautiful hymn: "Rise, my soul, and stretch thy wings," with as much taste and effect as I have ever heard.

So after dating New York a letter about New Haven, I will close before allowing myself an opportunity of indulging in further similar Hibernianisms.

TROVATOR.

PITTSFIELD, MASS., AUG. 5.—Last evening, although it was rainy and unpleasant, a select number of ladies and gentlemen attended a soirée of the "Mendelssohn Musical Institute," given at the close of their summer term. The pieces performed seemed to give general satisfaction. Among them were sonatas of Beethoven, Mozart, Kuhlau, and Diabelli; songs by Mendelssohn, both with and without words, vocal and instrumental. The beautiful song, "*Wenn die Schwärben heimwärts ziehn*," by Abt, was very correctly and sweetly rendered by a modest young lady pupil; and the closing sonata, for four hands, by Mozart, was greatly admired, both for its intrinsic beauty and for the purity and delicacy of its rendering by the young ladies, the notes seeming to drop pearl-like from the fair hands, which appeared not to tremble at all; though it is doubtless as true now as ever, that we must not "trust to appearances." But in my mind the utmost satisfaction was felt in knowing that these pieces were not studied for display or exhibition; but they have made a portion of those which form the daily study of the pupils, and are selected from many similar ones which they are capable of performing. Those who have formerly been present at these soirées, noticed a marked progress in the style and execution of the performers, as few remain at the M. M. Institute for a less time than a year. Although it has been in existence but little more than two years, it has received eighty-three pupils, who have given fifty-one public soirées, which have no doubt had a beneficial influence upon all who have attended them, in elevating the taste and cultivating a love for the truly pure and beautiful in the divine art. May this Musical Institute continue thus prosperous; and in the ascending path they have chosen. We bid its founders God speed!

CLASSICUS.

MANION, ALA., JULY 20.—Being a constant reader of your Journal, and noticing reports musicale from almost all sections of the world, I venture an intimation of the existence of Music and musical performances in this section of cotton and corn.

Native original plantation music, with fiddle and banjo accompaniment, has so long assumed the ascendancy, that although the old folks will, for the sake of the rising generation, don their best habiliments and endure a performance, still, after going through the torture, they will, with much pleasure solicit some one to "give 'em a tune."

Notwithstanding all this, there has been, and now is, much attention given to the musical education of young ladies, many of whom can give you a lively specimen of showy execution, as the grand test point of climacteric excellence—in a piece by Schullhoff, Voss, or Wallace, to the extent of one or two compositions as a "show off" for reserved occasions—but, as a test of musical attainments, the scales in simple form would suffer. The object does not seem to be

so much a musical education as the ability to entertain a few friends with some lively polka, hornpipe, or jig, (among whom that species of music is always predominant, the faster played the greater the credit); or some ballad in simple form, in which the words are the only thing listened to; so that, to attain an enviable popularity, one must either amuse or astonish.

During the past year there has been much done in the cause of Music in Alabama, at the "Judson Female Institute," under the direction of "Professor" Pond, recently from New York. At the concert given during the winter season, and more recently at the two closing concerts of the Institute, the pupils gave some creditable specimens of vocal and instrumental music that would not have been amiss in your city of music. The overture to *Tancredi* and *Fra Diavolo*, and fantasia from *Norma*, *Musaniello*, *La Bayadere*, *Zampa*, *Benedict's Galop Brillante*, *Battle March* from the *Prophete*, &c., were accurately performed; the first three upon nine pianos, (!) with three performers at each, (!!) twenty-seven pianists, (!!!) with a Dehorn Harmonium, two Timpani, and other furniture orchestral—the "Professor" conducting and performing the duties of Violin Primo or a Solo Cornet, which he did most satisfactorily in the *Fra Diavolo*.

The other pieces, together with a long array of minor compositions, were performed upon nine, eight, seven, six, five, and four pianos, (!!!) with two and three at each instrument; all evincing careful training and a sympathetic response to the baton of the conductor. Schulhoff's *Impromptu* and "Gold Fever Galop," together with Czerny's brilliant variations on *Le Desir*, were well given as solos, though rather at a too rapid tempo, as is apt to be the case with novices before an audience. We could not help regretting the absence of a grand piano for the soloists.

Of the vocal performances we need only refer to the programmes and the eulogistic encomiums bestowed upon them, as an evidence of their select character and superior performance. We had to regret the defective acoustic properties of the hall, as also the division of the stage for the chorus, so that instead of the two hundred and thirty performers being together, they were nearly equally divided on either side, with an open space of one third the width between; notwithstanding which they gave the chorus of the Fishermen from *Masaniello*, the Echo Glee from *Preciosa*, the sacred chorusses: "Now elevate the sign of Judah," "Lo, He cometh," (with the recitative by the Pr——,) the *Gloria* from Mozart's Twelfth Mass, &c., with a fine spirit and precision. The Glee: "Hark, the curfew," "Hark, Apollo," "Cough and Crow," and the three-part songs, "While sunbeams," &c., from *Cinderella*; the "Phantom Chorus," from *Sonnambula*: "Down among the lilies," and the favorite Latin trio: "Regna Terræ," and others—the first two as "Chorus Trios" in soprano, the last two as Solo Trios by three well-balanced soprano voices. Several sterling duets and solos served to justify the conclusion that in Alabama there is music that will soon introduce a good taste for a class of performances hitherto overlooked.

"Professor" P., of the Judson, is also training all the available male voices in Marion, so that ere long he may render some chorusses, glees, &c., in a creditable manner.

We must not forget to mention, in connection with the Judson concerts, the pleasure we derived from listening to the brilliant performances of the harp and guitar scholars. The harp and piano duets and trios, for two harps and pianos, as well as the harp solos, deserve especial mention, as the harp scholars were all novices.

PHILADELPHIA, AUG. 10.—I find it totally impossible to pick up a single chip of musical intelligence for you, this week. Never have I known a stagnation so complete. Cobwebs festoon the cornices of the Academy; Concert Hall stands forsaken as an old catacomb; while the Musical Fund Hall has not been opened since SATTER made his graceful obeisance therein.

CARL GAERTNER, formerly of your city, spoke to me, some days since, of arranging a classical Concert; but when I gazed into his eyes, with unfeigned astonishment, to assure myself of his sanity, he whistled the whole affair off as a joke. The man really intended it, however, and that at a time when there are no classes of society left in Philadelphia, but organ grinders, rag pickers, firemen, and music dealers!

When the musical season sets in I will furnish you with reports of all concerts and operas which transpire. MANRICO.

Dwight's Journal of Music.

BOSTON, AUGUST 14, 1858.

Our Music Pages—An Italian Opera Entire!

In making our musical selections we have many tastes, many wants, many capacities to suit. It is impossible, of course, to suit them all; and there are some, to cater to which would be quite beneath the character, and contrary or foreign to the purpose, of a journal which exists mainly in the hope of helping to give a higher and truer direction to musical pursuits, tastes, and enjoyments, than we find in the great majority of cases where there is some love or talent for sweet sounds. Our four weekly pages must at any rate be well filled; the space is too precious to be left to weeds, to be covered with trashy polkas, negro melodies, flat, sentimental ditties, or the nine-thousand-nine-hundred and ninety-ninth new mechanical variation upon the common type of a Yankee psalm-tune. We wish to keep within the range of what is legitimately music in an artistic sense, and feel that we are ministering to earnest and sincere music-lovers, and not merely making friends with idle, vulgar, and depraved tastes.

Within this range, however, we would be catholic, and recognize a lawful, an inevitable difference of tastes. We do not ask all, all the time, to accept only such music, in such forms and by such masters, as we ourselves most love and think we have good reason to believe decidedly superior to all others. We shall, from time to time, give other music, in which we appreciate a good element, although it may have comparatively lost its interest for us, and although we may regard the phase of musical culture, which its too fashionable prevalence denotes, as not by any means the healthiest or highest. We shall give it in deference and in justice to tastes different from our own, believing that it can do no harm where it is not cultivated too exclusively, and that the pleasure it affords is not unmingled with some edification. But we will give no trash, no hum-drum, vulgar and "illiterate" music.

At the same time, we have to confess to another limit in our selections, besides that of artistic tone and principle;—a limitation quite external, economical. It were a ruinously costly luxury,—at least so long as musical journals are so moderately supported by the public—to have so much music every week put into type to please the readers of our Journal only; we must give pages of what already serves, or may hereafter serve, more general uses; and the immense stock of our publishers contains so much that is excellent and suitable, that we have plenty of material to draw from, although we are excluded from the many fine songs and piano pieces which are always engraved and not printed from type music.

Within these limits we have thus far sought to do at least one really good thing, and to address the largest number that perhaps we could address by any one way, and that one a good one. We have been furnishing a series of choruses, with solos, for mixed voices, for men's voices, for female voices only, of moderate length, suited for musical societies and clubs,—pieces from the best masters, many of them but little known among us, and of the finest quality, while they include a wide variety. We shall continue to do this at intervals, amounting to at least half the time. In this way

each subscriber—who more than probably is also a member of some choir or club who love to practice the best kind of music—will get in the course of the year a very rich and rare collection of such choral pieces as he will find nowhere else,—an invaluable repertoire of the very choicest.

Naturally, necessarily, most of these selections have been German. But we are quite aware that half, or more than half, of our readers like Italian music better; that is, they think they comprehend it better; it excites them more; it has more melody, they think; it is less "scientific," learned, intellectual, profound, and more emotional and to the heart (if sometimes the heart, in the spiritual sense, does get confounded with the blood); and it has been interpreted to them in fire tones and breathed into their throbbing veins and nerves by passionate Italian singers, amid all the tragical enchantments of the Opera. Do not we, too, recall those young days of fresh musical enthusiasm, when Bellini opened a new heaven to us? And shall we ungratefully deny that there was a step of musical culture and refinement in that rose-colored experience? It is only when the thing is run into the ground, and becomes hacknied; only when it passes into a listless, lazy, fashionable excitement; only when it becomes a matter of the blood more than of true soul's passion; only when truth becomes too tame, too tranquil, and too homely for our "fast" habits, and all is sacrificed to mere effect; when brass lords it over the less forward, more sincere, sweet-spoken instruments; when genial Rossini, and melting, love-entranced, sincere, and sad Bellini must give way to Verdi,—that we think it plainly the duty of every intelligent friend of music to hold up the enduring masterworks and models of the art, the inspired creations of the Shakspeares, Miltons, Raphaels of the tone-world, the works of Bach and Handel, Beethoven and Mozart, Schubert and Mendelssohn and Chopin and Schumann, Weber and Rossini—at least when he was true to himself—to counteract the feverish and shallow influence of the modern Italian Opera fashion.

So much, for the present, for the Italian predilection. Another class of our subscribers, reasonably enough, beset us, saying: We cannot sing, but we do "play piano" (to use the quaint German phrase, which drops the article); give us sometimes something for our fingers.

We have considered the matter well, and mean to hit these two birds with one stone. We propose to give, by instalments, alternating with our classical chorus pieces, an entire Italian Opera, arranged, or "reduced," for a pair of hands at the piano-forte. We purposely select one of the more popular ones, and not a rare one, which perhaps the class here aimed at would not appreciate—one answering to their demand, and not merely to the same class for whom we are providing otherwise. As one which we think among the best among the Operas most in vogue, we take *Lucrezia Borgia*, by DONIZETTI, and we give, to-day, the first four pages, which we shall continue from time to time, until the Opera is complete, with title-page and the et ceteras.

With this fair division of the field, we shall feel a freedom all the more perfect, every time the turn comes to bring out treasures new and old from what we have learned to esteem the choicer sources.

Musical Chat-Chat.

A batch of new English Operas are to be served, piping hot from the oven, at Drury Lane, next autumn. Miss Louisa Pyne and Mr. Harrison (that ever-memorable tenor) have accepted a "strange" opera from the pen of BALFE, the libretto by the poets of "Rose of Castile." Mr. FRANK MORI, too, has founded a lyrical structure on an old English subject of the time of Henry VII., "upon which hopes are founded."—Thirdly, *Martha* has been done into English by Mr. CHARLES JEFFREYS. These are counted as so many blocks added to the foundations of the National English Opera!

The great library left by the late collector, Herr Fischhof, of Vienna, is offered for sale. It contains more than 100,000 musical works and works on music, besides very rare manuscripts, and numerous autographs of Bach, Haydn, Salieri, Schubert, Chopin, and other musicians of note.

The great operatic Festival in Jones's Woods, New York, commenced in earnest on Monday. The *Tribune* says ten thousand people were present.

At 2 o'clock in the afternoon, or soon after, the mammoth orchestra gave a grand concert, which, in spite of the excess of brass, the audience enjoyed amazingly. Then came waltzing and dancing on the green-sward to the music of scattered bands. Astonishing feats in gymnastics diverted attention for a time, and at length the folks settled themselves down on the grass, under the green trees, in pleasant conversation, watched the boats gliding up and down the East River, or roaming about with the little ones. . . . At eight o'clock came the fireworks. Messrs. Edge did themselves credit in this display. After a number of brilliant minor pieces, a large harp with appropriate inscriptions was fired. The crowning piece of the evening was a representation of the great event which is now dazzling the world. Two steamships were represented paying out the cable, and moving slowly toward the telegraph stations at each end of the route. Above was the inscription, in letters of fire,

"Blessed be Providence,
The Cable is laid."

As this piece burst into sight the crowd doffed their hats and hurried enthusiastically.

The Festival was continued on Tuesday and Thursday. "Trovator" has promised us a full account of it.

A German newspaper has the following advertisement: "Musical real estate purchase! A musical married capitalist wants to purchase a farm, on which there is a musical widow, who will engage for a certain rent to stay upon the place, and play six hours a day on the piano, with the purchaser. Ladies of an irreproachable life disposed to reflect upon the proposition, are requested to address C. H., *poste restante*, Gogolin."

. . . . M. LAMARTINE has made the strange discovery that MOZART was an Italian! In an article in his journal: "*Entre-tiens Familiers*," from which we gave an extract last week, he says "Germany claims him [Mozart] as her child. We would not snatch this glory from a land which produced Gluck, Beethoven, and Meyerbeer; but properly Mozart is rather a child of the Italian Alps than a son of Germany. He was born in a pretty little German town, which by situation, physiognomy, and language, belongs more to the Tyrol than to Germany." Lamartine seems to be not very well "posted up" in his geography, if he thinks that Salzburg lies in the Italian Tyrol.

The Leipzig *Signale* mentions a new work, by F. A. KUMMER: "Tabular Comparison of all the Instruments used in Orchestras and Bands, both in relation to their compass and the usual mode of writing for each. It may be used as an introduction to the art of instrumentation. Similar tables may be found, to be sure, in other works, but this by Kummer is by far the most complete and comprehensive."

The melodies which CHOPIN made to songs and poems, brought to him in Paris by his Polish countrymen, have been collected by his pupil, M. Fontana, who will publish them as the second part of Chopin's posthumous works. They will be interesting as being the only vocal music known to have come from the pen of that Raffaele of the piano, as Heine called him.

The Watch-Dog roused again.

Were we a musical composer, and had we a fame which we wished watched over with an unsleeping, jealous vigilance, we should say: So far as respects the vigilance, commend us to just such a friend, so prompt, so watchful and so constant, as the London *Musical World* has proved itself to MENDELSSOHN; but it is quite a serious question whether a dog that barks too much, barks upon all occasions, and frequently without occasion, on the slightest shadow of a pretext, is not on the whole a greater harm than blessing both to friend and foe.

Our London friend is very jealous for due honor done to Mendelssohn; and that is a music, that a fame, for which we all may well be jealous. But he is morbidly irritable on the subject; one cannot hint the slightest qualification of Mendelssohn's supreme genius, or own to a conviction that there have been ever greater men in music, or in any way approach the idol, although hat in hand, in the free exercise of

one's own judgment, without this jealous watcher scenting mischief and invidious disparagement. One cannot even quote or copy for amusement's sake, for the pure curiosity of the thing, or for the sake of letting every side be heard, any opinion or expression not entirely orthodox about the honored master, without its being construed into a malign attack. Now we profess to be sincere lovers of Mendelssohn's music; we have written much in praise of it and copied more; we have given a larger share of him than of any other composer in our musical selections for our readers. But we like to let our readers see what thinking minds, of various character and prepossessions, say about him, especially when they say it brightly, quaintly and bring out strongly, with a genuine flavor of individuality, certain qualifying considerations which have worth at least as shadows to the truth.

We have been translating, by way of light and pleasant summer reading, some of the queer, satirical, partly sincere and partly malignant, things which HEINE (who, we took care to say, was not a musical authority), has written about music and musicians, as they interested him in Paris. Our first selection, in which Heine contrasts Rossini's *Stabat Mater* with Mendelssohn's *St. Paul*, rather to the disadvantage of the latter, is copied by the *World*, under a title of its own invention: "*A Stone thrown at Mendelssohn from behind a Wall!*" and accompanied with editorial remarks, which doubtless contain some true things about Heine, though they hardly recognize sufficiently the good side of his nature. These remarks we copy here, because they will help the uninitiated to read more intelligently, and not attach too much weight to Heine's ridicule of artists whom he did not like. As to the *Stabat Mater*, did we need to say that our opinion was by no means that of Henri Heine?

Among those who, at one time, worshipped variously at the shrines of Mendelssohn and Meyerbeer, and afterwards turned against both, was the poet Heine, a man of wonderful gifts and wonderful impudence, witty ("*spirituel*," is better) and unprincipled in an equal measure. On some particular occasion, Heine was snubbed by one of the Mendelssohns—perhaps by the impetuous Felix himself, who, though, when a young man, generally discreet enough to avoid making enemies, could not, in his heart, have esteemed the character of Heine, however he may have admired his genius. From that moment the Jew poet and satirist never lost an opportunity of sneering at the Jew musician. As a specimen of Heine's mode of attack, we have printed, in another column, the first of a series of papers (translated for *Dwight's Journal of Music*), under the head of *Heinrich Heine on Music and Musicians*.

It will be observed that Rossini is the pretext for letting down Mendelssohn, just as Rossini is invariably the shield behind which the most desperate thrusts are made at Meyerbeer. Nothing can be more ingenious, nothing more charmingly written; and to those unacquainted with the *Stabat Mater* and *St. Paul*, or unable to appreciate the difference between them, the whole essay will have an air of gospel truth that admits of no denial. One thing, nevertheless, will be missed, and that is the "*naïveté*," which Heine rightly considers an essential attribute of genius, and of which, by the way, Mendelssohn possessed about as large a share as any composer since Mozart and Haydn. The sly Rossini, after reading (if he ever read) the comparison between his own *Stabat* and the oratorio of his "North-German" contemporary, would know, as well as Heine himself, to estimate it at its proper worth.

"North-German criticism," indeed! We have too much of it now, and it is a pity that Heine did not live long enough to be snubbed by Dr. Marx. We should then have had something funny about that very ingenious gentleman, who, impelled by the remembrance of a personal pique, with which the world has nothing whatever to do (the world caring nothing about Dr. Marx), is incessantly hammering at the pedestal upon which, years since, he helped to raise Mendelssohn, and from which he vainly strives to displace him. If Heine had known music sufficiently to entertain any genuine opinions on the subject, if he had not been compelled to live from hand to mouth, if the tone of his musical criticisms had not entirely depended upon the pecuniary difficulties which weighed him down and led him to prostitute his brilliant pen, he might have done good service; he might have cleansed the Augean stables of Berlin musical politics, have routed the sophists, and put to flight the "*Zukunft*." Against such a man the "North German" philosophers, who write so much about music without understanding it, would have had no more chance than the Jesuit "*Pères*," against the author of *Candide*. But it so happened that Heine, who promised better things at the outset, degenerated into a man of coteries and circles; and this without the excuse of one-eyed enthusiasm, which makes its victims detract from the merits of all but their own pet-idiols (a malady rather to be compassionated than despised). At first the flatterer, then the vituperator, of Meyerbeer, now the friend, now the enemy of Mendelssohn, Heine, from a firmly-rooted oak, morking the tempest, was metamorphosed into a weathercock, swayed by every breeze. His susceptibility was deeper than his sense of right, his egotism far surpassed his love of truth. Thus ripe for a new and unworthy mission, he abused his splendid talents; and later, when his profligate habits had brought with them the inevitable consequences, he became a parasite and a borrower, repaying those with withering contumely who were tired of constantly obliging him.

The paper we have transferred from the pages of Mr. Dwight, and which we have rechristened *A Stone thrown at Mendelssohn*

from behind a Wall, diverting as it is, and sparkling with the brightest fancies, came from the worst part of Heine's nature. It was the off-spring of an ancient spite at Berlin—not a manly declaration of opinion on the merits of two musical composers and two musical works. It could not be the latter, since Heine was entirely ignorant of music. It was, therefore, a deliberate attempt to lower, in the estimation of the world, a man not less his superior in sincerity of purpose and nobility of mind than in genius. Little harm was done, however, by the squib, although it may have caused some of the Berlin geese to cackle, and the Jesuits in various parts to stroke their chins. Mendelssohn outlived it, just as *St. Paul* will outlive the *Stabat Mater*.

When reading Heine's poetry, and admiring, as we read, the wit and imagination of the poet, his fine perception and his trenchant irony, it is impossible not to lament that such a mind should have been perverted. Banished voluntarily from the land of his birth, he only revisits to sneer at it; and insults the Rhine with as much complacency as he ridicules a dish of sourknot and sausages—the same bitterness peeping out from the false *bonhomme* with which he rails at both. He makes the venerable stream, on whose banks he had passed his childhood, exult in its degradation at the hands of the French, and mocks it with feigned expressions of consolation. Not a touch of patriotism ever escapes his pen. But worse than all, this hardened cynic, recalling, as with a sudden religious impulse, a representation of the Passion, by children, on the shores of the Mediterranean, enlists the impressions he commemorates with such apparent earnestness, as arguments in support of a falsehood. If Heine was no more sincere at Cette, watching with interest the Roman Catholic ceremony, than at Paris, when he wrote the comparison between Mendelssohn and Rossini as church composers, he must be pitied. And yet it is difficult to believe that even Heine would put the memory of such an hour as that, when the heart within him, throbbing for once at least with a pure and holy sympathy, to any such uses as the alternative would imply. We are therefore constrained to believe, that in both instances he was entertaining his readers at his own expense, and at the sacrifice of truth—which, for all we know, may be "*naïveté*," but so far as our intelligence will allow us to fathom it, is impiety.

Music Abroad.

London.

FESTIVALS.—The *Athenæum* says: We have now before us programmes of the Hereford and Birmingham Festivals: the former with full details. At Hereford the artists engaged are Mesdames Novello and Viardot, Mrs. Weiss, Mrs. Hepworth, Miss Vining, Miss Lascelles; Messrs. Sims Reeves, Montem Smith, Weiss and Thomas. On the first or "service" morning, the principal features will be Handel's *Dettingen* "Te Deum," a "Jubilate" by Mr. Townsend Smith, and an Anthem by the Rev. Sir Frederick Ouseley. The oratorio, on the first day, is to be "Elijah"; on the second, a selection from Mendelssohn's "*Athalie*," Signor Rossini's "*Stabat*" with English words, and part of "The Creation"; on the third, "The Messiah." Some attempt to improve the evening performances seems to have been made, by making a main part of each concert consist of a selection from an opera; the three chosen being "*La Clemenza*," "*Semiramide*," "*Lucrezia Borgia*." The music laid out for the Birmingham Festival has already been mentioned;—we may add, however, to former notices, that at the Tuesday's concert will be given "*Acis and Galatea*," with additional accompaniments by Signor Costa; on the Wednesday, Mendelssohn's *cantata* "The Sons of Art"; on the Thursday, Signor Costa's *serenata*, written for the late royal wedding. The list of engagements is liberal, though we are not reconciled to the total abnegation of instrumental *solo* music—believing, for instance, that a violin *concerto*, played by Herr Joachim, would be as popular in 1858 as used to be M. De Bériot's *Concerto*, with its *Rondo à la Russe*, without which no provincial festival was held complete thirty years ago. The singers are to be Mesdames Novello, Viardot, Albani, and Castellani. We understand that the last lady will take part in Mr. H. Leslie's "*Judith*," together with Madame Viardot, Mr. Sims Reeves, and Signor Belletti. Rarely has any English work enjoyed the advantage of so strong a cast as this. In completion of the list of singers, we must name Miss Balfe and Miss Dolby, Signori Tamberlik and Ronconi, Messrs. Montem Smith and Weiss. The principal works to be executed at Leeds are, "*Elijah*," "*The Seasons*," "*The Messiah*," a selection from the "*Passions-Musik*" of Bach, Signor Rossini's "*Stabat*," and Prof. Bennett's new *May Cantata*. We perceive, too, that the visit of Her Majesty to open the new Hall there has been "*worked*," by way of swelling the subscription to the Musical Festival,—as those who take tickets for the oratorios will be admitted to see Royalty with all her train. This is not well—hardly respectful to Her Majesty.—and it implies a confusion of things with some of which music has nothing to do.

CRYSTAL PALACE.—A grand musical festival took place July 16, under the direction of Mr. Benedict. The band included forty first violins, forty second violins, twenty-six altos, twenty-eight violoncellos, and twenty-eight double basses (with an equal proportion of wind instruments), and numbered upwards

of 200 performers, comprised of the *élite* of the profession. The choirs, including the Vocal Association, numbered 800 vocalists, being a total of 1,000 performers. Messrs. Benedict and Manns conducted.

The following was the programme:—

PART I.

Overture (*Mosaniello*). Auber. March and chorus, "Crown ye the altars" (*The Ruins of Athens*). Beethoven. Motet, "Sanctus." Bortniansky. Scene, "Ocean, thou mighty monster," (*Oberon*). Miss Stabhaeb, Weber. Triple concerto, for three pianofortes (with additional orchestral accompaniments by Moscheles), Miss Arabella Goddard, Mr. Benedict, and Mr. Lindsay Sloper, J. S. Bach. Air and chorus, "Come if you dare," Mr. Sims Reeves. Purcell. Trio, "Cradle Song," for female voices (unaccompanied). Miss Louisa Pyne, Madame Lemmens Sherrington, and Miss Dolhy, Benedict. Song, "The Village Blacksmith," Mr. Weiss; W. H. Weiss. Ballad, "My pretty Jane" (by desire), Mr. Sims Reeves; Sir H. Bishop. Hebrew morning hymn, "Let us adore," (*Joseph*). Mchul. Le Carnaval de Venise, with variations, arranged for the voice, Madame Gassier; Benedict. Air, "The Skylark," Miss Louisa Pyne; Benedict. Cantata, "O sons of art," Messrs. Sims Reeves, Wilbye Cooper, Weiss and Deck, and Chorus; Mendelssohn.

Between the parts, Mr. Best performed the "First Movement of Handel's Second Concerto," on the Festival Organ.

PART II.

Concertante for four violins, with orchestral accompaniments, Messrs. Molière, Blagrove, Deichmann, and Sainton; Mairer. Song, "The green trees," Miss Dolhy; Balle. Variations, "Il dolce canto," Miss Louisa Pyne; Rode. Fantasia, "Home, sweet home" (by desire), pianoforte, Miss Arabella Goddard; Thalberg. Cavatina, "Deh vieni non tardar," (*Le Nozze di Figaro*), Madame Weiss; Mozart. Air, with chorus, "Possenti Nani," (*Magic Flute*), Herr Deck; Mozart. Chorus, "O, Thou whose power," (Prayer, *Mosé in Egitto*); Rossini. Part-song, "The blue bells of Scotland." Grand triumphal march; Best.

Paris.

July 10.—It seems evident, from silence on the subject, that M. Meyerbeer is not at the *Opéra Comique* of Paris rehearsing his strange work which has no chorus, as was undertaken he should be long ere this. Thus no new production is to be expected from him during the current year. This places that declining theatre in a "predicament." The last revival there has been "Le Valet de Chambre," with music by Signor Carafa, whose "Aure felice" was, some thirty-five years ago, the delight of amateurs, and who was, at the head of a military music-school in Paris, till that establishment was suppressed by Government.—The *Gazette Musicale* announces that M. Membre—hitherto mainly known by his pleasant romances, "Page, Ecuyer, et Capitaine" being one—has received a commission demanding powers of a different quality—this being to write choruses to the "King *Œdipus*," of Sophocles—a translation of which, by M. Jules Lacroix, is about to be represented at the *Théâtre Français*.—*Athenæum*.

July 17.—There is no end to rumors about the three opera-houses in Paris. We see talked of, for the *Grand Opéra*, absolutely, an arrangement of one of the two Greek tragedies with Mendelssohn's music (or is this merely an incorrect edition of the promise made for the *Théâtre Français*?). "Athalie" would be a better choice; not merely because it is written with female voices, whereas the others are for a male chorus exclusively, not merely from the interest of its *solo* parts, but because (unless we are mistaken) it was composed on French text, and thus the difficulties of translation (which at best implies perversion) would be avoided. Then "they say" that M. Félicien David has set "The Last Judgment," and that M. Méry has succeeded in so modifying the *libretto* as to make the work presentable at the *Académie Impériale*. One might regard such a rumor as a piece of stupid irony, did one not recollect the lengths to which French irreverence has gone in former dramas. Recollecting these things, the tale is sufficiently curious as belonging to a land where Academies give prizes for moral plays,—where Authority professes a desire to amuse the people for its good by aid of the stage, and at the same time to stand well with the powers ecclesiastic,—and where the censorship is somewhat irritable. To return to matters less serious, the *Grand Opéra* is in a plight anything but grand as regards its artists. We hear, however, from a source on which reliance can be placed, that Mlle. Artot is making way with her public, and will, probably, appear in M. Gounod's "Sapho,"—perhaps, too, in "Les Vêpres Siciliennes," her voice having developed itself in the upper register. Her action too is commended as graceful, modest, and intelligent. The cry is still for a tenor. Why do they not try M. Nandin? Signor Rota (who, we find, invents *ballets* and not composes the music, as we stated, and who is engaged for next season at *Her Majesty's Theatre*) is about to concoct a *ballet* at the *Grand Opéra* for Madame Rosati. Other journals assert that the heroine of M. Meyerbeer's work promised to the *Opéra Comique* (and on a Breton story) is to be Madame Cabel. As for the tales which concern the *Théâtre*

Lyrique (one announcing the migration thence of Madame Miolan-Carvalho to the *Grand Opéra*) their name is Legion—of new operas by M. Maillart and Godefroid,—M. Gounod's "Faust" to open the season (with Madame Ugalde for *Marguerite*) among the number; also of a new fairy opera, composed by M. Massé, with the taking title of "La Fée Carabosse." There seems to be no end of music proceeding from the house of M. Duprez, who has already made a name and founded a family which will live in the history of Drama by the side of the names of Kemble, Devrient, Garcia. Now we hear that his son, M. Léon Duprez, is about to come forward as a composer of operas.—*Athenæum*.

Sophie Cravelli has been a considerable gainer by the will of Ahmed, son and heir of the Egyptian Viceroys; his death by drowning in the Nile has been in all the journals, and it was casually mentioned in those papers that a large legacy devolved on the person who taught French to the young prince when at Paris. A stronger sentiment than gratitude of a grammar pupil is now known to have dictated the very magnificent bequest of the Moor, and the lyric queen of song has had, in fact, the option of enacting the part of Cleopatra on a real Nile, with real pyramids in the background.

It is contemplated to bring out Mendelssohn's *Œdipus* at the Grand Opera, Paris. An opera by Félicien David is also spoken of.

VIENNA. The *Thalia Theater*, at Vienna (one of the minor establishments of that capital), has been producing an opera, "The Orphan," by Herr Stolz. The principal musical work to be performed at the great concert at Baden, on the 27th of August, is to be the "Romeo and Juliet" Symphony of M. Berlioz. We observe with pleasure that the local societies of the smaller towns in Germany are beginning to bestir themselves towards the completion of the Handel monument, by giving concerts. "Samson" is going to be forthwith produced with this intention in the picturesque old town of Halberstadt, where (by way of further invitation to any autumn tourist in want of a halting-place) are churches well worth seeing, and in one of these is an organ well worth hearing,—a town, moreover, on the hem of the Hartz country.

The Italian opera closed with an *olla podrida*, made of fragments from the *Barbieri*, the *Italiana in Algeri* and the *Trovatore*. The most conspicuous among the artists were Madame Charton-Demeur and Signor Debassini. The lady especially distinguished herself by her brilliant singing in Rossini's opera.

FLORENCE.—A new oratorio by Pacini was produced on the 20th ult.; which is spoken of in enthusiastic terms, called *The Destruction of Jerusalem*. The work is in three parts—the Prophecy—the Delay—the Fall. The concourse of artists from all parts of Italy was immense, and the applause at many passages quite overwhelming. The Grand Duke was present at the first performance, and was amongst the first to congratulate the veteran composer on his work.

MISCELLANEOUS.

The other foreign news of the week is (with one exception) neither rich nor rare. Among its items are a recent performance at Basle of an Oratorio composed by M. Reiter, "The New Paradise," a performance of Sebastian Bach's mass in A (should not this be B?) minor, entire at Stuttgart, where the *soli* parts were taken by Madame Leisinger, Mlle. Marschalk, Herren Rauscher and Schultky. (of the last-named gentleman we heard, when at Cologne, as one of the best *bassi* now in Germany), the execution lately at the *Palazza Vecchio* of Florence of an Oratorio, "The Destruction of Jerusalem," by *Il Maestro* Pacini, the approaching publication of a new "Torch Dance" (the third) composed by M. Meyerbeer, for the reception of Princess Frederick William of Prussia—lastly, the programme of the coming German opera season at the *Kärntner Thor Theater* at Vienna, which is queer enough in its aimless, polyglott fashion. The operas announced are Herr Wagner's "Lohengrin," Mozart's "Schauspiel Director," Mendelssohn's *operetta*, known in England as "Son and Stranger," Adam's "Chalet" and, by way of fireworks, *bonne-bouche*, desert, what not? "La Reine Topaze." The last, however, will prove a lame Queen, unless she be presented by Madame Miolan-Carvalho.

A new tragedy on the subject of Cleopatra has just been produced at Naples. The author is Signor Bolognese; "the serpent of old Nile," is personated successfully by Madame Sadowski. Here is another proof, were it wanted, of the life existing in Italian drama.—*London Athenæum*, July 17.

Special Notices.

DESCRIPTIVE LIST OF THE
LATEST MUSIC,

Published by O. Ditson & Co.

Vocal, with Piano.

A Mother's Last Farewell. Song. Wrighton. 25
A beautiful song, of touching simplicity.

Der Deutschman's Philosophy. John Schmidt. 25
The words of this Song are a very witty and extremely ludicrous parody on Mackay's well known "John Brown." The Music is original. Lovers of the comic Muse will find this a first-rate funny Song.

Mrs. Lofly and I. Song. Judson Hutchinson. 25
Will be remembered by all visitors of the Hutchinson Concerts, during the past season. The poem strikingly contrasts the relative merits of external and internal wealth. The Music is easy, and well shaped to the words.

The Flower Greeting. Trio for three Sopranos. Curschmann. 30

A charming Trio, strictly for three female voices of equal compass, covering the middle register of the voice. It is a highly pleasing composition, and bears the stamp of artistic finish. Rather easy.

Kittie Lee. Ballad. W. Williams. 25
A very pretty simple ballad.

Mary, oft I think of thee. Song. J. H. Heritt. 25
A fine Melody, which gives to the singer much scope for the display of feeling and passion.

Forget Me Not. Song. Sterndale Bennett. 25
A beautiful song, to English and German words, whose peculiarity is the close affinity of its style to Mendelssohn's, without, however, being anything like an imitation. Those who prefer the German way of song-writing, where the accompaniment claims almost the same share of attention with the melody, adding to the development of little traits in the text, will find this Song very much to their liking. Nor is it at all difficult. It is rather playful in character.

Vocal, with Guitar Accompaniment.

I'll pray for thee. Arranged by Weiland. 25
Mary of the Wild Moor. Arranged by Bemis. 25
Two well-known Songs in a new arrangement.

Instrumental.

Muscatine Schottische. Henry Atkins. 25
Mississippi Valley Waltz. E. Menzer. 25
Agnes Galop. G. Boettger. 25
Prancing Schottische. H. A. Pond. 25
Chatterbox Waltz. " 25
Novelty Waltz. " 25
Crag Effie Waltz. " 25

New and good Dance Music for the parlor, easy and melodious. The compositions of the last named author will recommend themselves by the taking delicacy of their well-invented melodies.

Home, Sweet Home—College Hornpipe—Garry Owen—Life let us cherish—St. Patrick's Day, and Rustic Reel. All arranged for the Melodeon, by T. Bissell. 25

A very useful collection of familiar old tunes, arranged in an easy style, particularly well suited for Reed Instruments, or for young players on the Piano.

Airs from La Sonnambula, for four hands. Arranged by Beyer. 50

This is a new number of that favorite set of Operatic Potpourris, as Duets, called "Revue Mélodique." They are of very moderate difficulty, and can be applied usefully in the course of instruction. The above new number contains the choicest bits from Bellini's immortal work, La Sonnambula.

Books.

Balfé's New Singing Method, without the use of Solfeggi. 2.00

The idea from which this work emanated is a very happy one, and will earn for the author many thanks from persons who, although fond of music, and tolerably well qualified to make pretty good singers, still object to go through that long and tedious course of Vocalises and Solfeggios, which so far has been thought indispensable. Whoever studies according to Balfé's directions, will find study sweet and practice agreeable. Balfé gives a Song for the Practice of each Interval, a Song for the Practice of Semitones, a Song for the Practice of Syncopation, in short, a nice little Ballad for everything. It is impossible to make the path of Learning more smooth and more pleasant than this popular composer has done. The pupil is supposed to be familiar with the rudiments of Music. As an addition to the course of instruction in Songs, which terminates in a highly-ornamented and very brilliant Bravura Song, a series of exercises are given, all with Piano Accompaniment, and not extending over more than four pages, which are intended to serve as a key to all difficulties. In a short Preface Mr. Balfé gives a great deal of valuable information, concerning the training of the voice and kindred subjects, presenting, upon the whole, a very rational view of the subject, which must commend itself to everybody. This work can be used without a teacher. The author, however, recommends the assistance of a master, as long as the pupil is but a beginner.

Dwight's Journal of Music.

WHOLE No. 333.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, AUGUST 21, 1858.

VOL. XIII. No. 21.

Morning Prayer.

From the German of J. F. EICHENDORF.

O Silence deep and strange!

The earth doth yet in quiet slumber lie,
No stir of life, save on yon woodland range
The tall trees bow as if their Lord passed by.

Like to one new-create,
I have no memory of grief and care;
Of all the things which vexed my soul of late
I am ashamed in this calm morning air.

This world, with all its band
Of clamorous joys and griefs, shall be to me
A bridge whereon, my pilgrim-staff in hand,
I cross the stream of time, O Lord, to Thee.

But if, with venal choice,
My soul should seek earth's hireling to be,
Break Thou my harp-strings, be my tuneless voice
Silent before Thee through Eternity.

S.

Translated for this Journal.

Henri Heine about Music and Musicians.

VII.—SEASON of 1844 (CONTINUED)—OPERA COMIQUE—SCRIBE AND AUBER—MONSIGNY—JENNY LIND—ROSSINI'S STATUE—DONIZETTI.

PARIS, MAY 1, 1844.

While the Academy of Music has so sadly languished, and the Italians have dragged through their season quite as mournfully, the third lyric theatre, the Opera Comique, has risen to its most joyous height. Here one success has gone beyond another, and the money box has had always a good ring. Yes, there has even been more gold than laurels reaped, which certainly was no misfortune for the Direction. The texts of the new operas, that have been given, were all of them by SCRIBE, the man who uttered once the great saying: "Gold is a chimera!" and who yet continually runs after this chimera. He is the man of money, of the ringing realism, who never mounts into a romantic, barren cloud-world, and who clings fast to the terrestrial reality of the marriage of reason, of industrial citizenship, and of the *tantième*. An immense success crowns Scribe's new opera, *La Sirene*, to which AUBER has written the music. Author and composer are entirely suited to each other: they have the finest sense for what is interesting; they know how to entertain us agreeably; they dazzle and ecstasify us, indeed, by the brilliant facettes of their wit; they possess a certain filagree talent for putting together the most charming trifles, and one forgets in them that there is such a thing as poetry. They are a sort of *Art-lorettes*, who laugh away all the ghost stories of the past from our memory, and with their coquettish toyings, as with peacock's fans, brush the buzzing thoughts of the future, the invisible flies, away from us. To this harmless amorous tribe belongs also ADAM, who, with his *Cagliostro*, has reaped likewise very easy laurels in the Opera Comique. Adam is an amiable, agreeable phenomenon, and his is a talent yet capable of great development. THOMAS, too, deserves an honorable mention; his operetta *Mina* has had much success.

But all these triumphs have been surpassed by the popularity of "The Deserter," an old opera by MONSIGNY, which the Opera Comique has drawn forth from the portfolio of oblivion. Here is genuine French music, the liveliest grace, a harmless sweetness, a freshness as of the smell of wood-flowers, the truth of nature, in short, poetry. Yes, the latter is not wanting, but it is a poetry without the shudder of infinity, without mysterious enchantment, without sadness, without irony, without *morbidessa*—I might almost say, an elegant rustic poetry of health. The opera of Monsigny reminded me at once of his contemporary, GREUZE, the painter. I saw here bodily, as it were, the rural scenes which he had just painted, and I seemed to hear the music that belonged to them. In listening to that opera it became quite clear to me how the plastic and the reciting arts of the same period always breathe one and the same spirit, and their master-works reveal the most intimate affinity.

I cannot conclude this report without remarking that the musical season is not yet ended, and, this year, contrary to all custom, sounds on even into May. The most important balls and concerts are given at this moment, and the polka even rivals the piano. Feet and ears are weary, yet they cannot rest. The Spring, which this time sets in so early, makes a *fiasco*; green leaves and sunshine go unnoticed. The physicians, perhaps especially the madhouse doctors, will soon gain plenty of business. In this motley tumult, in this fever of amusement, in this singing, springing whirlpool, lurk death and insanity. The hammers of the piano-forte work frightfully upon our nerves, and this great vertigo malady, the polka, gives us the *coup de grâce*.

LATER NOTICE.

To the preceding communications I append, from melancholy humor, the following leaves, which belong to the summer of 1847, and which form the last act of my musical reportership. For me, all music has from that time ceased, and I little dreamed, when I sketched the sufferings of Donizetti, that a similar and far more painful visitation was approaching me. The short Art notice reads as follows:

Since Gustavus Adolphus, of glorious memory, no Swedish reputation has made so much noise in the world, as JENNY LIND. The accounts of her which came to us from England, border on the incredible. The journals are all ringing with trumpet blasts and fanfares of triumph; we hear nothing but Pindaric hymns of praise. A friend told me of an English city where all the bells were rung upon the entrance of the Swedish nightingale; the bishop who resided there celebrated this event by a remarkable discourse. In his Anglican episcopal costume, he ascended the pulpit of the cathedral, and greeted the new comer as a savior in woman's clothes, as a lady redeemer, who had come down from heaven to deliver our souls from sin and evil by her song; whereas the other *cantatrici* were so many female

devils who would trill us into the jaws of Satan. The Italians, GRISI and PERSIANI, must turn as yellow as canary birds with envy and chagrin, the while our Jenny, the Swedish nightingale, flutters from one triumph to another. I say our Jenny, for in reality the Swedish nightingale does not represent exclusively the little land of Sweden, but she represents the whole Germanic stock, that of the Cimbri as well as that of the Teutons; she is also a German just as much as her dull and vegetating sisters on the Elbe and on the Neckar; she belongs to Germany, as Shakspeare, too, according to Franz Horn, belongs to us, and as Spinoza likewise, in his inmost nature, can only be a German—and we with pride call Jenny Lind our own! Shout, Uckermark, for thou also hast a part in this glory! Dance, Massmann, thy fatherland's most joyous dances, for our Jenny speaks no Roman gibberish, but real, Gothic, Scandinavian, most German German, and thou mayest greet her as a country-woman—only thou must wash thyself before thou offerest her thy German hand.

Yes, Jenny Lind is a German; the very name Lind makes one think of lindens, those green cousins of our German oaks. She has no black hair like the Italian prima donnas; in her blue eyes swim northern sentiment and moonlight, and in her throat sounds purest maidenhood! That is it. "Maidenhood is in her voice,"—so said all the "old spinsters" in London; all prudish ladies and pious gentlemen with upturned eyes repeated it; the still surviving *mauvaise queue* of Richardson chimed in, and all Great Britain celebrated in Jenny Lind the song of maidenhood, the maidenhood of song. We must own, this is the key to the incomprehensible riddle of the immense enthusiasm which Jenny Lind has found in England, and, between us, has known well how to profit by. She only sings, they say, in order that she may be able soon to give up worldly singing, and, provided with the necessary outfit, marry a young protestant clergyman, the pastor Swenske, who in the meantime waits for her at home in his idyllic parsonage behind Upsala, around the corner to the left. It has since been hinted that the young pastor Swenske is a myth, and that the actual betrothed of the high maiden is an old hacknied actor of the Stockholm theatre—but this is surely slander.

The chastity of feeling of this *prima donna immaculata* reveals itself most beautifully in her shyness of Paris, the modern Sodom; this she expresses upon all occasions, to the highest edification of all the *dames patronesses* of morality beyond the channel. Jenny has most distinctly vowed never to offer her song-virginity for sale to the French public on the profane boards of the Rue Lepelletier; she has sternly refused all M. Leon Pillet's propositions. "This raw virtue startles me," the old Paulet would say. Is there any foundation in the story that the nightingale of to-day was once in Paris in her earlier years, and received musical instruction in the sinful Conservatoire here, like other singing birds, which

since then have become loose green-finches? Or does Jenny fear that frivolous Parisian criticism, which criticizes in a singer not the morals, but the voice, and holds the want of school to be the greatest sin? Be that as it may, our Jenny comes not here, and will not sing the French out of their pool of iniquity. They are fallen irredeemably into eternal condemnation.

Here in the musical world of Paris all goes on in the old way. In the Académie Royale de Musique it is all the while gray, damp-cold winter, while there is May sunshine and the smell of violets without. In the vestibule stands, sad and sorrowful, the statue of the divine ROSSINI; he is silent. It is to the honor of M. Leon Pillet that he erected a statue to this true genius during his life-time. Nothing is funnier than to see the grimaces with which jealousy and envy look upon it. When Signor Spontini passes by, he always stumbles against this stone. Our great maestro Meyerbeer is much more prudent, and when he goes to the opera, of an evening, he always carefully contrives to steer clear of this stone of stumbling; he even avoids the sight of it. In the same way the Jews at Rome, even in their most hurried business walks, go always a great way round, in order not to pass that fatal triumphal arch of Titus, which was erected in commemoration of the downfall of Jerusalem. The accounts of DONIZETTI's condition are every day more melancholy. While his melodies are enlivening the world, while he is trilled and warbled every where, he sits himself, a fearful image of imbecility, in a hospital at Paris. Only on the subject of his toilet he for some time showed a childish consciousness, and every day they had to dress him carefully, in full gala style, his frock adorned with all his orders; so he sat motionless, his hat in hand, from earliest morn till late in the evening. But that, too, has ceased; he recognizes no one any more; such is the fate of man!

Truth about Music and Musicians.

Translated from the German by SABILLA NOVELLO.

I.

WHAT MUSIC SHOULD AND MAY EFFECT.

"That which music should declare to us, is declared by our emotions." *Oehlenschläger.*

It may sound almost ridiculous for me to ask: "What should and what may music effect?" But this investigation seems occasionally to fall into oblivion; so much is attributed to the art, and such wonders are expected from it, that the time has apparently arrived when these questions should be asked and answered.

In our days, fanatics exist, who pretend that the noble art should be ancillary to Politics,—that it should become democratic, after having been until now aristocratic. Quixotic critics have already discovered democratic music in Beethoven's works. There is now only wanting a party, who should equally condemn aristocratic and democratic music, and desire it to be constitutional. Indeed, why should not some individual arise and say: "I can comprehend aristocratic and democratic music, but constitutional music is a monster; and only by means of absolutistic music can we be saved!"

You may shake your head, but positively, in listening to some of our assembled critical judges, I feel as though I were in a madhouse. Wherefore do persons attend concerts or the theatre? Wherefore do they listen to playing and singing, or play and sing themselves? Do they look upon music as labor?—as the reading of a scientific work, or a lecture from which they may gain information? This has never been asserted by any sensible man. Music is sought, as we may daily learn, as a "refreshment" after the day's care and toil,—as a pure enjoyment; and if this object be attained, such phrases as "I was pleased," or "I was enchanted," are used—and not "I have again learnt something," or "Now I have been convinced."

Hegel once remarked: "I cannot think during music." And thus it ought to be; during music we should not think, but feel and enjoy. The object of music, like every Art, is thus perfectly consummated; for its effect should, in reality, be beneficent and agreeable,—it should produce pleasure and delight. It does not therefore follow that music must be always cheerful, sweet, and flowing: the Wolf's Glen in the *Freischütz*—the musical accompaniment to Il Commendatore's entrance, in *Don Giovanni*—Caspar, and many other villains—also cause delight in us. Know you not that pleasurable sensation of allowing horror to creep over the soul, whilst reading or hearing ghost-stories, &c., during twilight or the late hours of night? Know you not the pleasurable sensation of watching a wild conflict of storm and rain from your window? Know you not the pleasurable sensation of ruminating on past dangers, hours of terror, and stirring events? All these are enjoyments. It is also a pleasure to allow certain sentiments, in themselves disagreeable, to be awakened, while we possess the certainty that the feeling alone affects us, and not the real peril, the sorrow, or suffering connected with such sentiments: the certainty of safety deprives them of all disagreeable, and we comfortably imagine ourselves in the situation of a sufferer, without feeling real pain. This inclination of human nature manifests itself repeatedly in eager attendance at executions,—in the greediness and excitement with which descriptions of horrible accidents and events are read; in a word, it is that yearning desire for contrast, that necessity of dark shadow, which is as essential to moral as to physical life. Without sin, there is no virtue; without sorrow, no joy; without shade, no light. But an opera, for instance, which should only contain Wolf's glens, infernal regions peopled by Furies, Caspars and similar gentry, no man could endure,—no man could wish to hear, because it must affect him disagreeably, and afford no delight.

Accordingly, the musical work which aims at being a masterpiece, must afford pleasure and enjoyment; this is, and ever will be, the sole object of all Arts, including that of Music. Allow me to quote to you the opinion of old Montesquieu—a deep thinker, well able to judge acutely of a subject; he says: "Our existence is entirely arbitrary; we might have been created as we are, or otherwise. But, had we been created differently, we should have felt differently; an organ more or less in our frame would have caused other eloquence, other poetry; a diversified texture, of the same organs, again, would have caused another poetry: for example, if the constitution of our organs had rendered us capable of longer attention, all those rules which proportion the treatment of a subject to our attention would no longer exist; if we had been rendered capable of greater penetration, all those rules which are founded according to the limits of our penetration would equally fall away; in short, all those laws established with consideration of our frame being formed in a particular manner, would be different if our frame were not thus constituted. Had our eyesight been weaker and more confused, architecture would have required less ornament and more uniformity in its components; had our eyesight been more distinct, and our souls capable of compassing more objects simultaneously, architecture would have required more decoration; had our ears been formed like those of certain animals, many of our musical instruments would have required modification. I well know that the relation borne towards each other by all things, would still exist; but the relation they bear towards us being changed, those things which in our present state produce a particular effect upon us, would then no longer do so; and as the perfection of Art is to present to us all things in such manner as to afford the most pleasure possible, it would be necessary that Art should be modified to suit our altered capability of best receiving pleasure." As Art should create pleasure and enjoyment, intellect is not preëminently exercised by it: if mental exertion be called into activity in order to obtain artistic pleasure, it is no longer pure enjoyment. Art must attract and absorb its votaries, and cannot therefore demand that they should laboriously examine and account for that which delights them. The talented Madame de Staël says: "We demand sustained attention when discussing abstract ideas, but emotions are involuntary. The enjoyment of Art is not a matter of complaisance, of effort, or reflection; it is a matter of enjoyment, and not of reasoning: intellectual philosophy may claim examination, but poetic talent should command enthusiasm."

Music affects Man in three ways: by sound, on the ear; by expression, on the feelings; and by form and thematic elaboration of phrases in instrumental music, on the understanding. A musical piece that fulfils all these conditions, is perfect, it must and will please all hearers, lay and initiated. Mozart's greatness consists herein, that most of his works unite

these requisites. Laymen in Art, who are merely lovers of music, recognize but two effects of Art—that on the ear, by sound, and that on the feelings, by expression; their enjoyment, therefore, of certain master-pieces, is less than that of an artiste, who also revels in the beauty of form and thematic development; that is, in the manifold transformations, inversions, and combinations of a musical phrase. This fact accounts for the different degrees of pleasure experienced by amateurs and connoisseurs, as also for the various judgments pronounced on a work. The ear-caressing tones of Italian and French productions, for instance, with their agreeable form, always find favor, even though wanting in true expression, with mere lovers of music; and as those who have love, but not knowledge of music, form a majority in the world, it is no wonder that such Italian and modern-French musical works should make their way throughout the whole world, notwithstanding the objections and censures cast upon them by scientific men. A great fault, however, one perhaps even greater than that of Italian and French musicians, who write only for the numerous crowd of ignorance, is committed by some of our composers, who consider agreeable sounds and lovely melodies as worthless, or even contemptible. These writers, at most, satisfy the scientific judgment of musical professors, a small minority of the public; whose hearts, however, remain as unmoved, and whose emotions are as ungratified, as those of the general public, who find these compositions entirely wanting in that which alone affords universal pleasure—tonal charm and sentimental excitement; thus it naturally follows that the public remain cold towards such works, which to them are as a book with seven seals. Such composers deceive themselves and others, when they assert that their works are written for the approbation of a few only, the scientific. Every man who writes, will, if possible, please all, or as many as possible. This can only be the case, and our present music can only improve, when composers overcome their unnatural and pretended indifference to the great public mass, which, after all, must decide the fortune of every production; and when they will imagine, like the Italians and French, that their writings will have for audience the whole world!

Goethe once said to Eckermann, speaking of authors (which fully applies to composers): "The French are consistent with their general character, even in their style. They are of a social nature, and never forget the public, whom they address; they endeavor to be clear, in order to persuade their readers, and to be delightful, in order to please them."

The nature of Man, and his organization, are always the same in all ages; the sources from whence he draws pleasure are eternally the same, and the only task of Art is to cause them to gush forth. He is an artiste, therefore, who uncloses such sources with a Moses-staff, or, to speak simply, who knows what affords pleasure or displeasure to Man's nature, and how this may be effected. The how is revealed to him by innate talent and diligent study; the what is verily not difficult to recognize, if he will attentively and honestly observe what produces on himself and many others an agreeable impression, and what causes pleasure or the contrary.

This is the only necromancy which has elevated great masters to the high rank they hold. Music is the painting of the soul; its object is to call forth imagination, awaken the feelings of the heart, and represent the emotions of the soul. If a composer succeed in creating in his hearers that state of mind or feeling which he intends to produce, or succeed in distinctly and intelligibly depicting such feelings in his tonal-painting, then his work is faithful. This faithfulness will be recognized by the soul, and acknowledged by the understanding of listeners. But a great artiste will endeavor, beyond this, to invest his composition with charm and an agreeable form; if he succeed in this also, then his work will be both faithful and beautiful. From this we learn that a perfect work of art must be both true and beautiful; such as are the admired masterpieces, which eternally live and eternally please. They are, however, rare, because most musical works fail to reach this perfection, being either untrue or but partly true; or because their form is anything but beautiful; or because they are partly unfaithful and partly faulty in form; or because, as unfortunately often occurs in our day, they are untrue or half true, and at the same time, very ugly. Use this very simple analysis on any piece which pretends to be a work of art, and you will never err in the opinion you form respecting it, whatever art-fanatics, art-pretenders, art-liars may chatter to confuse your judgment.

And now, one word more.

Sincere art-enthusiasts, who fall into ecstasies at everything which pleases them, and weaklings, who are astounded at the effects which a composer may produce, because they are unable themselves to create

anything of worth; prate with much unction of the dignity, the elevation, even the holiness of Art. Let us, with all our joy in Music, remain strictly candid. Where lies the dignity of a Haydn's symphony? What is elevating in Mozart's *Figaro*? Where lies the holiness of Caspar's "earthly vale of tears?" I am attached with fervent gratitude to our great Masters, who so often have afforded, and ever newly afford me such great, such pure delight; nevertheless, I can never, without a smile, hear them described as miraculous beings, inspired seers, imbued with god-like frenzy, like Pythia on her tripod, or as soaring through immeasurable space, plucking ideas from amongst the stars. Alas! they were and are men like ourselves; loved good eating and drinking, were joyous or angry like other folk, smoked or took snuff, and during lifetime fell into manifold weaknesses and follies, &c., &c. With all this, they desired, as musicians, to compose charming music, which should please general listeners; therefore, they learnt diligently, exercised themselves unweariably, studied their predecessors, sought to ascertain why this or that work pleased or pleased not, observed mankind, made plans and sketches, altered and improved them and what they had already completed; they explained to themselves what they really intended, and never rested until they could execute what they intended.

Thus must you proceed, to rise like them.

Effect of Tamberlik's Debut in Paris.

We have more candidates for lyrical honors, this year, than have been seen in a long while. Tamberlik's *ut dièze* keeps them all from sleeping. The houses in which singing masters give their lessons—the neighborhood of the Conservatory—are resonant with these abortive cries. Every tenor thinks he has but to scream loud enough to be assured of obtaining a place at the Grand Opera, or Italian Opera, and five thousand dollars a month pay. M. Fiorentino gives these ambitious "geniuses" good advice: "Be quiet, and keep cool. Braying is not good singing. The nightingale gives no *ut dièze*, nor any other note *de poitrine* that I ever heard of; and yet everybody agrees that it sings pretty well. The peacock goes as far as *ré naturel*, but good Lord deliver us from his music."

During Mademoiselle Rachel's life, Paris teemed with tragic actresses whose genius was not understood, and who were kept back from the beneficent foot-lights, which were to ripen their talents into genius far loftier than Rachel's. The place is vacant, but they cannot be found. The French Comedy would be glad to get even a third-rate tragic actress. None of these self-called rivals of Rachel are found worthy of this humble place. When M^{lle}. Stoltz was the star of the Grand Opera, above sixty women applied for her place, and cursed her and her *liaison* with the manager, for preventing them from becoming famous. She, too, has sunk—not into the grave, but into that hell of the lyric and dramatic performer—into a decayed actress, and her place has been vacant ever since her retirement. Tony Johannot for years had the monopoly of illustrating books in his hands, and heaven only knows the bitterness with which he was attacked, "for stealing the bread out of his poor brethren's mouths." He died, and until M. Gustave Doré reached manhood, not an illustrated book was published! At present, it is M. Tamberlik that oppresses young genius. The managers of theatres have no greater annoyances than these shrivelled fruit of the conservatories and singing-masters. There is no getting rid of them, except by kicking them out of doors, at the risk of being sued for assault and battery. When Severini was manager of the Italian Opera, a fellow who stood six feet in his stockings, called upon him, one morning, and the following dialogue ensued: "Monsieur, I want an engagement at your theatre." "What sort of an engagement?" "First tenor." "Did you ever sing anywhere?" "Never. But I have a splendid voice. You can hear me say 'good day' half a mile." "Do you speak Italian?" "Why, no, I do not; but, you see, I come from Auvergne, and there is a good deal of similarity between the two languages." "What business were you engaged in before you were stage-struck?" "I sold cotton goods in a shop of the Rue Saint Denis. Are you ready to sign my engagement?" "Why, my dear sir, that post happens to be engaged just now, by a fellow named Rubini, and I am pretty well satisfied with him." "That certainly is annoying. Well, to do you a favor, I will temporarily accept the place of second tenor." "Why, a fellow named Mario has that." "Say third tenor, then." "My dear sir, that place also is taken by a fellow named Mirate." "Then give me a place in the chorus." "The chorus is full." The next day, the counter-jumper was bellowing in every café against the government, for paying "d—d foreigners for keeping native talents down."

The method adopted by M. Offenbach, the manager of the little opera house known as the Bouffes Parisiens, is a great deal more satisfactory, and by it he has collected an excellent company. When an applicant comes to him for a place, a dialogue of somewhat the following substance takes place between them: "What is your name?" "N. or M." "Change that name—it is ridiculous or indecent—and assume one that will tell well on the play bill.—Where did you study?" "At the Conservatory" (or with Mr. Such-a-one.) "Show me the prizes you took at the Conservatory," (or I will see your professor.) "On what stage have you appeared?" "At Brussels," (or at Madrid, or Geneva.) "Very well. I will make enquiries about you, and if they are such as I hope to receive, we shall soon come to terms. But if you have never played anywhere, the best thing you can do is to get an engagement at Marseilles, Strasbourg, or Lyons, and apply for a place in Paris when you have become accustomed to the stage. What are your favorite parts?" "This and that." "Can you play them in three days from now?" "Yes." "How many rehearsals do you want?" "Two." "Very well, you shall have them. See the stage manager, and arrange with him, and get ready for your first appearance." This custom is more agreeable to all the parties concerned, and when the candidate fails before the public there is no appellate court from which he may crave a reversal of the unfavorable verdict; and the manager is released from that time forward forever from the place beggar.—*Cor. N. Orleans Picayune.*

A New Improvisatrice in Italy.

(Correspondence of the Newark Daily Advertiser.)

Florence, July 3.—National songs, that rouse and reinforce a free people, are unknown in Italy; though singing is one of its pastimes, not to say its most serious employment; and rhymes are indigenous, like macaroni—or quibbling in Philadelphia. An English officer put a question to a Tuscan drummer the other day, and was answered in *ottava rima*. Every tinker is quite as cute. It is the popular humor, and nothing could be more spontaneous. Sentiment commonly expresses itself in verse, so that one is not surprised to find soft sonneters "ever blooming" and "nightly nodding" in the moonlight walks of Italy. In truth no scene or subject is safe from poetry, not even "Cutting a schirrous tumor from a woman's breast," its latest operation. It might, perhaps, be called an epidemic, since hospitals have been endowed for those who labor under the distemper, distinguished by such names as common-place madness never conceived—*gl'improcati, ed intronati, &c.* Hence too the numerous pastors in *partibus*, and the herds who bleat or bray in the imaginary pastures of Arcadia. This allegoric Arcadia, by the way, is almost the only one of the famous literary Academies of the "revival" which the national taste conserves.

The *della Crusca* was long ago virtually stifled in its own chaff, whilst a thousand Arcadian "shepherds" are still abroad, feeding their flocks; their solemn meetings are still held at Rome; the *Giornale Arcadico* continues to publish their stately proceedings in prose or verse, and Academic "farms" are still awarded for the best pasturage, like prizes at your cattle shows. These title-deeds have enriched many a melodious youth—"perchance some mute inglorious Milton—whose noble rage chill penury had repressed," and—it must be confessed—even the princely Goethe rejoiced in his grant of the "Melpomenian Fields, sacred to the Tragic muse!" It is remarkable, seeing that its constitution is republican, that no Western squatter has ever obtained a footing on its domains; but, wiser than Plato, or even the "model Republic," this free and enlightened community fully recognizes the "rights of woman." There is no sex in mind in Arcady, the blest.

The popular favorite just now is the improvisatrice Giannini Milli, a blooming maid of some twenty summers, and the Sappho of the Academy. A niece of the late Francesco Gianni, who improvised entire tragedies with marvellous fluency, and was pensioned by Napoleon, she is, besides being learned in the ancient and modern tongues, confessedly the most successful of the living declaimers in extemporary verse; and this dance of the poets yields only in popular attraction to the poetry of the dance. The selectest circles crowd her "Academies," and jealous cities contend for her favor. That Florence may gain nothing by the hospitality which has made her its ornament, Vienna holds out to her the golden crown. During a recent visit, she even divided the suffrages of Vienna with the queen of the ballet. But her habitual presence here, in the midst of these rivalries, betrays a preference for the city of Dante—where her public appearances are veritable ovations.

On these occasions subjects are proposed in writing

by the audience, and lodged in an urn, when the number agreed upon, usually half a dozen or more, are drawn by lot, before her appearance. When she enters, the music, which fills the intervals of recitation, ceases; the theme is presented in the midst of the general salutations, and then, after a moment's pause, her charming voice runs into an easy flow, like an endless river, without obstruction—never weary, rarely hurried.

One of our countrymen recently proposed Columbus as a theme of common interest. I recall the first quatrain of the response, not so much as a taste of her quality, for it is below her average, as a remembered example of the tendency of the language to slide into this languid melody—which even seduced the susceptible nature of poor Tasso, but which the earlier masters disdained—

Eccola in preda al liquido elemento,
Un angiol siede sovra il suo naviglio
Ei contempla le vie del firmamento,
E sol dal genio suo prende consiglio.

It is only fair to add that this monotony is occasionally interrupted by a brisk succession of percussions and intermissions that quite counterfeit passion, and throw the auditors into convulsions. But the *chef d'œuvre* of improvising is the sonnet *a verso obbligato*, in which a particular rhyme is prescribed with the theme to puzzle the poet, and this somerset in fetters Signorina Milli performs with notable dexterity. As a *tour de force* the thing is certainly marvellous—like one of Taglioni's pironettes.

The dilettanti tell us that *la Signorina* is only surpassed in their Pantheon by her immediate predecessor, "the most accomplished Teresa Bandettini"—the Amarilla Etrusca of the Academy—who was heard and crowned in the Capitol during the sovereignty of Napoleon—unless it be by the famous Leo's court-jester, Querno, who was a great favorite in his day. On being presented to the Emperor at Modena, soon after her apotheosis, the lady's name was unfortunately prefaced with the word "celebrated." "And pray, Madam for what are you celebrated?" was the characteristic demand. "For the goodness of my friends, Sire," she aptly replied. "But what have you done?" pursued the impatient soldier. "I have translated some tragedies, Sire." "Corneille, Racine, I suppose?" "May it please your Majesty, I have translated Shakspeare!" "Pshaw!" sneered out the contemptuous monarch, as he turned on his heel—reminded, as the Italians were consoled to believe, of the hated nation of shop-keepers.

A true Anecdote from the Life of Louis Van Beethoven.

[Translated from the *Neue Wiener Musik-Zeitung*.]

In the year 1825, a well-known artist, who was also a *dilettante* in musical composition, published a small volume of waltzes. Each was expressly composed for the occasion by one of the most popular and celebrated composers of the day, since nobody refused his contribution to the editor, who wished to pay a curative trip to Carlsbad with the proceeds. The book met with an extraordinary success and rapid sale. Suddenly the editor hit upon the notion of soliciting a contribution from the great Louis van Beethoven, with whom he had formerly been acquainted, through his grandfather and father. With the noblest and most affectionate readiness, the great composer promised compliance with his petitioner's wish, and gave him not only a waltz, but (he, the incomparable) a trio into the bargain. He told the gentlemen to come for the work, which would be finished in about four weeks. As, however, the gentleman fell ill, he was unable to go, and obliged to renounce so interesting a visit. He begged, therefore, his mother to fetch the work, and express his thanks.

But the housekeeper, to whom the lady gave her name, would not admit her, saying that her master was again very cracked that day. As, at this moment, Beethoven put his head out of the door, she pushed the lady into a dark room, with the words: "Hide yourself, for there is no speaking to him today." The lady consequently left without executing her commission.

A day or two afterwards, Beethoven sent the waltz to the gentleman's house, with the following note, the authenticity of which is beyond a doubt, as the original is now lying before us:

"DEAR SIR,—Through the stupidity of my housekeeper, your mother was sent away, without my being told a word of her visit.

"I have severely censured her unbecoming conduct, in not introducing your mother into my room; the boorishness and coarseness of these people whom I am unfortunate enough to have around me, are known to every one. I beg your pardon.

"Your most obedient servant,
"LOUIS VAN BEETHOVEN."

Poor, feeling man, who, in addition to the colossal misfortune (doubly terrible to such a composer) of

being deprived of the sense of hearing, was compelled to suffer the torture, which eat into his very soul, of passing among such persons his existence, saddened, moreover, by other heart-depressing family matters, which were communicated by Beethoven himself—who desired and asked for sympathy—to the writer.

Psalm-tunes for the Market.

The following is a chapter, one of the most sensible, from that quaint little book, full of truths and full of prejudices: "*Hints concerning Church Music, the Liturgy and kindred subjects.*" Prepared by JAMES M. HEWINS. Second Edition. Boston: A Williams & Co. 1857."

The obtrusion of unharmonious and secular poetry into the church, is a great hindrance to divine song. It is seized upon by ignorant or avaricious men, as a pretext for the introduction of all sorts of secular music. As a counterpart to the hymn-books before alluded to, we have tune-books without number, made up of the most ridiculous adaptations and selections from oratorios, operas, sonatas, symphonies, songs, &c., all suited to the general ignorance and secularity of the times, and to that intemperate rage for novelty which everywhere prevails. Musical conventions are called in various parts of the country, under the pretence of improving the public taste, when in fact they are only intended to promote the sale of silly and mischievous music. Now the money-changers were driven from the temple long ago, and I submit that the music and psalmody of the church is not a legitimate article of speculation, and that our country friends are most egregiously imposed upon. Good music never wears out; whereas the silly and ephemeral trash so much in vogue, perishes with the use of it, and a new tune-book is wanted every year, just as the makers of them intend. Those who indulge in such base practices, flatter themselves that it is a harmless pursuit, and are wont to say that the people want to be "humbugged;" but I have heard some sound musicians say that it will take half a century to eradicate the evil consequences. It is a national calamity.

There are banded together in the cities of New York and Boston, a set of speculators who trade in the songs of Zion. With these fellows all styles are good, and that is best to-day which sells best. They know well enough in their hearts how limited the sphere of devotional song is, but if they acknowledge the truth, why, then their occupation is gone. The public ought to be cautioned against such musical pickpockets. In some of their books the most solemn words are often coupled with the melody of some familiar or vulgar comic song, with harmony to match. Again, we have glees outright; literal selections from operas, &c., all bound up together, and covered with the high-sounding and queer names of "Hallelujah," "Cithara," "Dulcimer," "Shawn," "Lute of Zion," "The Handel," &c. To give a kind of solemnity to such music, tunes of a light character are often closed with a strong ecclesiastical cadence, which seems like putting heavy armor upon an infant. What deformity, what incongruity is all this; and yet it is done (ostensibly) for the church of Christ! So numerous are these catch-penny works, that the powers of invention are severely taxed in finding names for them.

"If in a picture, Piso, you should see
A handsome woman with a fish's tail,
Or a man's head upon a horse's neck,
Would you not laugh, and think the painter mad!
Trust me that book is as ridiculous,
Whose incoherent style, like sick men's dreams,
Varies all shapes, and mixes all extremes."

A like state of things existed for a time in England, probably among the Puritans. Sir John Hawkins relates that in country parishes, about the year 1675,

"Some poor ignorant man, whom the poring over Ravenscroft and Playford has made to believe that he is as able a proficient in psalmody as either of those authors; such men as these assume the title of singing-masters and lovers of divine music, and are the authors of those collections which are extant in the world, and are distinguished by the titles of 'David's Harp New Strung and Tuned,' 'The Harmony of Sion,' 'The Psalm-Singer's Companion,' and others of a like kind, to an incredible number."

Mr. Zeuner, in the preface to one of his books, makes the following very just remarks:

"From the abuses and absurdities that exist in well-known publications, it is not a very difficult matter to demonstrate that the church is inundated with music of a frivolous, trifling, and, may we not add, profane character!"

He then goes on to notice a great number of profane airs, such as "The Brave Swiss Boy," "The Harmonious Blacksmith," &c., as well as many others, which, he says, are now being performed on the boards of the American and English theatres!

"Ignorance and inexperience have no right to meddle with church music, which ought to be the most perfect in character and style. It ought always to be free from unhallowed associations, and its character, dignity, and solemnity ought to be constantly guarded. Has the time arrived when sacred words are to be associated with secular music, for common use in our churches? 'My house is a house of prayer,' &c."

"If one happen to hear again in the church what he has before heard in a profane place, he must indeed doubt whether he is in an insane hospital or a place of worship."

A musician can accomplish what the mere amateur, from the shop or counting-room, fails in; and amongst all who have written for the church, in this country, the above named gentleman has alone displayed a true knowledge of the requirements and propriety of Sacred Harmony. Not that this music is altogether what it should be, for of this he was well aware; but that he has best adapted himself to the flimsy poetry he had to deal with. Although slightly tinged with modern German chromatics, yet he has displayed good judgment in altering the rhythmical forms of church compositions, without destroying their grave harmony. By this means he has adapted them to the light hymns in use, without falling into the lullaby style, as his contemporaries have done.—Some of Mr. Zeuner's "chanting tunes" will serve as an illustration. The fact is, that a good strong, devotional tune, like "Dundee" or "London," is too much for many of the little nursery hymns in use; while, on the other hand, the most sublime and instructive poetry is often wholly enervated by being coupled with an operatic melody.

What further progress can be made in secularizing the songs of the church it is not easy to see, unless the British poets and the Italian opera are swallowed at a gulp; and of this there are some symptoms, as recent publications intended for the Christian church give evidence. Some of these musical pretenders try to justify themselves by saying that their books contain a great deal of good music. But what of that? The multitude, ever ready to sacrifice the understanding to the gratification of the senses, are sure to seize upon the had.

Plato complained of the injury done to music by the poets, who "confounded all things with all;" and surely no man can be justified in meddling with the psalmody or ritual of the church, unless he has a suitable knowledge of music. A tinker might as well undertake to build a telescope.

What a blessing would it be, if all the poetic and musical trash of our time could be heaped together on some large plain, and then touched with a torch,—

"Heavens! what a pile! whole ages perish there,
And one bright blaze turns learing into air."

But setting aside the quality of the music in question, it is a great sin to multiply it to such an indefinite extent. It creates much confusion. One hundred and fifty good metrical tunes are enough for this world, and perhaps there is not a much larger number of good ones extant.

The music and poetry of the church, to be of any real value, must become familiar to the mind.* Now in most of the Congregational churches in Boston, may be found at least two thousand psalm-tunes, and about one thousand hymns. Suppose then, that one-half are fit to be used at all, (and this is a most magnanimous allowance,) and that four of each are used every Sunday; it would require four and a half years to sing the former, and two years and a half to dispatch the latter.

"In 1567, Archbishop Parker published the first translation, by one and the same person, of the entire Psalter into English metre. It was printed at London by John Daye, with the royal privilege, and appended to it are eight psalm-tunes, sufficing in metre and in character, as was supposed, for every psalm."

Adaptations are generally bad, unless done by a master. There is a disagreement between the accentuation of the words and the music. The melody of the music must suit the melody of the language.

Now in the face of this perverted state of things, who does not see the necessity of music schools in our colleges. We have no standard. The Puritans demolished organs,† committed music to the flames, and annihilated all musical education; and, while we bow with reverence to the huge virtues of those old sons of thunder, we can not fail to see their errors, the consequences of which are too obvious. For want of collegiate instruction, we have no suitable men to manage our public schools, and the children are now taught from certain silly school song-books, which only tend to dissipate all true musical feeling and taste from the mind, and which they are ashamed to reflect upon as they grow older. This is a great evil. It is not owing to our climate that we have not

* "One generation shall praise thy works to another."

† During the Great Rebellion, very few organs escaped the fury of the Puritans, excepting the sweet-toned instrument at Magdalen College, Oxford; which, it is said, "Cromwell contrived to steal, and had it removed to Hampton Court for his own entertainment. The rest were for the most part broken in pieces."

as good singers as any nation upon earth, but it is for the want of proper youthful training. The first impressions which are made on the mind are always the strongest; hence, instead of pernicious sing-song ditties, children should always be exercised in strong classical examples, and especially in the church style, which they learn with the greatest facility, and to their lasting benefit.

The eye, by the optic nerves, carries impressions to the brain. Sounds, also, through the auditory nerves, glide up to the brain and lay their messages before the mind, the effects of which vary according to the character of the objects or harmonies presented,—some exalting the mind and loftier sentiments, while others tend to levity and dissipations of the mind.

Luther says:

"The youth ought to be brought up and accustomed to this art, for it maketh fine and expert people. A school-master ought to have skill in music, otherwise I would not regard him; neither would we ordain young fellows to the office of preaching, except they have been well exercised in the school of music."

Here is a sample of that effeminate, whining style of metrical psalmody which (to our shame be it spoken,) prevails in a great number of American churches. The women praise it, and young girls call it "beautiful." It is a soothing lullaby style that suits their particular mood,—something akin to anise and paregoric for the babies.



Now, all this may be very well for little girls to sing at the piano on a Sunday evening, but what kind of praise is it to offer to Him who sendeth his lightnings to the ends of the earth, and rides upon the storm? Is this the way to praise God in his sanctuary? and "in the firmament of his power?" Is this praising Him "according to his excellent greatness?" Is this "singing forth the honor of his name," and "making his praise glorious?"

Signor Ricco Rocco.

Miss Isora Beal was a young lady of sixteen, unaffected, good-hearted, and pretty. It must be confessed that she was also somewhat empty-headed and vain; but as these qualities are peculiar to a very large proportion of her sisterhood, they were not particularly noticeable. She possessed besides, another trait, which used to be tolerated in the young, but which has of late gone quite out of date, along with the old-fashioned virtues—she was romantic.

I know not how to account for this circumstance, except by connecting it with the apparently incongruous fact of her having been educated in a nunnery.

From these "cloistered walls" the poor child, who was an orphan, had just emerged, to begin her little career in the world, and to take the head of her old bachelor uncle's establishment.

That worthy gentleman, though shrewd enough in his way, had about as much idea of the internal structure of a girl's heart, as I have of the process by which flowers are introduced, or made to grow, in the middle of those curious glass balls one sees every where. (Tormenting little problems that they are—they always perplex me as the apples in the pudding did poor King George—I must still be wondering how they were got in.)

Of course, Isora had never entered a theatre. She was now sixteen years of age, when exposed to histrionic infection, she took the theatric fever with uncommon virulence.

When Signor Ricco Rocco, the famous tenor, first broke on Isora's sight in a bandit's costume, (which is well known to consist of loose leather boots, a red sash garnished with pistols and dagger, and a velvet cap with a bobbing black plume,) she felt that for the first time in her life she was in the presence of a hero. Her eager eyes were bent upon him, and her heart almost stopped beating.

Signor Ricco Rocco took two steps forward, and stopped with a jerk, and by repeating this manoeuvre several times, advanced to the front of the stage.

Isora's heart beat quickly again, and a flush of excitement rose to her cheek. "He realizes my ideal!" she murmured.

After rather an awkward pause on the part of the bandit, during which the orchestra got through with the prelude, he executed a sentimental aria, in a melancholy way, with first one hand and then the other alternately pressed to his heart and sawing the air.

Isora heard the mournful strain with deep emotion. "To think he should be unhappy!" she sighed, and the brimming tears were in her eyes. All was reality to her, silly child!

The whole evening was one of intense excitement and novel sensations to Isora; and the worst of it was that she had not even the safety-valve of a confidante. Neither sister, mother, nor "dearest friend" was at hand; and when the poor lonely child in search of sympathy with her emotions during a very trying scene, glanced around timidly at her uncle, she was shocked to perceive that worthy personage sound asleep. She woke him instantly, that he might not lose the treat.

Though the fact I have mentioned would tend to prove that the uncle did not enjoy opera-going much, for its own sake, he delighted to give pleasure to his niece, nor did he see anything amiss or suspicious in her vehement entreaties to be taken every night while the opera lasted. He therefore went and slept, and Isora went and felt—or thought she felt, which answers as well sometimes—herself in love.

The season was a long one, and things went on till the silly little thing, carried away by all sorts of sentimentalities and delusions, was firmly convinced her heart was lost beyond recall.

This topic filled her head so completely, that having, as I have said, no female confidante, she one day, in utter inability to keep such a secret pent up any longer, hinted the state of the case to her uncle himself. The good man was aghast. Such a contingency had never presented itself to his imagination.

"In love with Signor Ricco Rocco, indeed!" he exclaimed, half amused and half enraged.

"Yes, indeed, uncle. So much in love—that—that I don't know what to do."

"In love! Bah! Do you know what will cure you?"

"No, uncle," she replied.

"An ounce of sense!" said he. And thoroughly vexed and annoyed, the uncle left the niece alone to ponder on the prescription.

As to whether this remedy was applied or not, uncle and niece differ. At all events, it was not successful.

Isora began to "peak and pine." All her merry ways, her girlish gaiety, deserted her. She moped—grew sallow—almost ugly; a very common effect of moping, gentle reader, believe me, though novel writers never mention it.

This state of things forced itself on the attention of the uncle, who might otherwise have never again recurred to the absurd confession of his niece. As it was, he was constantly reminded of it.

He missed the life and gaiety which had swept like a breeze of spring through his musty old house when Isora first entered it. He hated to see a pale, lackadaisical girl poking languidly about, instead of the fresh, lively, saucy thing who had amused him a few weeks before. He was one of the gentlest and kindest of men, but he was a man after all, and therefore it is probable Isora might have fretted herself to death without opposition, if she could have done so without diminishing his comfort or enjoyment; but as the case was, he felt the necessity of effort, and he bent his vigorous and practical mind to a removal of the difficulty. The result of much intense study and deliberation was an invitation to Signor Ricco Rocco to dine with him.

Isora was informed of this arrangement, and after thanking her uncle from the very depth of her fluttering little heart for his great and delicate kindness, ran off to choose betimes the dress in which to array herself on the momentous occasion.

The day and hour came. (Isora began to think they never would.) She had been consulting her mirror all the morning, and was now dressed with simple elegance, walking up and down the drawing-room with her uncle, awaiting the arrival of her distinguished guest.

In her innocent delight she could not help telling her only confidante how handsome and interesting she thought the Signor, and her opinion that all the world must see his very great resemblance to the noble and chivalric Sir Walter Raleigh.

To all this the wily uncle said little or nothing, though his shoulders would shrug a little, and a mysterious grunt, which puzzled Isora, now and then escaped him.

A ring at the bell. Isora dragged her uncle to the door to listen, and then back to the farthest corner of the room, as she heard the step of the visitor approaching.

A moment more, and she was in the presence of her hero. He was shaking hands with her uncle—her uncle was introducing him to her. Without finding courage to raise her eyes, she could only blush deeply and bow her head before him.

For the first few moments she desired nothing

more. It was enough to know herself in the presence—to know that the cherished object of her girlish adoration—her hero—her ideal—was near her—in the same room. But as it is a law of the human heart always to make an attained happiness the step by which to mount to another higher yet, Isora in time overcame her timidity; she raised her eyes, and saw—a middle-aged gentleman, red-faced and fat.

It was our heroine's instantaneous conviction that an impudent hoax was attempted to be played off on her.

That the elegant lover! the chivalric hero! the brave soldier, with whose appearance she was so familiar from her seat in the boxes! No, she could not, would not believe it! It was only through her uncle's somewhat ostentatious iteration of the name of "Ricco Rocco," that she could in any way connect the impostor before her with the princely person she had heretofore known under that title.

The belief that her uncle was attempting to play off a trick upon her was confirmed at dinner-time, as she observed the guest's half-bred manners and voracious appetite. It ripened into certainty during a conversation she had with him after they had returned to the drawing-room.

Her uncle had been called away for a short time by a business visitant, and in the short *tete-a-tete* during his absence the Signor became so confidential as to inform Isora, in broken English, that he had probably broken more hearts than any man living, and, at the present time, nearly twenty young ladies were doomed victims to his dangerous attractions.

Perfectly disgusted with his overweening vanity, and embarrassed by a confidence so unsolicited and undesired, Isora was thankful for the reappearance of her uncle in time to obviate the necessity of a reply which she knew not how to frame.

Ere long the guest departed, and the uncle immediately demanded, "Well, Isy, what do you think of your Signor Ricco Rocco now?"

"Ah, uncle," answered Isora, smiling reproachfully as she patted his cheek with her fan, "do you think I don't see through you and your plans?"

The uncle changed countenance visibly, and with rather a conscience-stricken look, asked what she meant.

"Why, of course, uncle, I am only a silly girl, and not hard to outwit, I dare say, but your trick is rather too palpable to impose even upon me. That red-faced man Signor Ricco Rocco, indeed! He was more like Daniel Lambert!"

The uncle suddenly recovered his spirits.

"Oh! that is the view you take of it, my little darling, is it?" he cried, rubbing his hands gleefully. "Then I'm all right, for I can tell you, on my word of honor, that our visitor was Signor Ricco Rocco himself in *propria persona*, as sure as I am the best of uncles."

But Isora was still unconvinced. She could not doubt her uncle's word; but neither could she realize any identification of the two widely different individuals claiming the same name. She had still the impression that some deception was being practised upon her.

Her uncle, perceiving her doubts, wisely proposed another visit to the opera, assuring his niece that though she could not discern Signor Ricco Rocco in their guest, she would not find it so difficult to trace their guest in Signor Ricco Rocco.

To her amazement Isora found this prediction true. The next night, in spite of disguise, paint, and stage illusions, their fat guest of the previous day stood constantly before her. She was cured.

Some years afterward Isora married a plain, sensible man, with nothing of the hero about him except a noble, loving heart, but whom she managed to love devotedly, notwithstanding.

Her uncle made one of her household, and exercised a great influence over her; for it was observable that whenever anything did not go as he approved, or his niece was about to act in any way he considered foolish, he had but to pronounce the mysterious words, "Ricco Rocco!" to reduce her to instant obedience to his wishes.

HOW CERTAIN OPERAS CAME TO BE COMPOSED.

—At the time when Auber, (younger than he is now) reigned almost supreme at the Grand Opera, Mlle. X— was the principal danseuse, the bright, particular sun, around which moved vocalists, composers, critics, &c., &c., as if living in the light of her smiles. Auber also was found among her devotees, but the charming danseuse, despite his attentions, treated him with the most marked coolness. One evening, behind the scenes, he became more urgent and pressing than ever for her favor, and she replied: "If ever you compose an Opera, in which I fill the first role, I shall then begin to consider whether so insignificant a person as I am may be worthy the love of

a great composer." Surely this was "giving the sack" in the best possible style. At least so thought the lady, for to her it seemed an impossibility that a danseuse could have the first role in an Opera. But nothing seemed impossible to love and Auber. The next work produced by him was "*Le Dieu et Bayadere*" and Mlle. X— danced the Bayadere.—Whether she afterwards listened to the devoted composer's vows, we cannot state, but this is certain, that he wrote another opera, "*La Muette de Portici* (*Masaneillo*), in which she appeared as Fenella.—*N. Y. Dispatch*.

AN ORGANIC DIFFICULTY.—A parish in the west of England, after much effort lately purchased a self-acting organ, warranted to play twenty tunes, and a larger congregation than usual met to inaugurate it. The first psalm had been successfully brought to an end, when after a short pause, the organ choose to commence psalm-tune number two. In vain the officiating person endeavored to stop it; in vain the church wardens left their own pews to stifle its noises; still the organ, as though uncontrollably pleased with its own execution, kept on with the new air. What was to be done? The service was suspended, in the hope that the musical stranger might be content when the second tune was played out. Vain expectation! It commenced number three! and nothing remained but to carry the instrument into the churchyard, and there to cover it with the vestry carpet to choke its voice, for on and on it went till the number of twenty had been played out, much to the edification of the less attentive part of the congregation, who could only hear half smothered melodies.—*London Times*.

Musical Correspondence.

NEW YORK, AUGUST 17.—The chief and indeed only musical event of the past few weeks, has been the Musical Festival at Jones's Woods. It was ushered in with much advertising and considerable pomposity, and, as far as I can learn, the results have been peculiarly satisfactory. As a strictly musical affair but little can be said about it. Fireworks and lager bier preponderated over Mozart and Beethoven, and though some of the Sing-vercins competed for a silver goblet, yet, as a general thing, our musical societies had little participation in the Festival. The afternoon concerts were fair, but presented no feature of special novelty, and, indeed, did not attract as much as the dance music.

In the evening it was worth something more than the twenty-five cents admission to visit Jones's Woods. The sylvan grove was illuminated with calcium lights, while innumerable stands for the sale of lager, fruit, candies, and soda ornamented or encumbered the grounds. Then there were establishments where for three cents you could get a ride upon one of a company of stump-tailed revolving horses; there were places where you could win a pint of peanuts by engaging in shooting a pop-gun at a target, for a cent a shot, together with divers other contrivances for passing away time and making money. Then there was (and this seemed to be the great centre of attraction) a huge platform for dancing, with overhanging trees, and calcium lights, and a little moonlight feebly struggling through the foliage. The orchestra was excellent, and everybody danced with everybody, and there was much fun, and a vast amount of jabbering in Dutch. Indeed it was difficult to say whether the Teutonic or Anglo-Saxon element predominated.

As a heartily enjoyable affair—a mixture of mirth, music, moonlight, and lager bier—the Festival was a decided success. But as a musical event it does not really deserve more than a passing notice. Music was quite a subordinate thing. Those that came, did so because they wanted to enjoy a pic-nic, and though the music was undoubtedly an attraction, it was not a much greater one than the fireworks and the dancing.

The musicians also viewed the affair in the same light, and enjoyed themselves as much as anybody, besides making some money out of the affair. MAX MAREZEK figured bravely as a gipsy Vulcan,

pounding one of the anvils in the "Anvil Chorus" with an energy worthy of a Hercules,—a light, agreeable pastime for hot weather.

I see no glimmering of musical intelligence until the opera season opens at the end of the month. The Harmonic Society have offered to sing the chorus, "Achieved is the glorious work," at the Atlantic Cable celebration at the Crystal Palace. They will also sing an ode written by Mrs. Ann S. Stephens; who is to set it to music nobody knows.

TROVATOR.

BERLIN, JULY 1.—A refreshing contrast to the dull and dragging monotony of our Court Theatre, and at the same time a reward for the wonderful contentedness and patience of our public, has been found in the engagement of Frau BUERDE-NEY, Fräulein GUENTHER and Herr TICHATSCHKE. Frä. Günther, for several years a favorite of the Prague public, appeared for the first time as Elizabeth in Wagner's *Tannhäuser*. Her organ—an alto voice, which has acquired by practice a considerable portion of the soprano scale—has a tender, sympathetic sound, which would gain in power by a more free and open forming of the tones. With this she unites distinct enunciation, pure intonation, and soulful, live expression, in which all that remains to be desired is greater variety of *nuances* and transitions. In the first scenes she evidently had to contend against her own anxiety; for Berlin is her native city, and she had to satisfy the very high expectations of her many acquaintances here. In the beautiful second act she gained more assurance, and she gave, especially, the splendid *Arioso*, in B major, which by the noble flow and poetry of its expression far surpasses all the other numbers, in a style to carry every one away. Equally successful was she in the prayer of the third act. In Verdi's hotly overspiced "Troubadour" she met also with the most favorable reception, and it was a cause of general regret, that our blundering management neglected to re-engage a singer of such promise, thereby allowing much good to slip through their hands.

TICHATSCHKE, the Dresden hero tenor, for many years the king of German tenors, began his engagement with Spontini's *Cortez*. This opera, in pure musical worth and symmetry, is inferior to the *Vestale* and *Olympia*; but in originality and power for the exalted form and for heroic expression it surpasses them. We find in it the strongly stamped national and individual characteristics, not only of two peoples, as the representatives of culture and of barbarism, but even of single persons, who in Spontini's music always move in their peculiar, sharply distinct spheres. This characterization is found already, sketched in brief, but well-marked outlines, in the overture, which, like all of Spontini's introductions, moves in his most favorite key, D major. Tichatschke may place himself at the head of all heroic tenors. Singing and expression stamp the artist as a genuine dramatic representer. If the representation of heroic and impassioned moments outweighs tender lyrical expression, yet in the first, at least, the true, the right are given perfectly. His style of recitative, in spite of the provincial dialect and the *staccato* way of shooting out his words, is masterly, a model of distinctness, often wonderful. He so dexterously covers up the defects of his voice, which has suffered for years and lost its freshness of tone, that they are almost wholly overlooked. His playing was truly conceived, though frequently too hard and violent, faults which may be especially objected to Spontini's music. You miss the dignity, which never should forsake the Spaniard. This passionate manner was in far better keeping with the outbreak scene in the second act, the admirable representation of which was disturbed by the unfortunate addition of the very *obligato* trampling of horses. The royal Kapelle accompanied, under TAUBERT's direction,

without artistic discretion and without higher intention.

Frau BUERDE-NEY we heard in Nicolai's "Merry Wives of Windsor," the operatic text being by Mosenthal. How the intelligent Nicolai (too soon removed!) could choose such ineffective material, dramatically, as this disfigured work of Shakspeare, with its double subject and its anything but drastic mystification of a love-cracked fool and an every-day love story, in which the inclinations of father, mother and daughter cross each other, I can only explain from the desperation in which he could write: "I am very ill-humored and I have a right to be so. It is impossible for me to find an opera text, or even the material for one, although I have at great and for me burdensome expense offered a prize for one; but nothing came from it which I could use. It is incredible how rusty the inventive fancy of the Germans has become." As to the music of the otherwise skilfully put together text of Mosenthal, the composer himself, who has often been charged with presumptuousness and excessive self-esteem, speaks of it with the greatest frankness in a letter to his father, thus: "My new opera has already given me much pleasure in the composing. The artist's happiest hours are those spent in creating; if I had more invention, more genius, I would boldly place myself in the very first rank; for in the writing down, in instrumentation, in the application of all the vocal and instrumental means I have extraordinary power." And it is, in fact, the routine work of composition, which has created charming numbers in this opera, with the aid of the composer's accurate acquaintance with the Italian manner of singing, which he has sought to unite with the German.

Mme. Ney's part, which poet and composer suffer to subside almost entirely after the first act, is not of enough importance, musically, to be called her best. This the singer seemed to feel herself, or she would not have resorted to such *outré* means, which she could well have dispensed with, having a voice of such wonderful power and compass. In the first aria, and in the trivial piece introduced from Balfe, we heard the incredible thing, the D sharp *in alt*, pearl forth with metallic purity in the embellishments. These, with the trill, which she employs with taste, lend to the uniformity and characteristic coloring of her infallibly pure voice a charm, which fits her peculiarly for German-Italian song; and only so can we explain why her "Frau Fluth" (Mistress Ford) should outshine all her other performances.

Fräulein TRIETSCH sang her part of Anne (which seems not to have been treated as a favorite by the author) with purity, grace, and natural enthusiasm, to be highly prized. We could wish that Frä. GEY had a part of these qualities. Herr KRUEGER sang his episodic romanza in the first duet admirably; the serenade in the second act was less successful. Herr KRAUSE (Fluth) and ZSCHIESCHE (Falstaff) deserve thanks for their exciting representation, especially in the comic duet. On the contrary, the other performers, and especially the fine fairy chorus at moonrise, where a single violin, playing probably by heart, strayed back into the overture, left much to be desired, as did the solo-playing of the concert-master RIESS.

Of newly studied operas we must be most grateful to the management for Cherubini's *Lodoiska*. Among the three prominent spirits, who, although not Frenchmen, followed and developed their artistic career especially in France, namely Gluck, Cherubini, and Meyerbeer, Cherubini is perhaps the most subordinate, yet he is unsurpassed in the well-considered, wise calculation and employment of his means. Organically sprung from the school of Gluck, Grétry, and Mehul, when he left his native Italian direction, Mozart and Haydn became his models and gave him an impulse upon new paths. The *Lodoiska*, which marks a similar turning point in Cherubini's creative

activity, to that of the *Orfeo* in Gluck's, contains much of the dramatic beauty of *Don Juan*, and certain intimate relations of the two works may be traced even into minute details. In the book of *Lodoiska*, with all the weakness of character, the passion is to be prized, united with Cherubini's extremely individual conception of the romantic. Hence the frequent gloomy brooding, the intensely glowing coloring, the grand situations, the short, quick energy, which often startle us, because we hear seemingly fragmentary and abrupt ideas, while all stand in close connection and even the accessory details have received most careful treatment. At the same time the fundamental character of the melodies is mingled with a dash of melancholy softness and a tender, melting feeling. Often bright and witty, still he cannot suppress his earnestness as the execution of the work goes on; often too he modulates as sharply, as suddenly almost as Beethoven, but he feels too tenderly to dare, like him, to seize the hearer too unexpectedly and leave him floating over an abyss. The performance was satisfactory in general, although it might have gained by changes in the cast.

Of our concert performances decidedly the most interesting was that of the *Oedipus Tyrannus* of Sophocles, in the Greek language, with music by H. BELLELMANN, performed by pupils from the first classes of the Gymnasiums. The chief merit of the composer in this work is the fidelity and discretion with which he has reproduced in his music the noble Greek rhythms of the choruses, especially the truthful expression of the situations, and of the subject altogether. In the broad and polyphonously constructed overture, in which only the trumpet is urged to a shrill height, he prepares us worthily for the fearful fate of Oedipus. Moreover, he has, in a very happy manner, spread melodramatic music as a foil under the passages which are controlled by feeling; and, although in many choruses the uncommonly thought-laden poetry of Sophocles has proved almost insuperable to music, and opposed great obstacles to any freer musical development, still on the other hand, we are most satisfactorily compensated by all those passages in which feeling reigns; especially successful, through this excitement to the feelings offered by the text, are the last scenes, for example. The execution of the choruses by the healthy and fresh voices of the scholars, as well as of the orchestral part by members of the royal Kapelle, brought this highly meritorious composition generally into clear understanding. It was also a rare pleasure to hear the noble Greek language once more in all its euphony and power.

JF.

Dwight's Journal of Music.

BOSTON, AUGUST 21, 1858.

MUSIC IN THIS NUMBER.—The *Praise of Friendship*, a Cantata for two Tenors and Bass, or for two Sopranos and Contralto.

The Great Event.

There are events, triumphs of the divine intellect and energy of man, which suddenly lift communities, whole nations, into a higher plane and atmosphere of feeling; liberating the grander instincts, which had shrunk within us to a cowardly half-consciousness in this low work-a-day and selfish world; renewing Faith; ennobling the tone of thought and general remark, so that the most vulgar newspaper discourses in a high, humanitarian and religious vein, and low diplomacy forgets itself in large international greetings, (or creeps in with an ill grace only at the tail end of a message). Such a glow of higher, holier sentiment, such an electric thrill of conscious unity and brotherhood with all the races of mankind, is now called forth by the completion of the Atlantic Cable. That electric chain between two hemispheres,

wonderful as it is, is nothing in comparison to this more wonderful electric chain which it reveals within us all, bridging the gulf between one spirit and another by quickening what is spiritual in each. In such seasons language fails; words are but poor and lame instruments of thought; every utterance climbs unconsciously towards a lyric form; prosaic editors write poetry. And here it is that all men feel the need of just that freer and more spiritual language, the proper universal tongue of what is infinite and highest in the soul's experiences, Music. If there is ever a great event which should be celebrated by great Music, this is one.

The celebrations and rejoicings of the past week have been general and spontaneous, and to a great degree appropriate and inspiring. A more orderly and quiet tone, a tone of more sincerity of joy than has been usual in our noisy, vulgar, empty so-called patriotic jubilees, has pervaded all and lent a finer charm. Speaking for Boston alone, it is an event worth chronicling, that for the first time the wonderful capacities of our paradise of a Common for the most beautiful and artistic kind of a fête of the whole population have been illustrated to us. The experiment was for the first time tried, on Tuesday evening, (suggested to us a few years since, we remember, by the artist Hammatt Billings,) of for once fairly lighting the Common, and letting that pass for the whole unsatisfactory fuss of guns and fire-works. This idea was to some degree carried out. The noble elms which arch the malls, all round the Common, were hung with Chinese paper-lanterns of all colors, which looked like myriads of glow-worms, or, as you came nearer, like transparent fruit of gold and purple, and blood-red, in gardens of enchantment. Under these fairy-lit green arches the whole city could perambulate to the sound of music, and really enjoy itself. The fountain played, the water sparkled in the moonlight, rockets burst in the distance against the misty sky, the "big elm" was covered, thick as mulberries, with the luminous fruit of this feast of lanterns; and what was seen was but a mere suggestion of what might be realized there upon a grander scale. There should be Drummond lights upon the hill pouring great floods of light over the vast moving crowds, and bringing out the very greenness of the trees; and there should be a general illumination of all the stately residences that surround the Common, and there would be a scene of such enchantment, and so universally enjoyable, get-at-able by all, that it would once for all establish the true method of a united festal demonstration of the whole community. The Common is the pride of Boston; the whole people's place, uniting in itself and its surroundings more of luxury and beauty than princes can command. If we mean to show a patriotic feeling on the nation's birth-day and on other great occasions, why will not all unite and concentrate their efforts and their decorations upon the Common, light up all the houses round it, and make it so attractive that it shall draw together the whole people for a feast as orderly, as refined, and as artistic, as any for which selector crowds seek theatres and concert halls?

But we have wandered away from music. Music there was, of course, such as it was, in great abundance on that day and evening. Think of the thousands of brass bands, that helped, in the whole length and breadth of our great country, to proclaim the wedding of the hemispheres by the electric cable! This was all well, — as well as brass could make it. But why no higher intervention of the art of Music in so high and proud a celebration? Why no great Handel choruses, no symphonies, nor oratorios, nor Chorals by great multitudes of voices. One of the New York societies offered, we see, very properly, to sing Haydn's chorus; "Achieved is the glorious work." We should have had — we might yet have — a high musical festival in our Music Hall, in which that chorus might bear a part; and also, with equal

reason, and with more inspiring grandeur, Handel's announcement: "Peace on earth, good will to man," with the Hallelujah and the Amen chorus. Many are the odes, and the poetic jubilees called forth by the Cable. But there is one, which, although written for the Fourth of July, in the little village of Concord, deserves, as it has been well said, to be sung everywhere as the ode for this occasion; it is worth all the poetry that has been written about the cable, for it contains the inspiration and the higher sense of all, and rises to the ecstasy of full expression of it in verses fit and few: It should be set to music by a Handel, and become the ode of liberty and peace among all nations. We mean the ode by EMERSON:

O tenderly the haughty day
Fills his blue urn with fire,
One morn is in the mighty heaven,
And one in our desire.

The cannon booms from town to town,
Our pulses are not less,
The joy-bells chime their tidings down,
Which children's voices bless.

For he that flung the broad blue fold
O'er mantling land and sea,
One third part of the sky unrolled
For the banner of the free.

The men are ripe of Saxon kind
To build an equal State;
To take the statute from the mind,
And make of duty fate.

United states! the ages plead,
Present and Past, in under-song —
Go, put your creed into your deed,
Nor speak with double tongue.

For sea and land don't understand,
Nor skies without a frown
See rights for which the one hand fights
By the other cloven down.

Be just at home, then reach beyond
Your charter o'er the sea;
And make the broad Atlantic pond
A ferry of the free.

And, henceforth, there shall be no chain,
Save, underneath the sea,
The wires shall murmur thro' the main
Sweet songs of Liberty.

The conscious stars accord above,
The waters wild below,
And under, thro' the cable wove,
Her fiery errands go.

For He that worketh high and wise,
Nor pauses in his plan,
Will take the sun out of the skies
Ere freedom out of man.

MR. JULIUS EICHBERG. — Many of our readers will remember the rare pleasure they received last Spring, at a Sunday evening Concert of the "Orpheus Glee Club," from the violin playing of a young artist, who appeared there for the first and only time before us, Mr. JULIUS EICHBERG. The pieces he selected upon that occasion, a *Chaconne* by Bach, and a Sonata ("Il trillo del diavolo") by Tartini, were as uncommon for this latitude, as the style of his performance was solid, chaste, expressive, masterly. All about him seemed to bear the stamp of an intelligent, earnest, high-toned artist. It was our privilege, a few days since, to make his acquaintance here in private, and both to listen to his firm, broad, true rendering of more music of the same classical stamp, and to converse with him on schools and masters, new and old, especially the old, — old as Palestrina and Orlando Lasso, for whom he has peculiar love and reverence. Mr. E. is a pupil of the elder Fétis, and appears to have caught his spirit of eager and reverential exploration in the earlier periods of the modern art of music. We have had among us musicians of all schools, classical and modern virtuoso, but not before one who was a representative of this peculiar phase of music. Mr. E. played here before a few friends one evening, several sonatas by Corelli and Tartini, the *Chaconne* of Bach again, and the "Kreutzer Sonata" of Beethoven, all in a masterly manner, accompanied by Mr. Trenkle. His partiali-

ty, perhaps, to those old Italians is more than many here will know how to sympathize with; it is common to set them down as the "old fogies" of the art; but that man has a sure hold on our sympathies, in spite of any antiquarianism, who can so well appreciate and interpret Bach and Beethoven. Such genius is of no age.

Mr. Eichberg has spent a number of years in Geneva, Switzerland, as a professor of music in an important institution. He has a brother established as a merchant here in Boston, and for that reason, among others, would be glad to settle here, if he should find encouragement. He would be an invaluable accession to our small corps of violinists, both in orchestra and chamber music. But he is a thorough musician, and a composer of considerable success, as well as a violinist. He is learned in the theory and history of music; and it is one of his ideals to form around him a choral society, not large enough to compete or interfere at all with our oratorio societies, for the special object of studying the music of old Italian and Flemish masters, of Palestrina and Orlando, Durante, Marcello, and the rest. Here would be an opportunity which certainly a few scores of earnest musical inquirers in our city would be eager to secure. Mr. Eichberg, who is now residing in New York, hopes to visit Boston in the autumn and perhaps give an evening of the music of his favorite masters, at Chickering's rooms. We cannot doubt that such an introduction, in addition to the occasion above referred to, will stimulate to an effectual desire to secure his residence among us. We always need intelligent and high-toned artists.

Musical Chit-Chat.

Our young Boston singer, Miss ANBY FAY, whose fine voice warbles with such ease through the most florid and birdlike strains, will give a concert at Nahant, this evening. Signors BRIGNOLI and AMODIO, too, will sing, and Signor BENDELARI, the teacher of Miss Fay, will preside at the piano. Here will be a tempting opportunity, both to hear music and enjoy a moonlight trip by water, as the Nahant steamer will run back to the city after the concert. . . . The citizens of Worcester are to have a concert from Miss MARIA S. BRAINERD, of New York, who is universally spoken of as one of our finest native singers. Dr. CLARE W. BEAMES, her instructor, will assist. The *Courier and Enquirer* says of her:

Miss Brainerd is the happy possessor of a voice to which no one can listen without being touched; and she sings whatever she undertakes to sing with a sympathetic appreciation and expression of its beauties. Her taste has led her to the study of the higher order of classical music, French romances and English ballads, and in these she always charms her hearers by the purity of her method, and the simple and touching grace of her style.

"Trovator's" brief but vivid picture of the great Open-Air Musical Festival at New York, is doubtless all the notice it deserves; but some of our readers may be interested by a more minute account of one of its features, the prize singing, which we borrow from the *Tribune*:

The principal feature of interest yesterday was the singing by four German *Sang Vereins* in competition for a mammoth silver goblet, about 20 inches high, of beautiful design and workmanship. Each society sung two pieces, one comic and one serious; which, with the performances of instrumental music, formed a grand concert, commencing about 2 1/2 o'clock, in the following order:

A Fest Overture (composed for the occasion), played by the Band.

"Castles with High Walls and Battlements," and "When I see the Pretty Flowers," sung by the Confraternita, with Theo. Thomas as leader.

"The Electric Telegraph," played by the Band.

A Hymn from Zoeller and A. B. C., sung by the Vierblättriges Kleeblatt, or Four-Leaved Shamrock Society, with E. Grill as leader.

March and Chorus (Tannhauser), played by the Band.

"Under all Trees is Peace," and "The Peasants' Dance," sung by the Amphion Society, with C. Prox as leader.

Grand Pot Pourri, played by the Band, with Max Maretzek as leader.

"Dost thou hear that Mighty Chorus?" and "Blue Monday," sung by the Quadrinimum Society, with C. Prox as leader.

March, from "La Prophete," played by the Band.

Grand Chorus, "This is the Lord's Day," sung by the four Sang Vereins, with Mr. Thomas as leader.

"Wedding March," played by the Band.

At this stage of the proceedings, Mr. Maretzek introduced the four leaders of the Committee of Prize-award, consisting of Mr. Henry C. Watson, of *Frank Leslie's Illustrated Newspaper*, Mr. Krüger, Mr. Carl Wolfson, of Philadelphia, and Dr. Shatté, with the remark that they were gentlemen well known to the musical profession, whose decision in the matter, he believed, would be received with satisfaction. Mr. Watson, on behalf of the Committee, then addressed the several societies, and, after alluding in complimentary terms to their respective performances, stated that they had decided in favor of the society under the leadership of Mr. Grill. The announcement was responded to with rapturous applause. Mr. Schilling then communicated to the German portion of the audience the same fact. The prize goblet was then handed to Mr. Grill, who soon filled it with wine, and handed it round among his competitors, creating considerable amusement. The audience was then favored with "The Anvil Chorus" from "Il Trovatore," which was encored and received with great applause.

Music Abroad.

London.

HRR MAJESTY'S THEATRE.—The regular season was brought to a close Saturday, July 17, with *Il Trovatore*—(small end of the horn!) The National Anthem was sung, Milles, Tietjens and Alboni taking the solos. The *Musical World* sums up the season thus:

The season commenced on the 14th of April, and concluded on the 17th of July. When we consider that there were several series of performances after the theatre closed last autumn, and that another "season" is immediately to follow (at reduced prices), the period allotted to the "subscription" will not be found short. Formerly the "season" before Easter, although included in the subscription, was a mere preliminary, in which subscribers had little or no interest. "Reduced prices" are now a necessity of the times, and will, no doubt, in the end become a rule instead of an exception. A guinea for a stall, and a half a guinea for a seat in the pit, must restrict the privilege of attending performances at the Italian Opera to the wealthiest classes. These may support the establishment for eight or ten weeks in the summer; but, if the period is to be extended, the tariff must be lowered, and the support of the general public solicited.

The feature of the season just terminated was the engagement of Mlle. Theresa Tietjens, who, on the opening night, as Valentine in the *Huguenots*—performed, for the first time, at Her Majesty's Theatre—established her claim to be regarded as a singer and an actress of the highest order. This new *prima donna* has created a far greater sensation than any other artist in her particular line since Mlle. Sophie Cruvelli. Madlle. Tietjens, in short, gives us some hope of a legitimate successor to Giulietta Grisi in lyric tragedy—that is, if the "Divia" ever means to repose upon her well earned laurels. Madlle. Tietjens was equally fortunate as Leonora (*Trovatore*), Donna Anna, and Lucrezia. She also appeared as the Countess in the *Nozze di Figaro*, but with less marked success. The acquisition of such a dramatic singer, however, is of incalculable consequence to the interests of the theatre.

The only absolute novelty of the season (the *Huguenots* being so well known to London audiences) was Verdi's *Luisa Miller*, an opera which had never attained any high degree of favor, either in Italy or elsewhere. It was necessary, however, that Madlle. Piccolomini should have a new part, and she had played Luisa in one or two theatres on the Continent. Moreover, Signor Giuglini was to be well suited in the hero, while Alboni had consented to assume the most insignificant character in the piece. *Luisa Miller*, nevertheless, was a failure, in spite of the clever acting of Madlle. Piccolomini, the excellent singing of Signor Giuglini, and the perfect art of Alboni.

One of the happiest incidents of the season was Alboni's resumption of the part of Maffeo Orsini in *Lucrezia Borgia*, which she had abandoned for several years. The success of the *brindisi* was greater than ever, and Alboni was compelled to repeat it twice every evening. The other operas in which Alboni appeared were the *Barbiere* (one night only!—Signor Belart being the Count, and Signor Belletti, Figaro), the *Trovatore* (Azucena), and *La Zingara* (Queen of the Gipsies).

Signor Giuglini added two new characters to his repertory—Raoul in the *Huguenots*, and Rodolfo in *Luisa Miller*. He lacked the chivalric bearing of the *Huguenot* leader, but sang much of the music with remarkable effect. His Rodolfo was a highly finished performance.

As usual, Signor Belletti proved himself one of the most useful and industrious members of the establishment. His histrionic talent was occasionally open to criticism, but his singing was always irreproachable.

Madlle. Ortolani did good service as Marguerite in the *Huguenots*, and Elvira in *Don Giovanni*; but as Cherubino in the *Nozze di Figaro* she was hardly so successful. Madlle. Specia, so much extolled last season, appeared only once—in Verdi's *Nino*, as Abigail. Why only once is a *mystère de coulisses*.

The extra season, at reduced prices, commenced the following Tuesday with the *Huguenots*. *Don Giovanni* and *La Traviata* followed.

DRURY LANE.—The series of Italian Operas closed, July 17, with *Don Giovanni*, in which Mmes. Persiani, Rudersdorff and Donatelli, and Signors Naudin, Badiali, Rovere, &c. appeared. Our brave old baritone, Badiali, is greatly admired. Persiani, too, in spite of age and wear, is praised for her artistic florid execution in *Linda*.

ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA.—'Otello,' an opera

dubbed as "heavy" by those who find Signor Verdi's music "passionate," was revived on Tuesday with so much success, as to warrant a fancy that even "the world of quality" is coming to its senses, and beginning to set a right value upon better, worse and worst music.—Rarely, however, has 'Otello' been given so finely, since the days when Madame Grisi, Signori Tamburini and Ivanoff, Rubini and Lablache were grouped on the stage of the old house—days that might seem almost like a dream, were not the *Desdemona* of the cast still singing, still efficient. Assuredly, we never heard Madame Grisi in fuller energy and possession of her voice as *Desdemona*, than on Tuesday; and never saw the part—formerly not one of her best parts—played by her with so much melancholy tenderness and delicacy. Her third act—which is very trying, from its absence of any screen or shelter for the singer—was remarkable in freshness, finish and force.—Signor Tamberlik is welcome back again from America. His roamings seem to have altered his voice little; perhaps it is less powerful, but then it is, generally, less tremulous than formerly; perhaps he throws himself more frequently than formerly on his topmost notes—being invited so to do by the triumphs of his c sharp in Paris. As an artist he stands where he stood;—is sympathetic rather than complete—not equal to *Otello* (the noblest tenor part in the Italian repertory); nevertheless, makes himself acceptable by a certain warmth and earnestness, without coarseness, which are not to be resisted. He was warmly received, and his duett with *Iago* (Signor Ronconi) was re-demanded. Signor Neri Baraldi, who always takes pains, was *Rodrigo*—Signor Tagliafico, the *Elmoro*. On the whole, the concerted music—and how delicious it is!—was very well sung.

But the justice of the world of Fashion to 'Otello' will not bribe us to connive at its follies;—will not make us fancy M. von Flotow's 'Martha,' produced on Thursday last, other than an insipid opera—a work not wise in story, not strong in music. The former is too well known to require dissection anew, the latter has little vigor or character to bear it up through such process. We have no contempt for fan painting—none for filagree jewelry, but the one must have Coppel's daintiness of touch, and the gold of the other must be pure, its traceries, too, new in pattern. M. Aubert delights us—we have a corner of indulgence for Adam—because they are "French of Paris," whereas M. von Flotow, as a composer, is French after the school of Stratford-atte-Bowe, spurious and spiritless in comparison with his originals, without redeeming solidity. This character includes his 'Stradella' (which, for a time, was the opera throughout Germany), his 'L'âme en peine,' and his 'Martha,' with slight instigations. We may return to the opera for the purpose of illustration; and because its performance at Covent Garden is noticeable for its picturesque richness, and for this week we can only state that English Fashion appears to have given 'Martha' a first place in its affections,—that Signor Mario sang his *aria*, 'M'appari,' as no one else could sing it,—that Madame Bosio's 'Last Rose of Summer' might have been warbled by the "first rose of spring" (could the flower take the nightingale's part), so freshly tuneable was it,—that Signor Graziani, who is *Plunketto*, an English farmer, was as little like any such character as possible,—that Madame Didiée was *piquante* as the lady's lady in attendance,—and Signor Tagliafico preciously absurd as the old courtier, *Tristano*.—*Athenæum*, July 3.

Otello was repeated twice, *Fra Diavolo*, *Martha*, and *Il Trovatore*, too, indefinitely. *Don Giovanni* and *Zampa* were announced. On account of the absence of Herr Formes, Ronconi was to play Leporello for the first time. Mario would make his first appearance as Don Giovanni; and Grisi, Bosio, and Marai were to take the parts of Donna Anna, Zerlina, and Elvira.

Paris.

The engagements entered into by M. Calzado for the approaching season of the Theatre Italian comprise, it is said: M. M. Mario (though this is questioned), Tamberlik, Galvani, and Graziani (brother of the baritone), tenors; Graziani and Corsi, baritones; Zucchini and Angelini, basses; Mmes. Grisi, Alboni-Penco, and Rosa de Ruda, sopranos; and Mme Nantier-Didiée, contralto. A new *ballet pantomime*, in two acts, called *Pacountala*, has been produced at the Grand Opera, with great splendor and success. The story is from an old Indian drama, by M. Théophile Gautier; the music by M. Ernest Reyer, who composed *Selain* and *Maitre Wolfram*; the principal part danced and acted by Mlle. Amalia Ferraris, who is highly praised.

Special Notices.

DESCRIPTIVE LIST OF THE LATEST MUSIC.

Published by O. Ditson & Co.

Vocal.

Matrimonial Jars. Comic Duet. S. Heath. 25

A dialogue between husband and wife, of very comic effect. The music is light and sprightly. The piece may be performed as a Song, without losing any of its points, as the two conversing parties never join voices. The whole is a good-natured farce, which will make everybody laugh.

Sweet Remembered Music. Song. S. Glover. 25

A Song in praise of the charms of old familiar music. The melody of "Home, Sweet Home" has been ingeniously introduced in the accompaniment. This is a very happy idea, and one which will make this Ballad a favorite.

O Think no more of Me. S. Glover. 25

Another light and pretty Ballad by the same popular author.

O were I but a Moonlight's Ray.

(*Herzenswünsche*) Kücken. 25

German and English words. A pathetic Love-Song, which is very much admired in Germany. A fine melody, only supported by a few chords, leaves everything to the singer.

Somebody is Waiting for Somebody. Ballad.

L. V. H. Crosby. 30

One of Charles Swain's prettiest Songs—the music easy and very pleasing. Cannot fail of being a success.

Instrumental.

The Atlantic Telegraph Schottische. A. Talery. 50

One of the most spirited and pleasing of the compositions of this eminent author. Illustrated in colors by Bufford, with a view of the Niagara and Agamemnon at the moment of parting to lay the cable. A representation of the landing at Trinity Bay and Valentia is also presented, with a lithographed fac simile of the cable, and a view of Windsor Castle and the Capitol at Washington; the whole forming a very pleasing memento of the occasion.

Ocean Cable March. Handel Pond. 25

A very pleasing March, of moderate difficulty, containing some excellent bits of melody. It will find many admirers.

Valse d' Amitié. H. A. Pond. 25

A very graceful composition, which will prove highly acceptable to young players.

La Sonnambula (Revue Melodique.) Four Hands. Beyer. 1.00

Another number of this popular set of Duets. As operatic Four-Hand pieces these pot-pourries are now played in preference to all other arrangements.

Elements of Velocity. Part Third. Bayers. 50

It will be agreeable news to the many teachers who have selected this work for introduction into their classes, that the third part has been issued. This work is destined to occupy a high position among the books for early instruction.

Books.

The Golden Harp. A Collection of Hymns, Tunes, and Choruses for the Use of Sabbath Schools, Social Gatherings, Pic Nics, and the Home Circle. By L. O. Emerson. 25

The sixth edition of this early day after its first publication, is good evidence of the rapidly attained popularity of this book—a popularity based wholly on its merits as a Music Book for Sabbath Schools. It has been introduced into many large schools, and has in every case given the fullest satisfaction. This is not surprising when a hasty glance at its pages discloses to us such a numerous collection of old favorites, interspersed with so many new pieces that must become equal favorites with the public as soon as known. Individuals whose interests are enlisted in the cause of Sabbath Schools cannot do a better deed for the good of that cause than by examining this work, calling the attention of their friends to it, and introducing it into use in their respective localities.

Dwight's Journal of Music.

WHOLE No. 334.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, AUGUST 28, 1858.

VOL. XIII. No. 22.

For Dwight's Journal of Music.

Nobody can have seen it.

From the German of O. F. GRUPPE.

Fast down the staircase swinging,
With flying feet I past;
Quick up the staircase springing,
He came, and caught me fast;
And the stairs are dark and dim,
Many a kiss I had from him,—
And nobody can have seen it.

Down into the hall demurely—
The guests were assembled there,
My cheeks flushed hot, and surely
My lips did their tale declare.
I thought they looked at me, every one,
And saw what we together had done,—
Yet nobody could have seen it.

The garden its sweets displaying
Beckoned me out of doors;
The welcome call obeying,
I hastened to look at the flowers,—
There blushed the roses all around,
There sang the birds with merry sound,
As if they all had seen it.

"Don Giovanni" arranged for Sig. Mario.

The recent performance of *Don Giovanni* at the Royal Italian Opera, London, (July 29 and 31,) has called out curious comments from the critical press. The *Musical World* says:

What changes were made by Donzelli, Brahnam, and the rest, we have no means of ascertaining; but if as many as Signor Alary finds necessary for Signor Mario, it must have been a sad thing for *Don Giovanni*. We feel convinced that one hundred per cent. less meddling with (and muddling) the music of Mozart, would have suited Signor Mario infinitely better. There is no reason why the whole of the introduction should not be sung in the same key—whether that key be F, the original, or a note higher, in which latter case Mad. Grisi would be obliged to strain a point or two. Anything would be better than the introduction "after Signor Alary"—anything would be better than the transposition of the last ten bars in the overture, the rush (or rather tumble) back into the right key, after "Notte e giorno" has been sung in G—than the clambering (or scrambling) a note higher, when Signor Alary is desirous of once more finding himself at G (minor) in the trio for basses—than these and other such barbarities. Anything would be better. A passage or so out of *Nino*, *Luisa Miller*, or the *Tre Nozze*, would be better. But then Sig. Alary would not have touched £300—and Sig. Alary would have been worse, not better, for that. These are indeed commercial times. Money can command anything, even to the mutilation of a *chef-d'œuvre* that has been honored and revered for well-nigh three quarters of a century. Sig. Alary, however, has acted magnanimously in signing his handwork, which otherwise might have been attributed to Mr. Costa—no, not to Mr. Costa—to Mr. Alfred Mellon—no, not to Mr. Alfred Mellon but to Mr. Horton, an unoffending gentleman, whose worst crime was that of copying out the parts—Sig. Alary's parts—and sticking them into the music books for the orchestra.

"Transpositions were indispensable." Good—but surely not so many. "Alterations were inevitable." True—but surely not such alterations as those which disfigure the quartet in B flat

(Act I.) and the trio in A (Act II.). About the recitatives there may be conflicting opinions. Ours is, that for the most part they have been awkwardly accommodated to the voice of Sig. Mario, who is often restrained by them where fluency is most desirable.

To leave this part of the subject, however, (which we shall re-consider on a future occasion), and to be purely and briefly historical—*Don Giovanni* was presented on Thursday (and will be repeated to-night) with the following cast:

Don Giovanni, (first time,) Sig. Mario; Leporello, (first time,) Sig. Ronconi; Zerlina, Mad. Bosio; Donna Anna, Mad. Grisi; Donna Elvira, Madlle. Marai; Don Ottavio, Sig. Tamberlik; Masetto, Sig. Polonini; Commendatore, Sig. Tagliafico.

The house was crammed to the ceiling—as might, indeed, have been anticipated. The excitement was very great, and augmented as the opera went on. There were six encores: "La ci darem" (Bosio and Mario), "Batti, batti" (Bosio), the trio of masks (Grisi, Marai, and Bosio), "Deh vieni alla finestra" (Mario), "Vedrai carino" (Bosio), and "Il mio tesoro" (Tamberlik).

For the present we would rather suspend our opinion of the new *Don Giovanni* and the new *Leporello*, both of whom must get accustomed to their parts before they can do full justice to themselves, to the music, and to the drama; but we are much mistaken if Sig. Mario and Sig. Ronconi do not in the end far more than realize all that was expected of them. The other characters were unexceptionable. Mad. Bosio sang deliciously. Madlle. Marai very cleverly, and Sig. Tamberlik superbly. Sig. Tagliafico and Sig. Polonini should have medals struck in their honor, as the very *acmé* of perfection in their respective characters of the Commandant and Masetto. Mad. Grisi's Donna Anna, (although, unfortunately, "Or sai chi l'onore" was transposed a tone,) could hardly be surpassed in grandeur. The orchestra was magnificent (in spite of the brass and the cymbals); and the chorus every thing that could possibly be desired. But why not Mozart's score, instead of three trombones at the "wings," in the scene of the cemetery? And where was the chorus of demons when *Don Giovanni* is dragged away to punishment?

To-night will, in a great measure, decide what Thursday has left undecided. To-night will either fulfil or disappoint expectation. To-night will show whether (thanks to Sig. Mario,) Sig. Alary's *Don Giovanni* is to become a fixture in the repertory, or to be abandoned as "perfunctory." But of that, the general "getting up" of the opera, and several other matters connected with it, more—much more—in our next.

The same paper casts a glance or two around, during the performance, to see how its neighbor critics look, and pleasantly reports as follows:

THE "DON GIOVANNI" CONTROVERSY.

We may as well call it so, for controversy it is sure to be. All who swear by Her Majesty's Theatre will be deeply offended at the liberties taken with Mozart's text by the singers of the Royal Italian Opera. A classic fit will seize on everybody, from Mad. Puzzi to Mr. Fish. And so it should be. What we hope from the result is, that the indignation hurled against the murderers of Mozart will have not only the effect of purifying Mr. Gye, but that Mr. Lumley himself may profit by it—since he also has a murder or so to answer for.

The press has not yet—with the exception of the *Advertiser* and the *Telegraph*, the first of which is cautiously, the other furiously "classic"—declared itself in full. The rigid *Post*, however,

and the bending *Herald* have issued short paragraphs, which are so strongly opposed that we cite them both, as signs—not of the "Times," but of the "Post" and "Herald."

POST.

"Last evening the opera of *Don Giovanni*, with Mozart's music altered and arranged by Sig. Alary, was performed at the above theatre.

"The transpositions of key were as under: 'La ci darem,' from A to C. 'Or sai chi l'onore,' from D to C. 'Fin ch' an dal vino,' from B flat to D. 'Deh vieni alla finestra,' from D to G (only a fourth)—'O statua gentilissima,' from E to G. To the overture two horns, three trombones, and an ophicleide were added. To the *finale* to the original first act the same instruments, invigorated by the *grosse caisse* and cymbals. Where the keys of *Don Giovanni's* music were not altered, the notes were. The opera was also divided into four acts, another entirely novel arrangement. To compensate, however, for additions, several pieces, namely, 'Ho capito,' 'Dalla sua pace,' and 'Non mi dir,' were omitted. The encores, notwithstanding, were numerous, and the applause throughout warm, if not violently enthusiastic."

HERALD.

"The production of *Don Giovanni*, with Signor Mario in the character of the dauntless libertine, and Signor Ronconi in that of his faithful attendant, has been long looked forward to as an event of unusual interest, and its fulfilment, last night, was witnessed by the most crowded audience that has been seen within the walls of the new theatre. For the present we can but record the complete success of the performance. Those who expected to see in Signor Mario a *Don Giovanni* unprecedentedly handsome and gallant, and noble in bearing, were not disappointed; and those who anticipated a want of due effect in the music, through the changes necessitated in order to de-barytoneize the part, were mistaken in their previsions. The usual encores occurred in the usual places, and the reception of Signor Mario, who was called forward between the acts and at the fall of the curtain, was most enthusiastic."

The *Post*, in the fulness of its classicism, might have added "Notte e giorno" (from F to G), and the trio for Giovanni, Leporello, and the moribund (from F minor to G minor), to the transpositions.

The *Advertiser* is, as usual, a model, *sui generis*. Annoyed, as an amateur so keenly alive to the gradations of tone would naturally be, the critic, nevertheless, resigns himself (after declaring that "the overture was the perfection of instrumentation") to the desecration of Mozart, on the following philosophic grounds:

"The first scene, with its 'Notto e giorno,' convinced us, and every subsequent one confirmed the conviction, that we must content ourselves with a compromise, and give up the music and the bass-ground of the concerted pieces, *vide* an extra-comic reading and an exuberance of humor—in voice, manner, and gesture—in the representative of Leporello. Those not present who have heard Ronconi's 'Largo al factotum,' can imagine 'Notto e giorno,' which was its counterpart."

The startling information of "Notte e giorno" being a counterpart of "Largo al factotum" is succeeded by an equally philosophic apology for Signor Mario:

"Mario's entrance was greeted, despite the incongruity of the scene with such an interpolation. He played admirably in the brief contest, and delivered the lines, 'Ah! già cade il sciagurato,' with a clear ring that, for an instant, reconciled us to a tenor *Don Juan*."

Remark that neither "incongruity" nor "interpolation" has been hinted at before. The "clear ring," however, may reconcile us to that seeming inconsequence. Madlle. Marai is praised for her singing "to the asides of Mario and Ronconi," and the latter for his "very curious version of 'Madamina'"—the curiosity of which escaped us, since he sang every note of it, and in the right key. The following is not less "perfunctory":

"Viva la libertà" was certainly not above average, and the finale to the act was better historically than musically; that is to say, more justice was done to Lorenzo da Ponte than to Wolfgang Mozart."

The truth is that the first *finale* was never more magnificently executed; but the *Advertiser* has evidently been used to the political version of "Viva la libertà," in which (for the sake of an *encore*,) the singers vociferate "Pray make yourself at home," as if it was a revolutionary pœan. Sig. "Tamberlik sang 'Terzi il ciglio' earnestly." What, may we ask, is "Terzi il ciglio"? To have done, however, here is the summing-up of our conscientious and much-perplexed contemporary:

"We should like to witness, at least once again, this version of the greatest opera extant. Our veneration for Mozart renders us tenacious of this return to a system of dealing with the works of great composers, which we had hoped had passed away. We are bound, however, to admit, that, compared with the enormities of "adaptation," as it was called, perpetrated by Bishop, M. Alary has held his hand remarkably. The Covent Garden Opera has too great resources, and Mario and Ronconi too high a reputation, to necessitate such a mode of dealing with the great works of great authors. So much of the opera was rendered in a manner to do honor to any stage, that it is with regret we record our unfavorable impression of the effect of this change in the vocal proportions of the opera, as it came in its perfection from the hands of its composer."

This is, at least, courteous, and for one of such fierce classical prejudices, conciliating.

The *Telegraph* is savage beyond measure, besides being wholly forgetful that sad shortcomings have been visited with urbane indulgence—not to say downright eulogy—in another place.

We shall return next week to the subject, which will doubtless supply abundant room for comment up to the end of the season.

The *Athenæum* (July 31) does not care to have "classicality" run itself into the ground, and thus remarks in advance of the performance:

ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA.—The late period of the week at which the long-talked-of revival of "Don Giovanni" took place, and the remarkable interest attaching to it, render inevitable the postponement of a detailed account of its performance till next week. But a study of its "cast" may, meanwhile, be offered as prefatory. It required no sibyl to foresee the stir sure to be excited by the changes necessary to render "Don Giovanni" possible by the artists engaged in it at the *Royal Italian Opera*; and Mr. Gye doubtless considered beforehand that he must prepare to strike a balance betwixt the admiration sure to be at the service of Signor Mario as the *Don*, and of the astuteness and comicality of Signor Ronconi as *Leporello*—and the groans of the classicists affronted and afflicted at the hands of irreverent adaptation laid on Mozart. That the latter, when over-puritanical, are anything rather than classical, we have said often and again; nothing can be more puerile or ignorant (for instance) than their crusade against singers' ornaments in music which it was intended that singers should ornament. We know, also, that the present arrangement of "Don Giovanni" is not altogether new, as a piece of sacrilege (if such it is to be considered), since Garcia and Signor Donzelli and other tenors, whose voices had power in their lower register, have already ventured it. We may thirdly point out that the one only *basso cantante* who, for the last quarter of a century, has been acceptable as *Don Giovanni* was Signor Tamburini—the part requiring the combination of qualities, natural and acquired, which is among the rarest things in opera. Perhaps, therefore, until some courtly, chivalresque, handsome, rakish southern, with a bass voice both long and light, complete as a musician and as a vocalist, and lively without coarseness as an actor, shall arrive—such a performance of Mozart's opera as should be given implies a choice of evils. But one evil is not, therefore, to be overlooked—especially by those who protest the loudest against Art being trammelled by prudery. Change of passage is one thing—change of texture another. Not all Malibran's wondrous fire and audacity—

not all the life and passion with which she animated the stage, could avert an important loss of force and brightness, to the music of "Fidelio," when she was the *Leonora*. The inspiration was there—often the precise notes—even the modifications were effected with an ingenuity admirable in itself; but the quality of sound required was wanting. A preternatural viola leading a quartet would not be satisfactory as replacing a mediocre violin. So again, in spite of all Signor Ronconi's stage genius and ability to make the most of every quarter of a tone of the limited voice with which Nature has endowed him, it is impossible to avoid feeling how perilously the music of "Guillaume Tell" is weakened, and how some of its greatest effects are utterly lost when he sings the principal part. In "Don Juan," it must be felt, that the score rests on two basses beyond what is common. Not merely have the Libertine and his familiar to keep the scene alive by their action; but the amount of musical weight and responsibility devolving on them will be seen at a glance by any one who looks no further than the opening scene—or at the first *finale*—or at the sestet "Sola, sola"—or at the cemetery duet. In all these (and they are four of the most dramatically and musically important portions of the opera), substitution not of notes only, but even of one tone for another, must be attended with loss. We must consider, when we record what happened and is happening at Covent Garden, how these difficulties, which there is no evading or denying, have been met.

Truth about Music and Musicians.

Translated from the German by SABILLA NOVELLO.

II.

ON MODERN GERMAN COMPOSERS IN GENERAL.

"Nous avons des produits, nous n'avons plus d'œuvres."

DE BALZAC.

The culminating point to which creative tonal art has, as yet, been carried (I do not say to which it may be carried), was attained by Beethoven. This giant spirit has been succeeded by no composer who, for genius, may be compared to, or preferred above him. Should any individual claim such distinction for some modern master, you may confidently tax him with impudent puffery or blind idolatry. I have detailedly proved my assertion in my letters on the most remarkable composers who have succeeded Beethoven; and now it only remains for me to speak generally of the weaknesses and deficiencies discernible in the newest school, and of those which are, to a certain degree, its characteristics.

Most of our modern composers are deficient in clear, ascertained, and intimate knowledge respecting the aim and resources of their art.

Every musical piece should induce particular sentiments in an audience, and express particular ideas; but every thought should and must be depicted in a certain form, and, indeed, in the form best adapted to it. Form is the salver, so to speak, upon which thought may be gracefully presented and easily discerned. All those things which are defective in form are unbeauteous, for they contravene the desire of human nature for order, law, and regularity. He who should assert that a musician need not restrain himself to given forms, or need not observe any form at all, would speak as nonsensically as he who should declare monsters to be idealized creaturines.

Unfortunately, in many modern works we miss regular and therefore beautiful form, and find, in its stead, formlessness—that is, a heap of ideas thrown wildly and promiscuously together, without order and without meaning. Why is this? Some know not what form should be; they have, if I may so express myself, no musical logic in their heads. Others, on the contrary, consider absence of rule and form to be novel (this it is, but it is not good), or to denote genius, and to be an opening "to new paths."

When listening to modulations roaming into every possible key, on every possible occasion, I can but suppose that he who misemploys these is not aware that modulation of key is merely an echo to modulation of sentiments, and should only represent and reflect back the varying emotions of the human heart.

Consider Papageno piping his cheerful song, and, in juxtaposition, Don Giovanni, when visited by his supernatural guest. Examine, in both pieces, the harmonic and modulatory treatment, and you will be struck by the propriety, the faithfulness, the consistency of the chords and modulation employed by Mozart. You will find in *Papageno* the greatest simplicity—in *Don Giovanni*, on the contrary, complex

harmonies and rugged transitions. Examine, in comparison, any work of one of the lauded modern composers, and you will not require to search long before you find the simplest emotions described by intricate harmonies and modulations.

This ignorance of appropriate musical coloring is also displayed in the extravagant use of instrumental masses occasionally, as a general habit, and occasionally for inappropriate passages. The introduction, in equal portions, of contradictory colors, is as great a defect as the employment of false colors; a masterpiece will only result from contrast skillfully adjusted.

Should a painter place a blooming rose-bush in a winter landscape, or should he paint a green sky and red water, everyone would be shocked at his ignorance or madness; but is it not as outrageous for a composer (you may hear this and similar effects often enough, at present,) to accompany the pathetic lamentation of a tender virgin with blasts of trumpets and trombones? Do not think that I exaggerate. In Kreutzer's *Nachtlager von Granada*, for instance, the complaint of the maiden for her lost dove is accompanied by trumpets, drums, and trombones!

Why do the moderns err so constantly in like manner? I will answer you by a sentence from Lessing: "All rules were then confounded, and it was generally declared pedantic to dictate unto Genius what it ought and what it ought not to do. In short, we were on the point of recklessly throwing aside the experience of past ages, and of demanding, in preference, that each man should re-create Art for himself!"

This is perfectly applicable to our music. All wish to be free, and consider every rule as a shackle. Not only are ancient theories suppressed (against this I have nothing to object), but the eternal laws of truth and beauty, that alone can satisfy, are rejected, and thus ensues, not freedom, but license.

Perhaps it must be confessed that Hegel's philosophy, which so long reigned in Germany, has influenced our German music, at least some composers, with regard to manner. For, as many imitators of Hegel imagined they had said something very sapient and profound when they disguised their insignificant thoughts in strange phrases, insulting to Man's understanding, so that no one knew what they meant—thus, also, many composers think to elevate themselves above others, by straying from the traditional language of Music, and forming gibberish phrases from which nobody can glean sense, and which cause me to ask: "Musique, que me veux-tu?"

A crying defect, which accounts in great measure for the above evil, is the want of earnest and comprehensive study.

Glance backward to our great masters? How long, and with what zeal, did Haydn labor through the works of *Bach*, and, especially, through the severe exercises of Fux's *Gradus ad Parnassum*! How diligently did Mozart pursue the study of counterpoint in all its divers branches! And what mastery did he thus obtain over the disposition of inner parts; with what ease and charm did he know how to employ the most scientific combinations belonging to our Art! It is no wonder that he succeeded in whatever he attempted, and had the power of presenting each theme in the best and purest form. "Perfected strength alone can give perfect grace."

On the other hand, assemble living composers, and demand from them proofs of their skill—of their facility in the use of contrapuntal art; demand from each, for instance, a fugue—a double or triple fugue—which cannot be produced without the knowledge and practice of canon, and of the different double counterpoints;—you will find that only one in ten can write a fugue—a double or triple fugue—and that will be a bad one; only one in a hundred will accomplish it without fault.

Such ignorance of technical knowledge and technical practice is incompatible with the creation of a great musical masterpiece; we might as reasonably expect that a mason's apprentice should build a palace, or that a color grinder should paint a Raphael-esque Madonna. The result of this want of technical knowledge and practice is an infinity of ballads, etudes, pot-ponrris, fantasias, or whatever else such frothy ware may be titled, which overwhelms us in the present period. Composers shrink from the grander forms of the symphony, the sonata, or the quartet; for these require consistent treatment and thematic development of musical phrases. When these composers, notwithstanding their deficiencies in science and experience, attempt greater works, these must be meaningless, empty productions, that flit like shadows across the public mind, and disappear for ever.

The want of earnest study accounts for the superficiality which forms a salient feature of the new school. As none are fitted, by severe and constant study, to produce lasting works, application is absent; thus writers are incapable of devoting themselves with requisite perseverance to one work, and of laboring unceasingly to obtain the proper and faithful pre-

sentiment of their ideas, which should be altered and improved until the whole creation be really perfected in all its details.

In the biographies of Mozart, Haydn, and Beethoven, every student may read how long these masters sought after a theme—how long they altered and improved it, until they judged it worthy of treatment. That which the ancients sought for during weeks and months, the moderns demand in an instant, and take the first which occurs for the best.

The greatest masters in all arts have held superficiality of study to be a principal cause of the dearth of solid works. Not a single immortal production exists which was not completed by arduous industry. Schiller says: "For years and years a master toils, and yet can never satisfy himself;" and on another occasion he even speaks thus: "Genius is industry," as, before him, Buffon had said: "Genius is patience." Rellstab adds: "And all those who have endeavored by the sturdy exertion of their whole powers, to develop the artistic capabilities lying dormant within them, will appreciate the truth of these apparently strange words." Goethe says: "By continuous research we may raise the Imperfect to the Perfect." Lessing declares: "I am more suspicious of 'first thoughts' than were ever De la Casa and old Shandy, for even though I hold them not for instigations of the wicked Enemy, real or allegoric, yet I always opine that 'first thoughts' are merely 'first,' and that the best hits do not always swim at the top of a soup. My first thoughts are assuredly not a whit better than anybody else's first thoughts, and—ANYBODY'S thoughts need not be printed and published!" Carl Maria von Weber speaks thus: "Strenuous industry is the magical conjuration which summons to our aid the subtle spirits of Imagination. How foolish is it to believe that severe study lames the powers of the soul!" and thus Lichtenberg: "It has been asserted that men have existed who, in penning down an idea at once found the best form for its representation. I scarcely believe this. The question will always remain, whether the expression might not have been improved by re-considering the idea itself; whether a more condensed sentence might not have been preferable, whether some words were not superfluous, and so forth. It is not in human nature to write, for example, like Tacitus, in an off-hand, dice-throwing wise. Careful purification and polish are as essential to propriety, in the presentation of an idea, as of the human body." And thus Börne: "If there be a talent, which may be cultivated by industry, it is that of style. No one should immediately write down all that pops into his head, and no one should immediately print all that he has written down."

It was reserved for the modern *hurry-forward* school to throw overboard these old-fashioned views, to raise up the exact contrary into a rule, and to conceive rapidity in composition to be a sign of genius, because Schiller says (but ironically): "The gift of genius is bestowed in dreams." But—lightly come, lightly gone! The evanescent creations of an hour are like the ephemeral myriads, which buzz and dance for a short day, in order—to die; while the works of our masters endure in inexhaustible vitality and eternal beauty.

Besides other evils two extremes disfigure our modern music. Firstly, it is too heavy and unmelodious. Beethoven, in his latter days, became deaf, melancholy, suspicious, and misanthropic; and his works, as naturally ensues, are influenced by his gloomy imagination and his disturbed equanimity of mind: now, as these identical works have been, and are extolled by critics, as the most excellent and profound creations of his gigantic spirit, poor imitators fancy that their works will resemble those of Beethoven, if they, like him, become melancholy, or, at any rate, compile melancholy, gloomy, and inexplicable works. This feeling has prevailed so long that the best of the moderns do not dare to raise a cheerful strain, or publish a simply-constructed, naturally flowing, and generally intelligible melody, because they fear that critics will denounce them as unscientific and frivolous.

"Life is serious, let Art be gay." Many of our modern German composers seem to have forgotten that Art must procure enjoyment for mankind; and we may unfortunately class among novel inventions, the use of music as a means of filling the soul with dark and dismal dreams, and of oppressing the mind with Alp-like heaviness. Agreeable melody is contemned, and therefore many modern symphonies contain not one single melodious phrase to which the sensations of a listener's breast may respond.

Besides agreeable melody, some moderns contemn unsophisticated human feelings, such as peace, pathetic emotion, &c., and throw themselves exclusively into a frenzy of the wildest passions, which ought to be seldom displayed, and then, merely as a means of contrast.

In the meanwhile, the public enjoys surreptitiously,

so to speak, that which it really loves. It is to be hoped that a prediction which I have somewhere read, will soon be verified: "At length, however, the million must discover that, with the exception, perhaps, of some popular dance-tunes, the music written for its entertainment consists of nothing but a thick fog of tones."

As every extreme calls forth its opposite, so, many of our modern musicians are too inconsiderate and frivolous. This is mostly evinced in piano-forte music, under the shape of countless "pot-pourris" from new Italian and French airs; but all these concoctions are greedily bought, which clearly proves that lovers of music yearn after melody.

Up to Beethoven's epoch, the language of sound became more and more distinct, more defined, and therefore more generally intelligible. But Haydn, Mozart, and Beethoven, knew clearly what they wished to say, and rested not until they found for their thoughts the aptest and most intelligible expressions. Many of the moderns do not really know what they would say or express in their compositions; they are not thoroughly conscious of their aim, and therefore clutch, at hazard, among musical phrases. Can we then wonder that the public cannot tell what such works signify—that it hears them without enthusiasm, or even prefers not to hear them at all? When originally-powerful and heart-stirring ideas fail, it is the fashion to be striking by force of blows, on cymbals, drums, and kettle-drums, and to impress the ear, if not the heart. If some of our composers had no brass at their command, sadly would their music be wanting in effect.

Another evil is the mania for *originality*, which causes writers, deficient in all which constitutes *true originality*, to substitute for it unnatural, harsh modulations, violent and unconnected phrases, unheard-of harmonic combinations, and an utter disregard of all rule. But a noble idea makes the deepest impression in a natural form; only worthless ideas need decking out, to look like something.

Evils, again, are the desire of being in print as soon as possible, which furnishes the world with much unripe stuff;—and the ease with which transitory fame may be obtained by the hot-house process of newspaper puffery and party-spirit adulation.

I will continue this subject in a future letter. For the present, adieu.

From the New York Tribune, Aug. 20.

German Student Celebration in New York.

Love for Alma Mater—the sad longing and yearning that attends us throughout our whole life for the scene of our first manly joys and triumphs—is one of the nobler sentiments that is felt by college students and graduates of all countries and nations alike. But especially does the German student carry this feeling to a sentimental pitch. So delightful are his reminiscences of the jovial, riotous *Burschen Leben*, that ever afterward he is accustomed to denounce the day of his being graduated as the saddest one of his life; and scarcely a single individual of them leaves his university for the last time, to enter anew into Philister life, without shedding bitter tears. During his career as a student, however, there is little evidence of this feeling which is to sadden and embitter his existence; for a more practical, matter-of-fact personage than the German student is seldom seen. He is practical in his dress and accoutrements, his friendships and his quarrels, (which latter are made capable of scientific adjustment) his scores and his settlement; and, above all, he is practical in his pursuit of pleasure. "Physiology and statistics," says a writer on this subject, "are the principal branches to which the student directs his attention during the earlier years of his academical life. He confines his exertions to that portion of the former science which treats of the growth of hair on the upper lip and chin, while with regard to the latter he devotes himself with the most intense application to the study of the number and accommodations of the different places of amusement and houses of entertainment in the town where he resides." He is a firm believer in the philosophy contained in that famous couplet of Martin Luther:

"Who loves not Woman, Wine, nor Song,
Remains a fool his whole life long."

and equally zealous in the service of Venus, Bacchus, and Apollo, it would be difficult to say which of the three qualifications for wisdom contained in the verse occupies the most important place in his affections.

Whenever the operation may have been performed in the flesh, the German is first born in the spirit when he enters a university. Minerva-like, he comes in booted and spurred, with a sword dangling by his side. It is long, however, before he adopts the olive-branch for his symbol. In the mean time there is a peculiar life before him, of which we in this country

know very little. An unceasing succession of intrigues and feasts; friendships formed, and, what is better, adhered to; duels fought, and countless scars given and received; beside a mighty consumption of tobacco and lager beer—mark the course of life pursued by the German student, until he unfortunately—as he himself describes it—graduates, and, covered with the fig-leaves of a successful *examen*, sees the flaming sword of Eternity interposed between him and his Paradise. What wonder, then, that in whatever path he may direct his course through the world, his mind clings with unflinching affection to the scene of his early pleasures—to the spot where he embraced, for the last time, his associates, "mossed over" with the accumulations of many semesters? Whether his life is marked with happiness or full of care and trials, his fondest thoughts are sure to be those connected with his *Bursch* life in the University.

Accordingly, when it was announced that the University of Jena, whose history is linked with that of Klopstock, Fichte, Schlegel, Schiller, and a host of lesser lights, intended to celebrate on the 15th, 16th, and 17th of this month her three hundredth anniversary—when it was understood that Humboldt and several other octogenarian graduates of the last century were to honor the celebration with their presence—and particularly when the news arrived that the town rulers had decided to present the students with two entire brewings of beer, although with praiseworthy economy they refused to add to the gift *seidels* to drink it from—those of her proud graduates who, whether from reasons political or ambitious, had taken up their abode in this city, determined to have a celebration on their own account simultaneously with their friends at home. Months ago a committee was appointed to take charge of the matter, and finally it was decided to have a grand *Commerz* or Beer Festival, in which all the parties above-mentioned, except a few who went to Europe expressly to attend the celebration at home, pledged themselves to participate.

On Tuesday night the festival came off in the Constance Brewery in East Fourth street. The hall in the second story of the building was decorated in the most elaborate manner, the walls being hung with wreaths, in the midst of which appeared the colors and arms or *circuli* of the various student associations of Germany. These were shields bearing the initial letters of each association or *Verbindung*, traversed by a letter C, representing *Circulus*, and beneath, the letter V, for *vivat*. Thus the letter W, with a C through it, implied *Circulus Westphalia vivat*. Between the shields, of which there were a large number, were arranged in rows, the weapons used by the students when giving vent to their duelling proclivities. In the front of the room was a large transparency, representing a student and a knight—emblematic of the *Burschenschaft* and *Chorburschen*—shaking hands across the coat of arms of the German empire. Above was inscribed, "*Semper floreat Jena*," and beneath, the figures 1558—1858. On each side of the transparency were inscribed, in alphabetical order, the names of all the German universities. At one end of the room were engravings of the town of Jena and portraits of many of her students.

So much for the decorations, which were merely incidental, and had nothing to do with the ceremonies of the evening. In the centre of the room were ranged two tables, on each end of which lay two broadswords with basket hilts, such as are used in the duels at Jena. About one hundred ex-students were present to participate in the festival, some of them young, the majority middle-aged, and some, again, old and silver-haired, but all of them merry and full of glee at the prospect of once more enjoying one of the favorite festivals of their youth. It was a reproduction, on a smaller scale, of exactly the same scenes as were taking place at that very moment in Jena; and we doubt whether a more truthful picture of at least one phase of German student-life has ever been witnessed in this city. Nearly all the persons present wore the self-same little, flat, vari-colored caps which they had worn while in the University; and although the dresses were thoroughly American, and evidently selected with a view to the warmth of the evening, still a few peculiar costumes were to be seen, among which the short blue blouse, with two silver crossed hammers on the shoulders, worn by some mining students from Freiberg, in Saxony, were most conspicuous. The appointed hour approaching, they all took their seats at the tables, and proceeded to make preparations for remaining where they were, by laying before them their snuff-boxes, papers of smoking tobacco, and their cigars, and as the smoke began to rise in clouds above their heads, cries of "Beer!" rose wildly in the air, and drew a timid echo from the crowd of wondering urchins outside.

At nine o'clock the band opened the festivities by playing a German national air, which had no sooner ceased than order was called by the Presiding Com-

mittee, members of which, standing at the head of each table, struck violently upon it with the swords we have mentioned, until the clatter was so great that it was impossible to converse, and order being thus compelled, the opening speech was delivered by Dr. Rittler, the oldest Jena student in the city, a gentleman of venerable gray locks, who has seen thirty-seven years slip by him since he retired into Philister life. He dwelt at some length upon the object of the celebration, and after thanking the representatives of other Universities and the strangers for their presence, he declared the festival to be opened. Rapidly emptied mugs greeted this announcement, and the band struck up the first song:

"Beloved brethren, welcome here,
With heart and hand we greet ye."

After each verse the rattling of the swords prevented all other interruption, and the company remained silent, or fortified themselves with draughts of beer for the exertion of singing the next stanza.

At the conclusion of the song Dr. C. Schramm was announced as the next speaker. He spoke for some minutes, drawing a picture of what was then taking place at home, leading his hearers from one locality in Jena to another, describing the festivals in "Paradies," and the neighboring hamlets, until finally the pent-up feelings of his listeners could no longer be restrained, but burst out in a prolonged shout that shook the building. His speech was the longest of the evening, and was followed by a drinking song, concluding with the following philosophical sentiment:

"When our strength has left us,
And God of Wine bereft us,
Then, old Charon, we will follow thee."

The beer drinking was now at its height, and the distracted waiters ran frantically to and fro in the vain attempt to supply all at once. A vapor like that which exhales from the mouth of Erebus filled the room, and made a perceptible, almost tangible darkness. Around the room, in kaleidoscopic groups, the old affectionate Burschen caressed each other with the fondness of girls, as they went over, in imagination, the scenes which, years before, they had shared. Not the least pleasant feature of the evening was the fact that several recognitions took place between friends who had separated forever, as they thought, in the fatherland, but who had all been brought by the mysterious dispensations of Providence to the New World, where they had lived some time in the same city without knowing of each others' presence here. The pleasure of such recognitions, made on such an occasion, can only be appreciated by those fully conversant with the deep sentimental spirit of affection that pervades the Teutonic character, and which Emerson is pleased to attribute to the Anglo-Saxon also, and to all the races which ramify from that mighty parent stock.

We must pass hastily over the speech delivered in Latin by Professor Fuster, from Vienna, which was greeted with appreciative applause, though a company of American students would scarcely have understood a single sentence contained in it—as well as over the speech in English by Mr. Parker, of this city, and the eloquent address of Dr. Rothe, which was received with great enthusiasm. A Dr. Bergmann endeavored to get a hearing, but his words took such a political sanguinary hue that he was put down, after a combat in words that, had the company been composed of Americans, would have resulted in a fight and ended in the station-house. These we pass by to say a few words concerning the singing of "*Der Landesvater*," which concluded the ceremonies. The company, being seated *vis-à-vis*, sang the *Weihelied*, or Consecration Song, and at the concluding verse the persons standing at the head of the tables proceeded along the sides, placing in each individual's left hand a sword, and in the right a seidel of beer. This sword the person receiving it struck as though fencing against that of his opposite neighbor, and at the last line of the stanza, taking off his hat, ran the sword through it up to the hilt, and drank off his beer to the "welfare of the fatherland." This was repeated with each person in order, and when the swords were entirely covered with hats, the ceremony was repeated and the hats were returned to their owners. In doing this they were taking oaths of fidelity to Germany and the German institutions, especially that of Burschendom.

This concluded the order of ceremonies, and now, according to the programme, the "feast ended and the pleasure began." The hand of time was on the stroke of one, and our reporter, regardless of the maxim,

"Drink to a certain pitch, and then give o'er,
Lest tongue and feet should stumble drinking more,"

left the gay party growing merrier every instant, and lighted by the burning of City Hall, wended his solitary way homeward.

(From *Aris's Birmingham Gazette*, July 26th.)

Mr. Leslie's "Judith."

This work, which we have reason to expect will be a highly interesting feature of our approaching Festival, is from the pen of a young composer, Mr. Henry Leslie, who, though educated as an amateur, has gained a distinguished position among the musical artists of the day. His reputation for several years has been gradually rising. His oratorio of *Immanuel* has been received as the first fruits of a genius destined to high achievements; and his second work of the same class, about to see the light in the Town Hall of Birmingham, will, we doubt not, more than fulfil the promise given by the first.

Having had the opportunity of examining the score of this oratorio, we feel ourselves entitled to speak with some confidence of its merits and probable success.

In respect to subject, *Judith* has greatly the advantage of its predecessor, *Immanuel*, which, with all its musical merit, creates an impression of heaviness; being too much of the nature of an exposition of abstract religious truths. *Judith* is a dramatic poem, full of stirring incidents, calculated to excite strong interest, and affording ample room for musical expression and effect. The story of the poem is told by its title; for who does not know the Jewish heroine, whose arm, by a single blow, delivered her country from the Assyrian yoke? The subject, strictly speaking, can scarcely be termed sacred, as the Apocryphal books are not admitted by our Church into the canon of Scripture. Yet, though we deny their claim to inspiration, we receive them as trustworthy portions of Jewish history; and history contains few things grander or more beautiful than the noble stand made by the Jewish people, under the Maccabees and their other heroic leaders, against the gathering storms which surrounded them on every side, and at length swept them from among the nations.

The poem is by Henry F. Chorley, a gentleman of well-known literary ability. In constructing it he has adopted the language of the original narrative, intermixed with appropriate passages from other parts of Scripture.

It is in three parts, or scenes. The first, entitled "The Beleaguered City," paints the internal condition of Bethulia when Holofernes and the Assyrian host sit down before its walls. While the people are distracted by fear and disunion, Judith appears among them, rebukes them for their want of confidence in the Most High, announces her design to attempt their deliverance, and departs, followed by the prayers and blessings of the priests and people. The second part, called "The Camp of the Assyrians," describes the arrival of Judith and her attendant in the camp; her introduction to the Assyrian chief; the blandishments wherewith she captivates him; the banquet to which he invites her; and the orgies in which she pretends to join, while she watches for the moment when she may strike the blow. In the third part, "Night and Daybreak," we have the completion of the enterprise, and the deliverance of the city, celebrated by songs of praise and thanksgiving.

We may now point out a few remarkable passages in the music. An instrumental introduction, well calculated to awaken attention, is followed by a chorus of the people of the beleaguered city, in the gloomy key of F minor, commencing in a suppressed and scarcely audible murmur, indicative of dismay, but gradually rising to an expression of firmness and resolution. This chorus at once shows the facility and clearness with which the composer manages large masses of humanity. It leads to a duet for a soprano and tenor voice, "Spare thy people, O Lord," remarkable for the graceful flow of the solo parts, and the soft, subdued harmony of the accompanying chorus. A brief recitative describes the suffering of the besieged people, dying of famine. They rise in their despair, and clamor violently for peace. This scene is graphically represented by a succession of brief impetuous choruses of the people mingled with the replies of Ozias, the chief of the city, who endeavors to calm and encourage the multitude. Suddenly Judith appears among them, and in a recitative of great energy reproves their violence, and exhorts them to trust in the Almighty. They answer in one voice, "Pray for us, for thou art a godly woman!" The prayer of Judith, in answer to this appeal, is an air of great beauty and deep solemnity, which, as delivered by Madame Viardot, will be one of the most impressive passages in the oratorio. A brief chorus of the people concludes the first part.

The scene now changes to the besieger's camp, and the second part opens with a monologue of Holofernes—an air in a pompous and grandiose style, characteristic of the leader of the Assyrian host, and admirably calculated to display the powers of a fine barytone voice. Judith and her attendant appear in the camp, and are surrounded by the soldiers, whose

hasty questions, with her brief replies, are treated in that terse and dramatic manner of which we find such remarkable instances in *St. Paul* and *Elijah*. The soldiers escort her to the general's tent, and while she is waiting for admission, her attendant, Amital, addresses her in words of counsel and encouragement; a situation which introduces a magnificent air by the principal soprano (Judith's part being a contralto), "The Lord preserveth all them that love Him." It is the bold and open key of A major, and full of brilliant passages demanding a voice of great power, compass, and flexibility. They are then admitted into the presence of Holofernes, and the interview assumes the form of a trio between the general and the two females,—a concerted piece equally dramatic and beautiful, in which the characters of the different persons are finely discriminated and sustained. It is elaborated with masterly skill, and contains several striking effects of modulation, especially a transition from the principal key G, at once to E flat. This trio will be one of the most marked features of the oratorio. The finale to this part is a remarkable piece of sound-painting. The shouts of Holofernes and his joyous company, "Come, drink, and be merry with us!" the gay rhythm of the music, accompanied by the barbaric clang of brazen instruments, suggesting the idea of martial pomp mingled with songs and dances—while the two Jewish women, apart from the rest, are heard from time to time to utter ominous words to each other; all these things unite to form a picture which brings, as it were, the whole scene before our eyes.

In the third part, the sounds of the revel continue to be heard, but they are waxing low. The feasters are still singing their bacchanalian choruses, but in faint and drowsy murmurs, while the two Jewish women are repeating to each other the legend of Jael and Sisera, their suppressed voices mingling with the dying choruses. At length Holofernes is left asleep upon his couch, with Judith alone in the tent. She implores the Divine aid in a short air or cavatina, for the composer appears to have wisely judged that this situation could not be protracted; but the air is beautiful and full of the deepest expression. The deed of blood, rendered heroic by patriotism, is narrated in recitative, accompanied by the orchestra in agitated chords and modulations. The recitative goes on to relate the escape of Judith, and her return to the gates of Bethulia. Her call, "Open now the gates! God, even our God, is with us!" is a grand piece of musical declamation, quite suited to the great performer to whom it is destined. The gates are opened, and the heroine enters amid *fanfares* of trumpets. She is welcomed by Ozias, the chief of the city, in a great and highly-wrought air, full of energy, demanding a tenor singer of the very highest order. Then follows a trio for Amital, Judith, and Ozias (soprano, contralto, and tenor), which leads without interruption to the first great chorus, the first three solos being continued to the end. It is a strain of joy and thanksgiving, in which the composer has put forth all his contrapuntal strength. We observe that he, like Mendelssohn in his latest works, does not adhere to the scholastic form of fugue-writing. His counterpoint is free and unembarrassed by those technical restraints, while it is strengthened by all the legitimate resources of art. The different parts are of the most skilful and masterly texture, while the solo voices, with which the masses of harmony are blended, stand out in bold and brilliant relief from the choral back-ground. This noble chorus, in short, is a climax worthy of the great work which it brings to a close.

THE "FREE AND EASY."—In whatever condition of life a man may be, if he is at all disposed to ruin himself, he will find society very well disposed to help him. There is, therefore, a 'finish' for the poor as well as the rich. This institution is generally known under the title of the 'Free and Easy.' As you pass down one street you may perhaps read an announcement which runs as follows:—"There will be a Free and Easy at the Cat and Bagpipes every Saturday and Monday evening." It really is a very captivating invitation. I have a great many engagements of which I should like to shake myself 'free.' I have many troubles and anxieties, and it would be a delightful thing to feel 'easy,' if it were only for half an hour. Suppose, then, we look in at the 'Cat and Bagpipes.' Well, here we are! Nothing to pay—walk in. What a horrid smell of bad tobacco there is! There is such a smoke that one can scarcely see the other end of the room; and what a villainous odor, composed of the combined fumes of porter and gin, beer and brandy! Let us sit down for a few minutes at this table. 'Waiter, take away these dirty glasses, and brush off these cigar ashes.' There, it is a little better now; only some one has been eating nuts, and one can't put one's feet to the ground without cracking the broken shells. 'Silence, gentlemen,

if you please,—the celebrated tenor will now favor the company with "Life on the ocean wave." Puff puff, rises the tobacco smoke, keeping time with the notes of the celebrated singer, who resumes his seat amidst loud cheers. Then up start a couple of waiters—"Your orders, gentlemen, give your orders." Presently one comes to our table—"What shall I get for you, sir?" "Nothing, thank you." "But every gentleman is expected to take something, sir." "Oh, indeed! we thought the admission was free." "So it is, but every gentleman (laying emphasis on the last word) is expected to spend a shilling when he comes here." Well, as we are disposed to see a little more of the Free and Easy, we are obliged to submit. So we order our hot with, or our cold without, as the case may be. At the next table to us are three or four very young men. Indeed, one would have called them boys, if we had not been told that no boys were admitted. Partly because they wish to seem quite at home and used to it, and partly because they are afraid of the waiter, and think that whenever he looks at them they must order something, they have already got more than they can carry, and will have some difficulty in finding their way home. However, silence is called again, because the orders are only coming in slowly, and the company needs to be refreshed with another song. This time it is Madam Squallini, from Her Majesty's Theatre and all the principal concerts in Europe. What a condescending lady must this be to come away from the presence of royalty to amuse the people at the Cat and Bagpipes—in yellow gauze and dirty white kid gloves! However, she takes to it kindly, and there is more applause. Then the same thing goes on over again. More brandy or gin is ordered: the lady gives place to a gentleman who sings a comic song, which every now and then contains some allusion which amazingly amuses the audience, and the more it borders upon indecency the more they are amused. But the place becomes unbearable. Let us go into the fresh air. Look up at those quiet stars; see how in their sublime order and beauty they sail across the nightly sky. Try to lift up your thoughts to that immortality of which they seem to us to be the types, and to the sudden contrast between you stinking hell and these glorious heavens; ask yourself whether any man with an immortality before him can ever be the better for attending a 'Free and Easy.'—From the Rev. H. W. Parkinson's Lecture in the Public Hall, Roehdale, Eng.

Beethoven's Symphony in A.

This symphony was written when Beethoven was in the zenith of his power, and contains within itself distinctive marks of his transcendent genius in almost every feature that can give sublimity and beauty to instrumental music.

It dates about 1813, having been first performed at a concert given at Vienna, in December of that year, for the benefit of the Austrian and Bavarian soldiers wounded at the battle of Hanau.

The symphony opens with an introduction of great grandeur, in which the melody, the modulations, and the orchestral features successively dispute the interest with each other. It commences with one of those effects of instrumentation of which Beethoven is uncontestedly the creator: the full orchestra strikes a strong and sharp chord, leaving suspended, during the silence which succeeded, a single hautboy that has entered, unperceived, in the preceding crash, and which goes on to develop a sustained melody.

It is impossible to conceive a commencement more original. Repetitions of the sharp chords ensue, again and again; after each of which, the *legato* theme grows, by added parts, till it attains a full harmony, when it gives place to a new feature, namely: a series of *staccato* scale passages in semi-quavers for the stringed band, accompanied, or interspersed with fragments of the melody first heard, and modulating by various gradations into the key of C, where it is interrupted by a plaintive, touching theme, simple in itself, but richly harmonized. The stately *staccato* passages of scales again march suddenly in, with fuller accompaniments than before, and again give way to a repetition of the plaintive melody in the key of E, ending, after a prolonged and tantalizing *crescendo* on the tonic chord of this key, on an E, struck *fortissimo* in unison by the whole band. This note, subsequently kept very prominent, is first ornamented with fragments of the original melody, and then becomes the subject of a *jeu de timbres* between the violins and wind instruments, analogous to that in the finale in the Sinfonia Eroica. It is tossed about from one band to the other for six bars, changing its aspect every time, until at last, retained by the hautboy and flute, it serves to connect the introduction to the *allegro*, and becomes the first note of the principal theme, of which it gradually defines the rhythmical form. We have called particular attention to this magnificent introduction, as it is in movements of this

character that the power of great composers is frequently most displayed. The one here referred to, and the opening *largo* to Mozart's piano-forte and wind instrument quintet in E flat, may be instanced as standing at the very pinnacle of musical excellence—worthy rivals to each other, but altogether unapproached by any efforts of less gifted minds.

The theme of the *Allegro* has often been reproached for its rustic *naïveté* and want of dignity. This probably would not have been the case, had its author written in great letters on his page, as in the pastorate, "Rondo of Peasants." If there are some critics who dislike being pre-informed of the subject treated by the musician, there are others, on the contrary, always disposed to receive ungraciously everything that is presented to them in a strange dress, unless they are told beforehand the reason of the anomaly.

The phrase in question has a rhythm strongly marked, which, passing afterwards into the harmony, is reproduced under a multitude of aspects, scarcely ceasing its measured march until the end—a determined employment of rhythmical form which has never been attempted on such an extensive scale elsewhere; although in minor pieces—as, for example, in Schubert's songs—the idea frequently appears. This *allegro*, of which the extensive developments run constantly upon the same idea, is treated with such incredible skill—the changes of key are so frequent and so ingenious—the harmonic and other technical features so novel and often so bold—that the movement finishes before the attention and lively emotion which it excites in the audience have at all abated.

An instance of the wonderful manner in which true genius can triumph over rule, is furnished by the daring resolution, near the end of the first part, of the chord A, C sharp, E, and F sharp, upon A, C natural, and F natural, and which, though it is impossible to find any satisfactory warrant for it on theoretical grounds, offers no unpleasant effect to the ear. Probably, however, this is, in a great measure, due to the skilful change of instrumental coloring that accompanies the transition.

The symphony is peculiarly celebrated for its *Andante*. The principal cause of the profound sensations excited by this extraordinary movement lies also in the rhythm—a rhythm as simple as that of the *Allegro*, but of a form perfectly different. It consists merely of a dactyl followed by a spondee, and repeated incessantly; sometimes in several parts, sometimes in one only; sometimes serving as an accompaniment, sometimes concentrating the attention on itself, and sometimes forming the subject of a fugue. It appears first, after two bars of sustained harmony, on the low strings of the violas, violoncellos, and double basses, *nuanced* by a *piano* and *pianissimo* full of melancholy; thence it passes to the second violins, while the violoncellos and violas sing a pathetic lamentation of an inexpressibly touching character.

The rhythmical phrase, ascending continually from one octave to another, arrives at the first violins, which pass it, by a *crescendo*, to the full force of the wind instruments of the orchestra, while the plaintive theme still accompanying it, but now given out with extreme energy, assumes the character of a convulsive, heart-rending wail. To this succeeds an ethereal melody, pure, simple, sweet, and resigned.

The basses alone continue their inexorable rhythm under this melodious howl in the clouds; it is, to borrow a citation from the poet,

"One fatal remembrance, one sorrow that throws
Its black shade alike o'er our joys and our woes."

The violins finish by a few *pizzicato* notes scarcely perceptible; after which, suddenly reviving like the flame of an expiring lamp, the wind instruments breathe the same mysterious harmony they commenced with, and—

"the rest is silence."

It is not improbable that this wonderful, pathetic movement may have been intended by Beethoven to portray his own feelings under the terrible calamity that afflicted him: the only part of this symphony that its unfortunate composer ever heard, was the roll of the drums!

The *Scherzo* modulates in a manner altogether new. Its original key is F; and the first part, instead of passing, as is usual, into a key related to this, terminates in A major. The *Scherzo* of the pastoral symphony, also in F, ends somewhat analogously in D major, and there are other affinities between the two.

The trio is one of the most remarkable and original morceaux which ever proceeded from Beethoven's pen. At the close of the *Scherzo*, on a unison passage in F, an A, occurring quite naturally, and without any appearance of design, is suddenly held by the whole band; transfixed, congealed, as it were, like the sleeping beauty; and is retained through the whole of the following movement, one hundred and thirty bars long, without cessation. After four bars

of the single note, a lovely melody in D major creeps in, the time being considerably slackened to give the change more effect; this is repeated with a slight reinforcement, after which a second part is introduced leading to a repetition of the first part *fortissimo*. The management of the retained A throughout this time is effected with consummate art; the composer knew well that so long a retention would be apt, after a while, to pall upon the ear, and lose its effect, unless the auditor were occasionally reminded anew of the presence of the note; and this is effected by making it play on a few neighboring grace notes in the intervals between the various phrases of the accompanying melody. Again, the note is at first taken for some time in octaves by the first and second violins; but in the second part a low A is added on one of the horns; and, oddly enough, this added note does not remain steady, but throbs occasionally—*winks*, as it were, every other bar—upon the G sharp below it, signalling, as plainly as if it spoke, to the audience, "Mark me well."

After the end of the second part, where a *crescendo* interposes to pass to the *forte da capo*, this throbbing becomes accelerated, and takes a most extraordinary form, beating a binary rhythm against the triple time of the other parts, and strongly accentuating the accidental G sharp instead of the essential note itself, as if apparently to throw the latter into the shade; but, in reality, with such marvellous skill as to draw attention to it more forcibly than ever.

Meanwhile the other parts make a *crescendo* by a series of bold chords, and the original melody bursts out with the full band—the never-ceasing A being now thrown with startling effect upon the trumpets and drums. This extraordinary feature never fails to command the astonishment and delight of the audience. The theme of the trio, simple as it is, furnishes a striking example of a melody whose character may be entirely changed by the manner in which it is taken. When first played, smoothly and softly, it is sweet, beautiful, pastoral; when repeated by the full orchestra, it is grand, majestic, sublime. The same remark has been justly made of the fine passage, "The kingdoms of this world," in the Hallelujah Chorus of the "Messiah."

The Finale is not less rich than the preceding movements in novel features, in piquant modulations or in charming fancies. The commencement, a sharp chord of E, struck by the strings, answered instantaneously by the wind instruments, and followed by a dead pause, appears to be designed to call attention to the unusual form of the principal subject, commencing on the same chord.

This theme has some relation to that of the Overture to "Armida;" but it is in the arrangement of the first notes only, and for the eye more than the ear; for, in the execution, nothing can be more unlike than the two ideas. The rhythm here again is peculiar, consisting of an accentuation of the second beat of the bar, so frequent as to form the rule, instead of, as commonly, the exception.

The finale abounds in points worthy the study of the musician. One is the graceful and unexpected effect produced by the frequent sudden transition from the key C sharp minor to that of D major. Another is the daring introduction of a B natural, strongly accented and doubled upon the chord F sharp, A, B sharp, and D sharp, with C sharp as a pedal bass.

A third is the unwonted close of the first member of the movement in C sharp minor instead of in E, as rule would prescribe. But the greatest marvel is the *coda*. After the first or preliminary cadence, a few chords prepare the way for a most elaborate working of the first phrase of the theme, repeated in every bar for fifty-six bars together, and accompanied by combinations of the most striking originality.—After a few introductory imitations, on simple harmonies, the basses, taking the subject on the upper E, commence a long descent, continued first diatonically through a twelfth to the low A, where the feature changes to a chromatic form; G sharp and E are taken alternately for a few measures; then G and A flat, then G and F sharp, and so on; the descent gradually progressing a semitone every three or four bars, till it reaches E and D sharp, which continue for a long time; the E forming a pedal note, embroidered, as it were, by the continued alternation of the semitone below in equal measure. All the while the violins keep up an increasing reiteration of the subject in various keys, accompanied in corresponding harmonies by the wind band, and gradually rising *sempre più forte* on the grand pedal point above named. Here the chord of the seventh frequently occurs, so that the D natural of the upper parts finds itself directly opposed to the D sharp taken by the basses—a daring harmonic experiment: yet so perfectly calculated, that not the slightest discordance results, each note performing its own office without interfering in the least with the other. Half way through the pedal point, the violins throw off impatiently the trammels

of the figure that had so long bound them, and burst off into a series of the most brilliant passages; the basses still keep steady for some time to their E, but at last can no longer resist sharing in the jubilee of the rest of the orchestra; and the whole comes to a conclusion with an overpowering *éclat*—an ending worthy of such a master-piece of genius, imagination, feeling, and technical skill.

In the present age of musical taste and discernment, when it is difficult to listen to this symphony without a feeling akin to worship of the genius that could create such a series of gigantic conceptions, how strange does it appear to be reminded, that when it was first produced, a man no less great and true than Carl Maria Von Weber wrote "that the extravagances of genius had reached their *non plus ultra*, and that the author of such a symphony was fully ripe for a mad-house!" And yet we do not think a whit the worse of Weber for his judgment; it only proves to us how much Beethoven was in advance of his time. —*New Philharmonic Analytical Programme.*

Dwight's Journal of Music.

BOSTON, AUGUST 28, 1858.

MUSIC IN THIS NUMBER.—Continuation of the Cantata: *The Praise of Friendship*, by MOZART. This beautiful composition is a true musical inspiration of the social sentiment, and suited to many a happy gathering of friends. So far as we are informed, it has been until now, like many other noble works of Mozart, wholly unknown in this country. The first four pages of it got into last week's paper prematurely, by mistake, and therefore without editorial introduction; we had intended to continue the *Lucrezia Borgia* arrangement last week, and commence the Mozart Cantata this week. One more instalment of four pages will complete it, when we shall again address our selection to the Italian side of the house.

The Cantata: *Praise of Friendship* consists of a chorus, written for two tenors and bass, but practicable for soprano and contralto; recitatives and two arias for tenor (or soprano), and a repetition of the chorus at the end. The bass part is printed in the G cleff, like the others, which will make it the more readable for a contralto. We have translated the German words as faithfully as we could, but it has involved some awkwardness in the recitative portions, which a good recitativist will know how to tutor to some sort of grace. There is nothing which requires more taste and judgment than to deliver a long piece of recitative expressively.

Musical Chit-Chat.

We suspend, for the present, our translations from HENRI HEINE's musical notes in Paris, hoping to give another course of them at some future time. They are a strange mixture of good and bad, but all original and bright and readable, and characteristic of the man, who did not have such wit and sharp acumen save at the expense of too much acid in his nature—or rather in his acquired morbid temper, for he was a true poet, one of the sweet singers from the heart, and therefore we are bound to believe him good at bottom. The most delicate and sympathetic natures, those peculiarly strung for finest harmony, are just those which in false circumstances are most easily and cryingly thrown out of tune. Many things which we have so far translated we do not like at all, so far as opinion and tone of feeling are concerned. That melancholy, and we must say cruel picture of Spontini in his morbid last days, would be too bad without an offset, showing the composer of the *Vestale* on his bright and truest side; and such an offset we intend to give. Then, too, that last, about Jenny

Lind, was altogether flippant and in a sneering and unworthy tone, which made it an act of self-mortification to translate it; but we thought it best to complete what we had begun, and let the bright, cold satirist flash all his colors under a musical sun. As to his sins against Mendelssohn, we turn him over to the *London Musical World*. And we take this occasion again, for the hundredth time, to remind our readers, especially all sensitive musicians—Germans, Italians, natives, psalm-book-makers, or what-not—that our miscellaneous selections in this paper are not by any means confined to views that we in all respects endorse; and above all, that whatever we may copy, because it happens to be a bright or clever statement of one side of a matter, we have nothing whatsoever to do with any personalities that may chance to lurk in it. We publish much that is not intended to advise or to direct, but only to inform the reader, leaving it to his own sense and experience to judge about the right and wrong of it.

The musical drought continues, here in Boston, as every where else, except in London, where the deluge is beginning to subside. The concert at Nahant, last Saturday evening, given by Miss FAY, filled the large hall of the hotel full of delighted listeners, judging from the reports that come to us. Mr. BENDELARI's "Echo Song," written expressly for his pupil, seems to have given especial pleasure. The other selections were from the well-known Italian operas of the day, in which Signors BRIGNOLI and AMODIO bore part acceptably as ever. The Promenade Concerts at the Music Hall still attract the crowd. Mrs. MOZART, the singer, lately from Chicago, sang on Monday evening. No doubt the brass bands play well, and some of their pieces come out as well in the bronze form as in any other, but we had rather hear them in the open air. And in the open air we did hear one the other night, under circumstances that made the music highly edifying. We chanced to be sitting with friends in Jamaica Plain, on an airy, rocky height, among the hemlocks, under the fall moon, when from a neighboring height, about half a mile off, came suddenly the sounds of a brass band,—a richly-harmonized and animated quickstep; the tones were finely blended and in perfect tune, and sank and swelled upon the air, with magical effect. After a pause, in softer tones, came the ever delicious Minuet and Trio of Maskers from *Don Giovanni* (that is the music for a band by moonlight!); then a galop, or a quickstep, clearly and daintily staccatoed; then Schubert's *Lob der Thränen* (Praise of Tears), quite feelingly discoursed. What more we cannot say, as the inexorable train came to bear us back among our native bricks, not altogether so romantic as those Roxbury plum-pudding rocks by moonlight. It was our Boston Brigade Band that made the music, and the people of Jamaica Plain do well to secure to themselves a series of such entertainments for the summer nights.

We ought to have "a solemn music"—not in the sense of mournful, but of noble, grand, and edifying—as a part of our part in all-the-world's Atlantic Cable celebration on the first of September. Perhaps we shall have, but we do not hear of any marshalling of orchestral or choral forces. Brass bands, of course, will do their part. But certainly at such a time we ought to be prepared to have the Choral Symphony of Beethoven—that great Symphony of Joy, which sings of the embrace of all the myriads of mankind; and we ought to have Haydn's Chorus: "Achieved is the glorious sun" and some of the great choruses "of Handel," to say the least, besides what may be achieved in the open air on our illuminated Common. We will not go so far as our brethren in England, who doubtless will not be content without several courses of whole oratorios; but something of the grandest that the Art of Tones has given us for an inheritance ought surely to be brought out with swelling hearts on that day. We

see that in New York the Harmonic Society are to take charge of the musical exercises upon that occasion: will not our Handel and Haydn Society do likewise?

Two of our most valued musicians and pianists, OTTO DRESEL and J. TRENNLE, took passage by the Niagara, on Wednesday, for Europe; and both, we regret to say, for the same cause, ill health. It is their intention to be gone but three months, spending most of their time in Leipzig and other musical cities of their Fatherland, and to return to their Boston friends and pupils by the first of December. May they come full of new life, for we cannot spare such as these! . . . We have just a line from our friend, A. W. T., written August 6th, on board ship, off the coast of England, after a month's passage by sailing packet. He was well, and our readers will soon hear from him in Germany.

We receive a great many programmes of musical exhibitions of seminaries and academies—mostly of the *monster* order—in which a great parade is made of tinkling, trifling pieces played on six or ten pianos at once, as if a fly seen through a forty-fold magnifier were still anything but a fly. It is pleasant to see any thing so much in contrast with this ambitious nonsense as a programme sent us of the music performed at a recent exhibition of the Williston Seminary at East Hampton, in this State. These were the pieces: Turkish March, from Beethoven's "Ruins of Athens" (for Organ); Four-part Song, "On the Sea," Mendelssohn; Do., "Student's Song," Mendelssohn; Duet, "While the Dew," &c., Weigl; Four-part Song, "The Nightingale," Mendelssohn; Five-part Song, "Life's Pleasures," F. Hiller; Four-part Song, "May Song," Robert Franz; Allegro from Mendelssohn's first organ Sonata; Chorus, "Then round about the starry throne," from Handel's "Samson." Mr. E. S. HOADLEY, who is at the head of the musical department at the Seminary, must have the credit of this. We are told that the programme does not vary much in character from those of several years past.

Would not the New York *Atlas* have done well to inform its readers where it got the translation from Henri Heine about Meyerbeer, which it was "compelled from sheer lack of musical material to scissor" for their benefit this week? This ex-scissor-izer, by the way, endorses Heine's estimate of *Vienxtemps*, which is more than we can do. . . . Mr. J. R. MILLER proposes, in the course of a week to bring out, in this city, the new juvenile Cantata, called "The Haymakers," composed by GEORGE F. ROOT, in the same simple and graceful semi-dramatic style with his very popular "Flower Queen." A numerous and well-selected choir of fresh young voices are in training for it, and it will be given in the Music Hall in a manner to charm the eye as well as ear. . . . A new work, by Mr. G. W. STRATTON, the Manchester (N. H.) composer, has been performed four times lately in that city, to the general satisfaction. It is a children's Cantata, called "The Fairy Grotto," and consists of songs, duets, and choruses, to the number of thirty-five.

A rather peculiar anecdote is told of Vivier, the horn player and friend of Rossini. It is said to be of very recent occurrence in Lisbon. Count de Farrabo a rich grandee, requested the artist to play at a private soirée given by the Count, and accompanied his request by a rich and valuable present. The next day, Vivier inserted the following notice in one of the journals: "M. Vivier never accepts presents, however beautiful they may be; his price for playing at a private party is 1,000 francs." On the day following, in the same journal, appeared this note: "Count de Farrabo has sent a check for 1,000 francs to M. Vivier, the horn player, and would now request the latter to transfer the present to his servant." It is said that M. Vivier's laugh changed to the other side of his *embouchure*.

Musical Review.

One Hundred Songs of Scotland. Music and Words. Boston. O. Ditson & Co. pp. 64. 8vo.

The dry musical soil, especially where the hot Verdi sun has parched it, needs perpetual re-moistening from fresh springs of melody. The wild people's melodies are always refreshing, and none more so than the melodies of Scotland. We are glad to see a hundred of the best of them collected here in a cheap, convenient, popular form, and presented just as they are, in their naked original shape, nothing but the pure melodies, without accompaniment or harmony, and with the genuine lyric words, mostly from Burns, with which they have become indissolubly associated.

New Songs by Francis Boott.

We had intended sooner to express our pleasure in the receipt of a second number of "Florence," and gladly give place to the following communication:

Will you allow an old friend of Mr. Boott's to express his pleasure at seeing a second number of "Florence," (a collection of six songs by him,) published and for sale by O. Ditson.

Mr. Boott's ballads are particularly well adapted for parlor music, the words being always well selected, and married felicitously to the melody, and (rather a rare virtue in English songs,) never offending against taste. We were sorry to find the Cavalier song published without the chorus, which is not only a dashing and loyal outburst of cavalierism, but, being in the *stile fugato*, is according to the canons of counterpoint. At the concert, given not long since, at Cambridge, by the Pierian Sodality, this was sung by the fresh, manly voices of the students with great spirit and effect. The "Three Fishers" is very dramatic.

Miss Cushman, who gives great effect to the "Sands of Dee," suggested to Mr. Boott to set these remarkable words to music. "Winter" is a very lively air, with very lively words by S. G. Goodrich. "The Mahogany Tree" is an excellent college song. "Flow, freshly flow," is a beautiful tenor song; the air is sweet and harmonious, and the words—by Meredith—very musical.

The "Black Friar" is a most effective bass song, the accompaniment being rather more elaborate than Mr. Boott's usually are.

We wish our countryman success, and do not doubt that in time, and in spite of the little encouragement given in America to native talent, his charming songs will find their way into our New England homes, where they must be welcome for their sweetness, delicacy, and moderate difficulty.

Musical Correspondence.

NEW YORK, AUG. 23.—By the *Arabia*, last week, came Mons. and Madame GASSIER, with a new tenor named PIERINI, all engaged by MARETZKE for the season that opens on the 30th. Madame Gassier, I am sure, will please our public, and I shall be on hand on the occasion of her debut.

The Jones's Wood Festival has dragged its slow length along, and at last expired, yesterday, in a blaze of glory, with a series of grand Sunday concerts, the programmes of which may not be uninteresting:

PROGRAMME OF FIRST CONCERT.

Commencing at 2 1/2 o'clock.

Overture, L. van Beethoven. Air—"Stabat Mater," (Washington Band, leader, Mr. ATHENS.) Chorus—"The Heavens are Telling," (Creation.) Haydn. Air—"Pro Pecentes," (Stabat Mater.) Rossini. Mr. Weinlich. Chorale—"A Firm Rock is our Lord," Martin Luther. Grand Polymelos, Zulehner.

PROGRAMME OF SECOND CONCERT.

Commencing at 4 1/2 o'clock.

Priest's March, Mozart. Air, with Chorus, Mozart, Mr. Weinlich and Chorus. Miserere, (Shelton's Band, leader, Mr. Grafulla.) Verdi. Air, (St. Paul,) Mendelssohn. Chorus, "The Lord's Day," Kreutzer, the Singing Societies. "Hallelujah," (the Messiah,) Handel.

PROGRAMME OF THIRD CONCERT.

Commencing at 6 1/2 o'clock.

Priest's March, (Athalie.) Mendelssohn. Chorus—"The Chapel," Kreutzer, the Singing Societies. Preghiera, (Mose,) Rossini. Chorus—"Good Night," Marschner, the Singing Societies. Grand Finale, Zulehner.

The daily papers are teeming with the advertisements of Marezek's new opera troupe. We are to have German operas given by resident artists, and the musical season promises to be brisk.

TROVATOR.

PHILADELPHIA, AUG. 24.—What think you, most worthy Journal,—we, too, have hedged in a romantic tract of woodland, and have worshipped, simultaneously, Gambrinus and the sacred Nine, beneath the foliage-canopy of time-honored oaks and elms.—George Hood, formerly an attaché of the Academy of Music, and a tall, gaunt specimen of the *genus homo*, with a luminous pair of optics, having "fared sumptuously every day" at Jones's Woods, New York, (whereof pleasingly and ably discoursed your talented "Trovator," last week,) imbibed, amid sundry glasses of beer, the idea of a *Fête Champêtre* for his own city. Alas! it grieves me to be compelled to term it a *Fizzle Champêtre*, for even so it has proved.

In essaying to follow in the wake of your Troubadour, with a description of this sylvan humbug, I beg you humbly,

If, perchance, I fall below
Your "Trovator" or Cicero;
Don't view me with a critic's eye,
But pass my imperfections by.

To "Price's Woods," then, with me, Mr. Dwight, for in that shady grove, hard by the terminus of the West Philadelphia Passenger Railway, was your humble correspondent, Manrico, in company with about two hundred and seventy-five other noodles, Hood-winked in the most amusing manner. The grand entrance to the grounds consisted of a high, exceedingly rough board fence, the splinters whereof ripped apart erinoline, and (let me whisper this into your editorial ear,) in some cases even pierced the delicate limbs of the Teutonic maidens who followed the handful of Turners to the spot. Poised above the enclosure, stood two immense daubs on canvas, representing severally the *Niagara* at Trinity Bay, and the *Agamemnon* at Valentia ditto—splendid specimens of that peculiar style of Art which seems to be especially fostered in our own America, and which furnishes us with classic heads, rampant roosters and sly coons, in our political processions.

Inside of the grounds, upon two distinct, hastily-erected platforms, sat a brace of brass bands, which alternately and inhumanly butchered Donizetti and Stephen C. Foster, until the very police twitched their stars nervously, and seemed disposed to end these cruelties by the arrest of all the "blowers."

Suddenly a handful of linen-roundabouted Turners entered the wood, with the measured tread of men who seemed desirous of displaying their superior discipline to an anticipated crowd of great immensity. Spirit of Momus! When the acrobats gazed over the beauteous grove, and in lieu of the masses which their own enthusiasm had led them to expect, and the mammoth posters had promised, beheld the diminutive groups fringing the bases of the trees, they exchanged glances of unqualified surprise, stroked their beards facetiously, disbanded, and were soon perceived to be zealously worshipping at the shrine of Gambrinus. Now, too, did the clerk of the weather frown upon the undertaking, for, as each hour of the afternoon winged its way into the past, the breezes, which came wafted through the woodland, became more October-like, freshening the ruddy complexions of the German damsels, and quickening the motions of those who had cast themselves upon the sward for an Arcadian lounge—"sub tegmine fagi." Then the Turners mounted a platform, and vocalized one of their stirring choruses; but alas! their wonted precision and proverbial enthusiasm paled before the general disappointment. Some of the visitors amused themselves by firing at target, to the infinite peril of those who interestedly looked on, standing in lines ten or twelve feet apart from the range of sight, little realizing how soon a shot from some Winkle might pierce and deface their physiognomies.

A few of the females took to the dancing floors, and wooed Terpsichore with as much zeal as their lovers and brothers had manifested toward Gambrinus. Gradually little knots of persons were to be seen leaving the grounds, glancing at the ticket-seller with looks, which seemed unmistakably to say, "I wish I had my quarter back." Your correspondent, Manrico, and two Southern gentlemen who accompanied him, at this juncture, also vacated the premises, admiring the endurance of those who seemed disposed to remain longer. The Bills also announced a grand pyrotechnic display to come off between 8 and 10 P. M. A friend at my elbow declares this feature to have consisted of three ordinary rockets, which served no farther purpose than to light up, momentarily, a few leaves, as the sparks whizzed through the dense foliage.

Supper, too, on a grand scale, constituted a prominent feature in the promises of the posters. Shade of Epicurus! there was nought provided but a few leviathan junks of cold ham, trimmed with what may perchance have been parsley, but what in reality seemed more akin to diminutive pieces of green ribbon, cut into fantastic shapes.

To-day, the leading Journals display the following in huge type:

"Immense success of the Fête Champêtre!
"Price's woods!"

"Over 10,000 persons present!"
"To be continued for two more days."

You should have seen my mouth grow wider, when I perused the above.

Decidedly the most unique and pleasing musical feature of the whole affair, to me, was a quasi *symphonie naturelle*, à la Midsummer Night's Dream, which was improvised in the fields adjacent to the woods, by multitudinous beetles, grasshoppers, frogs, bees, and birds, varied ever and anon by the bray of some overworked mule or donkey on the railway hard by. I heaved a profound sigh to the memory of the illustrious Mendelssohn, and returned to bricks and mortar. MANRICO.

Music Abroad.

London.

HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.—The extra season, at reduced prices, closed Saturday, August 7. The operas of the week were *Lucrezia Borgia*, *Il Trovatore*, *La Zingara* (Balfe's "Bohemian Girl"), *La Figlia del Reggimento*, and *La Traviata*. The principal singers were Mlles. Titjens and Piccolomini, Mme. Alboni, Signors Giuglini, Belletti, Beneventano, Vialetti, Rossi, and Aldighieri. The preceding week was somewhat better in the quality of musical pabulum it offered: viz., *Don Giovanni*, *Il Barbiere*, and *La Serva Padrona*, in addition to the *Trovatore*. Mlle. Titjens had left for Vienna; Piccolomini and Giuglini went to Dublin.

ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA.—*Don Giovanni*, with Mario as the Don, and a great cast altogether, was the one event of the last week in July. A fuller account of it will be found on our first page. *Zampa* was announced for the week following.

The English Festivals.

BIRMINGHAM.—The great triennial Festival will be held on August 31, September 1, 2, and 3. The principal vocalists are Mme. Clara Novello, Mlle. Victoire Balfe, Mme. Castellani, Mme. Alboni, Miss Dolby, Mme. Viardot Garcia; Signors Tamberlik, Ronconi, and Belletti, Messrs. Sims Reeves, Montem Smith, and Weiss. Organist, Mr. Stimpson; Conductor, Mr. Costa. The programme for the day and evening performances offers about as rich a four days' full as one could wish, to wit:

Tuesday Morning—Elijah; Mendelssohn.

Wednesday Morning—Eli; Costa.

Thursday Morning—Messiah; Handel.

Friday Morning—Judith, (A New Oratorio), Henry Leslie. Lauda Sion; Mendelssohn. Service in C; Beethoven.

Tuesday Evening—A Miscellaneous Concert, comprising Overture (Siege of Corinth); Rossini. Acis and Galatea, (With additional Accompaniments by Costa); Handel. Overture, (Der Freyschütz); Weber. Selections from Operas, &c. Overture, (Fra Diavolo); Auber.

Wednesday Evening—A miscellaneous Concert, comprising Symphony, (Jupiter); Mozart. Cantata, (To the Sons of Art); Mendelssohn. Overture, (Guillaume Tell); Rossini. Selections from Operas, &c. Overture, (Zampa); Herold.

Thursday Evening—A miscellaneous Concert, comprising The Scotch Symphony, (in A minor); Mendelssohn. Serenata (Composed for the occasion of the marriage of the Princess Royal); Costa. Overture, (Alchymist); Spohr. Selections from operas, &c. Overture, (Euryanthe); Weber.

Friday Evening—A full dress Ball.

LEEDS.—Here the Festival (in aid of the General Infirmary) will be held in the New Town Hall, four days, commencing Sept. 7. Principal performers: Clara Novello, Mrs. Sunderland, Mme. Weiss, Mme. Alboni, Mlle. Piccolomini, Misses Whitham, Walker, Palmer, Freeman and Crosland; Messrs. Sims Reeves, Inkersall, Cooper, Weiss, Santley, Winn, Hinchcliffe; Signors Giuglini, Rossi and Vialetti. Solo pianist, Miss Arabella Goddard. Organists, Henry Smart and William Spark; Choral master, R. S. Burton; Conductor, W. Sterndale Bennett.

The programme for the week is even richer than that for Birmingham; as follows:

Tuesday Morning: Elijah—Mendelssohn. Wednesday Morning: The Seasons (Spring and Summer)—Haydn. Organ Performance. Israel in Egypt (with Organ accompaniments by Mendelssohn)—Handel. Thursday Morning: Stabat Mater—Rossini. Selections from the "Passion Musik" (According to the text of St. Matthew)—J. Sebastian Bach. Organ performance. Mount of Olives (Engedi)—Beethoven. Friday Morning: Messiah (with Mozart's accompaniments) Handel.

Tuesday Evening—Miscellaneous Concert: Symphony (C major)—Mozart. Selections from operas, chorals, pieces, &c. Concerto for Piano-forte (G minor). Miss Arabella Goddard—Mendelssohn. Selections from operas, &c. Overture (Tempest)—Hatten. A Pastoral, "The May Queen," M. S. (the poetry by Henry F. Chorley, Esq.)—W. Sterndale Bennett. Solo, Violin. Selections from operas, &c. Overture (Jesonda)—Spohr.

Wednesday Evening—A Miscellaneous Concert. Overture (Zauberflöte)—Mozart. Selections from operas, &c. Caprice, piano-forte, with orchestral accompaniments, Miss Arabella Goddard—Bennett. Selections from operas, &c. Symphony, the Scotch (A minor) Mendelssohn. Overture (en Suite), J. Seb. Bach. Selections from operas, &c. Solo, piano-forte, Miss Arabella Goddard. Selections, &c. Overture, (Oberon), Weber.

Thursday Evening—A Miscellaneous Concert. Symphony (), Beethoven. Selections from operas, &c. Concert Stück, piano-forte, Miss Arabella Goddard, Weber. Selections from operas, &c. Overture (Isles of Fingal), Mendelssohn Overture (Guillaume Tell), Rossini. Selections from operas, &c. Septet, by the Principal Orchestral Performers. Beethoven. Selections, &c. Fantasia, piano-forte. Overture (Jubilee), Weber.

HEREFORD.—The 135th meeting of the three choirs (Hereford, Gloucester and Worcester), comes off Aug. 24, 25, 26, and 27.

At the service on Tuesday, the following musical pieces will be introduced: Overture, Last Judgment, Spohr; Preces, Responses, and Chant La Venite, Tallis; Psalms, Chant, G. Townsend Smith; Grand Dettingen te Deum, Handel; Jubilate, G. Townsend Smith; Anthem, from Last Judgment, Spohr; Psalm XLII, Mendelssohn; Anthem, "The Lord is the true God," Rev. Sir F. A. Ousley, Bart. The sermon will be preached by the Rev. Archdeacon Waring. On Wednesday morning, Mendelssohn's oratorio, Elijah, is to be given; on Thursday morning, a selection from Mendelssohn's Athaliah, Rossini's Stabat Mater, and Haydn's oratorio, the Creation. On Friday morning, according to invariable custom, the Messiah.

The evening concert, as heretofore, will be held in the Shire Hall. The programme of Tuesday evening, among other less important pieces, contains the Jupiter Symphony of Mozart, selections from La Clemenza di Tito, and the overture to Guillaume Tell.

Wednesday evening, will bring the overtures to Oberon and Zampa, and selections from Lucrezia Borgia.

Thursday evening, a selection from Rossini's Semiramide, including the overture, and Beethoven's symphony in C minor.

On Friday night a dress ball at the Shire Hall will bring the Festival to a close.

The principal vocalists comprise Messrs. Clara Novello, Weiss, Clara Hepworth, and Viardot; Misses Louisa Vining and Lascelles; Messrs. Sims Reeves, Montem Smith, T. Barnby, Thomas and Weiss; Conductor, Mr. G. Townsend Smith, organist of the Cathedral.

Paris.

The London *Athenæum* gleans the following musical news of the gay metropolis:

An Indian *ballet* on the subject of *Sakontala*, with music by M. Ernest Reyher, has just been produced at the Grand Opéra of Paris. 'Sapho' (we are told, with reconsiderations of the libretto,) was revived there on Monday last. We trust that such revival will imply the publication of the music. Meanwhile those who have from the first believed in M. Gounod as a composer, are justified in asking those who are hot and hasty in denial of his ever becoming one, what is to be made of such a fact as this? and in referring them to times past, when we ventured from history to say—in defence of our belief—that the first failure of 'Fidelio' on the stage did not imply the utter annihilation of Beethoven's first and only opera. 'Le Moulin du Roi' is the title of M. Adrien Boieldieu's new opera, which has just been given by Benazet to the frequenters of Baden-Baden, the part of the heroine by Madame Miolan-Carvalho. It may therefore, we imagine, form one of the novelties of the Théâtre Lyrique during the coming season, though the report grows that the lady absolutely intends to transfer herself to the Grand Opéra (a dangerous measure, be the temptation ever so golden), taking there with her M. Gounod's 'Faust,' in which she will be the Marguerite. The difficulties of "the Last Judgment" as the subject of a grand opera (which by the way, it is stated, was originally suggested by Michael Angelo's Sistine picture) are said to have been overcome by converting its story into "the Last Days of Heracleum." The novelty of the time at the Opéra Comique, a theatre in a most sickly plight, is a coming (if not come) revival of Grétry's 'Les Méprises par ressemblance,' a work not played for these thirty-six years past, and in which Madame Cassimir, who took leave of the Opéra Comique some twenty years ago, is to re-appear.

Those "simmerings" may be heard which are used to prepare the public ear for the bubbling, boiling, and final projection of a novelty from M. Meyerbeer's enchanted cauldron. It is stated that he has not opposed (as he has been credited with doing) the production of 'Les Blancs et les Blancs,' a coming work by M. Limnander, until his own work (which is analogous in point of scenery) has been disposed of. They manage some matters more honorably in France than we do here,—for instance stage-remuneration. The extraordinary success of 'Le Nozze' at the Théâtre Lyrique has been duly recorded. Our contemporaries now state that the Society of Dramatic Authors has claimed Mozart's rights to profit from the performances, and has forwarded the sum accruing to his surviving son, who is now resident at Milan.

WEIMAR.—The Grand-Ducal Theatre, which closed on the first of July, will open on the third of October, with Gluck's *Alceste*, under the direction of Liszt.

VIENNA.—The operas announced in the programme of the coming German opera season at the Karntner Thor Theatre are Herr Wagner's *Lohengrin*; Mozart's *Schauspiel Director*; Mendelssohn's *overetta*, *Son and Stranger*; Adam's *Chalet*; and *La Reine Topaze*.

ZURICH.—The Federal Musical Fête, which has just taken place here, drew together an immense concourse of people. The Choral Society of Strasburg was received with acclamations, and, as well as the Swiss Harmonic Society of Paris, received a first class prize.

MUNICH.—Musical libraries seem to be in the market. That of Prof. Thibaut of Heidelberg, well known to students of the art, has lately been secured by the Royal Library at Munich,—a capital which, for some twenty years past, has had small musical importance in Germany. Among other Munich news, however, is the death of Pellegrini, a singer attached to the theatre for something like half-a-century, and who (if we mistake not) was among that memorable company brought hither by Mr. Monck Mason, who did so much towards making London acquainted with German opera. Lastly, we are apprised that the seven-hundredth anniversary of the foundation of the town is to be celebrated in the capital of Bavaria in September, and in part by grand concerts fixed for the 25th and 29th of that month. This, let us note for the guidance of autumn tourists, will fall out a few days before the *Folkfest* of October (one of the most characteristic gatherings to be seen on this side of the Alps) falls in. But who will answer for the tourist, be he *fanatico*, hearing a note of German music on such an occasion? We observe that the close of the theatre in Dr. Spohr's capital of Cassel this year was marked by performances of M. von Flotow's "Stradella" and A. Adam's "Postillon de Longjumeau." So much for nationality, past, present, or future!—*Athenæum*.

PESTH.—Liszt is engaged to write a religious composition in honor of Saint Elizabeth, of Hungary, to be executed by the Stephan Society.

PRAGUE.—The performance of Louis Spohr's *Jesonda* at the Jubilee, under the personal and admirably energetic direction of the talented composer, proved in a truly enthusiastic manner how much Prague appreciates and honors him. Immediately he took his place at his desk, which was adorned with laurel, in the midst of the members of the orchestra, all in full dress to do honor to the occasion, a thousand welcomes and huzzas broke out in the house, which was crowded to suffocation. Every opportunity, however slight, that the performance offered, was seized on with the greatest avidity to express the extraordinary sympathy of the audience for this father of German music. After almost every scene Spohr's name was heard. The *Salam* duet had to be repeated, and from that point the enthusiasm increased. After the second act the composer was called forward, and was also obliged to appear at the conclusion of the opera, in obedience to a summons which lasted several minutes. The ovation reached its culminating point when Herr Thomé advanced and placed a wreath of laurels on the composer's head. The opera was given in its entirety, and the management is deserving of all praise for having done everything to insure a perfect *mise-en-scène*.

Special Notices.

DESCRIPTIVE LIST OF THE

LATEST MUSIC,

Published by O. Ditson & Co.

Vocal.

The Way to Paradise (Le Chemin du Paradis.)

Jacques Blumenthal. 25

A fine Ballad, by this eminent Pianist, in a kind of melo-dramatic style, which has won for Signor Mario most of his laurels in his late concerts. It is finely adapted for a mezzo-soprano voice or a high baritone, with French and English text.

O, changed is the Scene round my own Loved Home. Crosby. 30

A simple little song of much beauty, by the author of that charming favorite, "Minnie Clyde."

Old Red Cent. Ballad. Alice Hawthorne. 25

One of the best efforts of this popular song writer.

My sister, smiling, passed away. Song. T. H. Howe. 25

This is a charming little Ballad, which should grace the Piano of every lover of Song.

The Spirit Messenger. Song. S. Bernhard Huebner. 25

Bright are the Stars. Serenade for Four Voices. G. W. Stratton. 25

Highly recommended to quartet clubs. Rather easy.

My Heart Beats Quick. Aria. "The Buccaneer." 25

An elaborate Song, in Stratton's new Opera. It is a very fine effort, and will be readily appreciated by all who are familiar with the modern Italian Opera style.

The Adieu. (L' Addio.) Duet. Donizetti. 25

Italian and English words. One of the most charming parlor duets for two female voices that was ever written to Italian words. It is here for the first time presented with an English version. Only moderately difficult.

Beautiful Moonlight. Duet. S. Glover. 30

Melodious and easy. This Duet ranks with Glover's best, and will be as popular as any of them.

Little Dorrit's Love. Macfarren. 25

A simple, little Ballad; and winning melody to touching words.

Instrumental.

Darling Nelly Gray Quickstep. G. B. Ware. 25

A brilliant and effective Military Quickstep, the trio of which is founded on the melody of the popular Song, "Darling Nelly Gray."

Camptown Hornpipe, Silver Moon, My Love is but a Lassie yet, Gordon Blue, Long, Long Ago, Bowld Soger Boy, arranged in an easy manner by T. Bissell. 25

Designed particularly for the Melodeon, but can be used as excellent recreative pieces by the young beginner on the Piano.

Books.

The Masonic Harp. A Collection of Masonic Odes, Hymns, Songs, &c., for the Public and Private Ceremonies and Festivals of the Fraternity. By George W. Chase, K. T., Editor of "The Masonic Journal," &c. 60

The editor of this work has for several years been engaged in collecting materials for a volume that would serve as a complete and practical compilation of Music for the various public and private ceremonies and festivals of the Order, and the result is here presented in a very neat and convenient book of one hundred and sixty duodecimo pages. Every one who examines it will admit that it is far superior to all previous works of the kind. It contains a much larger variety of Odes and Hymns of a devotional character than has heretofore been given; while the complete "Masonic Burial Service," and a "Burial Service for the Orders of Knighthood," will be found not only convenient for such occasions, but to add much to the interest and general effect of such services.

Dwight's Journal of Music.

WHOLE No. 335. BOSTON, SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 4, 1858. VOL. XIII. No. 23.

Fifty and Fifteen.

From the Atlantic Monthly.

With gradual gleam the day was dawning,
Some lingering stars were seen,
When swung the garden gate behind us,—
He fifty, I fifteen.

The high-topped chaise and old gray pony
Stood waiting in the lane :
Idly my father swayed the whip-lash,
Lightly he held the rein.

The stars went softly back to heaven,
The night-fogs rolled away,
And rims of gold and crowns of crimson
Along the hill-tops lay.

That morn, the fields, they surely never
So fair an aspect wore ;
And never from the purple clover
Such perfume rose before.

O'er hills and low romantic valleys
And flowery by-roads through,
I sang my simplest songs, familiar,
That he might sing them too.

Our souls lay open to all pleasure,—
No shadow came between ;
Two children, busy with their leisure,—
He fifty, I fifteen.

* * * * *
As on my couch, in languor, lonely,
I weave beguiling rhyme,
Comes back, with strangely sweet remembrance,
That far-removed time.

The slow-paced years have brought sad changes,
That morn and this between ;
And now, on earth, my years are fifty,
And his, in heaven, fifteen.

Translated for this Journal.

Spontini in Berlin.

A REMINISCENCE BY A. B. MARX.*

Some thirty years ago, it was, when the approach of the Carnival season was looked forward to (in Berlin) with more eager and elated expectation than it now is. To be sure, the voluptuous Carnival atmosphere of Catholic and southern lands, the Parisian extravagance, the naive intoxication of the Romans and Neapolitans could find no place here ; to us the richly wreathed cup of intellectual enjoyment seemed better suited. And for this the Opera House opened its wide spaces.

The house itself (we must recall it for the benefit of our juniors,) was a different thing ; only the outer walls are left. There were none of these convenient corridors, these comfortable velvet seats, these hundreds of kinds of triangles and lozenges, medallions, and other sorts of arch-pieces, which, with their carved and painted gold frames now afford covering and curtain to true *hotel-garnis* for all sorts of winged children, middle-aged personages, water phenomena, and artists in stout burgher costume. There was none

of the splendor of broad proscenium boxes, with their ont-gard of freezing goddesses, behind which the most festal decoration of the stage retreats into subdued and quiet beauty. Then, from the slenderly vaulted proscenium box on the right to the other on the left, the galleries, with their fine Moorish arches, enclosed the wide auditorium, opposite to the equally wide stage, to which all eyes turned unobstructed. Curtain and ceiling, each in quiet, grand expanse, presented a single great picture, the gods of Greece, priests offering incense before the altar. That, just that alone, was wanted and intended, and not this or that indifferently, any way and every way.

Year out, year in, in rich succession, it was the creations of Shakspeare and Calderon, of Schiller and Goethe, that, together with the medley of more evanescent pictures, filled the house. During the Carnival, the Opera had precedence ; besides Mozart's and Beethoven's, we had the compositions of Gluck and Cherubini, and, more favored than all in respect to frequency of performance, those of Spontini. These were the festival operas *par excellence* ; in these, especially in *Nurmahal*, *Aleidor*, *Agnes von Hohenstaufen*—all peculiarly court operas—the court feasts opened themselves, as it were, on the side of the great public.

Leader and central point in these stage splendors, was the Italian, SPONTINI. When, before a house full to overflowing, his fine but not large form, thoroughly courtly, *distingué*, almost stiff in bearing, with the small, high head, the hair most carefully laid in waves, the dark green frock adorned with a wreath of very small orders (of which he made much account), stepped quickly and softly into the orchestra, the musicians all stood motionless, all the bows upon the strings, all the mouth-pieces at the lips, waiting for the wink. For, however rebelliously disposed many an one may secretly have been, then, before unfavorable constellations had begun to show their evil machinations from below, then his thoroughly Napoleonic, absolute supremacy stood firm beyond a question. When, the instant after stepping upon the conductor's platform, his dark eye, flashing round from left to right, caught every one's attention, and his baton arm rose and stretched itself forth, and, resting a moment, seemed to turn to steel : then everybody felt that here his will was unconditional, and that all the coöperators were exclusively his organs, all together formed one body, and he its animating principle. We have known, during and since his time, finer, freer, perhaps more intellectual directorship, but none that moulded all at one cast more decidedly.

What gave this man such a controlling energy ? Was it his position, his fame ? Both coöperated, but were not the determining influence ; the man makes his reputation and gives importance to his position.

The controlling energy of Spontini lay in his own personality. It already showed itself in the fact that he—strongly in contrast with most Ger-

man opera composers—embraced in his mind all the moments of the drama, and not merely the composition and musical direction ; with a strong hand he tightly grasped the reins of the hundred co-working forces, and controlled them all. This was instantly felt, even by the uninitiated spectator. In his *Olympia*, when the marriage of the daughter of Alexander is to be solemnized in the temple at Ephesus, and the wide room, shimmering with gold, is filled with people, with troops of warriors and princes, with priests and virgins of the temple, and clouds of incense roll up from ten flaming altars ;—when the high priest calls "the seeress," (it is Statira, the widow of Alexander, who believes the betrothed of her daughter to be her husband's murderer,) forth from her concealment to the altar ; when the throngs that fill the whole space of the temple crowd more close together, to leave a narrow passage through, and a low mournful song gives utterance and intensity to expectation, and, unseen, the seeress raises her song of lamentation (it was the bell-like tones of the high-priestly Milder,) and slowly staggers forward till impatiently the priest commands that the nuptial ceremonies "between Olympia and the prince Cassander" proceed, at the hated name the widow, in dismay and with imperious rage exclaims, "Cassander !" till the terror-shriek of the whole orchestra, with all its trumpets and trombones, dies away like a shadow before flames, and now the murmur of the choruses in arms increases to an all-bewildering tempest : then there was not a step made, there was not a line in the rich, great picture which was not fitted to the others, and to the measures of the music, into one unique whole ;—however much was contributed by Schinkel, who had reproduced the temple, however much by that unsurpassed pair of artists, Bader and Mme. Milder, and the rest, and by the orchestra, all melted into one, like Corinthian brass, it all had its central point in the mind of Spontini.

To be sure, he came from the high school of the drama, from Paris. In Italy he had (I have studied the scores myself,) long before Rossini, practiced all the arts of this creator of the new Italian opera,—what could one offer to Italians without a country, except sweet oblivion ? In France he found a nation, and truly the most stirring and most active, and consequently the most fitted for the drama, a nation whose own life was all a spectacle, a people made for the stage in every sense. This nation had long since stamped its tragedies in firm, simple, constantly-recurring forms, unseduced by the imaginative breadth, the richness in ideas, the spiritual depth of the Germans and Britons,—and had thereby laid a favorable groundwork for the opera of Lulli, of Gluck, of Spontini ; for the fugitive art of tones requires a firm support to save it from going to pieces, or from dragging lifelessly upon the stage. And this theatrical nation was at that time completely full of Napoleon ; this late successor of the Roman Cæsars had set his stamp beyond dispute upon the whole of life.

* From the *Berliner Musik-Zeitung Echo*, May 16, 1858.

This decided Spontini's path. Roman imperialism, stamped in the form of a Napoleonic revival on the French; military and courtly pomp in inexhaustible splendor; heroism, *la gloire de la grande nation*; rulers and conspiracies and court intrigues; and coupled with the hero, or offered as a prize to him, the daughter of a prince, or other lady-love of lofty rank,—we say *l'amante*, for it was not what we Germans call love; it was an arrangement of convenience, *tendresse*, and perfumed grace, in contradistinction to the natural, spontaneous love of the German or British poet, like the grace of a ballet dancer in comparison with a Greek Hebe: add to this the representation of a high priesthood, and the foil and background of an ever-wondering, admiring people; transport the scene occasionally (as the old Romans, too, were fond of doing,) into the fabulous Orient, and allow the French audience the gratification of fancying that Frenchmen can see themselves and implant themselves everywhere: and you have the whole substance of the Spontini drama before you; in this he lived; it was the highest that the age, that his native or his adopted country could offer him; and to this day they have reached nothing higher. This was Spontini's task, and he took hold of it with fire, with eminent ability, with the musical nature of an Italian, and with a perfectly French Napoleonic impetuosity. His marches, his warlike choruses, had a world-conquering tread, and became current in all armies, although not world-conquering; his ballets sparkled and floated up and down in endless coquettish allurements, and in military bravadoes, like the Napoleonic court festivals; his clergy (of whatsoever religion,) performed the sacred rites with all the unction, the official consequence, and the obsequious dignity, which the artist had copied from the life around him. The hero, the priest, *l'amante*,—these were characters so strongly stamped in the composer's mind, that each was unmistakably indicated in the first bars of the prelude. But throughout the whole—in the march, in the sharply measured rhythm of the dance, in the biting *forzandos* of the violas, in the scream of the *piccolo*, with the brass instruments, in the impetuous incessant fragments of incidental recitative, everywhere you felt the everlasting "*en avant!*" of the Napoleonic generalship. We Germans—we, who had broken the yoke, could bear the echo of it for some time longer, while the French had to seek rest upon the lazy couch of the operas of the restoration.

(Conclusion next week.)

For Dwight's Journal of Music.

Characters of the Musical Keys.

NEW YORK, AUG. 20, 1858.

Mr. Editor,—In your issue of July 17, under the head "CHARACTERS OF THE DIFFERENT KEYS," you, to a certain extent, appear to endorse the "*peculiar expressive characteristic*" idea, although you limit your own positiveness upon the subject to the keys of *C major*, *D major*, *F*, (you do not mention whether *major* or *minor*, although I suppose you mean the former,) and *C sharp minor*.

While, however, you for a brief moment appear in the light of a *limited partizan*, the majority of your remarks seem to be somewhat *skeptical*.

By the by, in italicizing the word *natural*, in speaking of the "broad noon-day *C major*,"

did you really intend it to be particularly emphasized, or were you unable to resist the temptation to a sly satire by the perpetration of a pun?

But seriously, Mr. Editor, am I to understand you to really believe that a major or minor *musical scale*, whose first or fundamental sound is expressed by a character in notation whose name may be any one of the *seven letters used*, be they *sharp*, *flat* or *natural*, is inherently, according to the principle of its construction, either more "martial," "serene," "vague," or "noon-day like," than another major or minor *musical scale*, whose first or fundamental sound is formed upon some other degree of pitch, and represented by some other of the *seven sharp, flat or natural letters*? If you do, permit me to say, in very common, but none the less expressive language, "*I don't*."

Having, then, by the use of these two little words, assumed a position hostile to the doctrine, I conceive myself in a measure bound to advance something in support of this hostility and unbelief.



If, however, the *peculiar characteristics* sought to be established are maintained to be so simply in a circumstantial point of view, and not as an inherent principle, I am willing to acquiesce;—that is, so far as to admit that, according to the nature and circumstances of an animate body, or of an artificial instrument, the production of *scales* formed on certain degrees of *pitch*, may be better adapted for the expression of the various qualities mentioned, than if formed upon certain other degrees of *pitch*; but, if it be asserted that a *scale* formed upon any *given number of vibrations*, if produced indiscriminately upon *any instrument*, or by *any voice*, or in *any manner*, is either more martial, vague, serene, &c., &c., than a *like scale* formed upon some other *given number of vibrations*, then, I say, I believe that those who so assert have arrived at their conclusions on a false hypothesis.

In commencing, then, an exposition of my own views upon this doctrine, I should feel inclined to believe that if it be true of *any one key*, it must be true of *all*, and not only so of the degrees of pitch in acknowledged use, but of all that *numberless variety* which the *concert-pitch* standard excludes from a place in the *named list*, but which the accidental variation from this standard brings into play. Such being the case, the twenty-four paragraph exposition of qualities exhibited by SCHUBART would have to be extended over an amount of pages, compared to which the largest cyclopedia would be insignificant.

It appears to me that if the sounds used in any particular key exhibit *sentimental qualities* different from those exhibited in other keys, such difference must be in consequence of one or more of the following:

- I. That *all*, or *some* of the sounds used in any particular key, are different in *sentimental quality* from those pertaining to some other key.
- II. That the *succession* or *connection* of the sounds used in any particular key, differs in *sentimental quality* from the succession or connection of the sounds used in another key.
- III. That the *pitch register* of the sounds used, *taken as a whole*, exhibits a different *sentimental quality* in a particular key than in another.
- IV. That the necessitated *manner of utterance* or *delivery* of the sounds in one key differs in *sentimental effect* from that of another.

The above enumeration may not cover the whole ground, but it appears to me to be sufficient, and I shall next proceed to consider the truth or untruth of each proposition in the order in which it stands, as one of the four appears to my mind a consecutive and legitimate inference from the principle or doctrine of "*Characters of the Different Keys*." At the same time, if the peculiar character of one key from another is supposed to be the consequent of some other hypothesis, I shall be equally happy to consider it, if some one will suggest it.

Firstly, then, as to the truth or untruth of sounds—all, or part—being of different sentimental quality, in one range of tones or keys, from what they are in another, separately considered. I think it will be found that a sound, separately considered, has but one *specific, unchanging, and independent* quality, and that is its *pitch*, or the *number of vibrations taking place in a given time*. It is, of course, impossible that this independent and unchanging quality can be exhibited without being connected with some other quality, but the other qualities are circumstantial. For instance, the sound of a certain known number of vibrations, called in musical notation A,  may be produced from a tune-fork, a pitch-pipe, a flute, a violin, piano-forte, human voice, &c. &c. In each case, according to the nature of the material from which the sound is produced, so will it partake of the nature and character of that material. A minute description of the effect produced in each of these cases, would necessarily be varied; and that which would be true of the one would not be true of the other. Yet they all coincide in one point, and that is the pitch, or the number of vibrations. Again, the sound spoken of might be continued for a longer or shorter period; it might be given abruptly or gradually; in a mournful or joyous manner; but this would be at the will or caprice of the producer, and we could not with any propriety assert as a characteristic of the sound called  A, that it was a long sound, or a short sound, or a mournful sound, or a joyous sound, or a bell-like sound, or a trumpet-like sound, any more than we could assert, indiscriminately, of the period of time called a "*day*," that it is a sunny day.

[Having filled my sheet, I must defer until a future time the remarks I propose to continue on the subject, if these are considered interesting.]

J. J. CLARKE.

Welsh Music.

The *Athenæum* runs small risk of being accused of undue predilections for Welsh antiquarianism, the puerility and obsolescence of which in the forms clung to have again and again afforded justifiable matter for remark. Yet we shall not be astonished if touchy minstrels, belonging to the Land of Cakes and the Emerald Isle, both resolute to assert the supremacy of their national music, may feel offence and surprise when we say that to our apprehension the airs of the Principality are more beautiful than the airs of either Scotland or Ireland. That they have been so thoroughly overlooked as they have been by trained composers may be ascribed to the insulation and exclusiveness which the gentry and people of Wales seem to court as among the best heritages of a long pedigree. Yet "*The Queen's Dream*," and "*Ar hyd y Nos*," and "*Merch Megan*," and the "*Ash Grove*," and twenty more that we could name from the elder collections (without approaching the wilder, more curious, yet not

less beautiful specimens in the collection of Miss M. J. Williams) would furnish capital and tractable *motifs* to any opera-maker in these exhausted days,—when, as in the case of M. Von Flotow's "Martha," "The Last Rose of Summer" can rescue a feeble score from insipidity and neglect. The fine and musical lyrics written for some of the tunes in question by Mrs. Hemans have been too much forgotten, and are worth suggesting to any singer in search of a national ballad less worn than "Bonny Dundee" or "Rory O'More." Here, to point the moral of what has been said, is a collection of *Welsh Melodies arranged for the Harp*, by John Thomas, (Boosey & Son). The name of the editor is guarantee for its goodness as harp music. In No. 1, "The Ash Grove," we have been used to a different version of the second part of the melody. Has Mr. Thomas tamed it? No. 2, "The Bells of Aberdyfi," is a less symmetrical, but still grand tune from the Aberpergwm collection. No. 3, "Sweet Richard," has a touch in it of the old-fashioned *Allemande*. No. 4, "The Rising of the Sun," is an ancient harp tune, with a fine specimen of those unisons of which the Welsh melodists were as little afraid as is Signor Verdi. No. 5, "The March of the Men of Harlech," is better worth taking up by any Meyerbeer than the poor *Des-sauer* March, on which the triple military *finale* to "L'Etoile" is based. No. 7, "Morva Rhuddlan," is a stately melody in a minor key. No. 8, "The Allurement of Love," is elegant, alluring (as it should be), and still within the regular bounds of propriety. No. 9, "The Rising of the Lark," owes its peculiarity to its rhythm: the first part consisting of six bars; the second, of three four-bar phrases. The form of *refrain*, too, in it may be paralleled by more modern examples,—for instance, in the air in E flat, with variations, by Mendelssohn. "Of a noble race was Shenkin," No. 10, (again mark the unisons) was one of the few Welsh airs which reached Beethoven at Vienna,—and those who look at his arrangement of it may take a lesson from the penetrating intelligence with which, in his easy variations, as duet for piano and flute, or violin, he contrived to draw out and distinguish the unisonal feature aforesaid. "Mereh Megen" No. (11), with its second part *alla Rossini*, is another of those melodies of the Principality which are the most familiar. Mr. Thomas, it must be repeated, though he has shown small research (wise, perhaps, in confining himself to what is best known), has done his duty well by his own instrument, in his preludes and variations. Nos. 6 and 22 are *fantasias* on tunes of his own,—tunes, too, not ungracious. But, as the rhyme-ster said,

The old tunes are the best,—

and the melodies of Mr. Thomas, however *suave*, have neither the elevation, character, nor originality of the noble old harp-music of Wales.—*London Athenæum*, Aug. 7.

A FEMALE VIOLINIST.—(From *Punch*).—We have heard Mdle. Humler. She plays on the violin with a most charming grace. We split a pair of spotless gloves (lavender—4s. 3d.) in applauding her. It was more than we could do to keep our hands quiet; and yet it is not once in a hundred weeks that we do applaud. The temptation occurs so seldom. Mdle. Humler must send us the address of her *gambier*; for, listening to her we became reckless. She made that stupid-looking bit of wood appeal, cry, laugh, whisper, scream, fall on its knees, tumble head over heels, sing, talk, persuade, charm, convince, make love, do everything that man and woman generally do, and generally do most indifferently. Mademoiselle has no need to talk to express her thoughts. The violin is her conversation. It talks and sings at the same time, your ears all the while being held, as by a loving hand, to catch every little touching word. She is an instrumental Bosio, warbling just as sweetly with her fiddlestick, that seems to have a voice in it. We heard Mr. Distin (a great trumpet in his way) loudly apostrophize her as a "female Paganini." More than Paganini, she pleases as well as astonishes. With her it is not merely *tours de force*, but *tours de plaisir, d'extase, de larmes, de délire, de Septième Paradis*,—so to speak, in a *musico-fanatico* style. On most occasions we would rather walk over several muddy crossings to avoid hearing the violin, against which our excoiated ear cherishes a most hearty

hatred; but to hear Mdle. Humler, we would wade any day through a Novemberish depth of mud to pay aural homage to the eloquent music she has the power of extracting from that instrument of torture.

MUSICAL PITCH.—The *London Athenæum* has the following remarks upon the French Commission on the subject of a uniform diapason, lately mentioned in these columns.

"*Flat persons*," who find "how to get up" a great difficulty, will receive with joy the news of a commission of inquiry just ordered by the Minister of State in France. The object of this is to moderate the excessive and increasing sharpness of pitch, and to establish an Imperial *la*, by which all trusty and well-beloved forks are to be made and all loyal orchestras tuned. Those appointed to hear testimony, to report, and to decide, are MM. Pelletier, Anber, Berlioz, Despretz, Doncet, Halévy, Lissajons, Mellinet, Meyerbeer, Monnais, Rossini, and Thomas. Far be it from us to question the practical efficacy of so solemn and official a proceeding as the above; or to deny that a disposition to exaggerate and "screw up" exists, caused by the concession made to players on stringed instruments. But, pondering as we have done again and again on this matter of pitch, a certain question has always remained unanswered, which, we submit, has value and curiosity as bearing on the subject. How came it to pass, in those days when the diapason (as persons of a *flat* disposition perpetually assert) was a full tone lower than it is at present, that the *bass* part was written a tone—sometimes, even, a third—lower than it is in our time? The E below the line—which, now with nine of our deepest basses out of ten, is hardly a note, any more than is the voice of the 32-feet *bombard* in an organ—must then have been D. The long-sustained D in Mozart's "Il Serraglio" must then have been a C—below the lungs, it might be fancied, of any creature less double-bass than a Russian *contrabasso*,—and that preternatural human instrument, we have understood, is only an opichleide, having four or five profound tones at command—a co-operating member of a band trained (self-wise) to bring out his few notes, but in no respect an artist, hardly even a singer. Speaking in such depths, at all events, must have been out of the question. There are living more *soprani* (instance Mesdames Goldschmidt, La Grange, Gassier, Miolan-Carvalho) who can now rise to the E *altissimo*, presumed to be the F of our grandmothers, than *bassi*, who venture to plumb the abysses referred to, even in their modern raised pitch. Can it be proved that the vibrations of the same piece of metal are immutable? that no change is wrought by Time in the tuning-fork? The question at least is worth propounding to the solemn folk who are about to sit on the orthodoxy of "la" in Paris.

Truth about Music and Musicians.

Translated from the German by SABELLA NOVELLO.

IV.

RULES OF ART.*

A well-known axiom of Goethe says: "Art remains Art for evermore; he who has not *thoroughly studied* it, cannot be termed an artist." And to Eckermann he once declared: "We should not seek for Nature itself in every great artist, but we should learn from him how he contemplates, how he artistically comprehends and represents Nature; we should try and learn what is *significant* in Nature and in Life."

Goethe, during his long career, continuously sought after the *significant* in Nature and in Life;—he assiduously studied Art, and therefore compassed such great things, in such perfect wise. All those who have excelled have acted in like manner.

How Shakspeare pondered on dramatic art, may be partly gathered from the instructions to players, which he gives in *Hamlet*. How Gluck ruminated the capabilities of Music, and considered how it might be made most effective,—how Mozart and Beethoven weighed almost every bar of their compositions, you know, or may learn, from my former letters on this subject.

The profound attention bestowed on our Art, by the greatest intellects, during the lapse of many years, has enabled us to discern the true path by which alone the aim of Art may be attained; and certain rules conspicuously stand

forth, by which every work must be regulated ere it claim the title of masterpiece.

These Art-maxims must direct an artist in his creations,—must influence and determine his ideas; of course, I speak of such Art-maxims as are veritable and ascertained,—not of such as are false and deceitful, tending merely to lead astray.

Every student who would become worthy of his Art, must, before all else, make himself intimately acquainted with these correct Art-maxims. He will only meet with them in the works of acknowledged great masters, who owned the worth of such axioms, practically illustrated them, and impressed them with the stamp of genuine value.

The study of master-pieces is, and ever will be, the Alpha and Omega of proper artistic cultivation,—not blind and mechanical study, but diligent and analytical examination; without this mental *winnowing*, a student will imbibe from these works much that is unworthy and false, together with that which is worthy and truthful.

Our masters were but men, and, therefore, imperfect beings; each of them evinced some deficiencies, or committed some errors; each of them, in an hour of weakness, produced something defective; almost every one has a certain mannerism, or a slight peculiarity, which is not always worthy of imitation.

Spohr, for example, is, in many respects, an excellent model for students; but he is too fond of enharmonic modulation,—he employs it too constantly, and often introduces it when it militates against requisite, characteristic simplicity. The scholar who should implicitly imitate this master,—who, from the fact that enharmonic modulations occasionally excite unexpected pleasure and agreeable surprise, should form a conclusion, and found for himself an Art-maxim, that enharmonic modulation *always* produces a surprising and agreeable effect,—would misconceive and falsely apply a rule of modulation in itself perfectly true and ascertained.

Surprise, in many cases, is extremely effective; but when a composer,—in order to produce surprise by, for instance, an unexpected modulation,—introduces, previously to it, unusual transitions, he entirely fails in, or but half accomplishes his object, because he will have misapplied another Art-maxim which inculcates *preparation*. Should he, on the other hand, have properly introduced the surprise, so as to effect his purpose, yet, in case the subject he endeavors to describe should not demand surprise, he will have fallen into another error from ignorance or misapplication of a further maxim, which declares that every resource of Art should be employed in its *appropriate place* when expedient or suitable, and not wantonly lavished without end or aim.

You will not need to seek long before you discover many offences against this maxim committed by our modern composers; for we know well, that, at the present time, not only are ascertained, truthful maxims falsely interpreted, but that absolutely false rules are advocated. I remind you only of—overweening exuberance in instrumentation—of preponderance of instruments, which drown vocal melody—of neglected contrast, &c.

Unfortunately, experience—that is, Art-history—teaches us that for every Art a time arrives when great masters, who acknowledge all true Art-maxims, and exemplify them in their compositions, are succeeded by those, who, desirous of creating something *new*, seek to discover new maxims, and, not being able to find true ones, adopt those which are false, and therefore unused.

Thus begins the decline of Art. In order not to hasten it—in order to defer the fall of Art, and to sustain and elevate it—our only plan is, not even to glance at the moderns, with all their deviations from truthful tenets; not to seek example from them, but from earlier, and even the earliest masters. The voracious Art-maxims displayed in their works may, it is true, receive a new outward shape and semblance—they may appear in

* No. III., on "Modern German Opera Music," we have already copied. See *Journal of Music*, May 29, 1858.

novel adornment—but they will remain intrinsically the same, and immutably true.*

For instance, a hundred years before Mozart and Beethoven existed, *Euphony* was different from what it was in their time; it was essentially different in the music of the ancient Greeks; yet, "*Euphony must prevail above all else*," remains an eternal law of music. Never will a period arrive in which *Dissonance* of instrumentation can be inculcated as a worthy rule of Art.

Should you detect, as you may often do, in modern works, harsh, dissonant instrumentation, you may deduce from it, with absolute certainty, that its composer has either never been impressed with the eternal law of truth and beauty, or that he has been incapable of impressing its image on his creations.

Again, never will a period arrive in which monotony, exuberance, indistinctness, artificiality, confusion of simultaneous parts, unfitness, want of characteristic individuality, wearisome lengthiness, dryness, neglected construction, undiscernible sectional division, too great diversity, or remarkable sameness, meaningless modulation, &c., &c., should be inculcated as worthy adjuncts of Art.

Unbelievable as it may appear, there exist, in our days, individuals who affirm the above-mentioned qualities to be true and excellent; ignorant critics and shameless partizans enter the lists as champions of their supreme merit, while modern so-called musical *geniuses* slavishly compose their works according to the false dictates of these monstrous oracles.

All these symptoms indicate the decline of Art,—they are the gnawing evils which consume it; they must be eradicated ere Music can regain its former glory, and arise, like the sun from out thick clouds, pure and bright in all its pristine splendor.

THE MUSIC OF THE FEELINGS.—"There are two degrees of pleasure perceived in music. The first is that which tickles the ear only with a chime of notes, which, having a sort of abstracted affinity to one another, like that of numbers in mere arithmetical proportions, but without meaning, that is, without reference to anything but the mere sense of hearing, communicates a small degree of pleasure. * * *

"Our modern music is mostly of this unmeaning and unaffecting kind. It is seated almost wholly in the ear, and hardly ever goes further, but through habit. The other degree in musical entertainment strikes deeper into the mind, and, while it carries with it all the mere auditory pleasure just mentioned, speaks to, and entertains our affections also. It is the object of an internal sense, as well as of an external. It is heard by love, by anger, by fear, by courage; or it is felt by the soul, as played on the strings of that instrument which is placed nearest to her perceptive powers; and perhaps ought to be considered as a unison or concert, executed at once between a violin without and another within. Somewhat of this we perceive in a few of Corelli's compositions, and in more of Handel's. But our musicians affect too great a variety of notes in each tune, and aim not, or but a very little, at a meaning. Their pieces jingle prettily, but seldom speak, as the much simpler music of the ancients undoubtedly did." * * * *Philip Skelton.*

A remark is to be made on Madame Bosio, which the lady's friends might wisely take to heart ere they encourage her to pass another winter in the Russian capital. Last season her voice, which had scarcely arrived at its maturity, already reminded us of a flower overblown. This year, to continue the simile, one or two leaves have fallen, and more seem "on the turn." Neither the compass, the quality, nor the power of the organ are what they were. How far rest might restore it cannot be told without trial: but further exercise of a voice so delicate in a climate so rude is to be deprecated. Rarely has artist improved so rapidly as did Madame Bosio during two or three seasons. Few have held place of higher regard in English favor. Never were improving or complete singers so rare,—perhaps because never was gain so easily won by the unimprovable or the incomplete. Bystanders who look forward, without any stake in the matter, save the pleasure they must lose, and the decay which must accrue to art, cannot see and hear such things without a word of friendly caution. Other of our most favorite singing birds

have left England for a while, among these, Mesdames Viardot, Novello, and Lemmens Sherrington—the first two ladies to return for the Festivals. We are told that Mlle. Piccolomini has been engaged for America by Mr. Barnum, and that Madame Viardot intends to pass the close of this year in Hungary and Austria.

The Diapason—The French Commission.

"This high Commission, let us hope," says *Le Ménestrel*, "will not be called on to discuss the maintenance of the present diapason, which is about to be put on its trial, but to come to some understanding as to the reasonable basis by which it must be regulated, in order to render the voice its former longevity without interfering too much with the existing sonority of instruments. With regard to the latter point, it is to be regretted that some musical instrument makers and instrumentalists of merit, as well as several of the oldest members of the lyric stages, such as MM. Duprez and Levasseur, were not called upon to give their opinions on the projected reform. It is to be regretted also, if we may be allowed to revert to our idea of a European congress, that the Commission charged with the task of judging and reforming the diapason, has not been endowed with a semi-national character. Representatives of Germany, Italy, and England, such as M. Fétis for Belgium, would have consolidated the work of regeneration by generalizing it a little everywhere; this is a most important matter, for our singers, like those of Italy, are spread, so to say, over the whole surface of the globe. Now let us take the case of a tenor and bass, accustomed to sing in France, half-a-tone lower: "*Les chevaliers de ma patrie*," or "*Simon la mort!*" On crossing the Rhine or the Straits of Dover, they find themselves struggling with an orchestra which employs a system of sonority completely strange to them, with a diapason which has become an impossibility for their voices: Robert can no longer reach the height of his "*patrie*," while Bertram meets death half a tone too soon.

"If we are well-informed, the Minister of State has already directed his attention to this primordial difficulty, and it is said he intends communicating officially with the musical celebrities of neighboring countries. But why should this first step prevent the personal attendance in the Diapason Commission of M. Mercadante, for instance, as the representative of musical Italy, in his capacity of director of the Conservatory of Naples; of M. Benedict, in nearly the same character, for England; of MM. Marschner and Liszt, as representing Germany with our celebrated master, Meyerbeer; of M. Fétis, already mentioned, for Belgium, and lastly, of General Andrew Sabouroff, the successor of M. Guedéonoff, who would represent the imperial theatres of Russia, as General Mellinet does the military bands of France? All this is a mere observation which we submit to the enlightened solicitude of the Minister of State, who, we repeat, has taken with regard to the diapason a step for which the whole musical world ought to thank him.

"In fact there is a greater scarcity of vocalists with voices in our theatres every day. It was time to put a stop to this state of things. It has been demonstrated that the diapason of Gluck was nearly a tone lower than that of the present day. Our illustrious *maestro*, Rossini, told us, a few days since, that since 1823, the diapason had been raised half-a-tone, so that he himself could not tell in what key his works are now executed.

"It is not long since, in France, the diapason of the Salle Feydeau was believed to be higher than that of the Grand-Opéra, which exerted itself to the utmost to surpass its rival. We know that certain instruments have a great deal to do with this ambition to rise—no matter at what sacrifice. The piano, for instance, gains greatly in sonority from being tuned at the highest diapason. What is the general consequence of this in our saloons? A great many singers refuse to be accompanied on a piano called a "*piano d'exercitation*," while, in other cases, instrumentalists cannot manage with accompanying pianos. As we perceive, this is an important question, not only of sonority, but, also, of manufacture, for most of our orchestral instruments would have to be reconstructed on a new plan. It is for this reason that it would be useful to nominate some of our principal musical instrument-makers to the Diapason Commission.

"Besides, when we have arrived at a cordial understanding as to the number of vibrations allowed for the standard diapason, we must proceed to the manufacture of the diapason itself, and, on this head, we express a wish that, like the money struck in the name of the State, the diapason, in its modest sphere, should be established and manufactured under the auspices of the Conservatory. Without this, there

will be no unity of vibrations, both on account of bad metal, and want of finish in the work. Left to competition, the same will be true of the diapason as of the metrometer; it will always be faulty. Both of these regulating instruments ought to be issued officially from the Conservatory, if not remain its exclusive property: they would thus be established on the best foundation, under circumstances which would render them most accessible to all. The Conservatory might find in this plan a perfectly natural *subvention*, which would assist in founding new scholarships, or, at least, in ameliorating its annual income. This is another suggestion which we submit to the consideration of the Minister of State, under whose direct control our Imperial Conservatory of Musical Declamation stands.

"We cannot terminate without addressing an humble petition to the celebrated composers summoned to take part in the Diapason Committee. It depends more particularly on them whether the diapason is reduced to its starting point, not only *materially*, but *practically*, by the manner in which they write their future compositions. Even if the Commission were to lower the diapason a tone, nothing would be gained, if our composers perpetuated their present mode of writing. It is they, perhaps, more than the instruments, who have contributed to raise the diapason. If singers' voices are not more seriously considered by the very persons who obtain their effects from them; if our lyric musicians cannot, by a greater vocal temperance, and a deeper study of the capacities of voices, insert the new, we mean the old, diapason, the Commission will have lost its time. This would be a most deplorable fact. In the name, therefore, of the vocal art, the last vestiges of which threaten to disappear, we call upon composers to render the certified diapason an actual truth."

Mlle. Piccolomini.

Here is what the London *Illustrated Times* says of the young lady, whom Ullman has engaged, and who, according to her New York trumpet-blowers, is going to excite another Jenny Lind *fièvre*. It does not differ much from the impressions of her, which we have from time to time copied from the *Athenæum* and other sources. But the lady is handsome, sprightly, young, impetuous, and all that: and these advantages, it is presumed, will go farther than artistic skill or genius. So sound the trumpets, Heralds!

The last 'novelty' of the regular season was the 'Lucia,' which was played for the first time this year on Thursday, for Giuglini's benefit. Giuglini's Edgardo is one of his best parts in a musical sense, but he scarcely acts it better than that of Gennaro in 'Lucrezia,' and in a historic point of view Giuglini's Gennaro is the worst but one we ever saw. The tameness of the Edgardo is rendered more apparent by the unnatural vivacity of Mlle. Piccolomini as Lucia. Mlle. Piccolomini is even more unlike the gentle, sentimental, melancholy heroine of Sir Walter Scott than she is to any other of the characters of her too numerous *répertoire*. This 'fascinating' young lady, as it is still to some extent the fashion to style her, seldom seems to understand the part she is playing. But there is certainly this to be said in her favor, that if she were to attempt to make herself like Lucia, she *might* fail; whereas, by adopting the easy method of making Lucia exactly like Mlle. Piccolomini, she is sure to succeed. This system of bringing the mountain to Mahomet instead of Mahomet to the mountain, is also observable in Mlle. Piccolomini's execution of the music of 'Lucia,' and indeed in that of nearly all the music she sings. In the air of the third act, some of the passages are too difficult for the vocalist. She does not omit the air, but she sings the air so slowly that half the difficulty of the difficult passages disappears. It is true that the music loses somewhat of its effect, but that is the affair of the late Donizetti, and not of the singer.

However, taking Mlle. Piccolomini's performance altogether, we think we may say that it exhibits some improvement since last season. Her acting is somewhat toned down, and the objectionable features are not quite so salient as formerly. Miss Ashton had certainly no right to be so affectionate as she was wont to be (under the auspices of Mlle. Piccolomini), in the scene with her lover at the end of the first act. When young ladies of Miss Ashton's position in society, and above all her temperament, allow themselves a lover at all, they, at least, do not give way to their feelings, and throw themselves round his neck as Mlle. Piccolomini was, and to a certain extent is now, in the habit of doing. Signor Giuglini, who is a lover of much propriety, feels the awkwardness of his position, and evidently endeavors by his very commendable coldness to keep the young lady at a distance, but unfortunately without success.

Mlle. Piccolomini is seen to most advantage in the scene with her brother, and in the finale to the second act. This admirable finale, the most dramatic piece of music Donizetti ever wrote, is far better executed, as far as the orchestra and chorus are concerned, than it was last year, and Mlle. Piccolomini still acts with considerable energy and feeling. It is, of course, on the side of energy that she errs, indeed it may be said, (in the Hibernian style,) that energy is her weak point. She sings with energy, acts with energy, above all, sobs and runs about with energy, and if she has to fall, she even falls with energy. When Edgardo, pointing to her signature, asks whether that writing is hers, and afterwards dismisses her with a gesture of contempt, she goes over like a nine-pin, as if her lover had actually knocked her down. Now, to knock a young lady down merely for infidelity, and 'that with extenuating circumstances,' is the sort of thing Signor Giuglini, as Edgardo, would never think of doing. In fact, he gives her the slightest possible push, and Lucia, by instantly falling, gives it all the semblance of a violent blow. Thus she does her best to destroy the sympathy which the audience ought naturally to feel for the lover, who by his apparent brutality forfeits all claim to pity.

In the mad scene, Mlle. Piccolomini does not exhibit melancholy madness, but some fantastic kind of lunacy, which is doubtless very sad, but not particularly touching.

MUSIC AND DRAWING.—The writer of "Suburban Letters" in the Worcester *Palladium*, is a true friend of æsthetic culture. In one of the last letters she says:

"A clerical friend who has a piano in his parlor and an easel in his study, says, 'I could not give up my love for music and painting. I sometimes wonder what I should be without it!' Into his active professional life—a life of mingled pleasure and pain, labor and care, these two arts shed beams of happiness so pure, so full of delight, as to be alone worth years of study and self-denying application. His ministerial duties are not the less attended to because his ears are open to harmony and his eye to color. Never does it make him less practically useful, less able to administer that food which it is his blessed privilege to give to mental sufferers. If he goes to-night to hear a symphony, to-morrow he will have new gentleness and grace by the sick-bed of some old and feeble parishioner. If, on Saturday, as he walked up the shaded street, the setting sun burst from behind a heavy purple cloud and lighted up the tops of the trees and here and there a protruding branch with those delicately intermingled hues which the eye of the artist can so quickly analyze—if he sees all this on Saturday night, there will be, in Sunday's sermon, a little extempore paragraph, which coming as from inspiration, stands out in bold relief from the ground work of the discourse, to be a bright star of thought to his people during the coming week. We would have every child taught something of music and of drawing; and yet, we question whether the public-school be the place for their instruction. School-life is too short and its requirements too many to admit of proper attention to these branches. Besides what is learned of these arts should be rightly learned, which is not possible unless the teacher stands in the first rank of his profession. Better a thorough knowledge of the rudiments of either art, gained from a competent instructor, than a little superficial glance over the field. The common-school teacher steps from his sphere when he leaves arithmetic and grammar to give a few hasty lessons to fifty or sixty pupils who cannot learn from him in a week what they might from a professional teacher in a single hour. This method of teaching, too generally adopted, is one of the results of our American way of grasping all things but taking firm hold of nothing."

Mario as Don Juan.

Mr. Dwight,—Is it possible that the lusty, daring, reckless, godless Don can, by any consistency with nature or art, be represented by the effeminate figure and sweetest tenor of Signor Mario? Form, face, figure, voice—are they not those of the sentimental and passionate lover, not those of the deliberate and heartless seducer, who laughs at sighs, and tears, and emotion, and employs them but as the instruments of his trade, to gratify the inordinate lust of a powerful physical nature? The very quality of the tenor voice is opposed to the idea of masculine vigor and power; the very idea of Don Giovanni is that of superabundant masculine vigor and power. The tones of the tenor are suggestive of truthfulness, serious

devotion, and absorbing passion; Don Giovanni is a revelation of the cool heartlessness and infernal mirth of Mephistopheles. No doubt the sweetness and tenderness of such a voice as that of Mario may be apt instruments of dissimulation and heart-breaking; but that is not the character of the hero, whose fascination lay in his manly powers and all-defying impudence. Shall we expect the "new and improved" hero to make us tremble by attempting jollity and good-fellowship with the awful ghost of the murdered Commandant, and to struggle manfully with flaming devils? Shall we not pity his physical weakness, and urge him to make timely retreat, instead of feeling any satisfactory terror inspired by the triumph of supernal vengeance over Satanic effrontery and heaven denying self-indulgence? BEP.

Dorchester, Aug. 29.

Mario and Don Giovanni.

Correspondence of The Manchester Guardian.

The great success of the past season at the Royal Italian Opera has been the production of "Don Giovanni." The lessee of an opera house has this difficulty in bringing out a new opera—the greater part of the season is wasted in rehearsals. Thus "Don Giovanni," which always brings three or four crowded audiences, and would have filled the theatre for twenty nights with the cast at the manager's disposal, was not brought out until the far end of the season, when many subscribers had already left town. Every one knows that the part of Don Giovanni was written for a baritone, and that every baritone of mark has tried the character and failed, with the single exception of Tamburini, who is said to be little likely to re-appear upon the London stage. It may be maintained with some show of reason that Mozart committed a mistake in giving the love music of this part to a baritone, when all tradition and the fitness of things point to the sympathetic tones of a tenor as most expressive of the tender passion. Be this as it may, Mario is fortified by the example of several great tenors in undertaking this arduous character. It is also whispered that he is not sorry to obtain possession of a part in which little demand is made upon him for those high notes which are somewhat impaired by time and use, while the rich, sweet, and full middle and lower notes of his voice are constantly heard with moving effect in the charming songs and concerted music of the great composer's masterpiece.

In order to enable a tenor to sing the music of a baritone, it is of course necessary that it should be transposed. A more delicate, difficult, and unthankful office could scarcely have been confided to Signor Alary, who might have expected that the virtuous and simple-minded critic of the "two standards" would raise a frightful clamor about the reverence due to Mozart—the iniquity of omitting the last dozen bars of the overture, and of singing a song well in one key which is usually sung ill in another. So favorable an opportunity of showing his technical knowledge, and at the same time of writing down the Royal Italian Opera, was not to be neglected. Luckily, however, the general public was not so critical, and your readers will entirely misconceive the sentiments of the connoisseurs if, relying upon the critic of the "two standards," they should dream of the Metropolitan public as outraged and disgusted by the transpositions of keys and the change from F to C. What they saw was the finest performance of Don Giovanni since the palmiest days of Tamburini. Imagine a cast which includes Grisi as Donna Anna, Tamberlik as her lover, Bosio as Zerlina, Mario as the Don, and Ronconi as Leporello! How handsome Mario looked, and how like a noble Spaniard just stepped out of a picture by Velasquez, it is unnecessary to say. His costume was perfect. In the early scenes he appears upon the stage carrying a gold-headed cane, which, as Mario is a great historical authority upon points of costume and equipment, was, we may be sure, worn by the hidalgos of the period in which the scene is supposed to be cast. The gentlemanly and unaffected bearing, the consummate taste and ease with which the music was sung, the exquisite phrasing and delivery of "La ci darem" and the serenade, have never been surpassed, and cannot fail to render "Don Giovanni" one of the most admired parts in the repertory of the great tenor. The critics are not far wrong when they say that in the scenes with the statue Mario is too much occupied in remembering music not familiar to him to throw himself with abandon into the tragic and supernatural horrors of the situation. But the lyrical drama affords us more finished and yet energetic

acting than that of Mario in the "Huguenots," "Lucrezia," and "Il Trovatore," although in the first and greatest of these operas he began by giving us a stiff and colorless outline, which he has gradually filled in with flesh and blood. So we may well afford to wait until the *artiste* has had time to develop and mature his conceptions of stage effect in his new part, being content meanwhile to hear the music infinitely better sung, and the character better played than by any Don Giovanni at present in possession of the stage.

What shall we say of the other characters in this remarkable cast; the Donna Anna of Grisi, with that fine outburst of natural feeling, as she throws herself upon the body of her murdered father, and the thrilling pathos with which she afterwards describes the scene to her lover? What of Tamberlik, who sings "Il mio tesoro," as no one but Mario ever did sing it, and whose highest praise is that Mario can be spared without loss to fill the more prominent personage of the opera? What of the Zerlina of Bosio—the refined, the lady-like, the exquisite Bosio, who sings "Batti, batti" and "Vedrai carino" with such enchanting grace, with such freshness of voice and purity of style and execution that the critic is dumb, holds his breath for fear of losing a note and cannot help joining in the murmur of admiration and delight? What of Bosio, indeed, the prettiest Zerlina ever witnessed, in the prettiest costume, against whom nothing can be said except that she is naturally too graceful and lady-like for a peasant girl? What, lastly, of the Leporello of Ronconi, for whom no allowances need be made, but who acted and sang the part of Leporello on the first night, in a manner which the oldest opera-goer had never seen surpassed. With a full recollection of the great Lablache, I must affirm that Ronconi gives us a more true and dramatic, and not less amusing, interpretation of the character. His terror in the last act has its comic side of cowardice and selfishness, but his horror at the fate of his master is tragic in its intensity. Lablache, too, often made us laugh in the last act, when the great composer was lavishing all the resources of his dramatic genius in the attempt to inspire us with awe. Ronconi, on the contrary, not only makes the terror of Leporello a tragical element of the catastrophe, but disguises and diverts attention from the comparative tameness of Mario. In the scene between the statue and Don Giovanni he is for a few moments the master of the situation and the leading figure on the canvas—a situation which he owes to his genius and to the perfection both of his singing and acting.

Rosa Bonheur.

Rosa Bonheur is an indefatigable worker. She rises at six o'clock and paints until dusk, when she lays aside her blouse, puts on a bonnet and shawl of most unfashionable appearance, and takes a turn through the neighboring streets alone, or accompanied by a favorite dog. Absorbed in her own thoughts, and unconscious of everything around her, the first conception of a picture is frequently struck out by her in these rapid, solitary walks in the twilight.

Living solely for her art, she has gladly resigned the cares of her outward existence to an old and devoted friend, a Mme. Micas, a widow lady, who, with her daughter—an artist, whose exquisite groups of birds are well known in England, and who has been for many years Rosa's most intimate companion—resides with her, relieving her of every material responsibility, and leaving her free to devote herself exclusively to her favorite pursuit. Every summer the two lady artists repair to some mountain district to sketch. Arrived at the regions inhabited only by the chamois, the ladies exchange their feminine habiliments for masculine attire, and spend a couple of months in exploring the wildest recesses of the hills, courting the acquaintance of their shy and swift-footed truants, and harvesting "effects," of storm, rain and vapor, as assiduously as those of sunshine. Though Rosa is fully alive to the beauties of wood and meadow—as we know from the loveliness she has transferred from them to her canvas—mountain scenery is her especial delight. Hitherto her explorations had been confined to the French chains and the Pyrenees, but in the autumn of '56 she visited Scotland and made numerous sketches in the neighborhood of Glen-fallock, Glencoe and Ballaculish; and struck by the beauty of the Highland cattle, selected some choice specimens of these, which she had sent down to Wexham Rectory, near Windsor, where she resided, and spent two months in making numerous studies, from which she has already produced two pictures: "The Denizens of the Mountains," and "Morning in the Highlands." The Alps she has not yet visited, though constantly intending to do so. Her preference being for the stern, the abrupt, and the majestic, instead of the soft, the smiling and the fair, Italy, with all its glories, has hitherto attracted her less

powerfully than the ruder magnificence of the Pyrenees and the north.

Among the mountains the great artist is completely in her element; out of doors from morning till night, lodging in the humblest and remotest of roadside hotels, or in the huts of wood-cutters, charcoal-burners, and chamois hunters, and living contentedly on whatever fare can be obtained. Two years ago, being furnished by families of distinction in the Bérnaïs and the Basque provinces with introductions to the rare inhabitants of the region, the party pushed their adventurous wanderings to the little station of Peyronère, the last inhabited point within the French frontier, and thence up the romantic defiles of the Vallée d'Urdos, across the summit of the Pyrenees. Thanks to the letters they carried, the travellers were hospitably received at each halting-place, and furnished with a trusty guide for the next march. In this way they crossed the mountains, and gained the lonely *posada* of Canfan, the first on the Spanish side of the ridge, where, for six weeks, they saw no living souls but the *bourriqueros* (muleteers) with their strings of mules, who would halt for the night at the little inn, setting out at the earliest ray of morning for their descent on the opposite side of the mountain.

The people of the *posada* lived entirely on curled sheep's milk; the sole article of food the party could obtain on their arrival. At one time, by an early fall of snow, they were shut out of all communication with the valley. Their threatened starvation was averted by the exertions of Mlle. Micas, who managed to procure a quantity of frogs, the hind legs of which she enveloped in leaves, and toasted on sticks over a fire on the hearth. On these frogs they lived for two days, when the hostess was induced to attempt the making of butter from the milk of her sheep, and even to allow the conversion of one of these animals into mutton for their benefit. Their larder thus supplied, and black bread being brought for them by the *bourriqueros*, from some village a very long way off, the party gave themselves up to the pleasure of their wild life, and the business of sketching. The arrival of the muleteers, with their embroidered shirts, their pointed hats, velvet jackets, and leathern breeches and sandals, was always a welcome event. Rosa paid for wine for them, and they, in return, performed their national dances for her; after which they would throw themselves down for the night upon sheepskins before the fire, furnishing subjects for many picturesque *corquis*. As the *posada* was a police station, established there as a terror to smugglers, the little party felt perfectly safe, notwithstanding its loneliness.

With her Scotch tour Rosa was so much pleased that she will probably revisit a district from which she has brought away many agreeable associations, and a wonderful little Skye-terrier, named "Wasp," of the purest breed, and remarkably intelligent, which she holds in great affection, and for whose benefit she has learned several English phrases, to which "Wasp" responds with appreciative and grateful waggings of the tail.—*The Englishwoman's Journal*.

Musical Correspondence.

NEW YORK, AUG. 31.—Last evening, our Academy of Music was re-opened by MARETZKE, for the season, and amid the immense crowd of course was the inevitable *Trovator*. It was only a few months ago I had the pleasure of witnessing the debut of Madame GASSIER at Rome, where she was welcomed with frenzied enthusiasm; and last evening, I had the pleasure of witnessing the debut of the same lady in the metropolis of the New World, in the Queen of the Western Hemisphere! (vide Gagg's oration in the County House of Buncombe).

Mme. GASSIER appeared smaller than she did when I first saw her, for two reasons—one that the Teatro Argentina, at Rome, is a very little pigeon hole of an opera-house, the stage of which would be quite filled up by one ordinary sized person—the other that she has grown slightly more Alboni-like—indeed I heard a savage monster who sat next to me, say that she was *dumpy*!

She is not very pretty, nor graceful in figure, but has fine dark hair, and glorious Spanish eyes. Then she acts with intelligence, and at times sings with considerable feeling; yet, I believe her chief forte is in her vocal execution, and had we not so recently heard the inimitable LA GRANGE, we would say that Gassier was unrivalled. Her voice is fresh and

of extensive compass, and she occasionally uses a delicate *staccato* with excellent effect. The role of Amina in *Sonnambula*, chosen for her debut before an American audience, is considered one of her very finest personations, and her rendition of it last evening was a very great success. The *ronde finale*, with the brilliant variations introduced by the prima donna in the repetition, was received with the very greatest enthusiasm, and the curtain rose again to allow an encore. On the whole Madame Gassier has succeeded. Though by no means the greatest singer we have had here, as some puffers assert, she is excellent in her way, and that way is a very good one.

Talking about puffing, reminds me, that it is claimed for Madame Gassier, that she appears before the public, without any "preliminary puffing." This is to a great extent true, as far as regards the management, but there is a certain class of newspaper scrawlers who are giving her gratuitous puffing of the most disgusting style. For instance, they descant not upon the prima donna's voice, style or execution, but upon her physical appearance. She is dashing, they say, has beautiful feet, and will set the hearts of all Young New York fluttering, and make all the fair ladies desperately jealous. There is a great deal of this disgusting twaddle in some of our city papers, and does it not strike you as being not merely disgusting, but absolutely immoral? Almost every young singer that appears before our public, is subjected to such equivocal compliments. For instance, when Vestrali appeared in male characters, some journalists praised her limbs more than her singing, and even already the penny-a-liners are heralding Piccolomini in a similar strain. Is not this whole style of criticism unfit for a respectable newspaper, and community?

The tenor who supported Madame Gassier last evening, was Mr. PERRING, a gentleman who has sung considerably in concerts and oratorios, but had never before appeared in opera. Mr. Perring is the tenor of the choir of Calvary Church, and possesses a sweet flexible voice, without great power or compass. Every allowance should be made for a first appearance, and after every allowance having been thus made, Mr. Perring should be considered as a very pleasing concert singer, but as yet hardly capable of the position of first tenor in a first class Italian opera company. He was very nervous, however, as might have been expected, and will undoubtedly do better on another occasion. It is but fair to say that his efforts were generally applauded, and the press of the city, with a few exceptions, give him the credit of having made a very promising debut.

Mr. GASSIER was welcomed back with the most friendly applause. Was it not a pleasing coincidence, that the first air he sang to our public, after his return from Europe, was the "Vi ravviso, luoghi ameni?"

We are to be overflowed and deluged with opera this fall. Two English companies, one with LUCY ESCOTT as prima donna, the other with Miss ANNIE MILNER, will shortly commence operations, while we shall have an uninterrupted course of Italian opera, by various troupes. Besides these, there are to be French and German operas given, of which you shall hear further from

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TROVATOR.

BROOKLYN, N. Y., AUGUST 31.—It is now some time since our good people began to talk about building an Opera House, and so far but little progress has been made towards the accomplishment of this very desirable and laudable object. No doubt the idea of an Opera House in Brooklyn may seem very absurd to most of your readers who live in the country or in cities remote from us, but to those most interested and the best capable of judging in the matter, the idea is not only a very sensible one, but a very feasible one.

Here, we have a city containing about the same

number of inhabitants as the city of Boston, without a music Hall capable of holding over 1200 persons, without a Theatre or any place of amusement worth naming, and consequently entirely dependent upon New York for every thing we enjoy in this line. Last winter we established a Philharmonic Society and a Mercantile Library, both of which were a perfect success in the fullest, largest sense. There is but one thing more we need to place us on an equal footing with other cities of equal size and importance, and that is, a large, commodious, elegant place of public amusement,—a building that shall contain a Music Hall capable of seating at least 2500 persons—also another auditorium where Operas can be brought out, or that can be used for a first class Theatre.

No practical steps have as yet been taken towards the consummation of this object, but something will be done the coming fall, and I hope before long to chronicle the beginning.

In New York an opera season of two months commenced last night at the Academy,—the indefatigable MAX MARETZKE as Manager and Conductor. As your regular correspondent "*Trovator*" has promised you a complete report of the debut of Madame GASSIER and of the new tenor, PIERINI, (who is Signior Pierini?) I will say nothing on that point.

The programme for the fall business in the way of opera and other amusements, is now pretty well developed. It is positively announced that PICCOLOMINI is engaged by Napoleon Ullman at \$4,000 per month, and all expenses paid.

The ESCOTT Troupe I spoke of sometime since as coming here this fall, are announced for a season of English Opera at Burton's new Theatre, to commence next week. Another company is announced to give English Opera at Wallack's, to be composed of Miss MILNER, soprano, Mr. MINANDA, tenor, Dr. GUILMETTE, baritone, and Mr. RUDOLPHSON, basso. Two new American operas are to be produced, so that the light of musical "Young America" is to be hidden under a bushel no longer.

The coming of PICCOLOMINI, however, is the event that is most wished for and talked about by the Potiphars, McFlimseys, and Firkins of upper-tendom. "Senora Pepita Gassier may do for the common people, but then, you know, she is entirely without style and decidedly *passée*, so it is hardly worth the trouble going to the Academy until Piccolomini comes." So discoursed the lovely Arabella Fanstina Bullion, as she entertained me this morning with various items of fashionable news, and with her opinion of the performance of *Sonnambula* at the Academy last night in particular.

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BELLINI.

WORCESTER, MASS., AUG. 26.—Miss MARIA S. BRAINERD, of New York, sang at Mechanics' Hall on Tuesday evening, affording us the best concert to which our citizens have been invited for several months. She was to have been assisted by Signor MORINO, but as he failed to appear, Mr. CLARE W. BEAMES, conductor of the concert, after several vain attempts to obtain a substitute, accepted the kindly offered assistance of ARBUCKLE's orchestral band. By the Signor's non-appearance, some of the best selections on the programme were of course omitted, which naturally occasioned some disappointment on the part of the audience—not so large, by the way, as it ought to have been, or as it may be at some more favorable season. Miss Brainerd's singing gave unqualified satisfaction. She has a soprano voice of much compass, power, purity, and sweetness; and while its higher tones are brilliant and clear, its lower ones have a richness seldom found in soprano voices. The grand feature of the evening was her singing of the aria and scena from *Der Freyschütz*—of which she gave an English version—"How near I came to slumber." It was a triumph in Art! We forgot the

difficulties of its execution; we forgot the singer who had mastered them. We heard only the music as Weber wrote it. Such moments are rare in any one's life; but surely they came to the six or eight hundred who listened almost breathlessly to the beautiful aria. A bouquet, and an earnest *encore* from the hearts and hands of the audience, were the fair singer's reward. Very sweetly and truthfully were her songs and ballads given; and without that tinselly of ornament with which many singers seek to "paint the rose."

Mr. Beames filled very acceptably the post of conductor and accompanist, and won "golden opinions" for his efficiency. He has the modesty of merit; and his pupil's attainments are sufficient evidence of his excellence as a teacher. We hope for another concert from the same performers.

Dwight's Journal of Music.

BOSTON, SEPT. 4, 1858.

MUSIC IN THIS NUMBER.—Continuation of MOZART's Cantata: "The Praise of Friendship." Owing to a miscalculation of its length, as reduced to the measure of our pages, this piece will run over so as to occupy a couple of pages more next week.

Musical Chit-Chat.

We hardly know whether it is worth the while to agitate so vague a topic as the alleged characteristic feeling or expression of the various keys in music. There are hints of meaning in it which continually tempt philosophic music-lovers into new pursuit with hope to seize it definitely and finally, but it eludes the grasp. Yet what composer will say, even apart from the conveniences of range or compass of the instruments or voices to be employed, that it is a matter of entire indifference in what key his song, or overture, or symphony, or fantasia shall be composed? What composer likes, even supposing the difficulties of execution to remain the same, to have a work which he conceived in one key transposed to another? Surely there is something in it. A contributor, on a preceding page, takes the bull by the horns with such a determined and exhaustive shake, that we are curious to see what he will make out. We do not undertake to answer his questions, put to us, until he shall have got out his whole statement. He is an unbeliever *in toto*; but his four categories, under one or more of which he thinks the alleged "characteristics" must be conceived of, if at all, do seem to us to cover the whole ground. Will he be able to dispose of them all as easily as he does of the first? That one we readily grant him. No one, of course, can find a fixed and positive character or expression in the notes, taken singly, that compose a scale. If there be any characteristic and peculiar expression in a given key or scale, it must be by correspondence. Now there is no such thing as correspondence between isolated individuals, as such; there is no correspondence between one tone and one color; while between a series or scale of tones, and the prismatic scale, so to say, of colors there may be, and doubtless is some correspondence. It is only the great law running through all being, both the world of matter and the world of mind.

A correspondent in another page asks if we can conceive of a tenor voice, the fine, sincere, true voice of love, as singing effectually in so coarse a character as that of Don Giovanni. We answer there are different theories of Mozart's Giovanni. Taking Mozart's music for the interpreter, together with the whole spirit of the drama, and it will hardly seem that there is no love, no fine spiritual element in his nature, and constituting the real secret of his magnetic power, however recklessly he is supposed to have abused it. Following this writer's query, we have copied another view of the matter from an English paper.

By referring to our *resumé* of musical news abroad it will be seen that nearly 5,000 children recently sang chorals in the Crystal Palace, London, with programme and effect quite similar to what we have lately witnessed, on a smaller scale, in Boston. * * Our friend the "Diarist," has been wandering about in London for a week, hearing the Cathedral music, both Episcopal and Catholic, and we shall soon hear from him in Germany. We have from him another of the "Brown Papers," which will perhaps appear next week. He means to go to Ludwigsburg and let us know how the great Organ for our Music Hall is getting on.

A musical convention will be held at Worcester, on Tuesday the 28th of September, concluding on Friday evening, Oct. 1st, with a Concert. Worcester seems to be the place for all great gatherings, whether political or moral, and it is fit that music should find an important centre there. A large attendance is expected. We understand that the exercises are to be conducted by Mr. B. F. BAKER, of this city, and by Mr. EDWARD HAMILTON, of Worcester. . . . Mrs. EMMA A. WENTWORTH, the favorite vocalist, is reported as being recently in London, receiving lessons from Costa; but she expected to return to Boston about the middle of September. . . . They have a new attraction at the Boston Museum in Miss SHAW, a pretty, natural, fresh-voiced singer and actress in light and lively operettas. There is a certain charm of individuality about her singing, without any very high degree of school or execution.

Twenty-four new Etudes for the piano, by STEPHEN HELLER, are announced as shortly to appear in Europe; they will be hailed with pleasure by all lovers of the best piano-forte music. . . . A new Symphony, by LINDBLAD, the admirable Swedish composer of songs and operas, was performed a short time since in Stockholm, and another composition by the same master, entitled "The Dreamer," is expected.

MARETZKE's Opera troupe commenced in New York with *La Sonnambula*; see correspondence. This was twice played, and followed last evening by Verdi's *Rigoletto*! It would seem that the attraction is supposed to lie in the singers and not in the operas themselves. The characters were Sig. LUIGI STEFANI (tenor, first appearance), Duke of Mantua; ASSONI (buffo), the hunchback; Mme. GASSIER, Gilda; ADELAIDE PHILLIPPS, Magdalena; Sig. GARIBALDI (first appearance), Sparafacile; Sig. GASPARONI, Count Montemore. * * * Mr. H. C. COOPER, the admiral violinist, announces his newly formed English Opera Troupe, consisting of Miss ANNA WILNER, prima donna; Mrs. G. HOLMAN, seconda donna; Mr. D. MIRANDA, "the great English tenor," (first appearance in America); Mr. G. HOLMAN, second tenor; Dr. CHARLES GUILMETTE, baritone; Mr. F. RUDOLPHSEN, basso; Mr. COOPER, conductor. * * * Of Mme. GASSIER's New York debut, the *Courier and Enquirer* says:

From that joyous outburst the "Come per me sereno" of the first act, to the agonizing "Rea non son" at the conclusion of the second act, and thence on to the jubilant finale "Ah! non giunge," she held through all the varying tide of feeling the close attention and genuine admiration of her crowd of hearers, and again and again drew down enthusiastic applause. Her voice is extended in range, rich in feeling, and of no common flexibility. Her artistic execution is often truly surprising; though she did not attempt much at ornament, what she did essay in the bravura line she accomplished with perfect ease and in admirable taste. Nature has not been so bountiful with physical gifts to Signora GASSIER as to some of her contemporaries, and her acting, though always appropriate and expressive, yet cannot be called of a superior order. It is as a vocalist that she challenges admiration, and no one can withhold it who once hears her. It is true that her vocalization is rather of the French style—neat, facile, and at times florid and brilliant; and is not marked by the largeness, force, and impassioned vigor that have distinguished some

of the *prima donnas* who have visited us. But no style can be better adapted than hers to such a charming lyric pastoral, in the sentimental line, as *La Sonnambula*. It could not but please. Signor GASSIER executed the part of the Count with good effect, but Signor PERRING as *Elvino* was hardly so successful. His *mezza voce* is agreeable, but his higher notes are somewhat thin and strained. His acting, too, might admit of some improvement. Yet, as a whole, the Opera afforded almost unmixed satisfaction from first to last, as was attested by the frequent applause and repeated calls before the curtain. The spirited exertions of the orchestra and chorus were deserving of praise.

Mme. COLSON, the favorite prima donna of the New Orleans Opera, Signor JUNCA, the great basso profundo of the same, Mr. LABOCETTA, the tenor, and Mr. & Mrs. STRAKOSCH, are among the passengers by the North Star from Europe.

"Who is Madame COLSON?" asks *Harper's Weekly*, "and who has ever heard her sing?" Perhaps the New Orleans habitués will think the question could only come from the farthest outskirts of opera-dom. But *Harper*, well says:

Who wants to succumb to an advertisement—and above all, a theatrical advertisement? Let us remember Musard and be wise.

Musard perished (popularly) of aggravated puffing. Now, advertising is good—but only for good wares. People think, sometimes, that Barnum succeeded by advertising; but it was by advertising something worth the pains and the expense. Suppose Jenny Lind had been a poor singer, could any conceivable quantity of skilful puffery have helped the matter long? Think how we were peppered with Musard before he appeared! How we were shot at from windows—how all the papers flung him in our faces—how he squeezed under the front door—how he came hidden in envelopes—how he was placarded on dead walls and painted on opera programmes! Alas, and alas! he is placarded on a dead wall now, in good truth! Certainly Musard's action should lie against Ullman, for Ullman's actions lied against Musard. He was literally blown up. He died of wind and printer's ink!

A London paper gives us an unexpected piece of news, to-wit, that Ullman has engaged not only Piccolomini, but JOHANNA WAGNER for this country. We fear it is too good news; since the same sentence states that Ullman has engaged the Gassiers, whereas we know that Maretzek has got them. Offers have been made, too, it is said, to Mlle. POINSET, of the Paris Opéra. . . . THALBERG has arrived in Paris. There he will pay but a flying visit; after which he will make a tour in Germany, and then "retire" to Naples, shutting himself out from the world of music, or as a Paris journal has it, "*loin des concerts et du piano*." He is still engaged in his *Art du Chant*. VIEUTEMS intends passing the winter in Paris.

Music Abroad.

Paris.

A mass, the composition of M. Benoist, written for *soprani*, tenors, baritones, and basses, with organ and harp, was performed at the church of Saint Eustache, in Paris, on the 25th of last month. On the same and preceding day a Festival was held at Rochefort. The principal works performed were M. David's "Eden," (in which M. Maubert, an infantry soldier, is said to have distinguished himself as *The Creator*),—a grand overture "L'Inspiration," by M. Grieve,—the "Hallelujah," from the "Messiah,"—Mendelssohn's Symphony in A,—the overture to "Guillaume Tell,"—and the finale to the third act of "Moise." There has also been a musical congress of part-singers and military bands at Dijon.

Signor Rossini is said to find himself so well at Paris, as to have determined on giving up Bologna, and establishing himself for the rest of his days at Passy, where he is about to erect a mansion.—*Athenæum*.

Germany.

Among other news from Germany is a rumor of a coming opera, by Herr Cornelius,—at present residing in Munich,—on a subject from "The Arabian Nights,"—and the approaching performance at Hanover of "Ilka," a Hungarian opera, "the first," add

the journals, "which has passed the frontier." A concert of Russian music, comprising sacred compositions by Borntianski, Lamakin and Davidoff, and a selection from Glinka's opera "A Life for the Czar," is said to have lately made a sensation at Dresden.

VIENNA.—On the 27th June, after having been closed for a long period, the Casino on the Kazlenberg was re-opened. In it is the well-known Mozart-Room, which, for many years, was totally neglected, but has now been restored. The entrance is remarkable for the inscription, "Mozart-Zimmer, 1783" (Mozart-Room, 1783). The room contains three portraits, namely: those of Mozart, the Emperor Joseph, and the Empress Maria Theresa, and a great many statuettes, among which are those of Mozart, Handel, Gluck, Weber, Beethoven, Donizetti, Rubens, Michael Angelo, Van Dyck, Rafael, Titian, Göthe, Pilgram, etc. The furniture is in the *rococo* style, probably in accordance with the fashion of 1783. There is a small table which Mozart himself is said to have used, and on it a Strangers' Book. It is gratifying to find on the first page several groups of names, some of the writers subscribing themselves expressly "admirers of Mozart."

London.

ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA.—Herold's *Zampa* is not likely to prove an acquisition to the repertory of the Royal Italian Opera. Although brought out with extreme carefulness and splendor, its success on the first night, Thursday, was by no means decided. The solitary encore of the evening was bestowed on the overture, after which there was but little applause for the music, and there were no recalls. The performance, indeed, can hardly be termed a *fiasco*; but the opera certainly created no excitement, and the general impression at the conclusion was one of disappointment. It was hardly wise to produce *Zampa* directly in the wake of *Don Giovanni*. Comparisons are inevitable, and which of the two operas suffers it is needless to insist. *Zampa*, in fact, is a sort of parody of *Don Juan*, and, like the original, with a stone statue for his Nemesis. The subjects of the two operas are differently treated, but the heroes of both are reckless and daring, submitted to supernatural influences, and brought to perdition by the same means. There is no ghost-music in *Zampa*, since the statue does not speak, and the incidental music, when the statue appears or makes a motion, is of the pure melodramatic order. Herold was most happy when attempting least. His natural flight was that of the thrush; when he endeavors to rise with the lark, or soar with the eagle, his pinions droop and he falls to the ground. The lighter portions of the music of *Zampa* are melodious and graceful, and in several instances original and beautiful. At present, however, we must confine such brief remarks as space will allow to the performance—observing, *en passant*, that *Zampa* is not a new opera, but one which for nearly thirty years has been stamped with the approving verdict of musical Europe.

The cast of the *dramatis personæ* was as follows:

Camilla, Madlle. Parepa; Rita, Mad. Didiée; Zampa, Sig. Tamberlik; Alphonso, Sig. Baraldi; Dandolo, Sig. Ronconi; Daniel, Sig. Tagliafico; Chief Corsair, Sig. Pierini.

Madlle. Parepa appeared last season as Elvira in the *Puritani*, without producing any effect. Her second essay on the present occasion was not happier. There is nothing to say against her voice, and but little against her singing; but the misfortune is that neither leaves any impression. Madlle. Parepa, as visitors to the Crystal Palace know, is a very good concert-singer; but on the stage she is a non-entity. The music of *Zampa* does not suit Sig. Tamberlik so well as that of the great opera seria of his country, in which he is so accomplished a proficient. It is arduous and fatiguing, without often being effective. Nevertheless, Sig. Tamberlik, who looked and acted the part of the libertine corsair capitably, exhibited his accustomed zeal, and in the scene where he recounts his amours, in the two barcaroles, and in several other instances, his singing was admirable. Sig. Neri Baraldi, in Alphonso, displayed the same qualities as Sig. Neri Baraldi in Lorenzo, and Sig. Neri Baraldi in Gennaro. Mad. Nantier-Didiée's Rita (Camilla's attendant) was perfect. Sig. Tagliafico's Daniel (Rita's husband and Zampa's confidant,) unique, and Sig. Ronconi's Dandolo (the bellman), incomparable. The comic trio and duet *cum trio* (acts I and 2,) in which these three artists were engaged, charmed alike by the beauty of the music and the exquisite humor of the performers. Ronconi's assumption of fright in the first scene, when Dandolo has encountered Zampa, was in his raciest manner; and the florid execution of Mad. Didiée, in the trio above-mentioned, was so excellent as to make us long to hear her sing the music of Isabella, in Rossini's

Italiana. It is our conviction that only half the talent possessed by this lady is recognized by the public.

The "triumph" of the evening, as we have hinted, was gained by the band, in the overture, which was never more superbly executed. It is not often that the orchestra snatches laurels from the vocalists; but for once, Mr. Costa's pet regiment carried everything before it; and this supremacy the instrumental performers seemed desirous of maintaining all the evening, for at times they played so loud (Herold having supplied them with ample opportunities), that, although the lips of the singers were seen to move, and their mouths to open, not a sound they uttered could be distinguished. It should be remembered that *Zampa* was composed for the Opera-Comique, and that the band of the Opera-Comique is not the band of the Royal Italian Opera.

The *mise-en-scène* was complete and splendid; but there was only one new *tableau*—that of the second act, in which Mount Etna rears its smoking crest from the other side of the sea-shore. This one, however, was "beautiful exceedingly"—a host in itself. The costumes were all that could be wished; but the incidental ballet might have been both graced and improved by the presence of Madlle. Zina Richard.

On Saturday, *Don Giovanni* was given for the second, and on Tuesday for the third time. *Zampa* was produced on Thursday.

To-night, *Martha* will be repeated, and on Monday *Don Giovanni* for the last extra performance—*à propos* of which occasion we shall have some further remarks to offer about the performance of Mozart's *chef-d'œuvre* at the Royal Italian Opera.—*Mus. World*, Aug. 7.

CRYSTAL PALACE.—The second of Mr. Benedict's "Festival Concerts" took place on Friday, the 30th ult., and attracted an immense concourse. The following was the programme:—

PART I.—Overture (Guillaume Tell); Rossini. Motet, "Salvum fac Regem"; Dr. Loewe. Aria, "Dove sono," Madame Weiss; Mozart. Martin Luther's Hymn, Mr. Sims Reeves and Chorus. Air (The Crown Diamonds), Miss Louisa Pyne; Auber. Choral Fantasia, pianoforte, Miss Arabella Goddard; Beethoven. Ballad, "Who shall be fairest?" Mr. Sims Reeves; Frank Mori. Quartet, "Alziam gli evviva" (Euryanthe), Madame Rudersdorf, Miss Stabach, Mr. Wilbye Cooper, and Mr. Weiss; C. M. von Weber. The Music to Shakespeare's *Macbeth*, solos, Miss Stabach, Madame Weiss, Mr. Wilbye Cooper, and Mr. Weiss; Matthew Locke.

PART II.—Triumphal March, (Macbeth); Benedict. Air "Robert, toi que j'aime," Madame Rudersdorf; Meyerbeer. Duet, with chorus, "To arms," "Britons strike home," Mr. Sims Reeves and Mr. Weiss; Purcell. Prayer (Mose); Rossini. Song, "Where the bee sucks," Miss Stabach; Arue. Air, "Rage thou angry storm," Mr. Weiss; Benedict. Duet on Themes from the Huguenots, two pianofortes, Miss Arabella Goddard and M. Benedict; Osborne. Serenade, "Blest be the home"; Benedict. Hebrew Morning Hymn; Mebul.

The chorus and band, as before, numbered nearly one thousand singers and players.

On Wednesday the children of the Metropolitan Charity Schools, to the number of 4,600, assembled in the "Handel Festival Orchestra," and gave a performance *sui generis*. The following was the programme:

PART I.—Voluntary on the Organ, Old 100th Psalm; Martin Luther. 118th Psalm, (Anniversary); Ganthany. Chorale, (Luther's Hymn), Trumpet obligato, Mr. Haupt; Luther.

PART II.—Voluntary on the Organ, 119th Psalm, ("London New"); Dr. Croft. 104th Psalm, ("Hailover"); Handel or Croft. The National Anthem, John Bull.

The singing was, for the most part, admirable, the precision and unanimity of the children being extraordinary. A note appended to the programme advised the audience that "the singing of the children was not intended as a musical display, but rather as a performance of simple psalmody." No such extenuation, however, was necessary. The voices of the youthful choristers sounded clear, fresh, and powerful. Nothing, in short, could be more agreeable to the ear.

The National Anthem was encored in a tumult of applause, and repeated. The emphatic manner in which the lines—

"Scatter her enemies
And make them fall"

was given, created an immense effect. Mr. George Cooper played "Worthy is the Lamb," and the "Hallelujah" chorus from the *Messiah*, on the organ magnificently, besides accompanying all the Psalms in a masterly manner. On the whole, the concert was in the highest degree satisfactory, the only fault found being the extreme brevity of the selection—the first time, we believe, such a charge was ever brought against a musical entertainment. The success of this meeting was not inferior to that of the meeting of the National Schools, or that of the Tonic Sol-fa Association. Such exhibitions are peculiarly suited to the Crystal Palace. The number assembled on Wednesday amounted to upwards of 27,000.—*Musical World*.

Special Notices.

DESCRIPTIVE LIST OF THE LATEST MUSIC, Published by O. Ditson & Co.

MUSIC BY MAIL.—Quantities of Music are now sent by mail, the expense being only about one cent apiece, while the care and rapidity of transportation are remarkable. Those at a great distance will find the mode of conveyance not only a convenience, but a saving of expense in obtaining supplies. Books can also be sent by mail, at the rate of one cent per ounce. This applies to any distance under three thousand miles; beyond that, double the above rates.

Vocal.

Oh, thou sweet cheerful bird. *Louisa A. Denton.* 25

This is a charming Song in the style of a Waltz. It is very well suited for a concert piece, as it is brilliant, yet its ornaments are of the kind that even the untutored voice will succeed in them, with a little perseverance. The practice of this Song will be a good introduction to the more florid Italian style.

The May Breeze (Das Mailüfterl). *Kreipl.* 25

An old favorite from "German Land," with text in both languages.

The Merry Bells. Duet. *S. Glover.* 40

Glover's musical ideas seem to flow the freest and prettiest when he treats merry subjects. Everything comes easy and graceful, and cannot fail to please. The arrangement is somewhat out of his usual line, being for a mezzo-soprano and a tenor voice.

The Mother's Soft "Good Night." Ballad. *T. H. Howe.* 25

A nice little Song for the parlor.

Day Dreams; or True Love never Dies.

G. W. Foster. 25

Touching, with a pleasing melody.

Wishes. (Wünsche.) *Franz Abt.* 25

This is the first number of a series of Juvenile Poems set to music by one of the best living song-writers. There is such a charm in these little songs, treating of nothing but flowers, birds, Spring, and Winter, and similar objects, and such a freshness and originality in the simple music added to them, that they are treasured as rare and precious gems by all who like what is genuine and heartfelt in poetry and music. They are by far too pretty to be left to the young people alone. Many who are tired of the sickly tunes and ballads of the day, will find in these echoes from the "Spring of Life," a well full of the pure and refreshing water. They are earnestly recommended to every lover of music. Everybody can sing them, and it takes but little fingers and little practice to accompany them on the piano.

Instrumental.

The Mormon War. Grand March. *Ricksecker.* 25

A pleasing composition; rather easy.

Basket Cotillon, Campbells are Comin', Girl I left Behind Me, Blue-Eyed Mary, White Cockade, and Kinlock of Kinlock, arranged in an easy style by *T. Bissell.* 25

Amateur players on the Melodeon or Seraphine will find this a superior collection of good tunes, useful as instructive pieces, pleasing for recreative lessons, and adapted excellently for reed instruments.

Haimonskinder Quickstep. *Burditt.* 25

A lively Quickstep on Melodies from Balfe's Opera, "Four Children of Ayrton," which has been made familiar to Boston music lovers by the fine performances of the Boston Brigade Band.

Charlton Schottische. *G. A. Patz.* 30

A well-written, pleasing Schottische, with an elaborate introduction.

Books.

Mendelssohn's Four-Part Songs. Complete.

With English and German words. The English version by J. C. D. Parker. 1.25

The same, for Men's Voices only. 75

This volume contains the whole of these charming compositions of Mendelssohn, being forty-three in number. Of these, twenty-eight are for mixed voices—soprano, alto, tenor, and bass—and the remaining fifteen for male voices, two tenors and two basses. The numerous glee and quartet clubs throughout the country will rejoice to be in possession of so convenient an edition of some of the best and most lovely four-part pieces ever written.

Dwight's Journal of Music.

WHOLE No. 336. BOSTON, SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 11, 1858. VOL. XIII. No. 24.

For Dwight's Journal of Music.

A New Acquaintance.

(From the Brown Papers.)

In the Spring a fine young fellow of some twenty-five years came into the village to make sketches for a popular pictorial journal. He was an acquaintance of our music teacher, and she sent him to me for information upon certain historical points connected with the subjects of his drawings. I conceived a great liking for him, and he has been much in the habit of spending his afternoons with me, chatting over his work or a cup of coffee and a cigar. He has the true artistic spirit, as is clear both from the poetry he throws into his drawings, and from the lofty and truthful principles which underlie his conversation.

I like him, too, because, trusting his genius, he has struggled bravely along, overcoming all obstacles, and is by degrees achieving success through hard labor and unconquerable perseverance. He devoted himself to Art in opposition to his father's will, who was willing to afford the necessary funds to enable him to go into any business which he would choose, but looked upon artists as a sort of genteel vagabonds. So he has had to work his own way. His name is Cary.

"I rather got the better of father, in the argument," he said, when telling me the story. "The old gentleman had been urging me to give up the crazy plan, as he called it, of abandoning all my excellent prospects of an honorable career and a competency, for the doubtful chances of a poor beggarly limner, and concluded by quoting for my benefit, 'Children, obey your parents, for this is right,' and putting the question to me whether my duty to him did not outweigh all that I had urged in favor of devoting myself to Art. 'But, father,' said I, 'haven't you omitted rather an essential part of that passage?' 'How so?' 'Why, I think it was thus, 'Children, obey your parents in the Lord, for this is right.' Now, it strikes me, that the Lord would not have given me my taste and talent for Art, to be buried in a napkin." The governor laughed, and said, 'Well, perhaps you have the argument; but, my boy, I have the bank stock.'

"We have always been as affectionate as one could wish; but not a cent from him to oil my wheels, however hard they have run. So I have had to get along as I could, without proper instruction. But I begin to see indications in plenty, that the old gentleman is, on the whole, not a little proud of his boy. It will all come right in the end, I have no doubt."

The great object, the longing desire of his heart is, and long has been, to visit Enrope and study in her noble galleries; and certainly neither Mrs. Johuson nor myself are likely to cool his ardor in this regard. I have no doubt that he will accomplish his wish, nor, if he does, that he will make a name.

The other day I lent him some of my manuscripts—"Signor Masoni," &c. Upon returning

them, yesterday, he said that there was one short episode in his own life, that, he thought, by dressing up a little, might be quite a story. Unluckily, however, there seemed to be no grand catastrophe at the end of it.

"Well, then," said I, "we will have some coffee under the big elm, and you shall tell me the story like an oriental professional tale-teller."

So as we sipped our coffee, and he wrought on a sketch in the shade, he told me the story, which I note down to-day, leaving the "dressing up" for a more convenient season.

"I suppose you remember nothing of the small sign of a couple of wood engravers, not far from your office, at the time you were upon that great New York newspaper?" he began.

"No," I replied.

"Well, I was one of them; for, getting discouraged in Boston, I accepted an offer to go on to New York, into the office of a capital fellow, who was married there, and doing a very good business. Our room stood high in the world, in one sense—say four flights—and under my window was a sort of court—a receptacle for old hogs-heads, boxes, and rubbish of all sorts, such as is collected by grocers and small traders—an enlivening picture, and well adapted to arouse and strengthen the sense of beauty in an artist.—Across this space I looked down a story, into the back room of a building fronting upon another street, where a platoon of girls were employed by an extensive wig and hairwork establishment. There proved, after a few observations, to be nothing very attractive to me there, and sitting with my back to the window, sometimes for days together I did not look out.

"One morning I was busy discussing some topic or other with my friend, and as we paced the room, we came to the window, and glancing down both exclaimed at once, as our eyes fell upon one of the most beautiful creatures that I have thus far seen in life. She was sitting at the window opposite, engaged in hairwork. She was of the dark-eyed, dark-haired order of beauty, with the very richest of complexions, her features not a little like those of the Dresden Murille Madonna, judging from the engraving in your room.

"At our exclamation she glanced up, and her eye lingered a moment upon me with a sort of half recognition, as if she thought she ought to know me, although I was sure I had never seen her before. This was afterwards explained.

"Up to this time I had been heart-whole, my mind having been engrossed by my art, and my beau ideal never having appeared to me in the flesh. At this moment, as my eye met hers, I experienced that of which I had often read with a smile as being absurd. The sudden passion of Romeo and Juliet was now true to nature. Like the gasses in a receiver, all changed and combined by an electric shock, so it seemed to me as if, in the instant, all my hopes and ambition, all my thoughts and feelings, all within me, intellectual, artistic, moral, or æsthetic, was transformed and

combined into one all-absorbing, longing, yearning, burning love for that beautiful creature. Thousands have no doubt felt the same, but I do not believe that any one but he who possesses a very sensitive nature can feel it to that extent. She at that moment was all the universe to me!

"I look back at myself then, sometimes, with a smile, oftener with a shudder. When I read of the horrible crimes perpetrated by desperate lovers—men who have not the moral and religious principle to guard them in such moments of frenzy—from my heart I pity them. Why, in that one moment, all things in heaven and earth became of no account to me, in comparison with the delight, the joy, the all-surpassing happiness, which, as it seemed to me, even the commonest acquaintance, just sufficient to admit of formal social intercourse, with that girl would have afforded.

"For some days I could not work. My friend joked me upon my sudden transformation from a steady laborer, at my desk, into a 'lover sighing like a furnace.' But I was in no humor for joking. Who she was, what she was, whence she came—of all this I knew nothing—could think of no means of knowing. I knew merely, that plaiting hair, at that window, sat, day after day, a lovelier being than, in my wildest flights of fancy, I had ever conceived.

"At last I could bear it no longer. I had learned at school to talk with my fingers. I will try her with that, said I. A week, perhaps, had passed. I was early at our room, and saw her as she came with her work to her usual seat. She glanced upward, and I bowed. She returned the salutation very slightly, but with that incomprehensible look of half recognition in her face. In such a state of agitation that I trembled from head to foot, I raised my hand and began to spell out a question, the absurdity of which makes me laugh to think of it: 'Are you capable of loving?'

"She followed the motions with her eye, understood them, and with a smile spelled in return, 'Yes.'

"From this time our conversations were frequent. I told her who I was, what my business, &c., but received no such confidence in return. I urged my request for an interview, but four weeks passed before she consented. Then, at last, she gave me a name and an address, and appointed an evening.

"However ridiculous it may seem—but I was very young then, and lonely there in New York, and very much in love—I had looked upon it as a thing of course to become acquainted with her and offer her my hand. But now, when I was to meet her for the first time, to hear her voice, be with her, and talk with her, a reaction took place in my feelings. A thousand suggestions of prudence came rushing into my mind—stories of syrens and soul-murdering maidens—doubts of her, natural enough, perhaps, but why not before? She smiled and nodded to me as she left her work, both encouraging me and filling me with new doubts. After my supper I sat long discuss-

ing with myself the question: 'To go, or not to go.' At length I started up, with the old saying: 'Faint heart never won fair lady,' put a loaded revolver in my pocket, and soon rang at the door. What folly I had been guilty of! The result of the visit was in the highest degree in her favor, and thenceforth I was much with her. My wild passion assumed a rational form, as I learned to know her better, for I found her possessed of fine qualities, which caused me to respect as well as love her.

"In due time—or rather undue time—for I hurried matters, I suppose, I offered myself. She was violently agitated, turned pale and red, and at last, after a long and severe struggle, informed me that she was already engaged!

"What I said, as soon as the shock allowed me to speak, I have forgotten; but she buried her beautiful face in her hands, and with tears besought my forbearance.

"O, listen to me," she said. "You already know that I am from your own part of the country, a stranger without friends or acquaintances, laboring with my hands for my daily bread. Is it strange that I should have cherished your friendship, when I tell you that your extraordinary resemblance to him who has the promise of my hand, first led me to answer your communications from the window? Those conversations with our fingers, begun on my part more for a frolic than from any other motive, became a delight as varying the cruel monotony of my daily existence. How much more delightful has been our acquaintance since we met, I need not say. I saw your feeling, and have not had the courage to banish you and condemn myself to my former loneliness. You have seemed to me like a brother, and—mercy upon me—have become to me nearer than one. Oh, forgive me!"

"Whether I was the victim of artifice, or not, I cannot even now decide; but I left her with the understanding that, could she honorably release herself from her engagement, she would be mine. I had so strong a feeling of honor at that time, that when she told me, afterwards, that we must part, or, at all events, that she could not meet my wishes—and when I read her lover's letter, and saw in it his all-absorbing affection, I resisted all temptation, and, regardless of consequences, I had strength to do to another as I would have had him do had our positions been reversed. I gave her one burning kiss, bade her 'good bye,' and left the house as in a dream. But I awoke by degrees to a consciousness of a misery, an utter loneliness, a despair, so acute in its agony, that I shudder now to think of it. The world was to me one great blank. Since that time I have never spoken to her—have put eyes upon her but once."

Carey stopped here, turned to his drawing, and began to hum an air.

"Why, man, that is not all your story, is it? I am just getting interested. I want to know how you got over it; whether the girl married Number One, and all that," said I.

"The fact is, Brown, in telling the story it does not seem to amount to much after all; and yet it was of an immense import to me. As to myself, on leaving the house, I was, as I said, in perfect despair—the world a blank. I could not again go to my work. I could not remain in New York. Where to go? What to do with myself? California! Ho, for California!

"I rushed like a crazy fellow to a relative, borrowed a few dollars, ran to my lodgings, paid my bill, packed up a few clothes, and thence to the boat, which I knew was to sail immediately. I reached the wharf, and saw her slowly steaming down the bay. It would be a week before another left.

"I crept slowly back to my office. I dared not look out of the window. I did not, although I had no reason to suppose that she would be there, having left her at home so recently. I sat down again, as in a frightful dream. I was alone, and the question went over and over in my mind: "And now, whither? whither?" I could not think; I could only feel. My mind was full of her beauty and my despair and the conviction that I must fly, as for my life. I sat brooding over the coal fire in the grate, and mechanically picked up a cigar from the table and a bit of newspaper to light it.

"'Wanted! Draughtsman, &c., &c., for a Western city,' caught my eye. The address was in Wall street. Down went the cigar. I caught my hat—down Nassau street—into the office—and in fifteen minutes I was under bonds for a year's service in a great civil engineering establishment a thousand miles away. A hurried visit home to Boston, for I was too restless to stay any where long, and then away for the West, night and day, fast as the wings of steam would carry me. Pale, thin, haggard, with purgatory in my breast, I entered upon my duties. Work, work, work—every moment not occupied with labor was torture. Happily I was free from any tendency to strong drink, and abhorred gambling in all its forms—else, in my condition then, I had been lost. Week passed after week, and no relief. Would a time ever come—*could* it ever come, when the wound would even superficially heal? Could I ever again be at peace? Oh, those nights! Tossing and tumbling upon my sleepless bed until I could bear it no longer, my imagination calling up all that had passed in New York, and presenting me ten thousand foolish schemes, not one of which would bear the cool reflection of the morning; then leaping from my bed, dressing, and hasting away to the lake shore, where I would walk back and forth upon the sands until sometimes daylight appeared in the East—then back to bed for an hour or two of restless sleep, then up and away to my work. Night, night, night within me. Oh, will it never be day!

"But I was not to be allowed even the poor satisfaction of being far away, and thus freed from the danger of seeing or at least of hearing of her. The cholera was daily drawing nearer, and I comforted myself with the thought that I was bound to stay where I was, could not fly from the danger, and had a secret satisfaction in the thought that I should very likely be among the first victims, in my disordered state, and so be at rest. The horrid pestilence came, but it avoided me. Oh, that I could die, was a vain aspiration. Men, women, and children, all around me fell—

young and old, rich and poor, good and bad, the drunkard and the abstinent. I was with the dead and the dying. I took my turn in the temporary hospitals, as waiter and nurse. I saw sights dreadful beyond description—but like a shadow, as I had almost become, I walked amid the pestilence unharmed. Thus some three weeks passed away, and the suffering and misery

I had seen in others had a favorable effect upon my own.

"Now my employer was taken sick. He sent for me. To remain there, he said, would be certain death. Whether he lived or died he could not have the blood of his assistants required at his hands. He discharged my bonds, set me free, and ordered me to return home. All business had ceased; the destroyer's hand was upon everything. Work I must have, both for subsistence and as occupation for my mind; and so, hardly had three months elapsed from my departure, when I was again in my father's house—wretched, miserable beyond the imagination of any one who has never felt the same in kind if not in degree. But I must work. As nothing else offered, I took a room and began to draw portraits, sketch upon wood—anything which would give me work, work, work. I took pay when I could get it—wrought for nothing when I could do no better.

"As I look back now upon those six months, from my first sight of her at the window to the time when I was again at work in Boston, they seem like so many years—long years, too. This constant occupation, with the reflection that grief was useless; that what was done could not be undone; that the past could not be recalled; that indeed all was over—began to have its effect upon me, in relieving and restoring my peace of mind.

"Now, the desire to see him who was before me, and had been preferred before me; to know how he prospered, and to learn something of her, began to make me restless and unhappy. I knew his name, and that in person we greatly resembled each other. But where and how to find him!

"In want of subjects, I had painted my own woe-begone phiz, and hung it upon the wall.

"'Hallo,' said a visitor, one day, as he entered my room and cast a glance upon the pictures about; 'you have been painting Bigelow.'

"'Do you know him?' I asked eagerly, for he was that other self whom I so much wished to see.

"'Know him! We board together.'

"'Well,' said I, 'that is not his picture—it is my own.'

"'By Jupiter! so it is. But the likeness is astonishing. When he comes back to town I'll bring him up. He is in Worcester county, somewhere, but is coming down in the morning train on Tuesday.'

"On Tuesday morning I was also in the train. I passed through the cars, and at length saw my man. Accustomed as I am to study faces, I was almost startled to see the remarkable resemblance between us. I sat down by him. How I introduced the conversation I do not recollect; but I surprised him by calling him by name, and afterward confounded him by talking upon his own affairs, until, as he has since said, he thought the devil must be in me. I soon saw that she had never told him of me, and therefore of my acquaintance with her nothing was said. Some days afterward he came to my room. During the interval he had written to her, and told her of the strange occurrence in the car, which had drawn from her some part of my story—but how much of it? I know not how or why, but as I became intimate with Bigelow, and gained his confidence, the thought, vague and indistinct, arose in my mind, that he too might find himself deceived. There was, perhaps, something in the

tone of her letters, of which he read me passages, which gave rise to this suspicion. Well, one evening I was walking down Washington street, near the theatre, just as the doors opened. The pang that passed through and through me, told who that beautiful creature was, so elegantly dressed, leaning upon the arm of a rather foppishly dressed stranger, and just entering the vestibule. I stood transfixed. For a moment, all my love, all my despair, all my agony, returned. Then I thought of Bigelow. I went into the theatre; found their seats, and obtained one near them. Of the play I heard nothing. I have not the faintest conception what it may have been, for all my thoughts, during the hour I sat there, were upon the sketch of that stranger's features, which I was making in my drawing-book.

"She saw me, and, poor girl, I knew by a hundred indications that her misery during that hour was as great as mine. She dared not allow her companion's attention to fix itself upon me, and by various means succeeded in preventing him from noticing me. When finished, I put it up, to her evident relief, and taking one 'long, lingering look'—the last—of that beautiful face, I retired, and left her to enjoy, as she might, undisturbed, her company and the play.

"The first time I saw Bigelow I handed him the sketch. 'Do you know the man?' He turned pale, and fairly trembled, nor shall I soon forget the anguish of his tone as he said, 'John Homans! That man will be the death of me.'

"In a few words, she, whom we had so loved, was poor, was beautiful, was vain, and loved show. That she had cherished a sincere affection for Bigelow and for myself, I believe; but a very deep one it could not have been. Such as it was she sacrificed it, to marry a man, who, as she supposed, was a man of fortune. In temperament, as in looks, Bigelow wonderfully resembles me; and we have both, by degrees, recovered from the blow. Doubtless the experience is for our good; but it was a hard—hard and cruel lesson to learn. Bigelow is engaged to a very lovely girl, not at all, though, like the old one; but still he feels, as I confess I do, that it would be a severe trial to our equanimity to meet Mrs. Homans, as her name now is. The last news we heard of her was to the effect that her husband, so far from being a wealthy man, is but an agent, with a moderate salary, and an indulger of expensive habits. Poor girl! if this is so, how sadly in the end will she be punished for the agony she inflicted upon us!"

I have not seen Cary for some weeks, at which I marvel, until this afternoon, and then only for a moment. I was at the post-office, when the carriage, which runs to the railroad station in the next town, drove up to take the mail in, and there he was. He hailed me.

"I have been up to see you," he said, "and was greatly disappointed not to find you at home. I have something good to tell you."

I stepped up to the carriage, and he, leaning down, whispered in my ear, "Brown, I am going to be married!"

"Ah ha!" said I, "another *grande passion*?"

"No, indeed," he answered; "that was a flame—a consuming fire—more the offspring of an artist's imagination, than of the heart. But now, my love is calm, pure, soul-satisfying beyond expression. Why, I am just the happiest man

living, and I want to talk it all over with you. My governor is all right now, and is to give me the means of spending two, and possibly three, years with my wife in Germany and Italy. I shall be off in a few weeks, and you must be sure and come to the wedding."

"But you have not told me who the bride elect is," I began to say, when a neighbor cried out, "Look out, there!" and another caught me away from the carriage just in time to save me from the wheels.

I am too feeble to walk much now, so I have bought me a Dobbin. He is a steady old goer, and has a remarkable talent for standing. I asked the jockey, "Will he stand?"

"Stand!" said he, "he'll stand to all eternity."

Seeing me smile, he corrected himself: "He'll stand till all is blue," said he.

This being satisfactory, I bought him. I have a nondescript vehicle also, low-wheeled, and with an entrance at the side; and Dobbin and the nondescript vehicle form my equipage, and I ride out in high state and grandeur. Leaving the post-office, I turned old Dobbin's head over the river, and made a call upon Mrs. Johnson, our music teacher. I loosened the check-rein, that the animal might crop a mouthful of grass; and strictly enjoining him not to overturn the vehicle, to which he replied by a wink of the eye and a whisk of his stumpy tail, I went into the house.

"Well, well, what is to pay now?" was my salutation, for Mrs. Johnson's face was half smiles and half tears; little Phoebe was sobbing, Sister Peters looked very grave, and Lizzy Smith, who was present, was both smiling and weeping more than all together.

"What under the canopy has happened, or is going to happen?" I continued. "You appear to be engaged in a feast of smiling and a flow of tears, as somebody does not say. Is this a house of mourning or of rejoicing? Just give me a clue and I will join in either? What is the matter?"

"We are going to lose Lizzy," said Mrs. Johnson.

"Lose Lizzy! Better blot out sun, moon, and stars! Lose Lizzy! No, no; it isn't so, is it, Lizzy?"

"I am afraid it is, Mr. Brown," said she, with a blush and a smile.

"The truth is, Mr. Brown," said our music teacher, "some one has been pilloining that dear little heart of hers, and she is to be married."

"And who is the culprit, the criminal, the—well, there is no adequate term to express it!"

"You must ask a certain young artist, who has crept into our paradise, and stolen our loveliest flower. But he will return her again to us in two or three years, after she has exhausted the music and Art of Germany and Italy. And God grant them," added she, solemnly, "all the joys my husband and I had, a thousand fold, and keep them free from all the clouds which shadowed our path."

"Amen and amen!" said I.

Translated for this Journal.

Spontini in Berlin.

A REMINISCENCE BY A. D. MARX.

(Concluded.)

Such had SPONTINI become, and such was he entirely. One cannot say that he remained true to his mission; he was absolutely one with

it, it was his whole life and soul. That there existed at the same time quite other directions, and of a deeper import, was a thing as difficult for him to apprehend, as it is (in the bottom of their hearts) for all Frenchmen. It was not from vanity, but from the necessity of his point of view, that he once said to RICHARD WAGNER: "What is there that you would still compose? Would you have Romans? there is my *Vestale*; Greeks? there is my *Olympia*; Spaniards? there I have forestalled you in Cortez; in the fairy kingdom you find my *Aldidor*; in the Middle Age, *Agnes von Hohenstaufen*." In all this he was as little able as any other Frenchman to perceive that he was at bottom the same Frenchman under all these forms. During our, I may say, intimate and confidential relations, I had sent him my "Art of Song," in which among some characteristic sketches of composers, I had made highly appreciative mention of his own Napoleonic stamp; he answered me evasively; "Why do you compare me to Napoleon? Is it in allusion to the disastrous end of that great man?" So remarkably were self-consciousness and self-reliance in him blended with suspicion.

In Paris he enjoyed the favor of Josephine; he was commissioned by Napoleon to compose *Fernando Cortez*; the Spaniards on entering under a Napoleonic dynasty would be inspired by recollections of their old heroic era, a thought soon abandoned when they raised themselves to a new one. When Josephine had to give place to another wife and retire to Malmaison, Spontini ventured, contrary to the will of the emperor, to seek to pay his court to her in faithful devotedness. Suddenly (so he has told me repeatedly himself) Napoleon stepped out from a side door into the ante-room, where Spontini waited alone. *Que faites-vous ici?* he asked in an imperious tone; *Sire*, answered Spontini, *que faites-vous ici?* Napoleon turned away at this allusion to his own inextinguishable feeling. Were the story nothing but a fancy of the composer, it would still be characteristic.

But now he had come to Berlin, invited and received with royal favor, richly endowed, distinguished by other princes and noble families, received with enthusiasm by the public, especially in his first works, and even honored in his last, *Aldidor* and *Agnes*. He stood now in a high position, one of important activity, and yet free enough for great creations and for the comfortable enjoyment of life. He found the position suited to himself, and him to it; he also found fruits (at least in the happy first ten years) quite corresponding with his self-appreciation. Was he contented and happy? I scarcely think so. In the midst of all his activity and favor he remained a stranger, and that was felt.

Above all, one must say it was not his own fault. No Frenchman becomes a German, comes to feel at home in our language, in our Art; these remain strange to him, and their depth, like their excess of wealth, immeasurable. But least of all can so strongly stamped a character as Spontini come out of himself, as easily as those pliant half men, who know how to make their way in and through everywhere; even Napoleon never could go outside of himself. Probably this strangeness was the ever vibrating string, which, most of all, disturbed the harmony between the artist and the new world into which he had stepped.

He was celebrated, honored, found enthusiastic admirers, often carried away the full house with storms of applause; not a military parade, not a concert, not a court ball could take place without the melodies of his operas;—only into domestic intimacy he did not penetrate; there it was evident he was a foreigner, a stranger. And quite naturally. What was peculiar to himself, the seat of his power and greatness,—the broadly laid out warlike splendor, the pathetic choruses, the scenic declamation of his recitative, was excluded by its subject; his love arias (and what associates itself with them) estranged by their thoroughly French turn of feeling. As the Frenchman has no word for *Gemüth* (soul), so with him tenderness, love, enthusiasm are differently shaped and colored, more fine and elegant, but at the same time more external and unconsciously prepared for exhibition; tenderly breathing even to weariness, nervously affecting even to sickness; but there is no wholesome heart-beat of a heart all inspired and quickened by an emotion; one may recall in Chopin, Liszt, Berlioz (not to think of the cold, prim Auber, who never had such aim in view) hosts of examples of that national tone of feeling. Spontini, too, imbibed it, and it remained the ground-tone with him for this side of musical expression. Only in single passages did he raise himself (as Liszt has done also) far above the national limitation; as in the aria: *Wüste von Grauen*, in "Alcidor," and especially in a never to be forgotten passage in "Nurmahal." Nurmahal and her lofty spouse Dschangir, are present at the feast of roses, upon separate thrones, both noble-hearted, mutually in love, but now divided by the secret torture of jealousy. Between them floats in airy dance the young, light-hearted, unobserving court, while they, each isolated in the festal whirl, give vent to their suffering in half-heard sighs. And still wider swells the tide of the dainty dance, shimmering through the whole room; gradually the choruses grow softer, they are mute, the orchestra is mute,—upon that primitive sound of infinite yearning (the seventh—*e, d*) lingers and trembles the last sigh of the loving pair—and then, in malicious opposition, storms and crashes in the song of joy renewed with the wild outburst of the full music. It is just these deeper traits which have remained most unobserved in comparison with the mere showy masses.

It has been objected to Spontini, that he was no friend and furtherer of German Art. I could produce various evidence at least of his admiration for GLUCK, whom he praised as his forerunner, and from whom of course he deviated—as an Italian and a Napoleonides. But what resemblance could we expect to find between the great German, who could devote himself so pure and in quiet to his *Iphigenia*, a Spontini, into whose life the echoes of the Revolution and the blaze of the imperial time had struck! In that reverence and sympathy he was entirely naïve. With right good will, and (considering his direction) with noteworthy forbearance, he added instruments to *Armida*; Gluck, he thought, would have added them himself, if he had had them in his time. He gave me afterwards, in all innocence, a letter from a high (though not the highest) hand to read, alluding to the matter with this simile: the beryl is indeed a pleasant stone, but not to be placed beside diamonds. Spontini, with the strangest innocence, enjoyed the mark

of attention without feeling the sting, or he would never have shown the letter.

Did he understand and love German music as we do? What Frenchman or Italian can do that? What understanding is evinced by those performances of Beethoven's symphonies in the Paris Conservatoire, where they interpolated into the D major Symphony the A minor Allegretto of the Symphony in A major, because it was more "interesting"? Could we expect an *élève* of the Parisian stage to overlook the scenic deficiency of so many German operas, or the want of striking characteristic, for the sake of the finer and (with himself not current) richer elaboration of the music, and other excellencies strange to him, as to all Frenchmen? Have the German musicians ever forgotten his weaknesses but for the sake of his excellencies? Why had they called in a foreigner, if they wanted what was German? Surely, when a young composer of a rich and respectable family brought him (accompanied by his very intelligent father) a firstling opera, and he seized the young man by the wrist, and led him to the window (he lived on the Place des Gens-d'armes) and, pointing to the church tower, said: "*Mon ami, il vous faut des idées, grandes, comme cette coupole!*" (My friend, you want ideas, grand, as this cupola!), it did not contribute to his favor in the great circle of that house. And when, after the *Freyschütz* had been used, with the consent of the leaders, as a party manoeuvre, he resisted the production of *Euryanthe* (whose dramatic defects must have been more obvious to him than its great beauties), who will judge him too severely, considering how he had the great school of rivalry in all its forms before his eyes in Paris, and how he had felt its pressure on himself? Are then the German musicians so magnanimous and full of help to one another, when they have to encounter dangerous competitors?

All that is past; whatever else he was, he surely was a strongly moulded character. His departure seem intended to disgrace him, through an ostracism wholly foreign to artistic matters, sprung from misunderstanding and intrigue;—he could not bow to it and still less change it. But it behoves the people of Berlin, who have so often surrounded him with jubilation, to hold his memory in high respect.

Violin Music.

Different Pieces selected from the Works of the famous Violin Composers of the Seventeenth and Eighteenth Centuries; with Concertante Parts added to the original Text of the Authors, and arranged for Piano and Violin. By E. M. E. Deldevez. Op. 19.—Paris, Richault; London, Schott.

It is long since a book so interesting as this has come before us. It is long since we have seen the promise of a *prospectus* better fulfilled than by M. Deldevez, who here proves himself a conscientious student of the old masters, taken in hand. During late years there has risen up into the world the ingratitude of disowning our obligations to Italy, as the fountain of instrumental Art no less than of vocal charm and contrapuntal science. This collection reminds us how the great violin players of the last century were trained, since the absence of a name, which every one might have expected to meet in such a book—that of Sebastian Bach—amounts virtually to the exception which proves the rule; and Bach's violin music (let it be added) is not so much music for the student to form himself upon, as for the proficient to conquer.

The title of this work will go far to explain the amount of editing and amplification permitted to himself by M. Deldevez. Most that he has done seems to us well done; and as strictly permissible as the piano-forte part added by Mendelssohn to the Cha-

conne of Bach, or (to take a widely different example) our own Mr. H. Smart's accompaniments to Handel's Chamber Duets. Since the art of playing for a figured bass has, comparatively speaking, fallen into desuetude—since the science of ornament, formerly thought an essential part of every executant's education, is now disdained by the bald pedantry of modern formalism—we must allow for the individualities—for the *too little* or *too much* of those who note down the glosses and decorations, which every thoroughly trained musician ought to be able to make for himself—and, possibly, never twice alike. With this preamble we shall take leave of M. Deldevez, and go hastily through his specimens and selections.

The volume opens, as such a volume should, with a *Sonata*, No. 1, Op. 5, by the sweetest, the most serene-tempered of musicians—Arcangelo Corelli—followed by fragments of his 5th *Sonata* (the tomb-stone *Gigue* included), and by the 7th *Sonata* from the same series. *Rococo* this music sounds, no doubt, to ears that prefer the freer forms of modern Art, yet its exquisite proportion and stately beauty are no less remarkable than the variety of the ideas, if they be stripped of their old Italian clothing. Such a melody, for instance, as the *Sarabanda*, in No. 7, would be fresh in any age of the world's music,—must have been little short of *daring* when it was written; and some quarter-of-a-hundred more, equally clear and delicious, could be cited from works which are not here. We pass the *Invenzione* by Bonporti, the Triestine amateur Aulic Counsellor of the Emperor of Austria, for Geminiani's first *Sonata*, Op. 1, sixteen years later in date (1716) than the Corelli specimen,—sixteen years more enterprising, perchance, as regards display,—sixteen years weaker, certainly, in point of invention. Far more to our taste (in spite of all the trills which authenticate its parentage), is *Maestro Porpora's* 11th *Sonata*—a truly grand *solo* in the old-fashioned style. Next we come to something yet more curious, the *Aria* by Scaillé, (date 1726). This was one of the four-and-twenty fiddlers got together by Lulli for *Louis Quatorze* (whose number has passed into a by-word)—a Frenchman truly in this, that his music, though national, might never have been, save for foreign influences. The movement is tuneable, elegant, and graceful, of the family (though even more winning in melody) of the best harpsichord movements by Couperin. When we reach Tartini, however, we have, of course, something nobler and more definite, as befits one of the royalties of the violin. His 1st *Sonata*, Op. 2, and the varied theme from his 12th *Sonata*, Op. 1, are among the crown-jewels of the collection; the latter better worth taking up by any violinist in want of a *solo* (and essentially newer) than the *Rhapsodie* of the moment's frenzy, or the stale theme from 'La Traviata,' dressed up with sixty-times-told double-stops and *arpeggi*. Piano-forte players will understand us, if we call it a 'Harmonious Blacksmith' for the violin. Locatelli's 5th *Sonata*, Op. 6, (1757), is more freakish, but also more feeble. We are at issue, too, with the taste of M. Deldevez, who in this, as in another excerpt or two, goes out of the way to distress the accompanist's nerves, by supporting a 12-8 movement in common tempo. The idea may have been to give an air of freedom and tempo *rubato* to the *solo*; but put into execution by average players, it must work badly. The *Allegro* to the 9th *Sonata*, Op. 1, by Somis (1722), might have been written with the design of its being accompanied with full orchestra, bearing, as it does, no small resemblance to similar movements in the *Concertos* of Handel. There is more fancy in the *Sonata*, No. 6, Op. 5, by Leclair, the pupil of Somis, who died, by an assassin's hand, at Paris, 1764, and who is referred to by all annalists and lexicographers as an artist having largely influenced French music. 'La Gavotte' and 'Le Tambourin' are excellent movements, both of them—interesting, as illustrating the inherently rhythmical tendencies of all French composers, whose school of music is built on the *ballet*, rather than on the poem. The "Tina Nonna" (Lullaby), of Barbella, the Neapolitan, already transcribed (as the modern phrase is) in Burney's 'History,' is charmingly quaint—a movement which may pair off with the popular 'Romanesca' brought into favor by M. A. Batta's *violoncello*.

We merely name Mondonville, Stamitz, Zimmermann, Guerini, Cupis de Camargo (a Belgian, brother to the famous dancer La Camargo) in passing: also the *Adagio* by Nardini (which, to our fancy, M. Deldevez has overloaded in his accompaniment). The 1st *Sonata*, by Gaviniès, is more to our taste, because more distinct in its features than any of the above, and because indisputably French. When we arrive at Pugnani, *Sonata* 2, Op. 3 (date, betwixt 1727 and 1770), we find something like the florid *adagio* and *allegro* of modern *concertos*. A *Sonata*, by Aubert, another French violinist—an *Allegro alla Marcia*, by Nofrieri—so stately as to make us wish for a better acquaintance with its writer—an *Adagio* and queer

Rondo, by Lolli—an *Aria*, by Martini, lead us on to the last, and twenty-sixth, composition included in the series—a *Sonata*, by Viotti. Here we are on the ground of to-day; in the world where condiment is to be considered, rather than the fare to be dressed—where ingenious brilliancy of passage is brought forward *per se*, as the main object of interest, and where the humor of the singer is introduced into the instrumental melody. Graceful, delicate, brilliant, and reasonably well knit as this *Sonata* is, it is, at the same time, so much more flimsy as music, as to mark the point at which thought and executive display began to part company. This makes the name of Viotti a proper point of farewell and *finis* for a collection such as this by M. Deldevez.—*Athenæum*, Aug. 14.

Verdi-ism on the Decline.

The reign of Verdi, according to the European journals, is about over. No composer ever went up so much like a rocket, scintillated and flashed into a thousand stars, and afterwards came down into cimmerian darkness, so much like a stick. The world fifty years hence will scarcely believe that we, the originators of ocean steamers, sub-marine telegraphs, builders of big Opera houses, and otherwise 'posted' on matters and things in general, should have ever endured his excruciating music. There are periods, occurring at long intervals, when a sort of disease seizes society. It runs five, ten, or fifteen years, when a healthy reaction takes place, and we come back to primitive sanity and common sense first principles. Such appears to be the movement which now agitates the musical world. Donizetti and Bellini, aye, even Rossini, so long shelved in favor of Verdi and Meyerbeer, are at length exhumed and pronounced worthy of production and admiration. Certainly this is a step in the right direction, and if we go farther back still, even to the days of Gluck and Piccini, we will find operas that equal, if not excel, anything of these modern times. Why not fight over again the battle of the Gluckists and Piccinists? Those who are well read in the history of music, know that original composition has not advanced as rapidly as science with its ocean steamers and ocean telegraphs; that music is the poetry of sound and the revelation of thoughts too deep for words; that its origin is coeval with the origin of man—perhaps even before man made his appearance on this little globe. Nearly a quarter of a century ago, one Mozart wrote "Don Giovanni," at which Italians have invariably laughed because he was a German, but which, by some hook or crook, still preserves its place even on the Italian stage, and will, for aught we know, till the end of time. Old things are not to be despised, and music is full of rich antiquities, which must some day or other see the light. An enterprising musical Ledyard, we trust, will soon turn up, who will dig away the black soil of forgetfulness which has so long covered these precious remains of ages more gifted in poesy and art than our own.

No sagacious opera manager in America will often attempt to place Meyerbeer on the stage. His operas are written for rare voices, and without such they are miserable failures. Basso profundissimus, like Formes, can alone sing Marcel in "Les Huguenots," and Bertram in "Robert le Diable." Five acts of common tragedy are weary enough, but five acts of tragic music are enough to set any one crazy. Besides, it costs (and impresarios well know what we mean by this word,) a plum to mount properly one of his operas. The orchestra and chorus must be doubled. Scene painters, scene shifters, and supernumeraries innumerable must be called into requisition. After all, what is it but a grand spectacle—something in the nature of an extraordinary display of fireworks, or a capital parade of the Seventh Regiment? Music plays second fiddle to tableaux, thinking people are disgusted, children are delighted, and the manager is ruined. Bravo! Kick Rossini, Bellini, and Donizetti into kingdom come, and let Meyerbeer rule the roast.

Mr. Ruskin has labored very hard during the last ten years, to prove that Turner excelled all the ancients and moderns in painting; and still dogmatically persists in endeavoring to cram down the throats of the people, at the point of the quill, the idea that Raphael was a boobey, Michael Angelo an ass, Titian a ninny, Murillo a flat, and Poussin an idiot, in comparison with his bean ideal. The throat of the world has a marvellously small orifice, and Ruskin's quill has not altogether succeeded in cramming over a morsel or two down our contracted gullets. High art belongs to no century, whether in painting, sculpture, or music. The compositions of the last twenty years have sent us back a considerable distance, which we can only recover by recurring to first principles, and the sooner we do so the better. Any quantity of thievery and knavery will be unveiled, and much of the supposed originality of modern mu-

sical composers will turn out to be, after all, but plagiarism, a dye darker than Erebus. The music of the *Present* seems to be in a decline. The music of the *Future* we cannot pretend to understand. So, the music of the *Past* is all that is left us.—*New York Atlas*.

Bosio in Boston. (1849.)

(From an article about the Opera Singers.)

And, first, of the "bright, particular star," Signora Bosio, or "My lady *Beaux-yeux*," as some New Yorker wittily and aptly bath it. For, those dark, speaking eyes, at once innocent and arch, are full of soft light and beauty as a gazelle's. The lustrous, massive, jet black hair reminds you of Milton's "smoothing the raven down of darkness till it smiled." The face, small-featured, pure-complexioned, beaming with intelligence, and changing with the quick and subtle play of feeling; the light and slender figure, at once lady-like and fairy-like, graceful, harmonious, *spiritual* in every motion; combine with a rare dramatic talent, and a voice fine, pure, penetrating, flexible, and of a most *vital* quality in all its tones (it is a high soprano), to make a *prima donna* such as we Americans have not before heard on the stage. The refinement of the woman and the versatility of the actress are equalled by the thorough vocal schooling of the artist. Her vocalization is faultless, her execution remarkable for ease and finish. Her economy of her voice is indeed consummate; in itself it seems but a fine, silvery thread of melody, yet, without overstraining, it is always ready for the most trying passages, and, as if by a spiritual reserved energy, it tells in the strongest and most impassioned bursts. Bosio is evidently a musician, and not, like many a *prima donna*, a clever singer by rote, with a dramatic turn. You feel entire reliance, therefore, on her artistic acquirement, as well as on her judgment and her feeling. All this completes and justifies the charm she exercises through certain of the higher and transcendent qualities of genius. She possesses the rare gift of imagination. You feel it in the versatility which enables her, like Madame Bishop, to enter into the very spirit and individuality of so great a range of characters, impersonating each to the life, be it a Zerlina, or a Lady Macbeth, or a Lucy of Lammermoor. We first saw and heard her, quite unprepared for what we were to witness, in the *Machetto* of Verdi, and what was our delight and astonishment to recognize, in that slight and delicate woman, the real spiritual conception of Shakespeare's terrible heroine, as we had never done in any more masculine actress of the spoken drama! In her *Luzcrezia Borgia*, it was the same sort of power, rendered the more interesting from the contrast of the demoniacally strong and wicked character with the delicately strung instrument that represented it. It was a spiritual creation; it seemed like magnetism; where the flesh seemed weak, the will was superhuman, and the visible weakness measured the invisible energy. As mere musical art, too, nothing could have been more complete and harmonious; it would have satisfied the composer. Again in another sphere of tragedy,—the sentimental and pathetic,—nothing on our stage has ever equalled her Lucia. Here it was not the harmony of contrast, but of identity, between the assumed and the real person. The native delicacy and slight form of the actress, were just what was wanted. The maidenly, sweet, mournful music of the character was embodied both to eye and ear. When it came to the mad scene, which had been a failure and a maudlin exhibition with most of the operatic Lucias, she rose to a pure height of art and genuine pathos. It was beautiful and real; there was method, music, in the madness; the sweet delirium was without drivelling and over-action. Here again you felt the spiritual element, the true poetic imagination; it was like enchantment; it had the strange fascination of a fine thing dreamed, but vanishing at the rude touch of most attempts at representation. And now, hear her in Mozart's dear little little peasant bride, Zerlina! Here the innocent, arch eyes are set in just the right head, and their timid, wandering, gazelle-like gaze is just in place. It would have drawn tears out of Mozart's eyes, to have seen and heard so perfect an impersonation of this little pet character of his. A nature of the utmost refinement, in peasant life and garb;—just what the music of the part indicates it to be; just that did Bosio represent and sing. And how exquisitely sweet and true and expressive was her singing of that music! It was the express ideal, the audible soul and vibration of the insinuating, pleading *Batti, batti*, changed to rapture with the success it felt quite sure of, and of that purest outpouring of the tranquil ecstasy of love in *Vedrai Carino*. Hear Bosio sing them, and you will know why these two simple melodies are immortal. And here we recognize in her another test of a

true artist. Unlike Italian singers generally, she can subordinate herself entirely to the music, and find her highest artistic pride and happiness in the precise intention and spirit of the composer. Mozart and Mozart's work, absorbs her, and she is too deeply, conscientiously, and fondly occupied to be striving for effect with ornaments and common-place cadenzas, as if the *prima donna* were the main thing, and the music secondary.—*J. S. D.*

THE SENSE OF BEAUTY.—Beauty is an all-pervading presence. It unfolds in the numberless flowers of the Spring. It waves in the branches of the trees and the green blades of grass. It haunts the depths of the earth and the sea, and gleams out in the hues of the shell and the precious stone. And not only these minute objects, but the ocean, the mountains, the clouds, the heavens, the stars, the rising and setting sun, all overflow with beauty. The universe is its temple; and those men who are alive to it, cannot lift their eyes without feeling themselves encompassed with it on every side. Now this beauty is so precious, the enjoyments it gives are so refined and pure, so congenial with our tenderest and noblest feelings, and so akin to worship, that it is painful to think of the multitude of men as living in the midst of it, and living almost as blind to it, as if, instead of this fair earth and glorious sky, they were tenants of a dungeon. An infinite joy is lost to the world by the want of culture of this spiritual endowment. Suppose that I were to visit a cottage, and to see its walls lined with the choicest pictures of Raphael, and every spare nook filled with the statues of the most excellent workmanship, and that I were to learn that neither man, woman, or child ever cast an eye at these miracles of art, how should I feel their privation; how should I want to open their eyes, and to help them to comprehend and feel the loveliness and grandeur which in vain courted their notice! But every husbandman is living in sight of the works of a divine artist: and how much would his existence be elevated, could he see the glory which shines forth in their forms, hues, proportions, and moral expression! I have spoken only of the beauty of nature, but how much of this mysterious charm is found in the elegant arts, and especially in literature? The best books have most beauty. The greatest truths are wronged if not linked with beauty, and they win their way most surely and deeply into the soul when arrayed in this their natural and fit attire. Now no man receives the true culture of a man, in whom the sensibility to the beautiful is not cherished; and I know of no condition in life from which it should be excluded. Of all luxuries this is the cheapest and most at hand; and it seems to me to be most important to those conditions, where coarse labor tends to give a grossness to the mind. From the diffusion of the sense of beauty in ancient Greece, and of the taste for music in modern Germany, we learn that the people at large may partake of refined gratifications, which have hitherto been thought to be necessarily restricted to a few.—*W. E. Channing*.

A NEW PRIMA DONNA.—(From the *Moniteur*.)—The last competitions both in comic opera and grand opera singing, has shown that the Imperial Conservatoire has trained some beautiful voices; a few still crude and hardly free from their native roughness; others sufficiently cultivated to evoke ere long the plaudits of our leading theatres. First of all, we must congratulate Professor Révial, whose unprecedented triumph is well earned by his unremitting labor, indefatigable zeal, and unsurpassed efforts. Two first prizes, awarded unanimously, a second prize, worth as much as a first one, and an *accessit*, equal to a second prize: such are the results of this glorious campaign. In the ladies' class, the first prize has been gained by Mademoiselle Augusta Thomson, whom the Opéra is sure to lose no time in securing. She has a magnificent soprano voice, of excellent tone, great flexibility, purity, and vibration. She is said to be of Scottish origin, and has studied for twenty-seven successive months in Professor Révial's class, to whom the success of this pupil is pre-eminently due. Madlle. Thomson sang, in a most admirable manner, the grand scena from the *Huguenots*, "O beau pays de la Touraine." In the Gentlemen's Classes, the first prize was awarded to M. Hayet, also Monsieur Révial's pupil, who gave the air of "La Fiancée" with great expression. In the Female Classes, next to Madlle. Thomson, who *toto vertice supra est*, a second prize was divided between Madlles. Brenille and Litschener. "We understand," adds the *North British Daily Mail*, "that Madlle. Thomson is the sister of Mr. James Thomson, the well-known Glasgow professor of the pianoforte, and that she has already been offered a handsome engagement at the Grand-Opéra, Paris."—*Lond. Mus. World*.

Musical Correspondence.

NEW YORK, SEPT. 6.—STEFFANI, the new tenor imported by Maretzck, has appeared in *Rigoletto*, with the most complete success. He is a noble fellow, in every respect—with a splendid figure, a fine expressive face, a rich, *robusto* voice, and an excellent method. In the duet of the second act, in the well-known *La donna è mobile*, and in the quartet of the last act, he was honored by enthusiastic encores. He is a treasure, indeed, and it is a rich luxury to listen to his full, manly tones, after having so long been accustomed to the sweet, effeminate pipings of Brignoli.

The entire opera was well given. Mad. GASSIER, as Gilda, exhibited more dramatic power than she has hitherto shown here. Signor ASSONI made a passable Rigoletto; and Miss PHILLIPPS, in the insignificant role of Maddalena, was better than any other representative of the part that has appeared before a New York audience. How much this charming young singer improves, and what a treasure she is to both public and manager!

In a previous letter I mentioned a Sig. PIERINI, as a member of the new opera company, but attributed to him a tenor instead of a bass voice. This mistake the *Musical Review* of this city notices in the patch-work of weak paragraphs which form its leading editorial, and like those learned commentators

— that view
In Homer, more than Homer knew,

that journal assumes that Trovator had mistaken Mr. Perring for Sig. Pierini, and more than once alludes, with a sarcasm intended to be wonderfully withering, to the supposed blunder. The *Review* further remarks that both the news of the arrival and the name of this Signor Pierini, are of Trovator's own manufacture, which assertion only proves how little the *Review* knows of the matter; for a Signor Pierini did arrive a few days ago, and sings to-morrow night at the Academy of Music, taking the role of Basilio in Rossini's *Barbiere*. In mentioning this artist, in a previous letter, I fell into the error of attributing to him a tenor voice, but certainly never confounded him with Mr. Perring. So the blighting sarcasm and blasting irony of the astute *Review* are quite thrown away—quite so.

The new English opera troupe, conducted by Mr. H. COOPER, commences operations this evening at Wallack's theatre. The operas already announced are "Bohemian Girl," "Lucia," "Love Spell," and "Sonnambula." The tenor who rejoices in the singular name of Mr. MIRANDA, has been much puffed, but it is said that he will justify it.

AMODIO, who, since he has married an American wife, has almost settled down into a regular New Yorker, is in town, and promenades most indefatigably up and down Broadway. He is rehearsing with Mme. COLSON, of whose artistic abilities he speaks in the highest terms. LANOCETTA will be the tenor, and JUNCA the basso of the troupe, of which Colson and De WILHORST are to be *prime donne*.

TROVATOR.

PHILADELPHIA, SEPT. 7.—PARODI'S "Farewell Concerts"! *Parbleu!* how often already have those deceitful words, upon the huge yellow posters, cajoled us into the fond hope that the ponderous prima donna was about to close her professional career in this city. How frequently, at stated intervals, have the wicked, cruel newspapers hypocritically bewailed her departure from our shores to fulfil some lucrative engagement in foreign climes! And *voilà!* when we pictured her to our mind's eye, vocalizing the *Marseillaise* for the edification of a cockney audience in London, at that moment we are undeceived by the cruel posters, and discover her nearest to us. She may be in St. Petersburg, by report, but surely hovering near Philadelphia in reality.

Parodi loves the Quaker City; she kisses the very cobble stones upon its highways; she smiles enthusiastically upon the orphans of Girard College; sighs pensively within the romantic nooks of Laurel Hill; sings gratuitously for the inmates of the Blind Asylum; rates the Academy of Music a *ne plus ultra*; and vows Chestnut street to be the most magnificent thoroughfare in America.

Eh, bien! Why not? All capricious Italians anthropomorphize or glorify temporary places of sojourn, in proportion with their success therein. Believe me, most worthy Journal, I, poor beggar that I am, would be thankfully content with but a tithe of the golden harvest which she has reaped in this same city of broad-rimmed hats and shad-bellied coats. Small wonder, then, that Parodi should regard this latitude as the veritable land of Beulah!

When, some years since, Parodi left the flickering foot-lights of the opera, and, by way of a concert repertoire, strung together some half-dozen Italian tit-bits, her lucky star at once shone forth with unwonted brilliancy. Fate threw her into contact with MAURICE STRAKOSCH, a very respectable pianist, and an exceedingly shrewd man of business, who engaged her for the varied fortunes of itinerant concertizing. The success of the two was positively wonderful! For nine weeks, at the rate of four performances per week, was the Musical Fund crowded with the élite and fashion of this city. Season upon season witnessed the same results. It was their wont (oh! infinite tact!) to be here, invariably, early in the fall, and to open the regular musical season at a time when the ultra-fashionable world, satiated with watering place dissipation, gladly patronizes a more refined and less exciting species of amusement,—and when those whose avocations have kept them pent up in the scorching city throughout the summer, pine for edifying entertainment as well as for cool weather. Then, at the time of the falling leaf, the troupe was accustomed to wend its way toward the sunny South, and, after luxuriating amid the warm influences and gay pleasures of New Orleans, and other cities, until after the ides of March, they would return with the early swallows, and tender to us another series of concerts prior to the summer solstice. Once, indeed, the dear public grew rebellious, and vowed itself unwilling to endure any longer the same repertoire, limited as it was to "Jerusalem! thou that killest," "Ah! mon fils," "Qui la voce," and a few other cavatinas. What, then, did her manager? Shrewd Strakosch! He appealed to that same patriotic and martial American spirit, which ever causes a gaping crowd to follow the stirring drum and fife, as the popular instruments squeak and rattle forth "Yankee Doodle," "Hail to the chief," &c., in the streets. In other words, the adroit manager, in lieu of placing a drum and fife upon the stage of the classic Musical Fund Hall, made use of a brace of Italian lungs, and used them to the same purpose. Identical was the effect. Crowds rushed to Locust street to hear their favorite Prima Donna shout forth "*Allons enfans!*" or "Home of de free!" in the *Marseillaise* and in our own "Star-Spangled Banner." What distinguished these crowds from the gaping boys and the regiment of loafers who follow the drum and fife in the street, but position in life and a little odd jewelry!

"Heavens!" said to me an enthusiastic individual, who then held high official position in the State House Row,—"*Heavens!* how that woman did fire me up with the last strain of the 'Star-Spangled Banner!' I shall take my whole family to-night! Such music inculcates the right feelings, and expands one's love of country! It makes us better Americans." And so he went on sputtering, prating, and belching patriotism until you would have thought that his stomach held ten kettle drums and fifty fifes.

Nor was this man *solus* in such absurdity. Thousands shouted with him, and paid their dollars with

blind enthusiasm for the stale *Marseillaise* and the much-worn "Star-Spangled Banner." Lucky Strakosch! how fascinatingly he was wont to smile over the sea of up-turned faces, as he sat down at the grand piano, prior to commencing "Lilly Dale, Tremolo." Well might he smile; and how natural to select that self-same *Lilly Dale* upon an occasion when clap-trap reigned rampant! And then Madame STRAKOSCH, whilom dark-eyed PATTI of the earlier Italian Opera troupes, even caused the waves of applause to surge still higher when, half-demurely, half-roguishly, she sang "Comin' thro' the rye," and "Within a mile of Edinboro." But, pardon me all this badinage, most worthy Journal! My business, at the outset, was to mention that Parodi and her troupe are about to open the regular season here, on the 14th, to continue five nights. HARRISON MILLARD is also announced. We shall welcome him warmly, if he does not deem it a *sine qua non* to sing "Then you'll remember me." I have not the slightest doubt of the full success of the troupe; and I wish them all of it, for, even if I never become nudely excited by Parodi's singing, myself, I know them all to be a rather "clayver" sort of people, and indefatigably enterprising in their endeavors to cater acceptably to the tastes of the public. *On dit*,—that Parodi has grown rich; if so, allow me to say, in conclusion,—happy they whose genius lodges in their throats!

MANRICO.

ROCKLAND, ME., AUG. 30. — "The Divine Art" is flourishing among us. Within the past three years, quite an advance has been made in Rockland, musically. As the rush and din of an overdone business has subsided, time has been afforded for more genial employments, and the flow of sweet sounds, the attendant of a wise and wholesome leisure, forms a very agreeable change to the former state of things. The love of music has roused and strengthened, and a higher style of music is becoming popular. The Mozart Society, composed of many of our best musicians, have performed very creditably some of the productions of the great masters. There are several promising musicians in the bud among us, whose musical capabilities are being developed under the care of GEO. D. SMITH, teacher of the piano, organ, voice, &c. We have voices of fine capacity and of good cultivation, and the choir performances of some of our churches are worthy of mention. The Rockland Regimental Band, perhaps the finest field band in Maine, through their own enterprise, aided by the liberality of our citizens, have recently supplied themselves with a full new set of elegant and costly instruments at an expenditure of near \$2,000. Remunerated by a voluntary and generous subscription, this Band has given us a series of out-of-door summer-evening concerts, attended by large crowds of both sexes. Mr. Smith has afforded to our people several choice concerts, vocal and instrumental, of which the performers were all his pupils and amateurs. He recently brought out with great success Root's cantatas the "Flower Queen" and "Haymakers." Mr. Smith is not only a gentleman, but an accomplished musician, and a very successful teacher. Music is progressing rapidly in Maine, and, as philanthropists, we rejoice in it.

LEX.

Dwight's Journal of Music.

BOSTON, SEPT. 11, 1858.

MUSIC IN THIS NUMBER.—1. Conclusion of the Cantata: *Praise of Friendship*, by MOZART. This beautiful piece, consisting of chorus, recitative and arias, should be very useful in little musical clubs and circles. We commend it especially to college glee clubs, as it was meant originally for male voices (first and second tenor and bass); although it will answer well for female voices.

2. A charming little "Song without Words," for the piano-forte, from our friend ALFRED JAEHL, who sends it to us as a greeting from the midst of his European successes. It is one of Jaell's happiest little efforts; but we do not quite fancy its long caudal appendage of a cadenza; that is where the fingers get the better of the brain.

Musical Review.

Among the recent publications by Oliver Ditson & Co., are the following:

Spring of Life: a collection of Juvenile Songs, by FRANZ ABT, English version by E. WIEBE.

Judging from the first number, which is called "Wishes," and which is a very bright and taking little thing, with a dash of child drollery, Abt has hit a true vein in these juvenile songs. It is quaint, original and pretty. The subjects of the forthcoming ones are "Snowball," "Postillion," "Spring Morning," "Boatman's Song," "The Charmed Violin," "The Parrot," &c., &c. Some of The Germans make good songs for children; they seem not to have outlived the fresh sense of wonder and drollery. We trust these little songs of Abt will prove so popular as to indicate a demand for some of the admirable ones by Taubert, which are at once childlike and artistic; that is, they are poetic.

Germania: New Vocal Gems from eminent German composers.

These are short and simple melodies, mostly of a sentimental character, judging from the three before us, which are: 1. "The May Breezes," by T. KREIPL; 2. "The Tear," by GUMBERT; 3. "O were I but a moonlight ray," by KUECKEN. These are all of the semi-Italian order of German melody, not particularly original, but tuneful and agreeable.

Forget me not: being No. 3 of Six Songs, by WILLIAM STERNDALE BENNETT.

Refined, delicate, and choice in melody and in accompaniment, as we should expect from the author.

The Flower Greeting: by CURSCHEMANN, being No. 5 of Select Trios for Female Voices, pp. 7.

A flowing sustained melody is passed from voice to voice, the others accompanying, in the manner of many operatic trios. An agreeable and not difficult piece for concerted practice, and kept within a moderate compass.

Le Chemin du Paradis, (*The Way to Paradise*): a Ballad, music by JACQUES BLUMENTHAL.

This thoroughly French and sentimental ballad, here given with French and English words, had an immense popularity as sung in France and England by Sig. Mario, and is of a class sure to find many admirers; one of those things that admits of being sung with great pathos and "effect." We have spoken of Italian Germans in music: but here is one who, for the time, at least, seems to have been translated into a Frenchman.

Musical Chit-Chat.

The musical drought continues. The Promenade Concerts wind up their successful season in the Music Hall, with number twenty-five, this evening. Nothing looms in the immediate distance but Mr. Burditt's monster brass band and cannonade concert, which is to take place on the Common on the 17th, that being the anniversary of Boston and of the erection of the Franklin statue. We have received from a friend, who resides in Florence, a curious memorial of ROSSINI, in the shape of a sheet of music paper, which was sold with a quantity of others at the disposal of his effects, last year, at auction, he having decided to change his domicile to Paris. It was the remains of a quantity which an admiring nephew had had manufactured expressly for the composer, putting his portrait upon one side, as a water-mark, and on the other an inscription: *All' immortale maestro, &c.* . . . The New York *Atlas* made haste to correct its over-

sight, in neglecting to credit the translation from Heine to our columns, even before it could have seen our reminder, in which we assure our neighbor there was no "spleen" at all, nor any slight meant in the allusion to the "ex-scissor-izer," thanking him at the same time for his complimentary recognition of our poor labors.

A letter from Newport to the New York *Tribune*, bearing Fry's initials, has the following:

We have had several concerts here. The Brignoli, the Amodio, singing of Italian angels and tempests in their cors, the eminent pianist, Mad. Graever Johnston, have all been at work. Madame Gazzaniga, whom grief, in opposition to the Falstaffian theory, has reduced in size, is also busy here with increased success. Albites, looking genial as usual, and of customary weight, has been assisting. Miss Abby Fay, a Boston young lady, with a voice equal to any part in an opera as regards power, and with much execution, gave a concert. The Catholic chapel, whose prominent pews are essentially diplomatic, has been illustrated by the operatic artists. Signor Brignoli sang exquisitely the intensest part of the mass—an "Agnus Dei"—"Lamb of God, who takest away the sins of the world, have mercy on us!"—last Sunday to the delectation, and I trust spiritual edification of a highly intellectual and brilliant auditory. If this were the place, I would describe what the mass is, viewed as a spiritualistic-aesthetic symbolism, and how the efforts of great artists can set it off.

Of the sea—of that immortal and infinite principle of purity which it enforces; of the loveliness and strength which it affords to its loving disciples; of the sublime beatings of its great heart, throbbing with the grandeur of the Creator—a molten world in motion—a heaving universe of awful grandeur—let me not speak.

They had just one taste of German Opera in New York last week; but "one swallow does not make a summer." Willis says of it:

The new opera company have opened under favorable auspices at the Metropolitan Music Hall. A French opera, translated into German—Boildieu's admirable *La Dame Blanche* (*Die Weise Frau*)—was given on the opening night. French melody of the choicest kind, wedded to a German perfection of detail and orchestration, renders this one of the most attractive of all operas.

The audience was large and the performance beyond expectation good. The Germans sang music that they liked and in their own language—of course, therefore, *con amore*. The heartiness of the performance, indeed, was a little overdone, causing the music sometimes to be a little more boisterous than necessary. The spoken parts of the performance required rather more rehearsing. The orchestra was very fair, needing a few more violins perhaps. The overture was admirably played. The choruses were given with admirable precision by a fine body of voices. Mr. Pickanesser, the tenor, has a good organ which deserved better training than it seems to have received. Madame von Berkel sang and acted very well. We regret, however, that she forces her voice so much. Weinlich is an excellent basso; he also needs some subduing; in the sextet of the second act there was some evidence of this. Herr Graff has a voluminous voice and Herr Lehman possesses a good tenor, round and steady. Madame Pickanesser, by forcing her voice, sang somewhat out of tune. These blemishes, however, were slight compared with the merits of a first performance in which occurred no serious mistakes, delays, or failures. Alternatingly with German opera a French company performs in the same place, affording excellent opportunity to the New Yorkers to ventilate their knowledge of the French language.

—Since writing the above the new enterprise has been abandoned.

At the quarterly meeting of our School Committee this week the semi-annual report of the Committee on Music was presented. The *Courier* gives the following abstract:

From it we learn that more than one-half of the teachers are capable of instructing their pupils in as much of the elements of music as is required by the rules of the Board; and when the number of changes which are constantly occurring, by resignation or otherwise, is taken into account, and the understanding that in all future selections of teachers, their musical qualification shall be duly considered, the time cannot be far distant when the exceptions already alluded to will cease to exist.

But one opinion is expressed by the teachers as to the influence of music upon school discipline. Their united testimony is to the effect that it could not be dispensed with without a corresponding increase of disciplinary regulations, and that it exerts a soothing and healthful influence over every grade of scholars, from the youngest to the oldest; over the vicious, as over those well disposed.

The Committee have corresponded with instructors of schools in other cities, in order to inform themselves of the success of the systems there taught. In reviewing this correspondence, the Committee say that one striking fact appears to be prominent, viz., that *wherever music as a branch of common school education has been fairly tried*, popular sentiment, which is after all the only basis upon which the superstructure of common schools rests, is entirely in favor of it; and although its introduction, from ignorance or other causes, may have been opposed at first, the experiment once fairly tested, its strongest opponents have become its warmest friends, and most anxious for its permanence. Its importance as a branch of common school education seems also to be recognized in almost direct proportion to the degree of attention paid to it among the other studies of the school.

The Committee recommend no change in regard to the present course of instruction in our schools. They say that they have not been able to find anything in the methods pursued in other places, which they think can, with benefit, be engrafted on that which has been authorized by this Board. Indeed, they find that in those cities where the greatest results are attained, the lessons of the music teacher are given in the same way that is followed here.

We like to publish every example of the cultivation of a higher taste for music in social circles. By a right combination of means, with a high aim, and a little earnest perseverance, how much may be done in almost every village! A little club of young ladies and gentlemen in Hingham have been in the habit of making a concert once a week, at one another's houses, through the summer; each contributing at the piano, or with voice, her or his part to the programme of the evening, which is always regularly prepared. The selections are quite miscellaneous, but contain always a fair share of the best kind of music, such as must tend to mutual improvement. Here are three of them.

July 22. PART I.—1. Symphony, by Haydn, (arranged for 4 hands); 2. "Invitation to the Waltz" (piano), Weber; 3. Extract from *Lucia di Lammermoor*, Donizetti; 4. Extract from *La Straniera*, Bellini; 5. "Spirit Waltz," Beethoven; 6. "La Source," Blumenthal.

PART II.—7. Wedding March (4 hands), Mendelssohn; 8. Mazurka, &c., Goria; 9. Minuet, Mozart; 10. Sonata, op. 26, Beethoven.

Aug. 12. PART I.—1. Overture to *Zampa*, (4 hands), Herold; 2. *Marcia Gioiosa*, F. Hiller; 3. Prayer from *Mose*, Rossini; 4. From *Don Giovanni*, Mozart.

PART II.—5. Weber's "Last Waltz"; 6. From "Daughter of the Regiment", Donizetti; 7. Airs de Ballet, from Rossini's "William Tell"; 8. *Il Desiderio*, Cramer; 9. Andante from Sonata, Op. 14, No. 2, Beethoven.

Aug. 26. PART I.—1. From *Belisario* (4 hands), Donizetti; 2. *Fille du Regiment*, Donizetti; 3. *D'un pensiero*, from "Sonnambula", Bellini; 4. Gondola Song (without Words), Mendelssohn.

PART II.—6. Sonata, Mozart; 7. Aria from *Marino Faliero*, Donizetti; 8. *Brindisi* from *Lucrezia Borgia*; 9. Sonata, op. 10, No. 1, Beethoven.

These selections are nearly all instrumental. To make the thing complete there should be a choir or Glee Club also organized in such circles, in which Mendelssohn's part-songs, and such longer pieces as we have been publishing in this Journal, could be studied and performed to the general edification.

The New York Mendelssohn Union commenced this week their rehearsals for the season with the oratorio "St. Paul." At the Palace Garden, so called, they have music every night, under the direction of Mr. THOMAS BAKER, the great feature for this week, now that there seems to be a prospect of a new "heated term," being a gigantic "Drum Polka," by the Drum Corps of the 71st Regiment. . . . It seems there is a Signor PIERINI in Maretzek's Italian opera troupe, after all, and "Trovator" was so far right, and Signor PIERINI has not parted with his birth-right of an English name like other foolish tenors; only it is as a basso, and not as a tenor that the said Pierini comes. He has appeared this week in the serio-comical part of Don Basilio in *Il Barbiere*; Mme. GASSIER being the Rosina, Sig. GASSIER, Figaro, and Sig. LABOCETTA, Almaviva.

Amateurs and artists of the violin will find the way to something good in their line in an article which we have copied from the London *Athenaeum* in another column. Organists also will see something to their advantage in an announcement which we clip from Novello's *Musical Times*:

HANDEL'S ORGAN CONCERTOS.—Mr. W. T. BEST, organist of St. George's Hall, Liverpool, has advertised his intention of publishing the first set of six organ Concertos composed by Handel, adapted as solos for that instrument. In this edition the figured chords are to be filled up, and the claviars marked, so as to indicate practically the manner in which the editor, after diligent study, has considered that these concertos should be performed.

Music Abroad.

London.

CLOSE OF THE OPERA SEASON.—Both opera houses are closed for awhile, after a season of bustle rather than of eminent musical interest. The last cheap nights at *Her Majesty's Theatre* showed, by their empty benches, that the attraction of Mlle. Piccolomini has passed its zenith. This must always happen when a false popularity has been wrought up, and we imagine Mr. Lumley will find it difficult to sustain another early campaign at low prices, unless he manages to find some new or real musical attraction. Of Mlle. Tietjens we spoke last week. Meanwhile, the *Royal Italian Opera* has kept itself up well till the last, in spite of the difficulties belonging to a first season, and of the *hiatus* in its company caused by the defection of Herr Formes. On the novelties given at either theatre—'Luisa Miller,' 'La Serva Padrona,' 'Martha,' and 'Zampa,'—there is no need to descant anew. It will be enough to record that Signor Verdi has made small progress in England's good graces this season,—and that our disposition to try French opera is on the increase. To sum up, it is clear that what is most characteristic as music, or else, what is the best performed, wins the day, whether at dear or cheap prices of admission. The more moderate these can be made no doubt the wiser, but that one good performance is better worth frequenting than half-a-dozen bad ones, is a truth of which our opera-goers are more sensible than some have fancied.

It is said that an attempt at opera in English may possibly be made during the autumn and winter season in the new Covent Garden Theatre.—*Athenæum*, Aug. 14.

Paris.

We are indebted for the following to the Paris correspondence of the New Orleans *Picayune*, dated July 29.

Ullmann is here, keeping his agents (the Franco-Italian office) busy ferreting out good voices. Heaven only knows what success he has, for the musical market is a present proof of the folly of political economists who tell us the supply is invariably equal to the demand. There are unfilled demands here now for a whole regiment of tenors, and none are to be found in the market. There are more black swans here than tenors. Here is the company engaged by the Italian opera for the next season: tenors, MM. Mario, Tamberlik, Galvani, Graziani (brother of the baritone); baritones, Graziani, Corsi; basses, Zucchini, Angelini; *donne*, Alboni, Penco, Grisi, Nantier Didié, Rosa de Ruda, de Vienne. The new ballet at the Grand Opera, "La Sacountala," proves a failure; people don't go to see ballets for the purpose of studying Hindoo mythology, and seeing the "Old Hundred" and the "Dead March" danced by girls in short petticoats.

The Grand Opera is very busy making preparations for the winter. It has secured Mme. Carvalho (Mlle. Miolan of the Opera Comique) at the rate of 80,000 francs (\$16,000) a year, but for how long I cannot tell you. I shrewdly suspect, for no long period, as the composers and critics say she has not above six months of voice left her. The Strasburg geese died of dropsy, and the opera songstresses who attempt to make the human voice rival the violin and the flute, die dumb. Great luxuries are to be obtained only at great sacrifices. Mlle. Miolan's voice was too thin to fill the Opera Comique; I cannot conceive what she will do with it at the Grand Opera, unless the audience like homeopathy practiced in music. She will make her first appearance at the Grand Opera in M. Gounod's new opera, "Faust," she being *Margaret*. They intend bringing out M. Felicien David's long-talked of opera after the New Year's Day; they would bring it out before, but it seems the treasury of the opera has just enough money left in it to enable the opera to reach the 31st December, and it is desired to avoid a deficit. This new opera is now known as "Le Dernier Jour d'Herculeaneum," but it has a great many *aliases*, having been known as "Le Jugement Dernier," "La Fin du Monde," "Le Dernier Jour de Pompeii," and, I believe, the *Fin* or *Dernier Jour* of something else.

The Opera Comique is quite fortunate. It has discovered two new tenors in the Medical School here, and another in one of the Brussels Theatres. And as the latter (his name is Montaubry) receives 40,000 francs a year, the former thinks it much more profitable to pour music into people's ears than medicine down people's throats. Dissecting seems to have an excel-

lent effect on the voice. This theatre has almost in its hands a new opera, by M. Meyerbeer, "Le Pâtre de Cornouailles"; The Cornish Shepherd. MM. Babier and Cordier wrote the "book." I question whether he will reap any advantage from breaking with M. Scribe. The latter, by the way, is angry with him on another score. M. Scribe wrote some months ago a Cornish "book" for M. Limmander, the composer, and it was about being given out to the artists of the Opera Comique, when M. Meyerbeer heard of it, and by accident came to Paris, and by accident dropped into the office of the manager of the Opera Comique, where he heard of M. Scribe's new piece. "You will, of course, have no objection to its being played?" said the manager. "As for dat," dryly replied the composer in his broken French, "I never gives advice; but den I forewarns you dat if one Cornish piece is played before mine, mine won't be played in dis theatre." Of course M. Limmander was put aside for the author of "L'Etoile du Nord." M. Duprez, once so celebrated for his *ut de poitrine*, gives every year about the middle of July, a concert at Isle Adam, a village north of Paris, of which he is the Mayor. It brings in to the poor some 1500f or 1800f, which proves more than enough for the purpose to which it is devoted, there being but four paupers in his village, and they live quite sumptuously on the four hundred francs a year he gives them by his concert.

At the Opéra Comique, Grétry's comic opera, *Les Méprises par Ressemblance* has been revived. This *comédie à ariettes*, as it is entitled by the *Revue et Gazette Musicale*, was brought out at Fontainebleau, before the Court, November 7th, 1786, and was introduced to the Parisian public on the 16th of the same month. It was very favorably received. Six years later, in 1792, when public opinion had declared in strong terms that the incidents of the libretto were not well adapted to music, the *Méprises par Ressemblance* was translated from an opera into a comedy, and produced at the Théâtre Montansier, under the name of *Les Deux Grenadiers; ou les Quiproquos*. This version of the original work held possession of the stage for more than thirty years. The Opéra-Comique restored the music in 1822, since which time it has not been performed in Paris. Its present production, if not likely to make the fortune of the theatre, will serve in the character of a novelty, of which the Opéra-Comique stands in great need just now. Although Grétry was in the zenith of his fame and powers when he composed the *Méprises par Ressemblance*, that work does not exhibit the same grace and facility as his *Richard* and the *Tableau Parlant*. At the Grand Opéra M. Gounod's *Sappho* has been reproduced, "revised, corrected, and considerably diminished." The three acts have been condensed into two. The principal parts were sustained by Mlles. Artot, Ribault, Sapin, and M. Aymés. We cannot see anything in this to justify the tone of triumph assumed by certain critics who regard M. Gounod as a genius of the first water. If *Sappho* in its original form had been good, it would never have been degraded into a "*lever de rideau*."—*Lond. Mus. World*.

ZURICH.—The London *Athenæum* says: A friend just returned from a midsummer holiday confirms the accounts in foreign musical journals of the success and interest of the Singing Festival which was held at Zurich, on the 17th, 18th, and 19th of last month. The societies from many towns (some as remote as Strasburg and Innspruck) made up a chorus of 4,000 men, and met in a large temporary hall, which, besides accommodating such a formidable battalion of tenors and basses, contained space for an audience of 12,000 persons. Many of the German *kapellmeisters* were present. Some of the idyllic singing was very good. The men of Berne got the first prize, those of Basle the second; but our friend particularizes 'Les Montagnards,' of Chaux de Fonds, as having "pleased the public the most," marking especially in the programme before us 'Le Chant des Amis,' by M. Ambroise Thomas, who, if we are not mistaken, is of Alsatian origin. "The popular singing," continues he, "was more or less a thorough failure. At the combined performance, well directed by Herr Heim, an amateur, the most striking piece was a Motet, by Bernhard Klein, although the fugue became very monotonous owing to the absence of other than male voices. The order was perfect," concludes our friend, "the splendid weather, the decorated streets and houses, the firing of cannons, the ringing of bells, all helped to give liveliness to the festival; and when I shall have forgotten all else, I shall never forget the tremendous noise of gaiety in the Hall at the supper after the concert—a *fortissimo* more merry and vehement than I had imagined possible."

Special Notices.

DESCRIPTIVE LIST OF THE LATEST MUSIC.

Published by O. Ditson & Co.

MUSIC BY MAIL.—Quantities of Music are now sent by mail, the expense being only about one cent apiece, while the care and rapidity of transportation are remarkable. Those at a great distance will find the mode of conveyance not only a convenience, but a saving of expense in obtaining supplies. Books can also be sent by mail, at the rate of one cent per ounce. This applies to any distance under three thousand miles; beyond that, double the above rates.

Vocal.

Beneath the Evening's last sweet Smile.

Franz Schubert. 25.

One of Schubert's choicest melodies. A Song full of pathos and dramatic expression, set to a beautiful little poem of H. Heine.

The Dreamer's Song, (I think of thee at morn.)

Karl Merz. 25

Pretty and touching.

I am dreaming, darling, dreaming. C. P. Rodifer. 25

The Return of the Tyrolése.

Malibran. 25

In the palmiest days of this distinguished vocalist she penned a few light pieces, with which to respond to the nightly "Da Capos" of her transported audiences. They are few, but they are gems. The "Rataplan," with which Parodi and others have sufficiently familiarized us, was one of these *encora* pieces. This is another: a light, brilliant Tyrolienne, concluding with a long, echo-like, *mezza-voce* passage, sure to bring down the house. The piece is not difficult.

Instrumental.

Guipure Waltz.

H. A. Pond. 25

An easy and pretty piece for study or amusement.

Jeannetten Polka.

Kacerowsky. 25

The form of the Polka puts the fancy of the composer into such strict and narrow limits, that it is very rare, now-a-days, after Polkas have been written for nearly ten years, that anything turns up which has an air of freshness about it, and still is nothing but a Polka, made for people to dance by. This Polka has this something about it, this flow of life, and sparkling and light wreath of melodies which will make it known and popular as an "original Polka again." The arrangement is of medium difficulty.

The Dripping Well. A Revery.

Gollmick. 30

It is related that Gollmick, one night in summer, was very much annoyed and irritated by an old well in his court-yard, which kept on running and dripping obstinately, all the time—now *ritardando*, then *accelerando*, now *forte*, then *piano*, changing time, tempo, and melody with a restlessness which was quite excruciating to the tired pianist. At last, as he lay there, and could not help listening and counting each drop, as it were, there began a melody to make itself heard in this trickling of the water, a quaint, capricious melody, gentle and strict sometimes, then starting off at a quick gallop, never ceasing, never resting. It went on a long while, and nobody to hear it but the restless composer on his couch. Of a sudden it stopped, and with it the well ceased to drip. The tone-poet started; he had been chasing that melody all the time, with all his senses. It did not escape him; he threw it on paper that very night. This is the origin of that charming tone-chase, "Dripping Well," as Gollmick relates it himself.

Books.

The Classic Glee Book. A collection of standard Glees, Madrigals, &c., from the works of Calcott, Horsley, Webbe, Stafford, Smith, Attwood, Danby, and other celebrated composers, ancient and modern.

50

This compilation has been made from the works of the most eminent composers. The music has not suffered from the mutilating spirit of this progressive age, when every novice recognizes in himself the embodiment of all musical art, and undertakes to polish sunbeams and point lilies. In this collection it is pure, unaltered, and such as its composer intended it should be; and will doubtless be duly appreciated by admirers of the genial, hearty melodies of Old England.

Dwight's Journal of Music.

WHOLE No. 337. BOSTON, SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 18, 1858. VOL. XIII. No. 25.

For Dwight's Journal of Music.

Cecilia.

BY FANNY MALONE RAYMOND.

I.

Through the long night of time, thy pure life-story
Streams like the moonbeam in thy virgin glory,
Fair pearl, encrusted in a missal quaint,
Sweet maid, or sweeter saint,
Cecilia!

II.

From dewy hawthorn hower, when morning-blushes
Redden the air, song-shaken odor gushes;
So rose thy life's heart-incense, prayer and song,
When Christian Art was young,
Cecilia!

III.

Singing thy pious matins, softly walking
Through woods where wind and leaf, together talking,
Told how the bright earth bloomed, and man was blessed,
'Mid Eden's vanished rest,
Cecilia!

IV.

With rose-crown shading eyes, serene and holy,
Thou wast more fair, oh, meek maid melancholy,
Than Rafael, Titian, Dolci, picture thee,
Embodied melody,
Cecilia!

V.

As o'er a tomb, the silv'ry lily slender
Sheds a soft radiance, a quiet spiculet,—
So doth thy gentle memory illumine
The cloister's antique gloom,
Cecilia!

Four Letters from Beethoven to Carl Czerny.

(Communicated from the originals, by F. Luth.)

That Carl Czerny, from his boyhood, to the 26th of March, 1827, a day that excited universal and profound mourning, lived on terms of uninterrupted friendship with the hero of music, is a well-known fact. During this long period, extending over about twenty-six years, he received a great many letters from him. The earliest of these are, unfortunately, all lost; of the later ones, Czerny gave away the greater number to friends of his who were desirous of possessing a specimen of the handwriting of the celebrated deceased, and thus, as far as I know, he had only nineteen left. These he preserved as a precious treasure.

Of these nineteen letters, the following four will probably possess a very great interest for the musical public, especially for the numerous friends of Beethoven and Czerny, for which reason I now communicate them.

The explanations which, for the better understanding of them, I have thought it advisable to give, I had from Czerny's own lips.

I.

"Dear Czerny,—I cannot see you to-day, but I will come to your house to-morrow, for the purpose of speaking with you. I blurted out so yesterday; I was very sorry afterwards, but you must forgive an author, who would have preferred hearing his work just as he wrote it, however beautifully you played it in other respects.

"I will, however, *publicly* atone for this, when the violoncello sonata is performed. Let me assure you that I, as an artist, entertain the very best feelings towards you, and will always endeavor to prove it.

"Your true friend, BEETHOVEN."

Czerny received this letter the day after his performing (1812) in Schuppanzigh's band, the E flat major quintet, with wind instruments, on which occasion, out of mere youthful thoughtless-

ness, he had taken the liberty of introducing several alterations; of increasing the difficulties of certain passages, of employing the higher octave, etc., etc. For this he was, immediately and justly, reprimanded with great severity, by Beethoven, in the presence of Schuppanzigh, Linke, and the other performers.

One alteration only—namely, the taking the ascending triplet-passages in the first movement in both parts, with both hands in octaves—Beethoven subsequently approved.

The violoncello sonata, mentioned in the second paragraph, was the one in A major, Op. 56, which Czerny, in conjunction with Linke, played the following week to Beethoven's entire satisfaction.

II.

"My Dear Czerny,—Let me beg of you to treat Carl with as much patience as possible; though he may not, at present, get on as well as you and I could desire, he will, otherwise, do still less, for (but he must not know this,) his powers are too severely taxed by the bad arrangement of his lessons.

"Unfortunately, this cannot be immediately altered, therefore, meet him as much as possible affectionately, though seriously. Things will then go better, under the circumstances, which are really unfavorable for Carl. With respect to his playing with you, may I beg you, as soon as he has got a proper system of fingering, and keeps time, as well as plays the notes tolerably without mistake, then first to direct his attention to style, and when he has got thus far, not make him leave off on account of trifling faults, but to point them out to him at the end of the piece. Although I have given few lessons, I always followed this method; it soon forms musicians, and this, after all, is one of the first aims of Art, and is less fatiguing for master and pupil.

"In certain passages, such as g a, f g, e f, d e, c d, b natural e, etc., I should like him, at times, to use all the fingers, as also in the case of d g, e e, d f, e g, f a, etc., etc., g e, f e, c d, b natural, etc., in order that d g may be slurred. Certainly d g sounds, as they say, 'pearled,' (played with a few fingers,) or resembling a pearl; but people like, now and then, a different kind of ornament. More another time. I hope you will receive all this with the love with which I intend it to be said and thought. I have been, moreover, and still remain, your debtor.

"May my sincerity serve you, as far as possible, as a pledge of the future payment of the same.

"Your true friend, BEETHOVEN."

III.

"My Dear Czerny,—Please give this to your parents for my dinner, the other day; I cannot, on any account, accept this for nothing. I do not, either, require your lessons for nothing, even those already given shall be reckoned up and paid you, only let me beg you to have patience for the moment, since I cannot yet ask anything from the widow, and I have had and still have heavy expenses. For the present, it is so much lent. The youngster is coming to you to-day, and I likewise, shall do so later.

Your friend, BEETHOVEN."

Both these letters bear the date of 1815, in which Czerny began giving lessons to Beethoven's nephew, Carl.

Czerny protested, naturally, against receiving any payment, not on one, but on several occasions, so that Beethoven's sensitiveness may have been excited; hence the strange notion, contained in letter III., of wishing to pay for a dinner, of which, with his nephew, he had partaken at the

house of Czerny's parents (who then resided in the Hohermarkt, near the Breiter Stein).

In how many instances Beethoven manifested a similar feeling of irritability towards his best friends is already sufficiently known.

That Beethoven's idea, contained in letter II., concerning the propriety of not stopping the pupil during the lesson, however correct on the whole, is liable to very many exceptions, since much depends upon the natural capabilities of the pupil himself, and that it was not carried out by Czerny, are a mere matter of course.

IV.

"My Dear Czerny,—I have this moment heard you are in a position which I really never suspected. Only have confidence in me, and tell me in what way many matters may be rendered more favorable for you (without any mean seeking for patronage on my side).

"As soon as I can take breath again, I must speak with you. Be assured that I prize you, and am ready to prove this, every instant, by deeds. With true esteem, your friend,

"BEETHOVEN."

In 1818, Czerny was requested by Beethoven, in a letter which the former gave, many years ago, as a present to Mr. Cocks, the music-publisher, of London, to play, at one of his last concerts in the Grosser Redouten-Saal, the concerto in E flat major, Op. 73.

Czerny replied, in strict accordance with the truth, that, having devoted himself exclusively to tuition, as a means of livelihood, and having for many years given more than twelve lessons a day, he had been obliged to neglect his own playing so much that he could not venture to perform the concerto with only a few days' notice (as Beethoven required). Hereupon, he immediately received the touching proof contained in the preceding letter of the interest Beethoven took in him.

He discovered subsequently, moreover, that Beethoven had exerted himself to procure him some permanent appointment.

Ballet Literature.—M. A. Venua.

To the frequenters of the Opera form, we can hardly say when commencing, to some thirty odd years ago, and especially to the admirers of ballet and ballet music, the above-named gentleman will yet be well remembered. At the period to which we refer, Mr. Venua was the young and able leader of the ballet orchestra. He had studied music under able masters. At the *Conservatoire* he was the pupil of the celebrated violin player, Baillot; was subsequently instructed in composition by Peter Winter; and he early became known as a skilful composer, and an able and graceful executant. There was a time when the "King's Theatre" rarely produced a ballet the music for which was not supplied or arranged by Mr. Venua. Among these may be named, "Aline," "La Paysanne Supposée," "Le Prince Troubadour," "Le Père et l'Hamadryade," "La Forêt aux Aventures," but, above all, Didot's Anacreontic ballet, "Zephyr Inconstant, puni et fixé," the sparkling, graceful, and expressive music of which, composed by Mr. Venua, had an European reputation throughout theatres and drawing-rooms, and may still be occasionally heard in the same ballet, under its name of "Flore et Zéphyr." The earlier days to which we now refer were days in which constructors of ballets, like Didot, Hulin, Armand Vestris, Deshayes, and their light-limbed and imaginative brethren, assumed rank as though they were the benefactors of mankind. A glance back at old-fashioned ballet literature shows to us again these pleasantly-arrogant personages writing prefaces to their dancing stories and dramas, with a grave, earnest profundity worthy of volumes on the longitude or essays on the different calculus. In most cases these introductory documents or manifestoes are signed after the style of the Peerage,—a single name giving force and dignity, as

it were, to the perplexing wisdom and magnificent use and abuse of words in the preceding preface. How proudly modest, so to speak, is the assertion of "HULLIN," in his wonderful preface to the "Sultan Gécéroux," that "jaloux de satisfaire la noblesse, les souscripteurs, et le public, je désire sortir du cercle banal où roulent les idées de Ballet, et produire des scènes analogues à l'esprit de la nation." How finely discriminating is this division of aristocracy, subscribers, and the public, of whom, it is thus gently hinted, that they do not form a part! How impressive the observation of Hullin, that he is about to tread out of the vulgar circle in which ballet-ideas roll, and produce matter "analogous to the national spirit!" And then, this analogy is illustrated by the very original conception of a shepherdess attracting the love and winning the hand of the disguised son of a sultan, who is uncommonly angry, in a *pas d'action*, at the news, cuts off the young couple with a shilling, in an indignant *pas seul*, and at last, learning the virtues of the lady, and convinced of her worthiness of being elevated near the throne, by the graceful way in which she faints at the foot of it, joins in a touching *pas de trois* of reconciliation; and thus exquisitely terminates a scene supposed to be analogous to the spirit of the British nation, in the year 1819!

As writers, there was as much difference between Hullin and Didelot as there was in their character of ballet masters. The former mixes up a vast amount of affected modesty with his pretensions; the latter, conscious of his grand genius, dares to assert it without reserve, and is not only bold enough to exhibit the caprices of an astounding genius, but also to magniloquently justify them. We pass over Didelot's allusion, in the preface to his Anacreontic ballet, to his invention of an entirely novel aerial "flight" of Zephyr, but we are compelled to pause, with a certain respect, while the incomparable master touches on the subject of his having reproduced in his new piece some "ideas" which he had employed in a ballet of earlier date. He has repeated himself, certainly, he says, and he hints that he is very condescending in making any reflections at all on this subject,—"but," adds the splendid creature, "in repeating myself, I have only resembled men of great talents in more than one class of composition. Besides," he adds, "would it not be better to fall into this defect than to be guilty of plagiarism," (or "que de vivre de rapine," as the French text, *en regard*, more forcibly puts it,) "like so many inferior authors ('talents médiocres') who enrich themselves by the productions of authors while their own are of no value?" How witheringly this must have been felt by the "inferior" English ballet masters, whose stolen ideas were put into gauze and white tights on the stages of the Olympic and the Sans Pareil! Decidedly, Didelot had, at least, the confidence of genius; and Angiolini and Armand Vestris, the one coy and the other ardent, when they met in a pantomime of passion in a "bois agréable et une campagne riante," must have felt that they had been sent thither, wings, flowers, and all, by an unapproachable master in his art.

We will only further notice in connection with ballet literature of the old days of the King's Theatre, that from the original French and translated programmes of what was passing on the stage, not a few of the audience took lessons in language. That they were exposed to take little by their lessons may be seen by an example which presents itself in one page on casually opening *La Double Épreuve*—"Recevez cette écharpe," dit Mathilde, "comme un gage de *matendresse*." "El vous aussi, Joconde, ce médaillon, *sous appartement*." "Le Bailli s'approche *en trambulant*,"—four errors in three lines. The French of Stratford-atte-Bowe could not have been of worse quality.

But whatever the quality of the letter-press, a man with memories of the gay and somewhat dissipated old times will not be able to turn over his collection of ballet-books without the feeling expressed in the half-foystering, half-melancholy song of Captain Morris:—

"There's many a lad I knew, now dead,
And many a lass grown old;"

and yet a reference to the persons of the drama registered at the head of each ballet of from thirty to fifty years ago, reminds us, that if the curtain has descended finally on many of the actors, there are not a few still living, and daily to be met with on the highways of London and Paris. We look over a heap of these books, and we see them set down as youthful gods and slender nymphs then, who are very corpulent old gentlemen and excessively rotund old ladies, with swelled legs and a shakiness of gait. In times gone by, these waited to exhibit the graces of their forms and the mute eloquence of their pantomime, upon the arm and bow of Frederic Venna. What says the rhymester, on opera wonders?

"And I have seen a troop of gods,
(It really was a sight entrancing.)
All mute and motionless, like clods,
Till Venua's archet set them dancing."

The years are many since Mr. Venna withdrew from the public eye that used to greet him at the Opera; but they have not been unprofitable years either to others or to himself. Since he retired from the ballet orchestra he has been actively engaged, chiefly as a professor of music, in the county of Berks and its vicinity. Occasionally we have heard of him playing in the presence of Her Majesty, at Windsor, and at all the celebrated musical festivals his name has appeared among the leading executants. His public career, as a professor, Mr. Venna brought to a close on Monday last, by two farewell (morning and evening) concerts, given in the Town Hall, Reading. This career is worth noticing in connection with our subject of ballet literature, because of its great success. Many a renowned professor has made wanton shipwreck of his fortunes; but here we see a modest but able man realizing a fortune by industry and perseverance, and rallying around him, at his leave-taking with the public, a host of patrons, from Royalty downwards, whose names or presence attested their estimation of the integrity and worth of the *beneficiare*. On the occasions alluded to, Mr. Balfe conducted, and the principal members of the tuneful choir who are to perform at the approaching festivals appeared, and sang or played their best. We do not pretend to report these concerts; but we avail ourselves of the opportunity to congratulate the bearer of a name which is on the title-page of so many ballets, that his long and modest public career has been brought to so gratifying a close, and that health as well as fortune and good name are with him in pleasant companionship.—*London Athenæum*, Aug. 21.

(From the Home Journal.)

The Footprints of Music.

From the earliest antiquity to the days of the great king Solomon.

BY IDA BERRY.

The progress of music, to one who was clever,
Might be a fit topic for rhyme;
Its date we can't tell, but have no doubt whatever
That *Tune* is as ancient as *Time*;
For the angels rejoiced, at the primal foundation
Of earth, as the clouds rolled away,
And showed the fair face of the infant creation,
Lit up by the newly born day;
They shouted for joy to behold what was done—
While, in transport at seeing fair weather,
The planets commenced a brisk waltz round the sun,
And the bright morning stars sang together.

The folks, as we learn, were in Paradise leading
A mighty harmonious life,
When the Serpent, while Adam his carrots were
weeding
Essayed a duet with his wife:
This produced some harsh chords, and (of course
with good reason)
The blame was laid off upon Eve,
And having debated the case for a season,
The lady was ordered to leave;
But to part from her, Adam was not such a fool,
So he gave up his nice situation—
And hence, we conclude, has arisen the rule
To let discords prepare modulation.

As people increased, it might well be expected
That trouble and strife would begin,
And we find that where music was scorned or neglected,

They quarreled and acted like sin;
But the singers in harmony still held their way on,
And one day, to help them along,
Tubal Cain made a harp for his brother to play on,
And symphony thus joined with song:
The oldest of instruments, then, we may say,
Was the Jew's-harp—though Sawnee supposes
The bagpipe was first, and he swears to this day
"By the piper that played before Moses."

When wrong and oppression of sundry descriptions
The Hebrews had suffered, at length

They got discontented, and left the Egyptians,
Who after them marched in great strength:
They passed through the sea, and, intent on pursuing,
Their foes followed after, we're told;
But, before they well knew what the deuce they were
doing,
Got shockingly wet, and took cold.
The Israelites then—who at first view had thought
All was lost, and were frightened to see 'em—
Beholding the mighty deliverance wrought;
Joined in chorus, and sang a *Te Deum*.

When the Hebrews advanced to lay siege to the city
Of Jericho, that was so strong
That the citizens mocked them, and said 'twas a pity
They'd have to lie round there so long:
They'd no powder, nor cannon; but Joshua, knowing
The science of sound, gave command
To make seven trumpets of ram's horns for blowing,
And got up a sort of brass band;
They marched round the city each day, and full soon
The pride of the scoffers was humbled,
For they played "Yankee Doodle" so much out of
tune
That the walls couldn't stand it, and tumbled.

The land being won, as their chronicles mention,
Of plenty and quiet possessed,
They then to advancing the arts turned attention,
And music along with the rest:
King David the pious bestowed, it is stated,
On psalmody much of his care;
While Solomon, wisest of all men created,
Wrote love-songs, and sang to the fair.
And having traced music thus far on its way
So plainly, 'tis hoped none will doubt it,
We here leave the subject for some other day,
And for minstrels who know more about it.

The Cable Day at "Trinity."

From the N. Y. Musical World.

We were among the probably very few persons whose steps were tending away from the city on the day of the cable-celebration. We had seen so many grand festivals of various kinds that the quiet charms of the country seemed to have far greater attraction. But, as we rode down Broadway with our travelling satchel, we gradually caught the enthusiasm of the day to such an extent, that, before crossing the ferry to the railroad dépôt, we determined to persuade a congenial companion, there awaiting us, to remain over and witness the show. Succeeding in doing this, we left our luggage in charge, re-crossed the ferry, and were soon in the whirl of Broadway again, the gay banners dancing brightly over our heads, and the grand tower of old Trinity looming superbly in view, with its English and American colors.

"No possibility of getting a seat in the church after half-past nine," remarked a gentleman to us; and it was then after ten. Still we stopped at the church, and saw the imposing procession of clergymen in white surplices. We hurried forward, and were fortunately successful in getting close to the end of the clerical line. The pressure of the crowd behind was almost crushing, but we were among the fortunate few who were swayed into the inner vestibule just before the order was given by the police to shut the doors. We were now, however, almost in entire darkness; but chancing to know the geography of the place, we felt carefully about for the handle of a side-door we knew of, which we soon found, and urging our companion hastily through the opening, we closed the door behind us and commenced ascending a narrow, winding staircase. In a moment more we had entered the organ-tribune, and the whole grand display was suddenly before us. Around us on every side was the choir, and very near we soon espied our well-beloved Dr. Hodges himself, who welcomed us, intruders as we were, with kindest hospitality, giving our lady companion an excellent seat. The scene before us was pompous. In front of the chancel was a huge, gothic flower-screen, reaching nearly to the ceiling, surmounted by a cross, beneath which was the inscription, "Glory be to God on high" (we wished it had read, "in the highest"), while behind the screen were the two hundred clergy in their surplices, a dense mass of human beings crowded every other part of the church.

Dr. Hodges had devolved the subordinate parts of the musical service upon two of his former pupils,

Mr. Walter, of Trinity Chapel, and Mr. Huntington, of St. Thomas, in order that they, too, might have some participation in so memorable a celebration. Mr. Walter (who has imbibed so much of the organ style of his distinguished preceptor) was concluding the voluntary as we entered. Thereupon an opening anthem was sung, composed by Dr. Hodges on the occasion of the consecration of Trinity in 1846, to the words, "the Lord is in his holy temple," &c. The *Venite* was a familiar one, by Jones, concerning which a contemporary states that it "was much admired by Haydn when he heard it sung by three thousand children in St. Paul's Cathedral, London." Of the *Gloria*, the same journal states, "that it commences with an ancient Jewish chant, supposed to have formed part of the Temple ritual; the main points of the music, however, were by Dr. Hodges." The *Te Deum* was also a composition by the Doctor, composed shortly after his appointment as director of the music in Trinity parish, and styled "The New York Service." The concluding anthem was by Dr. John Clark Whitfield, to the 133d Psalm of Psalter.

The vocal performers of the occasion were the united choirs of Trinity Church and Trinity Chapel, with volunteers from "Calvary" and other choirs. The solos were sung by Miss Gellie, Mrs. Bourne, Mrs. Hutchings, Dr. Guilmette and Mr. Deane. The ladies sang firmly and expressively, nothing apparently being attempted but a plain and chaste enunciation of the text. Dr. Guilmette distinguished himself by a very forcible and manly delivery of his solos. To a very fine voice, Dr. Guilmette adds the charm of a clear and distinct articulation, free from all mannerisms and blemishes of pronunciation—such as disguise and mar the English of too many singers.

On this occasion we had fresh opportunity of valuing and weighing Dr. Hodges' peculiar handling of the organ. The Dr.'s style has a marked cathedral quality, possessing that breadth which is absolutely essential to effect in a grand, sonorous locality like Trinity Church. The Doctor, too, has a certain decided *aplomb*—he carries a very steady helm, so to speak, which equally prevents his being carried away by the natural excitement of a long-continued service, and is a barrier to all trivialities and improprieties consequent upon a little loss of musical equilibrium. This is partly habit, we suppose, and partly constitutional. Naturally mercurial men would find it difficult to retain sufficient steadiness for cathedral effects. Two good points in the Doctor's playing are his very effective management of the swell and a peculiar art he exhibits in his cadences: the "dying fall" of some of his musical conclusions being exceedingly appealing.

At the close of the service we observed the Doctor winding his way through the labyrinth of seats, holding in his hand what looked very much like Mother Trim's money-pouch, from which he dispensed a series of gold pieces to the singers—doubtless the good Mother's rewards-of-merit to well-deserving choristers.

Harriet Hosmer.

(From the Englishwoman's Journal.)

Born at Watertown, in the State of Massachusetts, in the year 1831, Harriet Hosmer is the only surviving daughter of a physician, who, having lost his wife and child by consumption, and fearing a like fate for the survivor, gave her horse, dog, gun, and boat, and insisted upon an out-doors' life as indispensable to health. A fearless horsewoman, a good shot, an adept in rowing, swimming, diving, and skating, Harriet Hosmer is a signal instance of what judicious physical training will effect in conquering even hereditary taint of constitution. Willingly as the active, energetic child acquiesced in her father's wishes, she contrived, at the same time, to gratify and develop her own peculiar tastes; and many a time and oft, when the worthy doctor may have flattered himself that his darling was in active exercise, she might have been found in a certain clay-pit, not very far from the paternal residence, making early attempts at modeling horses, dogs, sheep, men, and women, any objects, in short, which attracted her attention. Then, too, both here, and subsequently at Lenox, she made good use of her time by studying natural history, and of her gun by securing specimens for herself of the wild creatures of the woods, feathered and furred, dissecting some, and with her own hands preparing and stuffing others. The walls of the room devoted to her special use in the "old house at home," are covered with birds, bats, butterflies, and beetles, snakes and toads, while sundry bottles of spirits contain subjects carefully dissected and prepared by herself.

Ingenuity and taste, too, are shown in the use to which the young girl applied the eggs and feathers or the nests and birds she had pilfered. One instand, in particular, a very early production, evinced me-

chanical genius and artistic taste. Taking the head, throat, wings, and side feathers of a blue-bird, and having blown a hen's egg, she set it on end, forming the breast of the bird, as it were, by the oval surface of the egg, while, through the open beak and extended neck, entrance was gained to the cavity of the egg containing the ink.

In fact, no one can look around this apartment, occupied by the child and young girl, without at once recognizing the force and individuality of character which have since distinguished her. So true is it that the child is father of the man.

Full of fun and frolic, numerous anecdotes are told of practical jokes perpetrated to such an excess that Dr. Hosmer, satisfied with the progress towards health and strength his child had made, and having endeavored, without success, to place her under tuition in daily and weekly schools near home, determined to commit her to the care of Mrs. Sedgwick, of Lenox, Massachusetts. Thither the young lady, having been expelled from one school, and given over as incorrigible at another, was accordingly sent, with strict injunctions that health should be a paramount consideration, and that the new pupil should have liberty to ride and walk, shoot and swim, to her heart's content. In wiser or kinder hands the young girl could not have been placed. Here, too, she met with Mrs. Fanny Kemble, whose influence tended to strengthen and develop her already decided tastes and predilections. To Mrs. Kemble we have heard the young artist gratefully attribute the encouragement which decided her to follow sculpture as a profession, and to devote herself and her life to the pursuit of Art.

Justly or unjustly, an anonymous squib upon Boston and Bostonians was, about this time, attributed to Miss Hosmer, while a practical joke upon a physician of Boston was the immediate cause of her being sent away to Lenox. Her health having given her father some uneasiness, the gentleman in question, a physician in large practice, was called in to attend her. The rather uncertain visits of this physician proved a source of great annoyance and some real inconvenience to his patient, inasmuch as they interfered with her rides and drives, shooting and boating excursions. Having borne with the inconvenience some time, she requested the gentleman, as a great favor, to name an hour for his call, that she might make her arrangements accordingly. The physician agreed, but punctuality is not always at the command of professional men. Matters were as bad as ever. Sometimes the twelve o'clock appointment did not come off till three o'clock in the afternoon. One day, in particular, Dr. — was some hours after the time. A playful quarrel took place between physician and patient, and, as he rose to take his leave and offered another appointment, Miss Hosmer insisted upon his giving his word to keep it.

"If I am alive," said he, "I will be here," naming some time on a certain day.

"Then if you are not here," was the reply, "I am to conclude that you are dead."

Thus they parted. The day and hour arrived, but no doctor made his appearance! That evening Miss Hosmer rode into Boston, and next morning the papers announced the decease of Dr. —.

Popular, both in his public and private capacity, half Boston and its neighborhood rushed to the physician's house to leave cards and messages of condolence for the family, and to inquire into the cause of the sudden and lamentable event.

In 1850, being then nineteen years of age, Harriet Hosmer left Lenox: Mrs. Sedgwick's judicious treatment, and the motive and encouragement supplied by Mrs. Kemble, had given the right impetus to that activity of mind and body which needed only guiding and directing into legitimate channels. She returned to her father's house, at Watertown, to pursue her Art-studies, and to fit herself for the career she had resolved upon following. There was, at this time, a cousin of Miss Hosmer studying with her father, between whom and herself existed a hearty *camaraderie*. Together the two spent many hours in dissecting legs and arms, and in making acquaintance with the human frame, Dr. Hosmer having erected a small building at the bottom of his garden to facilitate these studies. Those were days of close study and application. Lessons in drawing and modeling—for which our young student had to repair to Boston, a distance of seven or eight miles—and anatomical studies with her cousin, alternated with the inevitable rides and boating, on which her father wisely insisted. The river Charles runs immediately before the house, and on this river Harriet Hosmer had a boat-house, containing a safe broad boat, and a fragile poetical-looking gondola, with silvered prow, the delight of her heart and the terror of her less experienced and unswimming friends. The life of the young girl was, at this period, full of earnest purpose and noble ambition, and the untiring energy and perseverance

which distinguish her now in so remarkable a degree, were at this time evidenced and developed. Having modelled one or two copies from the antique, she next tried her hand on a portrait bust, and then cut Canova's bust of Napoleon in marble, working it entirely with her own hands, that she might make herself mistress of the process. Her father, seeing her devoted to her studies, seconded them in every possible way, and proposed to send her to his friend, Dr. McDowell, Professor of Anatomy to the St. Louis College, that she might go through a course of regular instruction, and be thus thoroughly grounded for the branch of art she had chosen. The young artist was but too glad to close with the offer; and in the autumn of 1850 we find her at St. Louis, residing in the family of her favorite schoolmate from Lenox, winning the hearts of all its members by her frank, joyous nature and steady application, and securing, in the head of it, what she heartily and energetically calls "the best friend I ever had."

Her independence of manner and character, joined to the fact of her entering the college as a student, could not fail to bring down animadversion, and many were the tales fabricated and circulated anent the young New Englander, who was said to carry pistols in her belt, and to be prepared to take the life of any one who interfered with her. It was, perhaps, no disadvantage, under the circumstances, to be protected by such a character. The college stood some way from the inhabited part of the town, and in early morning and late evening, going to and fro with the other students, it is not impossible that she owed the perfect impunity with which she set conventionality at defiance to the character for courage and skill in the use of firearms which attended her.

Dr. McDowell, charmed with the talent and earnestness of his pupil, afforded her every facility in his power, giving her the freedom of the college at all times, and occasionally bestowing upon her a private lecture, when she attended to see him prepare dissections for the public ones. Pleasant and encouraging it is to find men of ability and eminence so willing to help a woman when she is so willing to help herself. The career of this young artist hitherto has been marked by the warm and generous encouragement of first-rate men, from Professor McDowell to John Gibson, and pleasant it is to find the affectionate and grateful appreciation of such kindness converting the temporary tie of master and pupil into the permanent one of tried and valued friendship. "I remember Professor McDowell," writes Miss Hosmer, "with great affection and gratitude, as being a most thorough and patient teacher, as well as at all times a good, kind friend."

Through the winter and spring of 1851, in fact during the whole term, Harriet Hosmer prosecuted her studies with unremitting zeal and attention, and at the close was presented with a "diploma," or as we in England should call it, a certificate, testifying her anatomical efficiency. During her stay at St. Louis, and as a testimony of her gratitude and regard, Miss Hosmer cut, from a bust of Professor McDowell, by Clevenger, a medallion in marble, life size, which is now in the museum of the college. It is, perhaps, worthy of note that Clevenger and Powers both studied anatomy under this professor.

The "diploma" achieved, our young aspirant was bent upon seeing New Orleans before returning to her New England home. It was a season of the year not favorable for such travel, and, from one cause or another, she failed in inducing any of her friends to accompany her. To will and to do are synonymous with some, and so Harriet Hosmer, having set her mind upon an excursion down the Mississippi to the Crescent City, embarked herself one fine morning on board a steamer bound for New Orleans. The river was shallow, the navigation difficult; many a boat did our adventurous traveller pass high and dry. But fortune, as usual, was with her, and she reached her destination in safety. The weather was intensely warm, but, nothing daunted, our young friend saw all that was to be seen, returning at night to sleep on board the steamer as it lay in its place by the levee, and at the expiration of a week returning with it to St. Louis. Arrived there, instead of rejoining her friends, she took boat for the Falls of St. Anthony, on the Upper Mississippi, stopping on the way at Dubuque to visit a lead mine, into which she descended by means of a bucket, and came very near an accident which must inevitably have resulted fatally; a catastrophe which, as no one knew where she was, would probably have remained a secret forever. At the Falls of St. Anthony she went among the Indians, much to their surprise and amusement, and brought away with her a pipe, presented by the chief in token of amity. She also achieved the ascent of a mountain, never before undertaken by a female, and so delighted were the spectators with her courage and agility, that they insisted upon knowing her name, that the mountain might thenceforth be called after

her. In a visit to St. Louis, last summer, Miss Hosmer found that her rustic admirers had been as good as their word, and "Hosmer's Height" remains in evidence of "the little lady's" ambition and courage.

On her return to St. Louis, where her prolonged absence had created no little uneasiness, she remained but a short time, and, bidding farewell to her kind friends, retraced her steps homeward.

This was in the summer of 1851. No sooner had Harriet Hosmer reached home than she set to work to model an ideal bust of Hesper, continuing her anatomical studies with her cousin, and employing her intervals of leisure and rest in reading, writing, and boating. Now followed a period of earnest work, cheered and inspired by those visions of success, of purpose fulfilled, of high aims realized, which haunt the young and enthusiastic aspirant, and throw a halo round the youthful days of genius which lends a color to the whole career. As Lowell wisely and poetically says:

"Great dreams preclude low ends."

Better to aspire and fail than not aspire at all. Better to know the dream and the fever, and the awakening, if it must be, than to pass from the cradle to the grave on the level plane of content with things as they are. There may be aspiration without genius, there cannot be genius without aspiration; and where genius is backed by industry and perseverance, the aspiration of one period will meet its realization in another.

To go to Rome, to make herself acquainted with all the treasures of art, ancient and modern, to study and work as the masters of both periods had studied and worked before her, this was now our youthful artist's ambition, and all the while she labored, heart and soul, at Hesper, the first creation of her genius, watching its growth beneath her hand, as a young mother watches step by step the progress of her first-born; kneading in with the plastic clay all those thousand hopes and fears, which turn by turn charm and agitate all who aspire. At length, the clay model finished, a block of marble was sought and found, and brought home to the shed in the garden, hitherto appropriated to dissecting purposes, but now fitted up as a studio. Here, with her own small hands, the youthful maiden, short of stature, and delicate in make, anything but robust in health, with chisel and mallet blocked out the bust, and subsequently, with rasp and file, finished it to the last degree of manipulative perfection. Months and months it took, and hours and days of quiet toil and patience, but those wings of genius, perseverance and industry, were hers, and love lent zest to the work. It was late summer in 1852 before Hesper was fully completed.

"Now," said its author to her father, "I am ready to go to Rome."

"And go you shall, my child, this very autumn," was the reply.

Anxious as Dr. Hosmer was to facilitate in every way the career his daughter had chosen, there was yet another reason for going to Italy before winter set in. Study and nervous anxiety had made their impression upon a naturally delicate constitution, and a short dry cough alarmed the worthy doctor for his child's health.

October of 1852 saw father and daughter on their way to Europe, the St. Louis diploma and daguerreotype of Hesper being carefully stowed away in the safest corner of the portmanteau, as evidence of what the young artist had already achieved, when, arrived at Rome, she should seek the instruction of one or two masters, whose fame, world-wide, could alone satisfy our aspirant's ambition. So eager was her desire to reach Rome that a week only was given to England, when, joining some friends in Paris, the whole party proceeded to Rome, arriving in the Eternal City on the evening of November 12, 1852.

Within two days the daguerreotypes were placed in the hands of Mr. Gibson, as he sat at breakfast in the Café Greco, a famous place of resort for artists.

Now, be it known as a caution to women not to enter lightly upon any career, to throw it up as lightly upon the first difficulty which arises, that a prejudice existed in Rome against lady artists, from the pretensions with which some had repaired thither, and upon which they had succeeded in gaining access to some of the best studios and instruction from their masters, to throw these valuable opportunities aside at the first obstacle that arose. Mr. Gibson had himself, it was stated, been thus victimized and annoyed, and it was represented to Miss Hosmer as doubtful in the extreme if he would either look at the daguerreotype or listen to the proposal of her becoming his pupil. However, the daguerreotypes were placed before him, and, taking them into his hands, one presenting a full and the other a profile view of the bust, he sat some minutes in silence, looking intently at them. Encouraged by this, the young sculptor who had undertaken to present them proceeded to explain Miss Hosmer's intentions and wishes, what she had already done, and

what she hoped to do. Still Mr. Gibson remained silent. Finally, closing the case,

"Send the young lady to me," said he, "and whatever I know and can teach her she shall learn."

In less than a week Harriet Hosmer was fairly installed in Mr. Gibson's studio, in the upstairs room we have already described, and where she still is, though rapidly outgrowing the space allotted to her. It is difficult, however, for master and pupil, or, we should rather say, for the two friends, to part; for, spite of the difference of years, or perhaps in consequence of it, a truly paternal and filial affection has sprung up between the two, a source of great happiness to themselves, and of pleasure and amusement to all who know and value them, from the curious likeness, yet unlikeness, which existed from the first in Miss Hosmer to Mr. Gibson, and which daily intercourse has not tended to lessen.

The first winter in Rome was passed in modelling from the antique, Mr. Gibson desiring to assure himself of the correctness of Miss Hosmer's eye, and the soundness of her knowledge, Hesper evincing the possession of the imaginative and creative power. From the first, Mr. Gibson expressed himself more than satisfied with her power of imitating the roundness and softness of flesh, saying, upon one occasion, that he had never seen it surpassed, and not often equalled.

Her first attempt at original design in Rome was a bust of Daphne, quickly succeeded by another of the Medusa—the beautiful Medusa—and a lovely thing it is, faultless in form, and intense in its expression of horror and agony, without trenching on the physically painful.

We have already spoken of the warm friend Miss Hosmer made for herself, during her winter at St. Louis, in the head of a family at whose house she was a guest. This gentleman, as a God-speed to the young artist on her journey to Rome, sent her, on the eve of departure, an order to a large amount for the first figure she should model, leaving her entirely free to select her own time and subject. A statue of CEnone was the result, which is now in the house of Mr. Crow, at St. Louis and which gave such satisfaction to its possessor and his fellow-townsmen that an order was forwarded to Miss Hosmer for a statue for the Public Library at St. Louis, on the same liberal and considerate terms. Beatrice Cenci, exhibited at the Royal Academy last year, and which won so many golden opinions from critics and connoisseurs, was on its way to St. Louis, in fulfilment of this order.

The summers in Rome are, every one knows, trying to the natives, and full of danger to foreigners. Dr. Hosmer having seen his daughter finally settled, returned to America, leaving her with strict injunction to seek some salubrious spot in the neighboring mountains for the summer, if indeed she did not go into Switzerland or England. Rome, however, was the centre of attraction; and, after the first season, which was spent at Sorrento, on the bay of Naples, Miss Hosmer could not be prevailed upon to go out of sight and reach of its lordly dome and noble treasures of art. The third summer came, and, listening to the advice of her friends, and in obedience to the express wish of her father, she made arrangements for a visit to England. The day was settled, trunks were packed, she was on the eve of departure, when a letter from America arrived, informing her of heavy losses sustained by her father, which must necessitate retrenchment in every possible way, a surrender of her career in Rome and an immediate return home. The news came upon her like a thunderbolt. Stunned and bewildered, she knew not at the moment what to do. An only child, and hitherto indulged in every whim and caprice, the position was indeed startling and perplexing. The surrender of her art career was the only thing which she felt to be impossible; whatever else might come, that could not, should not be. And now came into play that true independence of character which hitherto had shown itself mostly in wild freaks and tricks. Instead of falling back upon those friends whose means she knew would be at her disposal in this emergency, she despatched a messenger for the young sculptor who had shown the daguerreotypes to Mr. Gibson, and who, himself dependent upon his personal exertions, was, she decided, the fittest person to consult with as to her own future career. He obeyed the hasty summons, and found the joyous, laughing countenance he had always known, pale and changed, as it were, suddenly, from that of a young girl to a woman full of cares and anxieties. "He could scarcely credit the intelligence, but the letter was explicit, the summons home peremptory. "Go I will not," was the only coherent resolution he found; so the two laid their heads together. Miss Hosmer was the owner of a handsome horse, and an expensive English saddle; these were doomed at once. The summer in Rome itself, during which season living there costs next to

nothing, was determined upon; and during those summer months Miss Hosmer should model something so attractive that it should ensure a speedy order, and, exercising strict economy, start thenceforth on an independent artist career, such as many of those around her with less talent and training managed to carry on with success. No sooner said than done; the trunks were unpacked, the friends she had been about to accompany departed without her, her father's reverses were simply and straightforwardly announced and she entered at once on the line of industry and economy she and her friend had struck out.

The summer passed away, and neither fever nor any other form of mischief attacked our young friend. She worked hard and modelled a statue of Puck, so full of spirit, originality and fun that it was no sooner finished and exhibited than orders to put it into marble came in. It has since been repeated again and again, and during the past winter only, three copies have been ordered for England alone; one for the Duke of Hamilton. Thus, fairly started on her own ground, Miss Hosmer has met with that success which talent, combined with industry and energy, never fails to command.

The winter before last, while the Cenci was being put into marble, she was engaged in modelling a monument to the memory of a beautiful young Catholic lady, which is destined for a niche in the Church of San Andrea della Fratte, in the Via Mercede, close upon the Piazza di Spagna. A portrait full length figure of the young girl, life size, reclines upon a low couch. The attitude is easy and natural, and the tranquil sleep of death is admirably rendered in contra-distinction to the warm sleep of life in the Cenci.

Miss Hosmer has been engaged, during the winter just past, in modelling a fountain, for which she has taken the story of Hylas descending for water, when, according to mythology, he is seized upon by the water nymphs and drowned. Hylas forms the crown of the pyramid, while the nymphs twined round its base, with extended arms, seek to drag him down into the water below, where dolphins are spouting jets which interlace each other; a double basin, the upper one supported by swans, receives the cascade.

At the present moment, this talented and enterprising young artist is working upon a half life size statue of Zenobia, in preparation for next winter, when it is to be modelled even larger than life, and is already bespoken for America. She is also just finishing a pendant to Puck, Will-o'-the-Wisp, which is wholly indescribable, and is said to be superior even to Puck.

Prof. De Morgan on Tuning.

Our musical readers are aware that when the two notes of a simple consonance are a little out of tune, though only to the extent which common temperament allows and requires, a beating pulsation is heard—a wow-wow-wow-ing kind of performance—which keeps itself within decent bounds on the piano-forte, but becomes rather an annoying defect on the organ. The theory of these beats, as very obscurely laid down, though with perfect correctness, by Dr. Robert Smith in his *Treatise on Harmonics*, has received but little attention. The beats themselves have been used in tuning, and they furnish the only method known, except the unassisted judgment of the ear, for tuning on any given system. The subjects of beats has been recently treated by Prof. de Morgan in a paper which has just been printed as a part of the *Cambridge Philosophical Transactions*, Vol. X., now in the press. On the simplification of the theory of beats which this paper points out there is no occasion to say anything; but a postscript contains some suggestions on the subject of tuning, which we think it worth while to lay before our readers. All tuners begin by properly adjusting an octave, or a little more than an octave, which contains what are technically called the *bearings*. The rest of the scale is then tuned from the bearings. These bearings are obtained by taking one standard note from a tuning fork, and then tuning fifths upwards and octaves downwards, making the fifths a little too flat, as required in the system employed, usually that of *equal temperament*, in which all the fifths are made equally flat. This the tuner generally does by the ear; and if, as he comes towards the end of his bearings, he finds that he has overflattened or underflattened the earlier fifths he has to try back. Every new chord which comes into the adjusted part is a new test of the success of the process so far. An adroit tuner does this well; and there are some who have not often to fall back. That is, there are some who soon please their own ears, and others who are much longer about it. But there are no tuners who precisely agree with one another, and few, if any, who at all times agree with themselves. It is the experience of the organ-build-

ers, with their best tuners, working on different compartments of the same organ, that though each can make his compartment pleasant enough by itself, the compartments are frequently not fit to work together. Prof. De Morgan proposes that the hearings should consist of one octave, each of whose twelve semitones is obtained from a separate tuning-fork. But who is to answer for the tuning-forks? The manufacturers are to adjust them by making the consonances beat the number of times per minute which it shall be calculated from the system of temperament chosen that they ought to beat. Supposing the manufacturer to have a good standard set of his own, on any given system, it will be easy enough to make copies by unisons. Nor should the manufacturer object to a proposal which will, if carried out, make the demand for forks just twelve times what it is. The alleged advantages of the proposal are as follows:—First, the saving of time in obtaining the hearings; it is easier to get unison with a fork than to make the unassisted ear give a fifth too flat by two per cent. of a semitone. Secondly, the certainty of attaining the end proposed: for the system to be attained is stereotyped on the forks, independently of the state of the tuner's ear, temper, or indigestion. Thirdly, the practicability of making a true trial of different systems of temperament; the tuner's ear being wholly insufficient to discriminate the minute differences between one system and another. Prof. De Morgan considers equal temperament as an insipid dead flat; and prefers the variety which exists in passing from key to key under varied temperament. He has given the requisite table of beats in each of four different systems. First, equal temperament, as commonly used. Secondly, gradual change of temperament, first upwards and then downwards, in passing dominantly through the twelve major keys. Thirdly, major thirds everywhere equally tempered, with the greatest change of temperament in passing from key to key, which this condition admits of. Fourthly, the same extreme variety with the minor thirds everywhere equally tempered. The calculation of beats for a given system is of little difficulty; but as there are many practical musicians to whom, in calculation, great difficulties and little difficulties are all one and the same thing, we should recommend any organ-builder who seriously meditates trying any system of his own, to ask Prof. De Morgan to furnish him with the table of beats.—*Lond. Athenæum*, April 17.

Some Considerations Touching Organ-Grinders,

AND THE LAWFULNESS AND PROPRIETY OF PUTTING THEM TO DEATH.

"Semper ego auditor tantum? Nunquam reponam?"—*JUV. l. 2.*

The origin of organ-grinders justifies their extinction, as does also the doom with which they are threatened. This race is derived from Jubal, the sixth in descent from Cain, who was "the father of all them that handle the harp and organ"; (here note the accuracy of description in the word *handle*.) The seed of Cain, who destroyed his own brother, may with justice be destroyed in turn.

Later in history a trace of the race is detected in the patriarch's pathetic outcry against the "instruments of cruelty" in his sons' tents. In Egypt, and in Pharaoh's time, they seem to have been swept away. Egypt was a wisely-governed country. Had they existed, that prince might have been spared nine of the plagues, since an hour's infliction of this one must have softened the rock of his hard heart, and forced him to send the tribes trooping forth to the desert, with their minstrels at the head, playing the rogue's march of the period. In that age, surely, organ-grinding was one of the lost arts. There is hope, then, that it may again become so strengthened by the cheerful prediction, that in the latter days "the sound of the grinders shall wax low." The law permits the destruction of a nuisance. Organ-grinders are a nuisance. It is therefore lawful to kill them.—[*Vide Judge Shaw's Decision ad fin.*]

Public policy requires their extinction. The race consists chiefly of Italian refugees, banished for turbulence from their own country, making a trade of revolutions here, and revenging themselves by the murder of Music, for their inability to destroy Order. It is, therefore, courteous and polite in us, as a nation, to kill them.

Humanity pleads for their abolition. They are a wretched people, born out of time, who rear a wretched progeny. It is, then, generous and merciful to themselves to kill them.

Political economy demands that they should perish. They are wholly useless, never doing a hand's turn of work, though many a hand's turn of play. It is, therefore, prudent for society to kill them.

Upon this foundation of reasoning may be built a

strong tower of authorities in favor of their extirpation. That rigid and moral generation, the Puritans, regarded the organ with horror, as the Devil's box of pipes, even when used for sacred services. How much more would they have been moved with holy zeal for the destruction of his wandering emissaries, who bear the abomination from door to door!

Shakespeare makes the practical genius of Othello speak with contempt of hearing "a brazen can's tick turned," in evident allusion to grinding organs.

It is true that Lord Bacon composed a work known to scholars as the *Novum Organum*, or New Organ. But this only proves the hatred of that great and wise man for old organs.

The French style them "*orgues de barbarie*," or barbarian organs. To banish them and their barbarian supporters is one of the first duties of a civilized people.

Having settled the lawfulness, humanity and prudence of ridding the world of organ-grinders, it should be considered how this may best be done.

Not, perhaps, by individual efforts. The remembrance of suffering might darken an act of justice into revenge. Nor would it suffice merely for the State to put a stop to organs, seeing that the addition of a stop to those they have already, would but increase their power of mischief. There are wiser plans, too, than that of execution upon the scaffold, which might create a morbid sympathy. For example, make them the instruments of their own destruction, by setting them, in some secluded place, to play each other to death. Or they might simply be exiled to Tunis.

The public ear is large and patient; the need of this reform once forced into it, a proper plan will not be wanting. Then will discord be driven from the land, and peace and quietness return; while the grinding-organ shall decorate museums, and be wondered at by our descendants as the last and most cruel of the instruments of torture that disgraced an age calling itself refined.—*N. Y. Eve. Post.*

The Opera in English.

The performance of Opera in English, with a new company, is an event fitted to excite much musical attention. The troupe at Wallack's now is composed of Annie Milner, prima donna; Mr. Miranda, tenor; Mr. Guilmette, baritone; Mr. Rudolphsen, base. The opera presented on Thursday evening, Bellini's *Sonnambula*, gave prominent employment to the three first-named artists.

Annie Milner has hitherto been known only in the concert-room, but during some months she has been studying hard for the stage, and now we have the fruits. The lady has very great aptitude for the theatre, else she would not have achieved so much in so short a time. She is generally easy in her action and gesticulation, and a little more time will certainly show improvement. Her voice is a fresh, beautiful soprano, with great facility in the upper notes, much flexibility, and capabilities for a sustained slow movement equally with rapid, florid passages. She is prodigal, too, of the trill, so often eschewed for its difficulty by artists. In appearance she is intensely Saxon; fair complexion, light hair, and sweet expression. She looks Amina, supposing what sometimes happens—that the Italian *contadina* has these light-toned characteristics. In all that has been written of Bellini's *Sonnambula*, we have yet to find an adequate analysis of the merit of the declamation and voice-writing, which in certain respects was a new school, and an improvement on all the vocal music which preceded it. It has more than any of the old music continued elasticity of expression. Of course, in deep combination of parts, orchestration, and some other requisites, it has few claims to admiration—but its individualities of melodic-talk are immense. It would require a worse translation than that vouchsafed—which we consider, however, as bad as possible—to destroy the efficacy of the melodic-phraseology: neither can the inappropriate secondary orchestral motives which Bellini, Italian-like, indulges in, upset the virtue of his solo declamations, nor yet the stereotyped endings of the pieces. The music, in a word, carries the singer, and hence the auditory, along with it, and hackneyed as it is, when well done, it rouses the house. The first act dragged somewhat, and indeed, like the second and third, needed more rehearsal. The passionate quality of the second act required all

the efforts of the artists. They were duly appreciated by the audience, who vehemently called the singers before the curtain at the close of the bed-chamber scene. In this Annie Milner particularly distinguished herself, and moreover stuck to the text, which other sopranos do not do, but appropriate the tenor's work. We perceive in this the germs of an excellent dramatic artist, if duly cultivated. In the finale of the third act the donna was equally successful, and excited the general enthusiasm of the auditory.

The new tenor has happy moments. At first his voice began and ended in the roof of his mouth. Enlarging the area of vocal freedom, he sang afterward in chest-voice, in the second and third acts, and was peremptorily encored. His voice is sweet; not loud, but portant. He is impassioned, too, and pronounces his words well. His intonation is excellent. Heard often, he would grow in favor, especially if he would sing more equally well.

The baritone, Guilmette, is a favorite with the public, always singing intelligently, earnestly, and effectively. The little he had to do he managed to render important.

We perceive that a fresh opera is advertised for every successive evening. This may be a good plan, but we doubt it. Under such a desperate regimen the pieces cannot be adequately well done; and a success achieved in a well-composed opera may not attach to a second or third-rate one of the repertory. We think it might be well, therefore, to repeat the *Sonnambula*. It would go much better at the repetition, and ought to excite additional curiosity after the decided success of Thursday evening.

Mr. Cooper, the most effective of passionate players on the violin, led the orchestra with a stick. If occasionally he would drop the latter, and take up his violin for a solo bit, it would enhance much the interest. It seems a pity that so fine an artist should remain mute throughout the entire performance.—*N. Y. Tribune.*

ACQUISITION OF AN ESTATE BY ROSSINI.—Upon the proposition of M. Haussman, senator and prefect of the Seine, and in accordance with the report of M. Alpland, engineer-in-chief of the Bois de Boulogne, the Municipal Council of Paris have unanimously agreed to the concession made to Rossini by the city of Paris, of a plot of wooded ground, situated close to the Grille de Passy in the Bois de Boulogne—adjoining the Boulevard Beauséjour, including views of Auteuil, Meudon, and Bellevue. The price offered by the illustrious composer—who at the same time declared he had no intention of turning it to speculation, but meant to fix his summer residence there—was accepted without a division. The price offered and accepted, it may be stated, was far from inconsiderable. The new estate, by its size and situation, is worthy the illustrious guest the Bois de Boulogne is about to receive. We may add that the city of Paris was disposed to make the rent-charge for life purely nominal; but Rossini would not listen to this. "I should not fancy myself at home," he replied; "and moreover I am not sufficiently rich nor sufficiently poor to accept such a gift."

Musical Correspondence.

NEW YORK, SEPTEMBER 13, 1858.—The opera at the Academy of Music has been a decided hit, and there was a perfectly enormous house at the first appearance of STEFFANI, the great tenor, in *Trovatore*. Of course he was successful, his powerful, telling voice being peculiarly adapted for the music of Manrico's role; after the *Di quella pira*, at the close of the third act, he was thrice called before the curtain. The Azucena of Miss PHILLIPS was greatly applauded, and Madame GASSIEN made a fair Leonora. BERNARDI, in Amodio's great part of the Count, was almost a failure. "*Trovatore*" will be repeated to-night, and it is rumored that "*William Tell*" will be the next opera.

STRAKOSCH gives us, this week, a short operatic season of three nights at Burton's theatre, with Madame COLSON, AMODIO, BRIGNOLI, LABOCETTA and JUNCA—the latter a celebrated basso. The open-

ing opera is *La Figlia*, to be followed by *Traviata*. STRAKOSCH, with his troupe, which includes also PARODI, Mme. de WILHORST, Mad. JOHANSEN, and Miss ANNIE KEMP, of this city, will make a provincial tour, and return to New York in November.

The English Opera Company, at Niblo's, is generally acknowledged by the press to be the finest English troupe we have had lately, and the tenor with the queer name—Mr. MIRANDA—who had been very absurdly and injudiciously puffed, has turned out to be a really good singer. He is a young man, with a superb voice, and will some day take a first rank in the profession. This evening an English version of *Trovatore* will be produced. This otherwise satisfactory troupe needs a good contralto. The part of the gipsy, in *Trovatore*, is undertaken by Mrs. Holman, a lady with a soprano voice, wholly unfitted for the part.

The Harmonic Society, in accordance with an invitation from a number of distinguished citizens, gave a grand performance, last Friday evening, at the Crystal Palace, repeating the music they performed at the Atlantic Cable Celebration. The following was the official programme:

PART I.

1—Overture, "William Tell," Rossini. 2—Chorus, "Achieved is the Glorious Work," Haydn. 3—Ode, "The Cable," (words by Mrs. Ann S. Stephens, expressly for the Cable Celebration, to the air, "Star Spangled Banner.") 4—Porter Song, from opera of "Martha," Flotow, by Carl Formes. 5—Ode, "All Hail," (words by Mrs. Stephens, expressly for the Cable Celebration.) 6—Grand Hallelujah Chorus, Handel.

Between the Parts the Drum Corps of the 71st Regiment will (by permission of Col. Vosburgh,) give the "Drum Polka."

PART II.

1—Overture, *Fra Diavolo*, Auber. 2—Hunting Chorus, from "Seasons," Haydn. 3—Trumpet Song, "Messiah," Handel, by Carl Formes. 4—Chorus, "Awake the Harp," from "Creation," Haydn. 5—Duet, "The Lord is a Man of War," from "Israel in Egypt," Handel, by Carl Formes and Mr. Nash. 6—Chorus, "The Heavens are Telling," Haydn.

In addition to the selections, FORMES sang a "Hymn of Peace," the words written by John Brougham, the actor, and the music composed by CLEMENT WHITE, an English musician who has recently taken up his residence in this city. Between four and five thousand people were present.

There is every probability that the coming winter will be, with us, one of the most musical we have had. The Ullman Troupe will undoubtedly be successful, with such singers as JOHANNA WAGNER, Mlle. PICCOLOMINI, and others engaged. In addition to operatic novelties, the little Napoleon intends to produce oratorios, and for that purpose a free singing school has been opened at the Academy, under the tuition of CARL ANSCHUTZ, an excellent teacher, who speaks shocking English and indulges in amusing fits of irascibility when the raw, green pupils sing out of tune.

Trovator.

HOTEL SAN MARCO, LEGHORN, AUG. 13, 1858.—

* * * * *

The Doctor gave me permission to attend a concert which was given at evening, in the Teatro dei Floridi, which was almost opposite the hotel. I was too much fatigued to remain after the first piece of the second part.

It has a very handsome interior, and is called one of the finest theatres in Italy. There are some five rows of boxes—each box a small drawing room by itself, partitioned off and handsomely finished. The horse-shoe pattern is followed in the shape of the house. The front of the boxes is painted in fresco, in compartments, the subjects taken from the Iliad, and the composition very fine. The ceiling is also painted in fresco. Opposite the stage is the royal box, two tiers in height, which, last evening, was empty; but the private boxes were filled with the beauty and fashion of Livorno—the ladies all in exquisite toilet. I saw some very beautiful women, which would be called so anywhere. Half a dozen rows of seats in the parterre, next the foot-lights, were raised, and the seats sold by number, and here it was that I sat. The house presented the most

brilliant sight I ever saw of the kind. The orchestra was composed of about one hundred pieces, with a very large preponderance of strings, many of the violinists being from Florence. The overtures were played magnificently, as I think you would have acknowledged. I never before heard so many first-rate violins playing in harmony.

The instrumental solos that I heard were all very finely performed—that on the clarinet most particularly—the performers being all members of the large military band here.

But as to the vocal music, neither the choruses nor the solos were at all to my satisfaction, and I thought this part of the performances very mediocre indeed, although they seemed to please the audience, which applauded, noisily, at least. My physician, who seems to understand music, fully agrees with my opinion. C.

Dwight's Journal of Music.

BOSTON, SEPT. 18, 1858.

Lucrezia Borgia.

In the music of our present number we return to the piano-forte arrangement of *Lucrezia*, which has been for several weeks interrupted; and it may not be amiss to say a few words of this opera, which is perhaps the most popular and meritorious of all the works of Donizetti.

It was written for the theatre at Milan, in the year 1834, and on its first production, from a variety of unfortunate circumstances, seems not to have made the most favorable impression; but subsequent performances have made it one of the favorite operas of the modern stage, so that at the present day, after an existence of twenty-four years, there is hardly an opera upon the stage that proves more attractive to an audience, whatever may be its degree of cultivation; and the general verdict of the musical public of the civilized world would probably concur in the judgment that it is the *chef d'œuvre* of Donizetti, a title to which, from brilliant and effective music, and intense dramatic interest, demanding the exercise of the highest powers, both in singing and in acting, it may fairly lay claim.

In a former number of our Journal will be found a complete list of the works of Donizetti, which reach the astonishing number of sixty-four operas, composed between the years 1818 and 1848, the year of his death. It cannot be surprising, then, that in the works of a mind so wonderfully prolific, great inequalities should be discovered, and great imperfections; but it is not a little astonishing that so many of them should have retained their hold upon the public mind, so as to be still ranked among the most attractive and popular operas of the present hour.

Fétis, in his account of the life and works of this composer, remarks that, "Donizetti's abuse of his facility, and the negligence that is to be noticed in his works, are the result of the position in which he was placed during a part of his career, and of the fatal usage of the theatres of Italy of not giving to composers such a price for their productions as will permit them to labor for their reputation and for the cause of Art. During many years, Donizetti, by an engagement with Barbaja, the manager of the theatres of Naples, was bound to write two serious and two comic operas every year, receiving for so great a labor a price scarcely sufficient for the very first necessities of life.

Hence arose the necessity of writing, at the same time, for other theatres, and, in order to accomplish so many labors, the necessity of hurrying his work. Little of the *artist* could survive such a situation. Donizetti has frequently been known to instrument the entire score of an opera in *thirty hours*, a time hardly sufficient for the mere writing, notwithstanding the abbreviations in use in Italy. Nothing really good can result from such hasty work, and one must be astonished if mere *traces* are discovered of indisputable talent and of the splendor of genius."

Faculties so overworked, brilliant as they must have been, could not but succumb to labors so enormous; and there is nothing in the biography of artists sadder than the latter days of Donizetti, who passed from grief to melancholy, and from melancholy to fatuity, from which at last, death was a grateful release.

His name and principal operas are known and welcomed wherever modern music has a place. From London to San Francisco and Australia, the beautiful melodies that flowed from his facile pen have become familiar as household words to all who have a voice or an ear. After a quarter of a century they have lost little or nothing of their first charm, and multitudes will yet listen with delight to the results of the painful toils that brought the unfortunate Donizetti to an untimely grave that was only too welcome after years of despondency, melancholy, and unceasing trials.

Lucrezia Borgia has been often heard in Boston, and has been as finely performed by as great artists as we have ever had among us, so that perhaps no score has been more adequately rendered upon our stage. From the first performance by Truffi, Benedetti, and Beneventano—through the triumphs of Grisi, and Mario, and Bosio, it has invariably attracted the largest audiences, and has become widely known, so that very many of our readers will gladly welcome the means now presented of recalling the memories of the music and of the artists who have made it familiar to them.

BOSTON MUSIC SCHOOL.—We would direct the attention of persons who desire to receive instruction in music to the advertisement of this institution. The names of the teachers will be sufficient guaranty to all who know their reputation that the instruction given, will be, in every department, thorough and systematic.

HOWARD ATHENÆUM.—ENGLISH OPERA.—A few lines in the daily papers announce to the operahungry public, a season of English opera at the Howard. We have no particulars from Manager Barrow, but rumor says that it is to be the troupe of which Miss ANNIE MILNER is prima donna.

THE THEATRES were all opened for the season this week, but we are equally in the dark as to their programmes and purposes.

Musical Chit-Chat.

The Annual Meeting of the NEW YORK HARMONIC SOCIETY was held at their rooms at Dodworth's, on the evening of the 6th instant, when the following gentlemen were elected as the board of officers for the ensuing year. F. M. Carrington, President; J. Warren Brown, H. P. Marshall, Vice-Presidents; James H. Aikman, Secretary; A. W. Hoffman, Financial Secretary; Archibald Johnston, Treasurer; William Wild, Librarian. Standing

Committees; Tenor — William A. Cummings, Charles Tucker, J. P. Brouner, W. B. Taylor; Bass — W. H. Livingston, Augustus N. Smith, John H. Wood, Geo. C. Stone.

Annual Reports of the Secretary, Financial Secretary and Treasurer were read, showing the Society to be in a flourishing condition. Handel's greatest choral work, the Oratorio "Israel in Egypt," is in rehearsal, under the direction of their Conductor, Mr. G. F. Bristow, and will be produced during the season, together with several other large choral works.

The New York *Times* says of the new tenor in Mr. Cooper's English Opera Troupe, Mr. MIRANDA: "We have had no such voice in this city for very many years. Compared with the ordinary run of English tenors, he is as Tamberlik to the three cent paper man. His voice is manly, clear, sympathetic, and of unusual power. In this opera he knows how to use it to advantage, not only in the solos, but in the concerted pieces. His success was unequivocal and deserved." This is certainly high praise. Mr. Rudolphsen is a very clever vocalist, as those who attended the farewell series of Germania concerts in this city will remember. He was for a time hornist in the Boston Theatre orchestra. Of the general artists the *Times* says: "A finer quartet it has not been our good fortune to bear for many years. The voices are perfectly fresh, of good quality, and in some instances of very superior cultivation."

We arrest the following which we find going the rounds among our exchanges:

Hon. ROBERT C. WINTHROP once spoke of the Atlantic Telegraph as the grand ocean harp. Wideswarth thus writes:

"Oh grandest miracle of Time
What mighty joy will spring,
When men of diverse tongue and clime
Shall listen to the heavenly chime
That sounds the strains of peace sublime
Upon a single string."

Old Roger, on reading the above, asked the Professor if he knew the key-note upon which that string was tuned. He allowed that he did not. "Why, it is very plain," said the jolly old fellow, "that it must be on the lower C." As this joke is about fifteen hundred feet deep, all are not expected to fathom it.

Mme. La Grange and Impressario Ullman in a Paris Court.—The *Gazette des Tribunaux*, of August 22, has a memorandum of a suit brought by Mme. Anna La Grange against B. Ullman. The parties, as our readers are aware, recently sustained the relations of artist and director at the Academy of Music, in New York. It seems that Mme. La Grange claims to be a creditor of Mr. Ullman, and under that claim procured an order under which his effects and moveables at his hotel in Paris were seized. Mr. Ullman proposed that the order should be dissolved and the matter settled by a court of reference. It was urged by counsel for defendant that the French courts have no power to adjudicate between foreigners upon matters which originated in a foreign country; that Mme. La Grange became a foreigner by marrying a Pole, of the name of Stankovitch, and that in any event a French court could not decide the case. Therefore the order of seizure should be rescinded, and the matter sent before the courts where it belongs. The referees decided in favor of Mr. Ullman, whose effects were consequently released from seizure.

Burton's Theatre, New York.—Mr. Burton has engaged Strackosch's Italian Opera Company, including Mad. Colson, Signora Brignoli, Amodio, Barili, and M. Juncia, for three evenings. To-night will be performed Donizetti's opera of "La Figlia del Reggimento"—the Child of the Regiment.

ART MATTERS.—A correspondent of the Albany *Morning Times* says: Art matters flourish. Very few of the landscape painters are at home in their studies. They all love the gorgeous foliage of Sep-

tember and October and keep up their ramblings until cold weather. Church is at Niagara, sketching for a mate to his famous picture, painted from the English side. Palmer is still at his cottage on Cayuga Lake, where his pleasant summer has been turned to sadness, by the sudden death of his youngest child, a very interesting boy, nearly two years old. His friends will sympathise with his sorrows, as they have done with his glorious success as the sculptor of modern times.

Boughton has made his first trip to Lake George, and is as enthusiastic of its beauties as your humble servant. He has made sketches enough for forty pictures, and many studies of water, rock and tree, which show most rapid strides in art. What Martin, Gay and Loveridge are doing with themselves, we know not, but we expect everything good.

Our citizens will be sorry to know that Mr. Lancelot Thompson (a pupil of Mr. Palmer, of whom we have spoken most rapturously, more than once,) is going to New York the first of November, at which place he will open a studio. Admirers of his exquisite cameos, who wish to secure the likenesses of dear friends, rendered in such a charming manner, should not delay in giving him their orders. Success to him always; he has been an ornament to our city and we shall miss him very much.

ITALIAN OPERA.—The first appearance in this city of Madame Colson was the signal for a large and clever auditory. The piece was *The Daughter of the Regiment*. There are certain facial signs which indicate peculiarities of a style of speaking and of singing. A very well defined mouth, and clear, elegant outline of countenance, are apt to be connected with precision of vocal delivery. There is eminently this concordance in the prima donna of last evening. Her profile is particularly good and distinct, and all her vocal efforts are agreeable thereto. Her voice is not a large soprano, nor yet thin. In quality, it is medium; but the power of the singer in claspings her notes and launching them spiritedly give the effect, so far as the ability to make herself heard is concerned, of a much more powerful voice. In extent, it is a high soprano, ranging up to and above C. The opera in question is quite as much of a tearful as a joyous inspiration, so the singer had adequate opportunities for displaying the sentimental cantabile—the passionate adagio. This severe—and indeed final test of the merit of an artist—was sustained to the delectation of the audience, who were redundant in their applause. In her method of attacking her notes, Madame Colson is a little different from any other artist we have had among us. This is partly school, but mostly grows out severally of the labial, dental, and physiological exactness of her organs of utterance and her temperament. Parisian precision, elegance, finesse, characterize her method. So, too, the economy of means which she habitually displays. We have not heard the part better done; and, indeed, now considering her age—for she is young and fresh—her undeniably good looks and carriage, saucy and elegant by turns, we suppose she has no equal in this particular character. Her success with the audience was complete, as she was called out after each act. Her execution of the final air showed great command of rapid execution, in marked contrast to the well-sustained notes, carefully shaded, of the slow pieces. Her toilet, which should not be forgotten according to the exigence of artistic unities was unexceptionable. A pretty woman, well-dressed, and a fine singer, certainly constitutes a fair combination to make captives. —N. Y. Tribune.

Music Abroad.

COLOGNE.—The fifth Niederrheinisches Sängerkunst festival took place at Neuss, on the 8th and 9th instant. Everything connected with the material arrangements was admirable, not only for a town of about eleven or twelve thousand inhabitants, but for any place. The appropriate and tasty manner in which the new music hall is fitted up, and its position in the town gardens, where the visitor finds, in the immediate neighborhood of the building, refreshing shade, broad

walks and green lawns, at different points of which were erected eating-rooms, besides wine and beer shops, so that all the creature comforts could be satisfied *outside* the concert-hall—all this reflects great credit on the festival committee and the authorities of the town.

On the other hand, however, the kernel of the festival, the musical portion, was far less admirable than the outward shell. As a rule, the greater number of the assembled singers—who, by the way, scarcely reached the half of the thousand announced—displayed a lamentable indifference to the artistic importance of the festival. The rehearsal on Sunday morning was very scantily attended, while that on Monday did not deserve the name, not more than twenty or thirty persons being present! And yet the place fixed on for the festival—that is to say, the gardens—was constantly filled with singers, indulging in wine, beer, and low songs—nay, some of them, *horribile dictu*, continued the latter after their own fashion in the open air during the concert itself in the hall! Under such circumstances, the Niederrheinische Vocal Association cannot further exist without getting rid of such coarse, unartistic elements.

The directors, Herr F. Hartmann, of Neuss, and C. Reinecke, of Barmen, were in despair; and, really, a great deal of resignation was requisite to hold the conductor's baton, and exhibit as much perseverance and devotion as they did, and by means of which a tolerable performance of the orchestral pieces and at least, a supportable one of the vocal compositions was obtained. The latter, however, were executed with anything but precision and expression; they were rudely and coarsely sung, as was particularly evident in the gentler pieces, such as Mozart's "Ave verum," and Kreutzer's "Dir möcht' ich diese Lieder weihen." The only concerted piece which produced a favorable impression was a wonderful *motet* by the old Italian composer, A. Lotti. Even in the pieces with orchestral accompaniment, it was evident that the different associations had not studied conscientiously; the voices were often uneven, and sometimes began separately, besides being nearly always flat, at least in proportion to their numbers. It was, perhaps, these circumstances which prevented Carl Reinecke's new composition—the *Schlachtlid* by Klopstock ("Mit unserm Arm ist nichts gethan"), for two small choruses, and full orchestra—from producing the effect it otherwise would have done. This composition is very industriously and skillfully treated, and at the commencement according to strict canonic style; but that so severe a form is suited to a *Schlachtlid* (battle-song) we feel inclined to deny. The work has some brilliant points, but, on the whole, is deficient in the dash which the spirited words require.

The orchestra, principally composed of Landenbach's regimental chapel of Cologne, was pretty numerous (although we could have wished for more violins), and very good. Julius Rietz's overture (in A major), conducted by Hartmann, went admirably, and that to the *Abencerrages*, by Chernbini conducted by Reinecke, very well. On the other hand, however, the tempo of the allegro, in Rossini's overture to *Guillaume Tell*, was too slow.

The execution of the vocal pieces by the *Liedertafeln* of Neuss (Hartmann), of Crefeld (Wilhelm, whose song "Waldlust," is a charming composition), and of Aix-la-Chapelle (F. Wenigmann), was highly meritorious and artistic, and made up for much that was defective. The several associations were, with justice enthusiastically applauded, especially that of Aix-la-Chapelle. The prince von Hohenzollern, with several members of the court, were present.—*Niederrheinische Musik-Zeitung*.

VIENNA.—The season just concluded has again proved that Italian opera has outlived itself. *Don Giovanni*, *Le Nozze di Figaro*, *Così fan Tutte*, with Rossini's best works, constituted the life and soul of the three-monthly attempt. *Il Trovatore* and *Rigoletto*, it is true, were brought out to satisfy the uneducated and badly educated portion of the public, but it was impossible to rummage out anything new in this line. Verdi's *Aroldo*, and Perelli's *Clarissa Harlowe* were two wretched failures, while *Così fan Tutte* lent a freshness and charm to the season. Where, then, is the influence of the Italian element, conjured up in vain at such an expense.

Of the 75 operatic performances, 22 were devoted to Verdi (*Il Trovatore*, 11; *Rigoletto*, 6; *Ernani*, 3; *Aroldo*, 2); 20 to Rossini (*Il Barbiere*, 10; *La Cenerentola*, 4; *Mose*, 4; *Gli Italiani in Algieri*, 2; 16 to Mozart (*Così fan Tutte*, 6; *Figaro*, 5; *Don Giovanni*, 5); 10 to Bellini (*La Sonnambula*, 5; *Norma*, 3; *I Montecchi e Capuletti*, 2); 5 to Donizetti (*Lucrezia*, 4; *Don Pasquale*, 1); 2 to Perelli (*Clarissa Harlowe*, 2). Herren Proch, Esser, and De Barbieri conducted in turns. A total of seventeen operas by six different composers was given during the season.

Great hopes are entertained of the German operatic season. Eckert's career, although it commenced last winter, may be dated from July, 1858. He commands the good wishes of very many persons, but time alone can prove what he will and can do. There can be no doubt of the ability and intentions of the new directors of the Opera-house. The fact of Wagner's Lohengrin opening the season is laudable only inasmuch as that the work is by a German composer. It is to be hoped that Marschner's Hiarne will follow, at least, although we do not hear much about it. We have yet to learn whether we shall have Idomeneo, and Titus, Die Vestalin, Templer und Jüdin, Hans Heiling, Cherubini's Medea, Gluck's Armida, Iphigenia, and Orpheus, which for us are nearly as good as new. It is impossible to do everything at once.

On the 29th July, the distribution of prizes to the pupils of the Conservatory took place in the rooms of the *Gesellschaft der Musikfreunde*. It was preceded by a concert, opened by Robert Schumann's symphony in D, performed, under the direction of Herr Joseph Hellmesberger, with as much precision and force as could be expected from the youthful orchestra. Among the solo performances of the pupils, we may particularly mention the execution of Mendelssohn's violin concerto by Herr Leopold Auer, and of the grand air from Norma, by Mlle. Gabrielle Krauss. Mlle. Katharine Baner, too, in the aria from Fidelio, proved she possessed a fine voice, especially in the higher notes, but that a pupil of the Conservatory should have already contracted the defect of broadly pumping out the lower notes, does not say much for the correctness or strictness of the method pursued there.

It is very satisfactory that *Gesang-Vereins* for full chorus—the *Singverein*, under the direction of Herr Herbeck, and the *Sing-Academie*, under that of Herr Stegmaier—have at last been established again here. Neither of these associations has been able to withstand the temptation of giving a public performance only a few weeks after its foundation, a proceeding which, for two reasons, we consider premature: Firstly, because they have not acquired sufficient certainty, although they possess admirable material; and, secondly, because such haste satisfies vanity more than it forwards the object of institutions of this kind, and is only too liable to make people exert themselves more for outward show, than for a revival of a lively feeling for music and its noblest works. The able and excellent critic on sacred music in the *Wiener Monatschrift* speaks of both performances in the following terms:

"The *Singverein* of our *Gesellschaft der Musikfreunde* has taken its first step in the way of publicity by performing Palestrina's mass, '*Iste Confessor*,' composed about 1590. The selection is emphatically deserving of praise. This mass was a perfect novelty for Vienna, and, looked on from the point of view of an æsthetic church style, is a perfect gem. In the '*Et incarnatus*' the simple and lofty three-toned web soars upward, even to the level of a certain dramatic spirit. Thanks to the zealous exertions and dramatic intelligence of Professor Herbeck, the performers—although, on account of the short time the association has been in existence, somewhat premature—grasped with spirit and tolerable certainty this beautiful composition, especially as regards the devout intonation of the pure points of feeling and dramatic effect contained in it. In the '*Gloria*' and first part of the '*Credo*,' however, the chorus—which, though full and powerful enough in the higher and lower notes, is not sufficiently intense and effective, nay, not numerous enough in the middle ones—fell into the fault unfortunately too common in this case, of merely singing the lapidary notes, beneath which, however, a profound and glowing feeling mostly slumbers. The new portions introduced by Herbeck, Pertinax, and Hauptmann, although invariably impregnated with the spirit of our own time, and, therefore, not quite adapted to the original work, stood out very favorably, partly on account of their powerful expression, and partly on account of their delicate and harmonious character. The former decidedly laudable quality belongs to the compositions of Herbeck and Pertinax, and the latter, no less effective one, to Hauptmann's wonderfully feeling '*Benedictus*.' We regret however, its indescribably confused execution, swarming with faults of every description. We hope the association will soon think of this composer's Vocal Mass. Herr Bibl, jun., distinguished himself as a modern organist, in Mendelssohn's style, as much as ever, but his scales, which were nearly all chromatico-enharmonic, formed the most glaring contrast to Palestrina's mass, which is treated in a strictly diatonic manner.

"The *Sing-Academie* has, also, adopted the motto: '*Omnia ad maiorem Dei gloriam*,' by selecting the performance of a mass as the first sign of its public existence. It has been more careful in its programme

than Herr Herbeck's association. Whether it has been more artistic is another question. Following our own conviction, if we do not answer this by a complete negative, we can only give an affirmative conditionally. Friederich Schneider's Vocal Mass, like almost everything written by its composer, who, in many respects, was a meritorious musician, belongs to that period between Haydn, Mozart, and Beethoven, which we may justly designate as a deplorable one, destitute of godlike inspiration, and founded merely upon a sort of mechanical musical understanding, or, at most, on the period of the so-called filligree taste. With the exception of the correct '*Kyrie*' and the single ray of dramatic-musical life which flashes through the '*Crucifixus*,' Schneider's mass offers us nothing more than dry passages skillfully copied from the long naturalized masters of the South-German church style. We meet too many old acquaintances from the time of Haydn and Mozart, whose features are only too easily recognizable in spite of the borrowed mask. Schneider's work is well adapted for singing, like all the creations of his models, each of whom was so great in his own way. The effect of such music upon a certain class is unfailing. The compositions of the Dessau master—like those of the illustrious Rohrau* and Salzburg minstrels†—are full of the spirit of unadorned nature. The mass in question was most carefully studied in its minutest details. With the exception of a few blunders, it went admirably. The tempo was generally good, and there was a proper distribution of light and shade. The voices were fresh and vigorous, and ennobled, moreover, by real enthusiasm. Rotter's additions, composed expressly for the occasion, and consisting of an '*Asperges*,' '*Graduale*,' and '*Offertorium*,' were remarkably effective."—*London Musical World*.

* Haydn.

† Mozart.

PARIS.—Some of the Parisian journals appear surprised at the earnestness with which the London critics treat the alterations in the music of *Don Giovanni*, as performed at Covent Garden Theatre. It is not unlikely that Mario may try the experiment at the '*Italiens*.' Gratuitous representations were given at the principal theatres on the occasion of the Emperor's Fête, or festival-day, the 15th of August. The *Favorita* was performed at the Grand Opera, and *Fra Diavolo* and *Les Méprises par Ressemblance* at the Opera-Comique. The new opera, *Le Dernier Jour d'Hercule*, by MM. Méry and Félicien David, is in active preparation at the Académie-Imperial. The principal characters have been entrusted to MM. Roger, Bonnehée, Obin, Mesdames Borghi-Mamo and Gueymard. Mlle. de Meric, the contralto, (formerly of the Royal Italian Opera,) is engaged, and will make her debut as Azucena in the *Trouvère*. The receipts of the different theatres, concerts, balls, and café concerts at Paris, for the month of July, realized the sum of 718,911f. 25c.

HEREFORD MUSICAL FESTIVAL.—The 135th meeting of the three Choirs of Hereford, Worcester, and Gloucester, was held at Hereford, on Tuesday, the 24th day of August, and three following days. The pieces performed in the morning on the first day consisted of Handel's *Dettingen Te Deum*; a Jubilate by Mr. G. Townshend Smith, the Conductor; Mendelssohn's *As the Hart pants*; and an anthem, '*The Lord is the True God*,' (bass solo and chorus,) composed by the Rev. F. G. Ouseley, Bart., Precentor of the Cathedral. The principal parts were sung by Madame Weiss, Mrs. Clare Hepworth, Miss Lascelles, Mr. Thomas, Mr. Montem Smith, and Mr. Weiss. In the evening, a Miscellaneous Concert took place at the Shire Hall, at which, in addition to the artists already named, appeared Madame Clara Novello, Madame Viardot Garcia, Miss Louisa Vining, and Mr. Sims Reeves. The programme was varied and interesting, comprising in the instrumental parts, Mozart's *Jupiter* Symphony and the Overture to *Guillaume Tell*, (both admirably played by the band, which was led by Mr. H. Blagrove,) and in the other parts an excellent selection from Mozart's *Clemenza de Tito*, together with a choice assortment of Duets and Solos, which were admirably sung.

Wednesday morning was devoted entirely to Mendelssohn's *Elijah*, the principal parts being apportioned between the whole of the vocalists engaged for the Festival. The Oratorio was admirably sung, the principal singers and the chorus seeming to vie with each other in the struggle for perfection. In the evening another Miscellaneous Concert took place at the Shire Hall, which was followed by a ball.

On Thursday morning the performances at the Cathedral comprised a selection from Mendelssohn's *Athalie*, Rossini's *Stabat Mater*, (English version,) and the first two parts of the *Creation*; and on Friday morning was performed the *Messiah*.

Special Notices.

DESCRIPTIVE LIST OF THE LATEST MUSIC, Published by O. Ditson & Co.

MUSIC BY MAIL.—Quantities of Music are now sent by mail, the expense being only about one cent apiece, while the care and rapidity of transportation are remarkable. Those at a great distance will find the mode of conveyance not only a convenience, but a saving of expense in obtaining supplies. Books can also be sent by mail, at the rate of one cent per ounce. This applies to any distance under three thousand miles; beyond that, double the above rates.

Vocal Music.

Leonora Leigh, Song and Chorus. Henry Tucker. 25

A very pretty Ballad, of a popular cast, which will be eagerly bought by all the friends of good minstrelsy. The Choruses of the Composer, among which those of the '*Star of the Evening*,' and its later, but not less agreeable companion, '*The Star of the Morning*,' stand foremost, have always some original traits, which favorably distinguish them from a host of others.

Winter Evergreens. Stephen Glover. 25

A very pleasing, light Ballad.

Through the Eye the Heart does speak. Gumbert. 25

Ferdinand Gumbert is one of the most popular German Song-writers of the present day. His melodies are eminently pleasing to the multitude, and many of them are real fire-side gems. The present ballad, of which there is another not less celebrated musical version by Franz Abt, ranks with his best. German and English words.

The Fireman's Child. Song and Chorus. H. Tucker. 25

A touching Ballad, with a highly effective chorus, destined to become very popular.

Here in Deepest Sorrows. Song, from "*Martha*." Flotow. 25

Since this Opera has been brought out in Italian, simultaneously in Paris, London, and Petersburg, and has everywhere met with the most astonishing success, a reissue of its vocal beauties becomes necessary. This fine soprano song is printed here for the first time, with the Italian words added. Other numbers will immediately follow.

Instrumental Music.

Le Papillon d'Or. Morceau de Salon. Lefebure-Wely. 35

This graceful new composition of the fashionable composer, bears its name, '*Golden Butterfly*,' with much propriety. There is a light, airy, flighty motion throughout the piece, sustaining a resemblance to the movements of the light-winged creature. Moderately difficult.

La Traviata Waltz. Jean Weber. 50

A brilliant Parlor Waltz, on favorite themes, from Verdi's popular opera. The title page is adorned by a life-like portrait of the fascinating Signora Piccolomini, whose name will soon be forever linked in this country with '*La Traviata*,' as it is already in England. The Waltz is sparkling and bright, and has all the gems of the opera.

La Belle Waltz. M. Aschaffenburg. 25

Josephine Waltz. " 25

Easy and pretty Dance Music.

Books.

Johnson's Harmony. Practical Instructions in Harmony, upon the Pestalozzian, or Inductive System; teaching Musical Composition and the Art of Extemporizing Interludes and Voluntaries. By A. N. Johnson. 1.00

This work is designed for the class of person designated in the language of music teachers as '*new beginners*.' It imparts a knowledge of Harmony, by exercises which the student is to write; or, so to speak, by a progressive series of problems which the student must solve. The utmost simplicity of language has been used in the explanations, and an attempt made to guard against misapprehension, even on the part of an undisciplined mind.

Dwight's Journal of Music.

WHOLE No. 338. BOSTON, SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 25, 1858. VOL. XIII. No. 26.

For Dwight's Journal of Music.

Cottage Song.

BY JOHN S. ADAMS.

We've a cottage clothed with roses,
Near a wood
Where the singing birds of summer
Nest and brood;
There in early spring the daisies
Gem the sod,
Looking up to heaven above them,
And to God.

There in holy calm we worship
One above,
Through his works that all around us
Speak his love;
Read we there his will in every
Rock and tree,
While his blessings fall upon us
Rich and free.

Beautiful the morning sunlight
Cometh there,
Crowning Nature at her early
Morning prayer;
And at evening, when the twilight
Closest round,
Still, devoutly at her worship,
Is she found.

We are not alone, for angels
Come and go,
Walking often through our cottage
To and fro;
Promising to guide and guard us
With their love,
Till we go to live among them,
Up above.

Simple life is ours, we follow
Nature's way,
Learning of her truthful lessons
Day by day;
Striving to fulfil our mission,—
Doing good:
Living happy in our cottage
Near the wood.

Characters of the Musical Keys.

NEW YORK, SEPT. 11, 1858.

Mr. Editor,—There is, after the expenditure of a considerable amount of thought upon a difficult subject, a peculiar feeling of satisfaction when the result of this mental exertion appears in that clear and intelligible form which the art of the printer supplies. This feeling I experienced upon seeing the first portion of my article duly ensigned in the columns of your "Journal;" and the pleasure was enhanced by the perusal of your editorial allusions to it. There is, however, much to consider before I can satisfactorily answer the significant question, "Will he be able to dispose of them all as easily as he does of the first?" It rather startles me to think that, in the enthusiasm of a moment, a bull has been seized that may presently exhibit, not the proportions of a single bull, but of a whole herd, in the shape of musical mathematicians, philosophers, enthusiasts, &c., who

would trample me to death by a ceaseless demand for the explanation of sensations and impressions, not only that have been actually felt, but also of a mighty host, the origin of which may be traced to an over-fertile imagination. But, risking all, and everything, we will "on to the charge."

Having, by the fact of addressing my questions directly to you, Mr. Editor, invested you with a sort of temporary championship of the doctrine, I believe that I may consider your concession of the first point as rendering further evidence, so far as the fact is concerned, unnecessary; but there are one or two considerations in connection with it, which I think would not be out of place. I believe that the absence of any fixed character to a sound, except that of its pitch, is an advantage, instead of a disadvantage. For, while the fixedness of pitch establishes its identity, yet the necessity that other qualities be associated with it at the time of its production, and these associates being circumstantially varied, every sound can become the medium of exciting in the mind any of the emotions of which that mind is susceptible. In this sense a sound may, perhaps, not inappropriately, be compared to water, which, possessing no particular color itself, is all the more perfect a medium for its exhibition. Neither does the multiplicity of its adaptation deteriorate the quality of its representations. Is the reflected flash of the lightning upon the water's surface, less vivid or beautiful, because, the next moment, the black and threatening clouds which enshroud the face of the heavens are equally well depicted?

It frequently happens that the same sound, uttered at the same time, in the same place, and under the same circumstances, produces opposite emotions in the minds of the hearers, from being differently associated. As an example of this, suppose that a steamboat bell, which should be like in pitch, associated qualities, &c., to the bell of the unfortunate "Atlantic," one of the Long Island Sound steamboats which was wrecked some few years since, and which bell is reported to have pealed with every motion of the waves after she had struck; suppose, I say, that one of the survivors of the "Atlantic," having a mind sensitive to tonical impression, should hear this like bell, would not that identity of pitch and associated quality very possibly bring to mind the horrors of that scene, and create a corresponding painful emotion? But, to the ordinary listener no painful excitement is produced; and in some, if associated with other circumstances, the highest feelings of joy would be produced! Again, there are instances in which the same sound, used to give emotions opposite to those which have been most generally associated with it, in a great measure fails of success from the fact that old associations are too strong for the new ones attempted to be imparted. I felt an instance of this kind, myself, quite recently. On the day after the Queen's message was received by means of the telegraph cable, guns were fired, church bells rung, &c. The church bell of St. George's, (a church standing next to a building which I was

in at the time,) did its part towards the general joy! But, although the bell was rung with a *presto* movement, this was not sufficient to do away with the "Dearly beloved brethren, the Scripture, &c." impression which previous association had given. It seemed as if the bell still called the people to church, but the sexton being angry at their tardiness, increased his speed with the rise in his temper.

In spite, however, of all attempts to consider a sound by itself, as such, even with regard to its fixed quality, in practice it is impossible; an involuntary comparison takes place as to its position in the average range of tones in general use, and most frequently heard; and it is set down under the general terms "high," "rather high," "middling," "low," "rather low," &c. But this generality would give no fixed character to a single word.

From the foregoing considerations I think we may conclude there is no inherent tendency to a difference of sentimental quality in any of the single tones used in one key from those used in another.

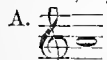
I will now proceed to examine proposition II., whether the *succession*, or *connection*, of the sounds used in one key, exhibits a different *sentimental quality* from those used in another.

While, with regard to a single sound, comparison is *involuntary* and incidental, the very nature of succession institutes and compels it; and by this means we arrive at the proportions of the thing considered. In regard to a single sound, velocity of vibration is that which gives the fixedness of its character, but it is not necessary that any other velocity be given, or that its velocity be known; the velocity *itself* possesses an innate and fixed power to fasten just its own peculiar property upon the ear. A succession of sounds, and more particularly a succession of musical sounds, require one sound to be *given*, in order to determine what the succession *is*. To render a succession of sounds musical, the sounds in such succession must bear a *certain proportion* to each other; and it is necessary to our purpose to serve:

- 1—The proportion itself.
- 2—The character that such proportion imparts.
- 3—If the proportion be the same in one key as another.
- 4—Being the same, if the sentimental or emotional expression of such production will be different.

Firstly, then, with respect to the proposition itself. It has been found necessary in gradually ascending (increasing the velocity of vibration,) or descending (decreasing the velocity of vibration,) from any given sound, that we do so by *certain* fixed proportionate amounts, in order to render the succession such as a musical ear demands, and is perfectly satisfied with. These amounts, in music, are called intervals, and these intervals are named according to the position they occupy in relation to a given sound. From any given sound to its octave (double the num-

ber of vibrations, it ascending, and *half* that amount, if descending,) *seven* intervals or proportionate amounts of increase or decrease are used. These seven degrees are generally called tones and semitones, the semitones representing half the amount that the tones do. A gradual progression of this kind is called a scale or key. Simply calculated, the intervals from 1 to 2, 2 to 3, 4 to 5, 5 to 6, 6 to 7, are equal, while from 3 to 4, and from 7 to 8, (the octave of one,) the interval is but half as much as from 1 to 2. It does not affect my argument that this simple calculation is not strictly correct. The manner in which this tone and semitone division is produced is different on various instruments, but the most perfect division can be obtained on a string stretched upon a violin or violoncello, or, in fact, a string stretched upon anything. According to a table now before me, a string, the whole of which being used, will give, when strained to a certain tension, say the sound in musical notation called A.



Eight-ninths of the string will produce the second sound in a scale formed upon A, called B.

Four-fifths will produce the third sound, called C sharp.

Three-fourths will produce the fourth sound, called D.

Two-thirds will produce the fifth sound, called E.

Three-fifths will produce the sixth sound, called F sharp.

Eight-fifteenths will produce the seventh sound, called G sharp.

One-half will produce the eighth or octave sound, called A.

It matters not whether this calculation is exactly correct; we will suppose it to be so, and that the fingers placed upon the string, in this proportion, will give a major scale in its purest form. On the production of these sounds, the ear distinguishes, by means of comparison, the peculiar character imparted by the proportion. If we proceed from 1 to 2, called, in our example, A and B, we have what is called a major second; from 2 to 3, (B and C sharp,) likewise a major second; from 3 to 4, (C sharp and D,) a minor second, and so on. Let us try the effect of moving from 1 to 3, 2 to 4, 3 to 6, &c.; then from 1 to 4, 2 to 5, &c., &c.; then 1 to 5, 2 to 6, &c., &c.; then 1 to 6, 2 to 7, &c.; in short, let us examine the effect thoroughly, by all the means that changing from one sound to another will give. In this way we may become thoroughly acquainted with the nature of a major and minor second, a major and minor third, a perfect and sharp fourth, a perfect and imperfect fifth, a major and minor sixth, and a major and minor seventh. The fixed character of each having been practically examined, until it is perfectly remembered, so that its identity is established in the mind, let us ask the question, "Is the peculiarity thus exhibited the result of proportion?" If you are doubtful, destroy the proportion, and you will destroy the peculiarity, which is the identity of the interval.

When you are satisfied that it is *proportion* that gives the peculiar character of each interval, we will give the violin peg a turn, and instead of the sound called in musical notation A, we will have the one called B flat, and the first question we will ask, is, "Will it now require *different propor-*

tions on the string to give this new scale or key, from the one just considered?"

[Fearing to take up too much space, I will again pause, and develope further at a future time.] J. J. CLARKE.

Mozart's Piano-Forte Works.

The pianoforte of Mozart's day had established its superiority over all keyed instruments of the quill-and-wire tribe by the roundness and sweetness of its tone, the fine gradations of power which it yielded to the hand, and its freedom, without hardness or dryness, from all offensive vibration. The harpsicord, patronized by Handel and Scarlatti, and organ players in general, was not without a certain grandeur; but no one could make it *sing* a melody, or produce upon it those melting effects of *decrescendo*, or harmonious blendings of intervals, to which many of us have listened 'all ear' when a J. B. Cramer sat at the pianoforte. Touch became on this instrument a peculiar art, developing the finest feeling. It was distinct from the elastic digital power which brings out passages with clearness on the harpsicord or organ, and might rather be compared to that gentle pressure of the bow, or enforcement of the breath, with which the accomplished violin player or singer gives prominence to a beautiful idea. The expressive mystery of a fine touch, it is easier for the musician to feel than to explain; the attack and retreat of the fingers, the hokling down of notes their full time, and the degree of force with which the keys are struck, may all be well accomplished, yet shall we not be greatly moved by any performance in which the soul of the artist does not animate his finger tips. A little prelude—a careless arpeggio of half-a-dozen chords, serves mostly to reveal the qualities of a player, and to announce him either as a musician or a musical mechanic.

Not only did Mozart devote himself to the *legato* style, but Beethoven prized it so highly, that while he possessed his sensibility of ear and touch, he never played in any other way; and it was this which made him say in one of his conversations with Ferdinand Ries, 'that of all the pianoforte players he had ever heard, he preferred J. B. Cramer.' This interesting testimony, by the way, which is published in Ries' *Notizen* respecting Beethoven, should not have been excluded from Moscheles and Schindler's biography of that composer.

Towards the middle of the last century every house in a certain class of society in Germany possessed its pianoforte; and in the Southern districts, Stein of Augsburg was a manufacturer of these instruments in great repute. The cultivation of music was at this time merely a means of introducing an elegant pleasure at home. It gave an occupation to the young, which, as the simple, earnest compositions of the day evince, was as yet untainted by the vanity of display. Music pleased for herself alone. But good teaching in respect to mechanism was very rare; and the steps by which a finished artist is raised to perfection, from childhood to full maturity, were almost undiscovered. Mozart's father was one of the first who comprehended the true principles of the modern execution—kept the arm in complete stillness, and moulded the hand into that rounded position in which the fingers seem to grow to the keys. Leopold Mozart and his daughter were much occupied in teaching, and, as we learn often talked themselves out of breath, in the conscientious discharge of their employment. While they were explaining the mysteries of fingering, and showing how passages of great apparent difficulty could be neatly and elegantly brought under the hand, it was the business of the young composer, even from eight years of age, to form and train the soul.

From this early period the solicitations to compose for this or that individual talent, which beset him throughout life, had their origin. Whatever related to capacity in his own art, its exact degree, its character, and importance, was known to him in any individual with whom he conversed, as if by intuition. The tone of a voice,

the air of a countenance, the social vivacity of a young person, seem to have enabled him to read with facility whatever nature had imprinted of the musician. The mere shape of an exquisitely-formed hand, without a general repose and harmony of character in the whole human structure, would, perhaps not have satisfied him; but both together made him more certain of his subject than either Gall or Spurzheim could have been by any investigation of the musical bumps which enter into the system of phrenology.

Even in his moments of deepest abstraction, when playing extemporaneously, Mozart was able to preserve a part of his mind free to notice the effect of his music upon others, to inform himself how far he might pursue one track of invention, or when it was time to strike into a new one. He had his own prepossessions in point of taste; and there is no master in whose works we can place a finger on a passage, a bar, or even a note, and say with greater confidence, 'this the composer enjoyed.' But though he gently led the way, and insinuated his own preferences in melody in strains of tender and melancholy grace, he appears rarely to have approved his own first conceptions until he had tried their influence upon others. This practice, which he early commenced among the visitors who listened to him occasionally at his father's house, became so strong in him by habit, that he was able at last to carry it out in public among the numerous audiences collected at the theatre, where—

One touch of nature makes the whole world kin.

The dramatic poet and musician are the kings who proverbially have 'long arms.' The chief element of their being is knowledge of the world within and without; they multiply themselves, and extend their own identity into all the infinite forms and varieties of the human family, and strike chords of passion which vibrate by sympathy through the whole. In Mozart's mystic language of inarticulate sounds there may be discovered a perpetual process of reason, as well as of imagination. The precision with which, as a minister of pleasure, he adapted the means to the end—hitting the mark always, restraining the luxuriance of his fancy amidst all its roving temptations, and preserving himself just within the limits of the object to be accomplished, exhibits the logical composer in an aspect in which he is unequalled among musicians.

Not any writings which Mozart has left show the man and the musician more interestingly than these collected pianoforte compositions. They are, for the most part, living witnesses to the amiability of his disposition, being mostly free gifts to one and another of his acquaintance of all ages and talents; sometimes evidently costing him no more trouble to write than that of moving the pen; at others, displaying the exertion of his greatest powers in design and construction. To one who can enter with full sympathy into the day-dreams of the charming artist-family whose abode in Salzburg near a century ago renders that locality still a shrine of musical enthusiasm and devotion, it is pleasant to travel once more into the past on the wings of these compositions. Images of happiness and hope will surround us while we witness the content of the yet youthful father and mother of Mozart in the opening genius of their son; and so we have resolved to write our Salzburg 're-visited.' Glancing a little to our right as we ascend the broad staircase of their dwelling, we discover in the deep vista of a warehouse, fragrant with the scents of Italian edibles and culinary merchandize, Mozart's landlord, that immortal drysalter, M. Hagenauer. The ladies, the officers, the ecclesiastics, the musicians, who from time to time mount to the *drüter stock* (third floor) to talk about or hear music, thus need not forget in going or coming where to renew the exhausted Parmesan or stock of maccaroni. But we quit these sensualities and enter the apartments of the Mozart family. In a room well stored with musical instruments and books, and ornamented with prints, busts, and flowers, a boy sits at a table composing. That is Mozart. A canarybird chirps in a cage at the open window; and a favorite cat, who has estab-

lished herself on the table near his music-paper, looks the picture of domestic quiet and content.

'Wolfgang,' exclaims the boy's sister, 'the young countess, my pupil, is just returned from Paris. She has been taking lessons of Schober, and is much improved. You remember how well she promised, what a nice clear finger she had, and what a graceful feeling for melody. You must write something for her, either variations or a rondo; but, whatever it is, I must take it with me next week.'

'Well; I'll think of it. I have just finished the processon march for Haffner's sister's wedding, and the new minuets for the ball in the evening. This afternoon we drive out to the Nonnenberg, and to-morrow I must practise my concerto, to play to the archbishop's Italian friends at the palace. What a lazy thing that is,' he adds, contemplating puss. 'I wonder when I shall find time to enjoy being lazy?'

'Oh, there will be plenty of time,' interposes the father.

'For what?'

'For composing the piece which your sister wants. And, Wolfgang, you know that M. l'Evêque, who has been in Italy, and talks to us so much about Italian fugues and counterpoint, will be sure to stand beside the little countess as she plays; so let your music be a rondo, in which you can bring in the subject in the bass, and make some of the passages move in canon. This will strengthen the young lady's left hand, and give the gentleman an opportunity of displaying his science when he speaks of the construction of the piece.'

The scene changes. The Mozarts are in London, in their modest lodgings in Frith-street, Soho. A German friend of theirs whose visage beams with delight and admiration, congratulates them on the pleasure which they gave to the king and queen at Windsor, a few nights before. It is the queen's music-master, J. C. Bach.

'His Majesty was delighted with the sonata, which he heard played off-hand by two great hands and two little hands alternately. It was a novelty; and here in England'—addressing the boy—'they like nothing so much as novelty.'

'Have they ever heard four hands on the pianoforte together?' asked Wolfgang.

'Never; no duets for a keyed instrument have yet been published in England. But do you try your hand at some, and we will play them together to some musical friends, whom I intend shortly to collect at my house.'

The duets in D and B flat (Nos. 43 and 57 of the catalogue thematique, Potter's edition) are quickly produced and played. A Berlin professor of counterpoint, well versed in Marburg, fidgets a good deal in his chair, and then rises to criticise.

'The *adagio* of that second duet is certainly a heavenly melody, M. Bach; but I observe that, in the second line, there are about thirty-three consecutive octaves in succession in the middle parts.'

'They accompany the melody very well,' said Bach, laughing.

'But, my dear friend, such counterpoint—'

'I was not thinking of counterpoint; I was thinking of pleasing,' interrupted the boy. 'The second violins and tenors sound very well so in an orchestra.'

'And I notice more octaves still in the *andante cantabile* of this duet in D,' said the professor.

'There I meant to imitate the bassoons.'

'So you turn the pianoforte into an orchestra, and place pleasure above counterpoint! What is to become of music if composers at your time of life set up taste and emotion as supreme guides? It must be quickly reduced to a chaotic jargon.' The professor was waxing warm.

'My revered father, John Sebastian,' said M. Bach, quietly, 'was wont to compose in what you call the strict style; and yet he would break a rule at any time rather than injure a good melody, or spoil a neatly-constructed passage.'

Mozart's wonderful childhood is passed, and he is not a little pleased to see himself wandering from Munich to Mannheim and Paris in quest of a permanent settlement. His pianoforte playing is

in great request at the houses of musicians whom he visits; he engages with young people in parties of pleasure, dances, and excursions, ready at any time of day to make the candid confession of youth—

Full many a lady I have eyed with best regard.

And so, as Carl Von Weber tells us, that German girls much delight in new waltzes and musical keepsakes (MSS.), which they pay for by a squeeze of the hand, Mozart, as a matter of course, was obliged to dispense his services and take the usual wages. Sonatas by the dozen, full of elegant Italian melody, and of the neatest construction for fingering, attest what he has given away at the solicitation of the fair; nor could even mama be denied if her little favourite longed for a pretty air with variations. The language of refusal was scarcely in the vocabulary of the compliant and obliging man.

Mozart is walking one morning in the English garden at Mannheim, with a musician belonging to the Elector's chapel. 'Nothing,' says the composer's friend, 'ever surprised and pleased me more than what you did yesterday when we went with Holzhauser and Cannabich to the pianoforte warehouse to choose the new instrument for the palace. To play on five or six instruments in succession, on each in a different manner, with a perspicuous design in every improvisation,—that I call the test of masterly invention and readiness. It is extremely embarrassing, when in walking from instrument to instrument, with great hearers, one is reduced to show one's poverty, to repeat oneself, or become quite vapid.'

The idea of such a situation made the composer smile. 'A peculiar fantasia,' he returns, 'is necessary when one would try a pianoforte. I have thought much of this impromptu music, and I sent my conception of such a fantasia in notes the other day to my sister. It should differ from the orchestral fantasia, in which we may blend *adagio* and *allegro*, sweet air, solemn modulation, and various rhythm, within the compass of one prelude; and also from that in the bound or organ style, which usually ends with a fugue. I intend some day to make designs of these different fantasias.'

Last winter, when we met in London M. Neidhardt, of the Berlin choir, we were well reminded that Mozart had kept his word. The fantasia in C minor, arranged by him for a large military orchestra, forms a splendid piece, and we have heard it ourselves in Berlin with much pleasure.—*Frazer Magazine*.

Congregational Singing.

From the Christian Examiner for September.

The scriptural idea of public worship is that the public are the worshippers. The choir in Solomon's temple, though larger than the largest modern congregation, did not monopolize, but only led, the service. All Israel assembled must lift up the chant responsive as the noise of many waters.

Throughout the Bible, commands to sing praise are addressed, not to the select few, but to the many. 'Let all the people praise thee, O God, let all the people praise thee.' 'Kings of the earth, and all people; princes, and all judges of the earth; both young men and maidens, old men and children; let them praise the name of the Lord.'

Yet though this is plainly the true scriptural idea of public worship, and though many laudable efforts have been made to realize it, the results thus far have been far from encouraging. Except in Germany, congregational singing hardly exists, save in name. Public worship is merely nominal. Nay, too often in our churches it may with truth be said, the worship stops when the musical performance begins.

To bring on a true performance by the people of the people's work, to make it general, hearty, good and enduring, is a vast labor, demanding incredible toil, and beset with almost insuperable difficulties. If music were taught in our public schools as thoroughly as reading and writing, the case would be different. The same multitude that hesitate not to read the hymns in their hymn-books, could read at sight the tunes in their tune-books; and then choirs might use their liberty of selection *ad libitum*, without excluding the populace.

Again, if our churches were built for singing purposes, the difficulty would not be so great. It would seem to be a first principle of common sense that a

public building should be constructed with reference to its special uses. Every edifice is the embodiment of some idea. When the sacrificial idea becomes thus embodied, it gives us a cathedral, with the altar specially developed and prominent, and the pulpit dwarfish and thrust aside. Enter such imposing fane and everything reminds you that sacrifice, not doctrine, is the grand idea; that sensuous impression, not appeals to reason and conscience, is the architectural law.

Hence the extreme Puritan reaction from Romanism incarnated itself in a church without an altar, without sensuous appeals, and with a pulpit as the prominent feature, because doctrine, instruction, appeals to purely spiritual powers of the soul, was the enthusiastic purpose. Not only, however, was sensual appeal eschewed, and justly, by the Puritan reaction, but unfortunately the idea of worship was, if not eschewed, yet undervalued.

The Puritan loved psalmody indeed, but abhorred organs and choirs.

But such congregational singing, deprived of instrumental aid, and unsustained by the choir of trained voices, speedily degenerates into the worst description of solo performance,—a solo voice here, and a solo voice there, uncultivated, discordant, and wholly abominable. From this to choirs the reaction was inevitable. If we must have solos, duets, quartets, let them be at least cultivated ones; and if we must have an organ, let it not be the nose.

But as choirs arose, so did the question what to do with them. Architecture had provided them neither local habitation nor name. If there be a gallery, let them go up thither. * * * * *

Having thus the choir in the worst possible place to be found for it, and the organ so disposed as to make the least possible disturbance, let the people sing if they can. The people will not attempt it; first, because they cannot, and second, because the cultivated choir do not wish to have them. So the people are dumb, and public worship becomes a Sunday opera.

But of all causes fatal to popular participation in sacred song, the most radical has been the principle of singing the same hymn to different tunes. The principle is universal in this country and in England, and so unquestioned, that it possesses all the sanction of an intuitive truth. A common-metre hymn is sung to-day in Mear, to-morrow in Dundee, the day after in St. Martin's, or in any other tune of that metre.

If the truth were known, the true philosophical secret of German congregational singing is that in Germany a hymn is married to its tune, and is never divorced; so that the tune, instead of being named Akrahim, Bangor, or China, is named from the first line of the hymn that is wedded to it.

We have only to consider a moment the natural result of the opposite principle. The effect is, that tune-books, being a separate article of merchandise from hymn-books, begin to multiply. American genius is fecund. The greater the variety the better the selection. Every year brings forth new collections by the score. Every choir will cull from the pages of from two to half a dozen, until a given hymn will hardly chance to be sung twice to the same tune in a lifetime. Now under such a system the people do not learn the melodies by heart,—melodies often unmelodious, ever-changing, evanescent. They form no heart attachment then to the tune; no affectionate association between a favorite hymn and a favorite air. All is perpetually new, cold, and purely scientific. And as association and sympathetic emotion are the strongest of all popular forces, it follows inevitably that the people soon know nothing and care nothing for the whole business, except to listen, to be amused, or to criticise.

On the other hand, the same cause nourishes exclusiveness in the choir. Having unlimited range and well-exercised vocal organs, they are tempted to choose new and difficult pieces, to gratify their own taste, display their power, and prevent popular intrusion.

Thus it happens that the whole service is corrupted and perverted in its inmost spirit and feeling. Worship expires. The love of applause becomes paramount. Everything in the existing system tends to foster approbation. In the concert-room or opera we know how human nature is affected. Why must not similar causes produce similar effects in a church? The audience in either case listen to a finished performance. Can they escape the instinctive tendency to criticise? The singers know what the audience are thinking about. Can they in turn resist the temptation to propitiate criticism and elicit approval? Both parties, in the church as well as at the opera or concert-room, are thrown into the same relative mental attitudes, and the temptation is exquisitely adapted to develop the result. The organist exhibits his skill

of finger and toe; the choir display their execution; the audience are entranced with delight, and God, whom all should adore, is nearly forgotten—forgotten it is to be feared, more entirely here where directly addressed, than in any other part of the services. Viewed in this light, it cannot be accounted a paradox to say that what we call sacred music is too generally the most profane thing in existence. If there is any department of practical duty in which the churches "are carnal, and walk as men," it is here. Nor can congregational singing possibly thrive while all these causes operate in combined activity.

To obviate such causes, as before intimated, must be a work of time. Yet not the less for that should we attempt the enterprise. Let children be taught to read music as early, and with as much necessity, as to read their mother tongue. Let every family be a singing-school, and at the home altar let children learn the hymns of Zion. In public schools of every grade give music a place as a daily exercise. Require of all pupils as thorough mastery of the gamut as of the multiplication table. Music is practically as valuable to men as either grammar or arithmetic. It promotes health, cheerfulness, good order, and piety; it refines and purifies the disposition. Let it be with ours as with Prussian schools, an indispensable qualification to the office of teacher, that one both sing and play well on some instrument.

Furthermore, in all churches to be built henceforward, let it be a problem to be solved, how to adapt them for uses of praise as well as of instruction. On this point we have much to learn. A few suggestions may be offered towards the true result. But that true result, that grand ideal of a house of worship is, we fear, known only to the Infinite Architect and Master Builder.

One thing may be laid down as settled beyond controversy; and that is, that the best place for the organ is on the ground floor. The principles of acoustics make this as certain as any general rule can be made. And as where the organ is, there the choir must be, it follows that the choir seats must not be in the gallery, but on the audience floor.

The question resolves itself to this, then, whereabouts on the ground floor to place organ and choir so as not to mar the symmetry of the interior, and yet to give to both preacher and people the best use of the voice in their respective parts of the public service.

Having thus marshalled the forces, and organized the host, it remains to provide them with suitable arms. Place in the hands of every man, woman, and child a book containing both the hymns and the tune which the people are to sing. The choir, of course, will possess its own library, for there are compositions which cannot be executed by the people, and may be sung for them by the choir, as at the opening and closing of service, during the rite of baptism, or on any special occasion.

But the main staple of worship is that in which the people participate, and that is to be found in the people's book. Here let the people's taste be consulted, rather than the taste of choir or leader. Give the people such tunes as they like, and do not think, because congregational singing flourishes in Germany, where they sing slow-moulded chorals, therefore we must sing slow-moulded chorals to make it flourish here. The reason why congregational singing flourished in Germany was, that the words were indissolubly linked to those chorals. Therefore, so long as the hymns lasted, the chorals must last. Moreover, there were reasons peculiar to European civilization why Protestant chorals should have a tinge of sadness not appropriate to our circumstances. Zion has been for the most part in captivity in the great European Babylon, and her harps hung on willows.

Of course we shall sing those grand old chorals; in part, because we sometimes feel life to be but Babylon and we ourselves captives by the streams. But if any imagine we are to be shut up to those severe strains, we who live in freer climes and more millennial anticipations, they are very much mistaken. When they can reduce our free limbs to the suits of mail hanging up in their old castles and museums, and our free thoughts to the catechisms of Westminster and Geneva, equally antiquated and rust-eaten, they may expect to imprison our exuberant worship in those prison dirges of dynastic middle age, but not before.

Give us, indeed, a few tunes with the mould of kirk and cathedral on them, we will not object. But give us also the inspiring melodies of the revival and the camp-ground. Call them methodistical, pennyroyal, nay, even Choctaw, we shall not care. They come from the people, the people love them, and the people shall have them.

Moreover, establish the unchanging law, (a revolution in itself,) that the hymn given is always to be sung to the tune accompanying. The people will know what to expect. Then it will be of some use

for them to try to learn. Then they can form associations of ideas. Children will love tunes for their fathers' sakes, and there will be something permanent in our worship from generation to generation.

Then let the congregation sustain one weekly meeting for practice. Of course the choir will have the best drilling we can give it. But the people must meet. And if there is no other way, give up half a day on the Sabbath to the business, and let pastor and people take hold with a will, the choir at the helm, to learn the high praise of God.

Finally, we need repentance for sin the matter. If the church only could become suddenly conscious of her adultery in this thing,—how we have sung to man, and not God, how, in the act of addressing his majesty, we have thought of our own flattery,—she would be in sackcloth and ashes in a moment. For surely the indignity we offer Heaven is most gross, the insult most keen and cutting. God is real. He is the living God. True praise from us gives his heart true joy. Insult under the form of praise wounds his heart most deeply. And not only does it grieve him; it robs him of one of his choicest instrumentalities for blessing us. He could bless this service to a degree now unknown through our guilty profanation—a degree almost miraculous. In Christian souls he could take deep hold on emotions, reveal and express such heavenly raptures as are now unobeyed. Music, too, might be His sharp sword to convince of sin and lead to himself. When man feels himself lost, and trembles at his own ruin, music is the angel voice that leads him to Jesus, and souls may be born to God by the songs, as well as by the prayers and tears of the Church. There is a contagion in those holy raptures, when multitudes full of emotion sing with all the soul, by which the rudest natures are affected. When the waves of song rise and swell around them, when they float in that sea of sound, all instinct and tremulous with emotion, does not then some secret power unlock the fountain too long sealed, of their own better nature, and do they not experience strange, unwonted promptings? And when they feel the bondage of sin, and yearn for deliverance, why should not the singing of some hymn of consecration be to them like the opening of a door in heaven?

THE PICCOLOMINI FEVER IN DUBLIN.—After the opera of *Lucia*, on Saturday night last, a large crowd collected at the Theatre Royal stage entrance, where Mademoiselle Piccolomini's carriage was waiting to convey her to the Gresham Hotel. On her issuing from the stage door and entering her carriage the cheering of the assemblage became most vehement and enthusiastic. The fair donna smilingly acknowledged the compliment paid her. But she was hardly seated in the vehicle, when the horses were unyoked from the pole in a twinkling; about a hundred young gentlemen collected round the carriage, and drew it at a rapid pace to the Gresham Hotel, followed by an immense crowd, cheering heartily all the way. On the carriage being drawn up to the hotel door Mademoiselle Piccolomini alighted, amid a dense throng of enthusiastic admirers, and renewed her expression of thanks for this manifestation of popular regard. She retired within the hotel; but there the cheering recommenced with redoubled vigor, by way of conveying the general desire that the much admired donna should present herself at the window. She at length came forth upon the balcony in front of one of the drawing rooms of the hotel. Lights had to be held at each side of her to assure the crowd of her identity. The huzzaing, shouting, waving of hats, etc., became immense. Again and again the fair cantatrice had to gratify her worshippers by coming forth and bowing. She was led forth by Signor Giuglini, and had to remain for several minutes, while the vast breadth of Sackville Street echoed with cheers and vivas. Such a decided manifestation of public admiration and regard we do not remember to have seen conferred on any of the eminent actresses and prima donnas who have visited Dublin.—*Freeman's Journal*.

MALAPROPOS STAGE INCIDENT.—A few members of the company usually took a stroll on the Sunday forenoons. It was generally the "painter" the "heavy man," and myself—when they retailed stories of their wondrous adventures and stage experiences. We had only one incident to talk about personal to the company, and it was a laughable one. Walls, the prompter, who was useful on the stage, happened one evening to play the Duke in the tragedy of "Othello," having previously given directions to a girl of all-work who attended on the wardrobe to bring him a gill of the best whisky. Not wishing to go out, as the evening was wet, the girl employed a little boy who happened to be standing about to execute the

commission, and the little fellow (no person being present to stop him), without considering the impropriety of such an act, coolly walked on to the stage, and delivered his message—the state of affairs at this ridiculous juncture being exactly as follows: The senate was assembled, and the speaker was—

Brabantio.—So did I yours: Good, your grace, pardon me,
Neither my place, nor ought I heard of business,
Hath raised me from my bed; nor doth this general care
Take hold of me; for my particular grief
Is of so floodgate and overbearing nature,
That it engulfs and swallows other sorrows,
And is still itself.

Duke.—Why, what's the matter?

Here the little boy walked on to the stage, with a pewter gill-stoup, and thus delivered himself: "It's jist the whusky, Mr. Walls, and I couldn't get ony at fourpence, so yer aw'n the landlord a penny; and he says it's time you was paying what's doon i' the book." The roars of laughter which followed are indescribable.—*Confessions of a Strolling Player*.

Longfellow's New Volume.

"The Courtship of Miles Standish, and Other Poems," by the author of "Hiawatha" and "Evangeline," will be published next month, by Ticknor & Fields. From the smaller poems of this eagerly expected volume we are able to give our readers the following beautiful verses.

CHILDREN.

Come to me, O ye children!

For I hear you at your play,

And the questions that perplexed me
Have vanished quite away.

Ye open the eastern windows,

That look toward the sun,

Where thoughts are singing swallows
And the brooks of morning run.

In your hearts are the birds and the sunshine,

In your thoughts the brooklet's flow,

But in mine is the wind of Autumn

And the first fall of the snow.

Ah! what would the world be to us

If the children were no more?

We should dread the desert behind us

Worse than the dark before.

What the leaves are to the forest,

With light and air for food,

Ere their sweet and tender juices

Have been hardened into wood,—

That to the world are children;

Through them it feels the glow

Of a brighter and sunnier climate

Than reaches the trunks below.

Come to me, O ye children!

And whisper in my ear

What the birds and the winds are singing

In your sunny atmosphere.

For what are all our contrivings,

And the wisdom of our books,

When compared with your caresses,

And the gladness of your looks?

Ye are better than all the ballads

That ever were sung or said;

For ye are living poems,

And all the rest are dead.

AMERICAN BEAUTY.—The Newport correspondent of the Boston *Courier*, whose initials "G. S. H." vouch that he is one of the most competent of judges as well as the most graceful of writers to treat of such a subject, writes thus of the characteristics of American female beauty:

* * * * *
But there was something that outdid them all; and that was a beautiful face I had the pleasure of sitting

opposite to. I shall not give you the least intimation of the name or whereabouts of the owner of this face; suffice it to say that she was a wife and a mother, and thus wearing on her brow the perfect crown of womanhood. Vain would it be for me to attempt to convey to you the charm of this countenance by any enumeration or inventory of its features—by telling you of the rich dark hair, so massive and yet so soft, and braided as Raphael would have braided it—of the steel gray eyes, spirited and sweet, under such eye brows and eye-lashes as would have made any eyes handsome—of the clear, pellucid complexion, as delicate as it is possible to be and not lose the charm of health—of the pure and sculptured lines of the cheek and chin—of a mouth gently grave in repose, but easily rippling into the most dazzling smiles. All this gives you no notion of the sweetness, the purity, the refinement, the gentle-heartedness, the ethereal peace, that breathed from this lovely face and threw over it a charm not borrowed from form or color. And her dress, of simple white muslin, high in the throat, with purple ribbons, could not have been improved if a committee of artists had prescribed it.

I have been somewhat about the world, my dear C., and as you know I have an eye in my head; and I assure you there is nothing on earth so fine as American beauty in its rarest and highest type—such as was here before me. Its leading and characteristic trait is that of extreme refinement; of fineness in its literal and exact sense, as opposed to coarseness. In no country so often as in our democratic America will you see faces that look as if they were the perfect result of many generations of the most select and fortunate influences. This peculiar charm is often found in such excess, as to become almost a defect; from its so inevitably suggesting fears of evanescence and early decay.

Why should I not be permitted to rave a little, in this absurd way, upon the subject? Why should beauty gather all its tributes from lovers, poets, and boys? Why may not mature age, long tried and trained by life, lay an offering on this altar? What beauty is there like that of the human face? Milton in that pathetic passage in which he sums up the deprivation of his blindness, puts last, and as the climax of his bereavement, his losing sight of the "human face divine;" no lightly-considered or chance-gathered epithet. Had the light of day again visited those dim orbs, can we doubt that their first glance would have sought some human face! It is one of the compensations in growing old, or at least ceasing to be young, that our sensations if less strong are finer; more ethereal if less tumultuous. The serene emotion which the sight of beauty now awakens within me I would not exchange for the more impetuous fervors, the coarser thrills, of twenty-five. Certainly I never looked upon a new-blown rose with a more passionless admiration than upon this fair young creature who had crossed my path but for a moment, and yet thrown upon it a perennial satisfaction; for if a "thing of beauty" be "a joy forever," how much more is a being of beauty.

Dr. Arne.

Thomas Augustus Arne, Mus. Doc. was the son of a celebrated upholsterer, of King Street, Covent Garden, and was born in the month of March, 1710. He had a good school education, having been sent to Eton by his father, who intended him for the profession of the law. But his love of music operated too powerfully, even while at Eton, for his own peace or that of his companions. By means of a miserable cracked common flute he tormented them night and day, when not obliged to attend the school; and, when he left Eton, such was his passion for music, that he was frequently known to avail himself of the privilege of a servant, by borrowing a livery, and going into the upper gallery of the Opera, at that time appropriated to domestics. At home he had contrived to secrete a spinet in his room, upon which, after muffling the strings with a handkerchief, he used to practise in the night, while the rest of the family were asleep.

He was at length compelled to serve a three-years clerkship to the law; but, even during this servitude, he dedicated every moment of leisure he could obtain to the study of music. Besides practising on the spinet, and studying composition by himself, he contrived, during his clerkship, to acquire some instructions on the violin from Festing. Upon this instrument he made so considerable a progress, that soon after he had quitted his legal master, his father accidentally calling at a gentleman's house in the neighbour-

hood, was invited up stairs, where there was a concert, in which, to his great astonishment, he observed his son in the very act of playing the first fiddle. Finding him more admired for his musical talents than his knowledge of the law, he was soon prevailed with to forgive this unruly passion, and to let him try to turn it to some account. No sooner was the young musician able to practice aloud in his father's house, than he bewitched the whole family. Having discovered that his sister was not only fond of music, but had a very sweet-toned and touching voice, he gave her such instructions as soon enabled her to sing in the opera of *Amelia* for Lampe; and, finding her so well received in that performance, he prepared a new character for her, by setting to music, though at the time only eighteen years of age, Addison's opera of *Rosamond*. This drama was performed for the first time on the 7th of March, 1733, at the theatre in Lincoln's Inn Field, and was repeated ten successive nights with great applause. Our young musician next tried his power at a burletta, and fixed on Fielding's *Tom Thumb*. This, under the title of the *Tragedy of Tragedies*, having met with great success in 1734, he now transformed into the *Opera of Operas*, and setting it to music, "after the Italian manner," had it performed at the New Theatre in the Haymarket. His opera of *Comus* was played for the first time in the year 1738. *Comus* is, on the whole, a light, airy, original, and pleasing production, wholly different from the works of Purcell or Handel, whom many preceding English composers had occasionally either pillaged or imitated.

Arne married Miss Cecilia Young, a singer and pupil of Geminiani; and, in 1744, was engaged as composer to the theatre in Drury Lane.

In 1762, he furnished Vauxhall, and thence the whole kingdom, with such songs as tended greatly to improve and polish the national taste.

The melody of Arne, if analysed, would perhaps appear to consist of an agreeable mixture of Italian, English, and Scots. Many of his ballads were indeed professed imitations of the Scots style; and, in his other songs, he frequently dropped into it, perhaps without design. In the science of harmony, though he was chiefly self-taught, he betrayed, in his scores, neither ignorance nor want of study.

The oratorios he produced were so unfortunate, that he was always a loser whenever they were performed. And yet it would be unjust to say that they did not merit a better fate; for, though the choruses were much inferior to those of Handel, yet the airs were frequently admirable. But, besides the great reputation of Handel, with whom he had to contend, Arne was never able to have his music so well performed. His competitor had always a more numerous and select band, a better organ, which he played himself, and better singers.

None of this ingenious and pleasing composer's capital productions had full and unequivocal success except *Comus* and *Artaxerxes*, at the distance of twenty-four years from each other. None of them were, however, condemned or neglected for want of merit in the music; but too frequently the words as well as the music were his own production.

This composer died of a spasmodic complaint on the 5th of March, 1778. Though, upon the whole, he had formed a new style of his own, yet there did not appear that fertility of ideas, that original grandeur of thought, or those resources upon all occasions, which are discoverable in the works of his predecessor Purcell, both for the church and stage; yet in secular music he must be allowed to have surpassed him in ease, grace, and variety. This is no inconsiderable praise, when it is remembered that, from the death of Purcell to that of Arne, a period of more than fourscore years, no candidate for musical fame among our countrymen had appeared, who was equally admired by the nation at large.

The principal works of Dr. Arne now in print are, "*Artaxerxes*," "*Elfrida*," "*Comus*," "*King Arthur*," "*Guardian Outwitted*," "*Aechilles in Petticoats*," "*May-Day*," "*Shake-*

speare's Ode," "*Alfred*," "*Thomas and Sally*," "*Choice of Harlequin*," "*Syren*," and "*Vocal Grove*."

The Voiceless.

From the Autocrat of the Breakfast Table. Atlantic Monthly for October.

For that great procession of the UNLOVED, who not only wear the crown of thorns, but must hide it under the locks of brown or gray,—under the snowy cap, under the chilling turban,—hide it even from themselves,—perhaps never know they wear it, though it kills them,—there is no depth of tenderness in my nature that Pity has not sounded. Somewhere,—somewhere,—love is in store for them—the universe must not be allowed to fool them so cruelly. What infinite pathos in the small, half-unconscious artifices by which unattractive young persons seek to recommend themselves to the favor of those towards whom our dear sisters, the unloved, like the rest, are impelled by their God-given instincts!

Read what the singing-women—one to ten thousand of the suffering women—tell us, and think of the griefs that die unspoken! Nature is in earnest when she makes a woman; and there are women enough lying in the next churchyard, with very commonplace blue slate-stones at their head and feet, for whom it was just as true that "all sounds of life assumed one tone of love," as for Letitia Landon, of whom Elizabeth Browning said it; but she could give words to her grief, and they could not. Will you hear a few stanzas of mine?

THE VOICELESS.

We count the broken lyres that rest

Where the sweet wailing singers slumber,—

But o'er their silent sister's breast

The wild flowers who will stoop to number?

A few can touch the magic string,

And noisy Fame is proud to win them;—

Alas for those that never sing,

But die with all their music in them!

Nay, grieve not for the dead alone

Whose song has told their heart's sad story,—

Weep for the voiceless, who have known

The cross without the crown of glory!

Not where Leucadian breezes sweep

O'er Sappho's memory-haunted billow.

But where the glistening night-dews weep

On nameless sorrow's churchyard pillow.

O hearts that break and give no sign

Save whitening lip and fading tresses,

Till Death pours out his cordial wine

Slow-dropped from Misery's crushing presses—

If singing breath or echoing cord

To every hidden pang were given,

What endless melodies were poured,

As sad as earth, as sweet as heaven!

Musical Correspondence.

DOBERAN, AUGUST 14, 1858.—MR. DWIGHT:

Dear Sir,—Remembering my promise to write you about Wagner's *Tannhäuser* or *Lohengrin*, should I have an opportunity, in the course of my journey in Germany, to witness a performance of these famous operas, I am happy to inform you of a representation of the *Tannhäuser*, which took place here last night. But first I must tell you something of Doberan, as I doubt whether any of the readers of your Journal have ever heard of this town. Nevertheless, it is one of the most famous watering-places in Germany. Belonging to the Grand-dukedom of Mecklenburg-Schwerin, (my native country), it is situated near the Baltic, and offers the finest conveniences for sea-bathing. With the beginning of the season the Grand-duke takes up his residence here, and with him comes the court-theatre, connected with which is an excellent opera-company and a fine orchestra. At the head of this institution stands F von Flotow, the well known composer of *Stradella*, *Martha*, etc., the "Intendant," as he is called. The conductor of the opera is A. Schmitt, a son of Aloys Schmitt, of Frankfurt-on-the-Maine, who, in his time, enjoyed a high

reputation as a composer for the pianoforte. Not to mention many of the singers or players who deserve to be named as among the ornaments of this institution, I will only say that the present Grand-duke of Mecklenburg-Schwerin, as well as his predecessors, have always striven to place both opera and orchestra on a footing equal to the best in Germany. Hence, I had a right, so far as regarded execution, to expect an extraordinary enjoyment, as I went last night to hear the *Tannhäuser*. My curiosity was raised to the highest pitch, after the overture (in the performance of which I took part myself years ago in Boston) was finished, and the action began. How much has been written and spoken *pro* and *contra* Wagner as a reformer of the opera! With what pertinacity is the warfare between both parties still carried on! Now, my impression of the "*Tannhäuser*" after this single performance is, that Wagner has given to the musical world a most interesting work in this opera; that his course will ever find its advocates among true artists; but that his powers are not, (at least in the "*Tannhäuser*") equal to his will. One is more interested than affected by his music; it bears more the stamp of a reflective than of a productive genius. One is seldom warmed and carried away; but one must continually admire the care, diligence and labor which the composer has bestowed on his work. Yet there are, especially in the grand finale of the second act (the grandest finale of any opera), passages of overwhelming effect; as there are also some in which the melody rises to an inimitable grace and beauty. Generally speaking, however, the opera is poor in rounded, smooth melodies, a bad defect in any work, the essence of which is based on the human voice. In the opinion of many, melody and song are synonymous, hence singing without melody is something like nonsense; one may bear it for some moments, but soon it becomes monotonous and at last intolerable. This observation, however, I do not apply in its full force to the "*Tannhäuser*." I have found more melody in it than I had expected from the cant of Wagner's opponents, who pronounce him wholly devoid of melodic talent. Wagner, say what you may, has the highest claims to the regard of all true musicians. It is enough—if he had done nothing else—to have roused, with his thunder-voice, the present musical generation from the idle, enervated state into which it has been beguiled by the dull, over-sentimental jingling of the modern Italian opera composers. I would give anything to hear Lohengrin, in which his individuality is said to be far more decidedly displayed than in the *Tannhäuser*; but I fear I shall have no chance before the first of October, when I shall bid farewell to Germany and sail for Boston. I intend to be in Berlin these days; should I bear anything worth a place in your Journal, you may expect to hear again from your Ad. K.

From a Teacher.

FARMINGTON, CONN.—Having noticed on several occasions that you take some interest in what is done for musical education in schools, I take the liberty of sending you several of our programmes.

In this country, men, as a general thing, do not cultivate music; this art is confined to the ladies. Hence ladies' schools are of importance for the culture of musical taste. Now, as far as my knowledge goes, very little is done in these institutions, besides drilling the girls to perform some "brilliant" pieces and letting them off at occasional soirées. In my opinion, these soirées ought to be more than merely an opportunity to show off the progress the pupils have made in playing or to accustom them to play before others. Their principal object should be the education of taste, and this is what we endeavor to do in our school.

For this purpose we often perform classical works, not only original piano-compositions, but also arrangements from symphonies, quartets, quintets, &c.

A good deal of the best orchestral music is arranged for two pianos and for eight hands. These arrangements have a double advantage, a pedagogical and an artistic. The original is thus rendered in a very complete form; indeed I prefer a symphony, played by four good players, after a careful study, to a careless orchestral performance,—as I would prefer a good engraving of a picture to an indifferent copy in oil.

For the better understanding and enjoying these larger works we have them preceded by the reading of an analysis,—for which the earlier volumes of your "*Journal*" have been of great service; (I long have wished to express to you my admiration of your critically correct and poetical analysis of Beethoven's Fifth Symphony.)—for more miscellaneous Concerts I write programmes with critical and biographical notices; as a specimen I include one of our next soirée.

PART I.—Beethoven; Allegro, 1st Symphony, 8 hands. Mosenthal; "I saw thee weep," for Soprano with Violin obligato. Chopin; Nocturne. Schumann; Andante con Variazioni, for 2 pianos. Mendelssohn; Concerto for Violin, (Mr. Mosenthal).

PART II.—Mozart; Overture to Magic Flute, 8 hands. Marschner; Song. Mayer; Galop militaire. Proch; The Stranger. Weber; Festive Overture, 8 hands.

From time to time we manage to get artists of merit to give us concerts; at which, as our limited means do not allow us to have a full orchestra, we confine ourselves to chamber-music. And of this kind of music I flatter myself that you will not find programmes more chaste and unexceptional than ours. The artists themselves enjoy playing what they consider the most refined, to the exclusion of clap-trap pieces, before an uncorrupted and thankful audience.

It would be of inestimable service in the cultivation of taste to give lectures on the *history of music*. But this is a difficult task,—most of the music teachers being foreigners and not sufficiently masters of the language,—and most of them being (alas!) too ignorant of the subject themselves. It would be a great service to the musical community if some able person would undertake to write such a work, to be used as a text book in schools. C. K.

THE BIRMINGHAM FESTIVAL.

BIRMINGHAM, SEPT. 2, 1858.—I am here at the great Festival, and have heard *Elijah* performed this morning, which, as a whole, was a grand performance. I never heard such a chorus in my life. Two societies joined for the Festival—all young, fresh voices. The precision with which they sing, and their pianissimo and crescendo, is wonderful. They practiced for nine months before the Festival, Mr. Costa coming several times to witness their progress. The societies are under two chorus masters. Mr. Weiss was the *Elijah*. He is a more refined singer than Formès, but has not so powerful a voice; his pronunciation is better than that of Formès, but there is a certain grandeur in denunciation and invocation of the latter, which I sadly missed in Weiss. As a whole, Formès is my *Elijah*. I am disappointed in Clara Novello, finding her a cold singer with a voice very clear, telling, and beautiful, but not touching. She might sing forever and not make you shed a tear; you cannot understand a word she sings; she can sing softly and make fine cadenzas, but she has no passion, and never thrills you like *Grisi*. I think that all the solo singers, excepting Miss Dolby, are deficient in devout or religious feeling; they stand up and sing this holy music and words as they would a drinking song, without seeming to care for or understand its meaning, but merely to show their voices and some fine cadenza or flourish of their own adding. Miss Dolby sang "O rest in the Lord," in a thrilling manner, making many shed tears, and receiving the great compliment of the only encore, excepting the great chorus, "Thanks be to God." They do not applaud here, but if the President is pleased with anything, he holds up a baton and directs a repetition.

In the evening was a miscellaneous concert of twelve pieces in the first part, and the whole of *Acis and Galatea* for the second. I was delighted with the last part, but was very tired, the music lasting till a quarter of twelve.

The next morning, Wednesday, *Eli* was performed, and a very grand performance it was, Belletti being the *Eli*. His voice is magnificent, and pronunciation quite perfect, so that I was intensely gratified. In the evening, twenty-four pieces were performed, the performance ending at midnight. To-day the *Messiah* was given. I feel that I have enjoyed this oratorio as well in Boston. The orchestra and chorus left nothing to desire. Costa took the tempo so fast in some parts that the words were sacrificed as well as all the pleasure of hearing the music. Belletti sang the great songs splendidly; Sims Reeves' voice satisfies in every respect, he only lacks religious fervor; Mr. Arthursen, with his delicate voice, in this respect, impresses an audience much more. Mr. Reeves takes those A's in "Thou shalt dash them" with so little effort or desire to make effect, that, as you listen to the song, you wonder why tenors make such a fuss over it. Miss Dolby sang her songs with great expression. I shall come home quite satisfied with our native singers and feel that our good Handel and Haydn Society is something to be proud of. The Hall is very beautiful and the organ magnificent, but the seats the poorest I ever sat upon, very narrow and very hard. It seats the same number as our Music Hall, but ours is comparatively luxurious, and there is no crowding in our Hall. The choruses are perched up nearly to the top of the organ on each side, (as we were once in the Melodeon, only much higher), then comes the orchestra, from side to side, the whole width of the Hall, and a space in front for the solos and Costa. A thick gilt front comes nearly to the waists of the solo singers when they are standing. The audience stand through five or six choruses of the *Messiah*.

I go this evening and again to-morrow morning, and that closes the Festival. I shall return to London in the afternoon. When this reaches you I shall be on the ocean, as I sail in the Niagara in one week.

Adieu. E. A. W.

BROOKLYN, SEPT. 21.—Our Philharmonic Society have issued their circular for the second season of *Five* concerts instead of four as last season, the first of which is to take place on the 10th of October, when the following Orchestral pieces will be performed:

"The Four Seasons" Symphony in D Minor, Spohr. "Egmont," Overture; Beethoven. "Vestale, Overture, Spontini.

From the sale of tickets so far, and the spirit in which the matter is taken up, the second season promises to be as great a success as that of last year, which is all we can ask.

To night we are to have another grand *Floral Promenade Concert*, similar to the one I sent you an account of which came off the latter part of June last. It promises to be a very elegant affair, but I fear it will not be as well attended as the other as many of our people are still out of town, and those who have returned are hardly ready for a grand turnout so early in the season.

In New York they are nearly taken by storm with Opera, both in English and Italian. Two Italian opera companies in full blast, one English opera company, "the best ever in the country," (so the bills say) and another English company expected in October. However, I suppose you are to have the Cooper Troupe this week in Boston, and no doubt they will meet with excellent success with you, for they really deserve it. *Mme Pauline Colson*, a new candidate for public favor, is attracting considerable attention and much comment from the press. In most cases, the notices I have seen greatly overrate her, both as a singer and actress. Mr. Fry of the Tribune, in his article on *Mme Colson* and her performance of "*Maria*" in the Child of the Regiment, says: "We have not heard the part better done." As Mr. Fry is supposed to have seen the best artists of the day in this, as well as other leading characters of the modern operas given, we may consider this sufficiently high praise to satisfy a new beginner. But in my opinion it is simply absurd.

The acting and singing of *Mme Colson* in the part of "*Maria*," is no more to be compared with that of *Mme Sontag* in this part, than the Piano Forte playing of *Strakosch* can be compared with that of *Thalburg*.

Mme Colson has a splendid voice, sings most decidedly well, and no one can listen to her without great pleasure, but such extravagant criticism can only do her harm in the end. BELLINI.

NEW YORK, SEPT. 21. 1858.—Mr. Cooper's English Opera Company has left New York, and probably before you receive this, will have appeared in your city. They did not meet here with the success they deserved, owing, perhaps, to the strong counter attractions of the two Italian operas of the Academy of Music and Burton's; but they certainly deserved success, for they formed the best English opera company we have had here for a long time.

The prima donna, Miss Annie Milner, is gifted with a rich, powerful voice, beautiful features, and a commanding presence. Indeed, as far as personal appearance goes, she is one of the finest looking women on the stage. Her histrionic abilities are above the average, while her attitudes are in many instances the very personification of grace. In the *Miserere* scene of *Trovatore* her play is a study in itself. Those who have seen Madame La Grange on the stage will form some idea of Miss Milner, when I say that in grace and elegance, the English songstress is almost, if not fully equal to the French *cantatrice*. Miss Milner's voice is very clear and telling, the upper notes being powerful, and not at all shrilly. In concerted pieces she is extremely effective—more so than in florid solos, and yet there are many Italian *prime donne* who, with much less claim to merit than Miss Milner, have won a more extended reputation. Why it is so, I cannot tell, but it is certainly the fact, that Miss Milner has not received half the attention from our public that she deserves.

Mr. Guilmette, the *basso* of the troupe, is too well known in Boston, to render it necessary for me to allude to his merits and his faults—for he has both.

Mr. Miranda, the new tenor, who, before his arrival was most injudiciously puffed, has a noble voice, a good stage presence, and acts with animation and intelligence. Yet he is far, very far, from being a finished artist. He requires great care and study to bring his really magnificent organ fully under his control. Even as it is, he is the most effective English opera tenor we have had here since the palmy days of Frazer and the Segnins.

On the whole, this English company produces operas in a very satisfactory manner—and had the same performers appeared at the Academy of Music under Italian names they would have been as much praised as, under the circumstances, they were neglected.

Italian opera promises to flourish here this winter like a green bay tree. Before this you have learned that Strakosch and Maretzek are now in open competition; the former having brought out Gazzaniga, who is a strong attraction. By the way, this lady, out of courtesy to Mme. Colson, will not appear this season in her great role of *La Traviata*, but will confine her representations to *Lucrezia*, *Favorita*, and *Trovatore*. It is said this is her "final engagement"—but of course, nobody pays the slightest attention to these stereotyped phrases. If Gazzaniga, or any other *prima donna*, now here, can get profitable engagements in this country, there is no danger of their leaving for another.

TROVATORE.

PHILADELPHIA, SEPT. 21, 1858.—PARODI gave three concerts here, last week. These were all Farewell Concerts; but to-night we are to have another Farewell Concert. "*Quousque, tandem, Parodi, abutere, &c.*;" (vide Cicero's Oration against Catiline.)

Your correspondent, Manrico, has been deterred from attending these entertainments. However, the Evening Bulletin, our best musical authority, declares them to have been successful and satisfactory. It places Mr. JUNCA, the new Basso, in an enviable light, but eschews, very properly, the reckless spur-of-the-moment enthusiasm, which has incited some of its contemporaries to rate the man above Formés.

Between ourselves, dear Journal, there are some melancholy donkeys inditing quasi musical critiques for the Press of Philadelphia, who, unable to distinguish a quaver rest from the leg of a beetle, "go off" into the wildest paroxysms over every new candidate for popular favor, quite ignoring the artists who have gone before, and who, practically and theoretically, may have been far in advance of the singers whom they so extravagantly and assiduously extol. Millard (*Puer formosus*!) and his sweet voice seemed to please; Mollenhauer and the violoncello between his knees, ditto, in an increased ratio. Miss Kemp has fallen short of public expectation, for I fail to find her specially noticed in any quarter. Parodi vocalized, as usual, with much force, but *sans exécution*, *sans flexibilité*, and *sans goût*.

Satter enjoyed an applause *d'estime*. We have not gone wild over your Boston pianist; for he attacks his instrument in a wild, cannibalistic, uncertain, impulsive manner, which displays a great lack of that æsthetic, keen perception of the beautiful, without which no soloist can be truly great. MANRICO.

Dwight's Journal of Music.

BOSTON, SEPT. 25, 1858.

The English Opera.

The opera troupe under Mr. H. C. COOPER, consisting of Miss ANNIE MILNER, soprano; Mr. MIRANDA, tenor; Dr. GUILMETTE, and Mr. RUDOLPHSEN, bassi, with Mr. and Mrs. HOLMAN, opened on Monday evening, at the Howard Athenæum. English opera, as it is called, or the Italian opera in English, which it usually and actually is, is such a queer compound of incongruous things, half serious, more than half burlesque, with ingredients variously proportioned of everything, from the almost sublime to the quite ridiculous, that it is difficult, almost impossible, to write about it seriously and earnestly.

But, to be serious, the present troupe, in its principals, will compare well with any company that has in past time undertaken to present us with English opera. We doubt whether it is not the best we have had. Miss MILNER made a most favorable impression on the public by her performances here in oratorios, last spring, and established her reputation among us as one of the most pleasing English singers whom we have listened to. In this new and untried career of the lyric stage, she shows herself worthy of the good opinion we then formed of her; and we can do no more than repeat the opinion which we expressed of her on the occasion of her last appearance in this city—that she has a clear and rich voice, an artistic style, and an unaffected manner. She meets and overcomes, like an artist, the difficulties of Bellini's music, which become even more difficult in this stiff, ungracious, English dress, than they are in the smoothly-flowing Tuscan. She has acquired wonderfully soon a fair degree of ease upon the stage; and while wanting in the entire *abandon* which perhaps is necessary to the actress, she invariably appears to be a refined and graceful lady. Her spoken parts, from their very simplicity and unlikeness to the conventional twang and rant of the stage, have to us quite a new and unaccustomed charm. If opera singers must speak instead of singing, give us the lady-like simplicity of Miss Milner. Her voice impresses us much more favorably than when we heard her in the larger Music Hall. It is fresh and sweet and true, as few voices are. She is blonde in complexion, with a graceful figure and sweet expression, so that we need not say that she also looked well the fair Amina of *La Sonnambula*.

Mr. MIRANDA, the tenor, as an actor, greatly resembles most tenors; while, as a singer, he presents strong claims to public favor, comparing well with many Italian tenors. His voice is sweet, (save the detestable falsetto,) and he has a good dramatic style. On the opening evening he appeared to be suffering from hoarseness, and apparently did not do himself entire justice.

Dr. GUILMETTE sang admirably the music of Count Rodolfo. His resonant, clear voice, and excellent articulation, commanded much applause from the audience. His *spoken* remarks were almost tragic in the solemnity of their delivery; and this naturally leads us to the ridiculous division of our subject—the substitution of spoken dialogue in the English version, for the recitative of the Italian opera. Accustomed as we now are to the conventional recitative of the Italian stage,

no one can help smiling, at least, when the musical thread of the drama is so harshly snapped by the intervention of the spoken dialogue; while the judicious grieve at the coarseness of the jests with which it is thought proper to season the natural insipidity of the conversations. We admit that it is all in the libretto, but it were better omitted in the performance. Mr. and Mrs. HOLMAN assumed the characters of Liza and Alessio, upon whom the burden of entertaining the audience chiefly falls, and the satisfaction which one might have taken in them was seriously diminished by the nature of the dialogue put into their mouths.

The chorus was small and bad; the orchestra small and many degrees worse than bad, being incomparably the worst we ever heard in Boston. Mr. Cooper's violin supplied, at a moment's notice, the awful gaps made by the utter incapacity of several players to perform the music of their parts. We should like to see Mr. Cooper, with violin in hand, throughout the performance, though, obviously, the conductor's baton cannot for a moment be spared.

On Tuesday, Balfe's *Bohemian Girl* was sung to a full and enthusiastic house. The first act of this performance was irredeemably bad, while the many beautiful melodies and concerted pieces of the latter part of the opera were so admirably rendered by the principal singers, that the delight of the audience was freely, loudly, and constantly expressed. As a whole, the opera passed off with considerable élat.

Mr. RUDOLPHSEN made his first appearance under that name and in the character of Devils-hoof. He has been well known as an admirable horn player in the Germania society and in our orchestras; as well as a concert-singer under the names of Signor Rodolfo and Herr Rudolph. In all he has won good opinions; his last experiment is eminently successful, so that we consider him quite an acquisition to any English troupe.

Mrs. HOLMAN gave the Gipsy Queen very well indeed. Her voice is a soprano of considerable power and good execution. Mr. Holman also was more pleasing in this opera than as the Alessio of the evening before.

The promised orchestra had not arrived from New York, as was expected; but large posters in the theatre assured the indulgent audience, and (we hope) the suffering conductor and distracted singers that it would positively take part in *La Sonnambula*, which was announced for repetition on Wednesday, and the *Bohemian Girl* for Thursday. For Friday Lucia di Lammermoor was announced, and next week, we presume, the English version of *Il Trovatore* will be presented. On Sunday evening, we are told that an oratorio will be given in connection with one of our choral societies, but what one we are not yet informed.

Musical Chit-Chat.

THE PROMENADE CONCERTS at the Music Hall were brought to a close on Saturday night by a union of several of the bands that have played during the series, the concert being given for the benefit of the projector and manager of these entertainments. We are glad to learn that a crowded house rewarded their efforts, and that it is proposed to continue these concerts on Saturday evenings, so long as the public shall patronize them.

MRS. WENTWORTH.—All our concert-goers will gladly welcome one of the best of our sweet singers who is expected to return in the Niagara this week, from her European tour. Many of our readers will be pleased with an account of the Birmingham Festival given in another column, and perhaps may guess the writer's name.

THE ATLANTIC TELEGRAPH.—If the Hughes instrument prove to be the successful medium of communication for submarine telegraphs, as its inventor confidently expects, it may be of interest to the musical world to know that Music has her claim to put on record, in the perfecting of the great wonder of the age, as appears from the following account of the construction of the Hughes Instrument. The Albany *Journal* thus sketches the principal feature of this new invention:

"The Hughes Instrument is a combination of the Morse and House inventions. In the Morse instrument, two or three pulsations of the electric current are required to indicate one letter. In the House instrument, it requires from one to twenty-eight pulsations. In the Hughes instrument, it requires but a single pulsation for each letter. The mechanism by which this is accomplished is simple, though the principle on which it is based is complex. The type wheels at the respective stations revolve to print the message, and their revolutions are governed by vibrating springs. These springs cause them to revolve in exactly the same time. There is an acoustic principle involved, viz.: that two springs which give the same musical tone, while vibrating, vibrate the same number of times per second. The springs are therefore chosen and regulated by sound. This instrument, it is evident, economizes both time and electric power. Its exceeding sensitiveness to the least perceptible pulsation of the electric currents, adapts it especially for long lines and submarine cables. It is capable of writing forty words a minute, with about one-tenth of the battery power of other instruments, and sends messages both ways at once! At least, so its inventor claims, and it is to be tried on the Atlantic Cable."

AN ELECTRIC QUINTET.—A Hungarian, Mr. LEON AUMAR, has, according to a Brussels paper, made a new and curious application of electricity. In a public concert at the National Theatre, he played by means of electric wires, on five different pianos at the same time. The electric battery which worked the wires was in an adjacent room.

NEW ORLEANS.—The Picayune gives the following details concerning Mr. Boudousquie's French operatic troupe:

At last dates, he had succeeded in securing the services of M^{lle} Lafranque, who last year obtained one of the chief prizes at the Paris Conservatoire. She will divide the leading roles with M^{lle} Paola. She is said to have a fine voice, much dramatic expression and a handsome person and features.

Mr. Boudousquie's great card was the engagement, signed and sealed, for \$1,000 per month, with M^{lle} Cordier, who is also a pupil of the Conservatoire, and obtained this year its first prize in grand opera. Mr. Roqueplan, manager of the Opera Comique at Paris, was also desirous of securing her for his theatre, and insisted on her making an engagement with him. As she is a pupil of the government school of music, and government there meddles in art as imperiously as in police matters, the Minister of State has interfered and ordered M^{lle} Cordier to break her engagement with Mr. Boudousquie, and sing, will ye, will ye, at the Opera Comique.

It is most probable that M^{lle} Cordier will come here, in defiance of the Minister's orders. She is described as a first rate singer, intelligent, *distinguée*, pretty, graceful, and full of dramatic enthusiasm.

Mr. Boudousquie's other new operatic artists are Lout, first tenor; Lucien Bourgeois, leading light tenor; Taste, basso; M^{me} Petert Vade, dugazon; Mesmer, third light tenor; and six chorus singers,

AUDIENTES AND CRITICS.—The New York *Athenaeum* has some sound and sensible remarks touching some evil tendencies of good-natured audiences and of

some evil practices of the musical critics for the daily press that are not limited to New York in their application.

The greatest evil at present existing in the musical world is the tendency of a good-natured audience to mistake vigor for artistic excellence and roaring for true genius. Now and then it will do, perhaps, to applaud a singer who gives an extraordinary note, whether above or below the staff. His success, however, is either to be attributed to the beneficence of nature, who endowed him with superior vocal organs than to any exercise of talent. It is not the accidental possession of a gift that deserves praise, but the way that gift is used. A basso may give a very low note, lower, perhaps, than any other basso, but unless he does it *well*, and with expression, he cannot claim superiority. Throwing double distilled force into a musical passage may elicit wonder, but never commendation. We admit that audiences may be astonished at such displays, but that is no reason why they should applaud; and yet how common it is to see a whole house rise *en masse*, over an explosive outburst of purely physical vigor. The artist who counts on success by the use of such means makes a grievous mistake. He apes trumpets and trombones, when, perhaps, he should imitate the deep and sympathetic passion of violins. If this erroneous rule should be carried out, a manager's first inquiry of a new singer should be, "Have you got a good pair of lungs? How loud can you bawl? Can you drown the orchestra? Can you slap your breast terrifically, and throw your arms wildly about like a crazy windmill? If you cannot do all this, I cannot engage you. The people want this, and the people must have what they want, or I shall lose money. I know the people are wrong, but that is their business, not mine. They pay for it, and, therefore they ought to have it."

Suppose the popular voice approves of such reasoning, into what degradation would not the artistic profession soon fall? Perhaps Tom Sayers, or the Benicia Boy, or Morrissey, can make more noise than Formes. Who knows? Perhaps they have not tried. Why not give them a chance, oh, misguided public! Let us have, by all means, champions of the heavy weights and middle weights and light weights on the operatic stage. Let the shade of the immortal Tom Crib be invoked, and the singer with the greatest vigor and the least music in his soul be invested with a lyrical belt indicative of his prowess. Let us have set-tos with and without gloves. Let the stage be made circular, and neatly roped in, and let the fashion be introduced of every singer shying his castor gracefully into the arena, before he is allowed to utter a note. Let bottle-holders be on hand to revive his flagging spirits after a tremendous *encore*, and if he does not come to time, let him be ingloriously banished from the Academy of Music.

Critiques for the daily press are generally written an hour or two before the opera is ended, after the writer has got an *idea* of the *whole* by the performance of the *first* act. Imagination and stereotyped phrases complete the article, and it is hurried off to the printer. If the prima donna should be struck with lightning, and fall dead as a dead herring before the close, the description of her *finale* aria, and her brilliant execution of it, would nevertheless appear the next day, after the usual fashion. Now there is not the slightest occasion for this intemperate haste in noticing opera matters in the papers of the next morning. Such criticism is always unreliable, must be necessarily brief, and, in many cases, may be utterly untrue. Most of the leading European journals only notice musical matters once a week, and we commend this plan to the editors of this city. It is a great tax, both physical and mental, on a writer to be "bobbing around" from one theatre to another every evening, staying perhaps five minutes in each, in order that he may get up an article for the issue of the next morning.

Special Notices.

DESCRIPTIVE LIST OF THE LATEST MUSIC,

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MUSIC BY MAIL.—Quantities of Music are now sent by mail, the expense being only about one cent apiece, while the care and rapidity of transportation are remarkable. Those at a great distance will find the mode of conveyance not only a convenience, but a saving of expense in obtaining supplies. Books can also be sent by mail, at the rate of one cent per ounce. This applies to any distance under three thousand miles; beyond that, double the above rates.

Vocal Music.

We Parted when the Purple Vine. *Miranda Almy.* 25

The Light of a Loving Eye. *O. B. Brown.* 25

Two pretty parlor Songs, of moderate difficulty.

Senerade from Hiawatha. *Louis Selle.* 30

This charming episode in Longfellow's last poem has here received a well-fitting musical dress from the hands of a composer who has already made himself favorably known by a number of minor works. This Song of his will do more towards establishing his reputation than anything written by him before. The song is set for a soprano or a high tenor, and to voices of that character offers but little difficulty.

My Mother's Gentle Word. Ballad. *Wrighton.* 25

Look Up! " 25

Two new Songs by the popular English composer.

Alice Lee. Song and Chorus. *Thompson.* 30

Another of Thompson's sweet melodies, which count already innumerable friends, and are still gaining new ones every day.

The Burning Ship, or the Lost at Sea. Descriptive Ballad. *L. W. Wheeler.* 30

A Song for Baritone, well adapted for Concert use. Rather easy.

I Breathe Again this Joyful Hour. Duet. "Buccaneer." 35

Gentle Nettie Moore, or Little White Cottage. *Bishop.* 25

Arrangement of a well-known melody for guitar.

My Heart is Steele. Song from "The Buccaneer." *Stratton.* 25

Instrumental Music.

My Lodging is on the Cold Ground. Var. *Grobe.* 50

A new set of variations from the pen of this favorite composer, on a sterling air.

Illustrations of "Martha." *J. Ascher.* 70

This is a clever fantasia on the finest airs of this Opera for advanced players. Ascher is too well known to need any more recommendation. This fantasia does not betray any of the hurry and lack of care which are discernible in some of the later works of this author, but appears well conceived and nicely finished. The finale on the chorus, "Heaven may grant pardon," is the climax of brilliancy.

Fraser River Gold Mine Schottische. *F. Langguth.* 25

Jenny Louise Schottische. *M. Aschaffenburg.* 25

Henrietta Schottische. *T. Boettger.* 25

Good and easy Dance Music.

Books.

Modern School for the Violin. A Thorough and Systematic Arrangement of Easy, Progressive Studies, adapted to the wants of Schools in every degree of advancement. Added to which is a large selection of Popular Songs, Polkas, Waltzes, Dances, Marches, Quicksteps, &c. By L. G. Fessenden. \$1.50.

The author of this work is a teacher of the violin, and gives this School after a long experience in its use. As exercises and examples, selections are taken from Sargino, Labitsky, Pleyel, Moriani, Czerny, and others of like celebrity as teachers and composers. The second part of the book is intended to meet the wants of those who are desirous of well-arranged Airs, Quadrilles, Polkas, Waltzes, &c.

Dwight's Journal of Music.

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The Diarist Abroad.

BERLIN, SEPTEMBER 1, 1858.

Here again, at last! True, in another room, for my old landlady has moved, but I am with her, and now write sitting upon the same sofa, at the same table, and my eye rests upon the same bed, washstand, bureau, clothes press, and so on, as it glances round the chamber, that it did two years and a half ago. It seems like a dream, that I have been for two years so actively moving in the musical world of Boston—and have made such a fortune out of it! The time elapsed seems more like two weeks than two years and over. Perhaps, had I not found the very ship which I should have chosen of a thousand—the *Athena*, built in Boston, owned in Bremen, and commanded by an old friend of mine—ready to sail via London for Bremen, I should not have taken such French leave of so many friends, and should now feel more fully the length of my visit home.

But the ship was ready, my companion was anxious to be off, a delay of a day might cost us a month—and so, on the 7th of July, at sundown, we were already beginning to feel the Atlantic swell down by Sandy Hook—which, roughly or gently, mostly the latter, was to rock us for four weeks. And what a delightfully lazy, loafing, sleepy, good-for-nothing month it was! No study, no writing, hardly any reading; eating, drinking, sleeping, watching the motions of the seamen, the ever-changing surface of the water, speculating upon a distant sail occasionally, chatting indolently with the captain, mate, and passengers, and so letting day glide on after day, careless, and enjoying to the full the "sweet doing nothing." What little things became great events! Two things I learned, which had escaped me in four previous passages across the Atlantic—one, that the fish which the sailors call the dolphin, is not the dolphin, and that which they call the porpoise is; and, the other, that the "Portuguese man-of-war," of which we must have seen thousands, is not the proprietor of the nautilus shell which one finds so often in the collections of conchology of our friends. The idea of being obliged to learn these two things at this time of day (or life) is rather mortifying—but it was so.

The sailors' dolphin I saw caught, and admired its beautiful evanescent colors, years ago; on this passage I saw the real dolphin, as the steed of Arion—the queer-nosed animal of old sculpture and painting.

Our captain, Schilling, is a capital fellow; kind-hearted in the highest degree, shrewd as a Yankee, full of fun, and always ready to do any thing for our pleasure and amusement. We had several periods of calm. One day when the ship lay floating like a swan at rest, he had the boat lowered, and took all who desired it for a row out upon the great ocean. It gave me a new experience. On shipboard, I, for one, never feel the loneliness of mid-ocean as it is so often painted by poetic passengers. The vessel, if a large one, has so many souls on board, is so girt about with

standing rigging, and spreads such large overshadowing wings—it soon becomes such a home for us, and one feels so secure of finding in her all that is necessary for his comfort and well-being, that the thought of being so far away from land, of floating on the surface of the water, at the mercy of wind and wave, is but a thought—it is nothing that you feel. But as we descended the ladder into the boat, one after another, and were tossed about by waves which, in the ship, we could not feel, and then our oarsmen pulled us away from the vessel, the horizon being narrowed to half its breadth, as seen from the vessel, and within the limits of vision no object to arrest the eye, save the *Athena*, and she lying there, huge, dark, and motionless, but with all sails spread, as if ready at any moment to catch the breeze and leave us in our solitude—then, perhaps, more than ever in my life before, came over me what that solitude on the vast bosom of ocean is. As we moved away, perhaps a mile or more, my thoughts were occupied with this idea. I pictured to myself Captain Bligh and his crew, from the ship *Bounty*, making their way across the South Pacific, but more distinctly the twenty-four men in the long-boat of the *Lyonnais*—for that same long-boat had been purchased by our captain, and was lying now on the forward house of our good *Athena*. After indulging this mood for some time I turned my thoughts to the vessel. Our captain is proud of her, and well he may be, for a more beautiful specimen of naval architecture one does not often see; and I was proud of her, too, as being a Boston "notion." Often as I have seen vessels of all shapes and sizes, out in mid ocean, it was a totally different thing, I found, to row around one, and see it from all points, from a small boat. How grandly beautiful she loomed up there, our *home*! Scattered about the surface of the water were the little Portuguese men-of-war. We dipped up two or three. Look out how you allow their long, streaming tentacula to touch your hands, for the spot will smart and ache by the hour afterward.

As Montaigne's beggar said: "Did you but know how lazy we were!" Now, one thing the laziest can do—he can open his eyes—and in the want of other studies I took to studying my fellow passengers. Well, there was a good-humored Philister of a German grocer, from Brooklyn, with wife and three children, on his way for the second time to pay a visit to Fatherland. The man is rich, and his boy—a fine one, of some fourteen—is to be educated in one of the best schools. The little girl was quite the general favorite.

Then there was a young Englishman just returning to London. I liked him, and with reason—for had he not come directly from the West Indies, and did he not give us those exquisite pine-apples which he had intended for friends at home? Then there was the still man, who used to say, when we were becalmed, "Ein schöne Gegend!" (a beautiful country,) with an expression which spoke a whole article. He proved to be a German, going home after ten years, mostly

spent in our western cities in printing offices. Ten years—ah, he will find changes!

Then there were three boys, of German parentage, on their way to Bremen, to enter school there—their parents naturally enough thinking school "at home" better than in New York. Our jolly captain had infinite fun and frolic with these boys, making them climb ropes, practice gymnastic exercises, and that sort of thing. If old Ocean did not smile sometimes of an evening it was not because our "broad grins" and shouts of laughter, at "capers cut," were wanting as an example. N. B.—A good deal of fun can be got out of boys.

As to "John"—no matter about him.

There was a tall, slender woman of some thirty-five, with a certain ladylike air, and also a certain precision in manner and in speech, both in English and German, which, as in Peter's case, "bewrayed" her. You saw the governess at once—at least, you thought so. And so it proved. She was one of that class which always excites my sympathy. Necessary appendages in certain families, they hold a position somewhere between the kitchen and parlor, with small salary and few joys, victims of stupid children, and owing their positions, such as they are, to that very culture and those mental endowments which make those positions hardly endurable. After years of service, in which she has crossed the Atlantic again and again, she now was making her sixth passage, taking her small savings with her, in the hope of rest with her old mother in the little Rhine city of her birth.

During the passage she told me some queer histories. At one time she had charge of a little orphan girl, in poor health—heiress to a million! But somehow—nobody knows how such things are brought about—the lawyers had fastened the chancery clutches upon the property, and there were times when this little millionaire and her governess actually suffered for the want of suitable food!

Our fraulein governess brought on board at New York, one little pet, a beautiful canary bird, who, the first few mornings, awoke us by his melodies. When about a week out, our unlucky steward let the cage fall. The bystanders sprang to it, raised it—the bird lay in the bottom, dead! Good bye, little pet of six years. She knew nothing of it. The cage was taken below, and hung up in its usual place. No one said any thing, but left fraulein to find it out for herself the next morning. Some time next day I saw her, with a sad face, go behind the wheel-house alone. The cage disappeared. She spoke not of her loss, but some time afterward I accidentally saw, nicely folded in clean, white letter paper, a little bunch of yellow feathers. The tears which the poor governess had shed had fallen over the stern of the vessel, and no one was the wiser. This little incident seemed to me to betray long years of loneliness, during which both her joys and her sorrows she had learned to bury in her own bosom.

With one other passenger I could never be free and careless. And this was the reason. She was a thorough North German girl, born and reared in a small country town, the daughter of an old lieutenant, formerly in the army of Hanover. I suppose she was thirty years old, but as innocent and as open as a child. Just before the *Athena* sailed from Bremerhaven, on this voyage, the lieutenant brought his daughter to the captain, with whom he was on intimate terms of friendship, and gave her into his charge, that her health might have the benefit of the sea air to New York and back. The other sister remained at home. Before we left New York the captain had received letters from Bremen—the lieutenant was dead! We had been out but a few days when the captain told me the story, and read me the letters of the sister to our fraulein Minna. They were so hearty, so full of feeling, yet so comforting in character, in every respect so touching, so throughout breathing the deepest sisterly affection, and so expressive of love and reverence for the father, that I could not hear them without tears. "Minna knows nothing of it yet," said the captain. "Our friends in New York have all thought it best to wait until we reach Bremerhaven, before we make known to her her loss. Why deprive her of all the benefit of the voyage by unnecessarily telling her?" I thought it the right course—but from that time onward, as I said, I could not talk with her without a feeling which imposed a restraint upon me in spite of myself.

Once in conversation something led her to say that her father often expressed his belief that he should die by apoplexy. To which she added some idea conveying the idea that of this she had no fear. Ah, thought I, if you but knew that your father's presentiment is already fulfilled!

On a beautiful Sunday morning, the day before we reached Bremerhaven, the captain told her all. Quietly and composedly some hours afterward she appeared among us from her stateroom, but the marks of a great grief were visible on her face, and this grief was for us—even down to the boys—a holy thing. The Captain's wife had joined us in London, and to her and our kind-hearted governess she turned for consolation and sympathy, and they were freely given. Upon casting anchor in Bremerhaven the boat was lowered and she was first cared for. To all but her it was a day of gladness, and yet our gladness was tempered by the feelings with which we answered her "adieu" as the boat left the ship.

The pleasure of these dreamy, lazy weeks was but slightly marred by sea-sickness. Curiously enough, in my own case, it was not until the twentieth day out that I was overtaken. We were then just on the edge of soundings, before the opening of the channel. We had had a cold disagreeable wet day, caused by the extreme end of a south-easterly wind, which must have been very strong down in the Bay of Biscay, for the next morning, when we came upon deck, we found a heavy sea—even the log-book admitted this—directly against us, while the clouds had all disappeared and a strong northerly wind at right angles to the rolling billows—just such a wind as the *Athena* liked best—was driving her along finely with but half her sails spread. Then and there was a plunging, and, like Paddy's horse, an "old kicking up before and rearing up behind," under which, by eventide, I succumbed. No;

resistance was useless. I believe only our printer-man, who favored us several times with his remark "Schönen Gegend"—beautiful country—found no other fault with the sea than that it hindered progress. No vessel that we saw on this day carried anything like the sail that the *Athena* did. One fine ship which we saw away in the distance, and for which our captain changed his course a point or two, proved to be, when we at length, about sundown, came up with her, the "Kate Dyer," of Portland, to the no small delight of "John," a Portland boy.

But what was Kate Dyer to me or I to Kate Dyer, just then, suffering a calamity more dire than forty Kates?

However, during the night the sea went down on the one hand and the wind on the other, and it took us a week to make the next seven degrees! But they were made, and the last two and a half days were but the most delightful of pleasure trips. The afternoon of August 3d we ran along the south side of the Isle of Wight, the wind favorable, the sky clear, and purposely for our pleasure the ship was steered close in shore, giving us full and fair opportunity to see for ourselves how beautiful is Old England. All day, on the 4th, we were constantly occupied in admiring the moving diorama of the coast from Beechy Head onward, passing Hastings, Folkstone, Dover, and finally, as night set in, casting anchor outside the mouth of the Thames.

We have nothing at home, which can serve as a standard of comparison for the superb beauty of this part of the English coast, not to speak of the interest with which history from the time of Caesar clothes it. Nature has done her share in building up those grand cliffs, rounding off and smoothing into soft outlines the hills which rest upon them, and opening here and there little valleys and ravines, or more extended bays and harbors, while cultivation from a period beyond the reach of our annals has been continually at work and beautifying the rough gem as it left Nature's hands. I had seen it all before, three or four times, and yet the charm was no less—it was greater even than when I first passed along in 1849.

On the 5th we were towed slowly up the Thames. As on the day before, so on this, our attention was never allowed to flag; here was some spot made familiar to us in history or fiction; there a town of which we had read all our lives; then some beautiful villa or nobleman's residence, surrounded with parks and gardens, groves and meadows, making good the reputation of England for the depth and beauty of her garment of green;—finally Tilbury fort, seized by the Dutch in the shameful times which followed the grand old Protector's death; Gravesend, Woolwich, with its acres and acres of arsenals—then a bend in the river and the entrance of the Victoria dock was before us. To avoid the trouble and the fuss with the English customs officers, which our friend the grocer and his family had, for they took a steamship here for the continent—we concluded to make the ship our home during our stay,—especially as we expected to remain but a few days. The "few days" became, in fact, two weeks; but though we were thus cut off from being in London evenings, we usually were weary enough when evening came to be glad to find ourselves again in the dock on our good *Athena*. There was little, however, to call us up to London in

the evening—a few Italian operas were given, it is true—but not one of us cared enough for the Piccolomini or any of the others to spend six or eight dollars, which it would have cost us to hear them.

A. W. T.

For Dwight's Journal of Music.

Palestrina.

Close at the feet of the Appennines, hardly ten miles from Rome, lies the old town well known by the ancient Romans for its splendid site, Præneste, now called Palestrina. Cool mountain winds there chase away the heat in summer, and the wooded height protects it in the winter from the rough blasts of the North. In calm, clear weather one can perceive there the last vibrations of the morning bells at Rome, the only sign of all the stir of "the eternal city" that penetrates to this seclusion. Plantations of mulberry trees, their branches interwoven with wild grape vines, screen the little town as with a wall of leaves and blossoms. Thus, as if buried in the memory of those distant times when a resplendent genius dawned thence on the world, lies Palestrina, the birthplace of the great PIERLUIGI, of the man, whom his contemporaries called "*il principe della musica*." May the following sketch contribute somewhat to raise the works of this high master out of the oblivion, in which the false taste and imperfect culture of musicians has too long suffered them to rest.

Here, in the year 1524, was born to poor parents a son, who received the name *Joannes Petrus Aloysius*, and who afterwards called himself GIOVANNI PIERLUIGI DA PALESTRINA, by which last name he is known in the world of Art. We have but little and exceedingly uncertain information of the circumstances in which his early youth was developed. But we must assume that a fine feeling for tones and their relations dwelt in him from an early age; for one day when he sang as a boy upon the square before the church of S. Maria Magdalena in Rome, the pure expression of his song so moved the chapel master* of the church, who happened to pass by, that he took him under his instruction.

At the time when Palestrina began his studies, the most and best of the composers in Rome were of Flemish origin, who held public schools of composition, much frequented, under the protection of Roman nobles. The most celebrated among them are: G. Arcadelt (died 1560–61); Adrian Willaert (died 1563); and finally the great Claude Goudimel (died 1572—beheaded in Lyons on account of Protestantism). This last is held by the most reliable historians to have been Pierluigi's teacher. The abstract subtleties of the theorists of that time must have seemed dry enough to the boy Pierluigi; but, like the boy Beethoven, two centuries and a half later, he had an iron persistency which never forsook him in a study recognized as necessary.

The incomparable skill with which he moves in the deepest forms of Art, speaks for the artist-like earnestness that animated him during his years of study.

In the year 1551 he was appointed teacher of the boys (*magister puerorum*) in the Vatican, and he wrote at this time his first book of Madrigals, which won for him the favor of Pope Julius III., who bestowed on him the title "*Maestro della ca-*

* Or, rather, singing master; Palestrina was the first who bore the title *maestro di capella*.

pella della basilica Vaticana." In this capacity he published (Rome, 1554) four Masses, for four and five voices, of which the Mass: *Ecce sacerdos magnus* shows how far he already soared beyond his Flemish predecessors.

The reputation which these works brought him caused his reception into the rank of the papal singers. But when Paul IV. ascended the throne he revived an older ordinance, requiring the members of the papal chapel to remain unmarried. Accordingly, Palestrina, who had long before taken to wife Lucrezia, a Roman lady, was dismissed with one month's salary of six scudi (\$6.50.) Neither the most bitter necessity which now came upon him and his numerous family,* nor continual bodily sufferings, had power to bend the spirit of this great artist. We see him as industriously occupied as before, in banishing the last traces of Flemish awkwardness from his style.

In the year 1561 we see him in the service of the principal church, Santa Maria Maggiore. About this time, too, occurred that memorable event which will never be forgotten in the history of church music. For the better understanding thereof, I permit myself a few preliminary remarks here on the state of church music at that time.

In those remote times, when the first rays of reviving civilization shed a faint light on mankind, the boundaries between the morally beautiful and the low, nonsensical, and trivial, were less appreciated by the general popular feeling than they now are. Even that which is most holy and worthy of the deepest veneration, seemed to the masses not so glorified, but that much that was rude and vulgar crept into the acts of worship rendered to the supreme being. The *Narren* or *Esels-Messen* (fools' or asses' masses) which were celebrated down into the fifteenth century,† the biblical dramas called "Mysteries,"‡ the innumerable grotesque ornaments,§ which are still beheld with wonder in the most venerable cathedrals,—all this leads us to suspect that the moral culture of the people in those times was but little or not at all higher than that of the rudest periods of antiquity before Christ. In the religious music of those centuries, too, we meet at every step with a like mixture of the pure and the frivolous. In the epoch before Palestrina the composers showed their contrapuntal skill in making profane popular songs the ground of their masses, motets, &c. These melodies were sung by one voice, while the others sounded the sacred texts in the most artificial melismas and intertwinings of parts. Fétis has preserved a number of such songs for us in his fine introduction to his "*Biographie des Musiciens*, &c." The following songs, according to Baini, were used by many composers for their masses: *Il villane geloso*; *L'amico o Madama*; *Adieu, amours*; *O Venere bella: Des rouges nez*; &c.

* His four sons, the first three of whom devoted themselves to music, were named Angelo, Rodolfo, Silla, and Igino.

† Festivals, similar to the ancient Saturnalia, which were celebrated in the churches every year, with the most fearful wildness and indecency, under the sanction of the theologians of Rome and of the Sorbonne.

‡ Dr. Forkel, in his great historical work, cites some verses out of such a *Mystery*, which, although put into the mouth of God the Father, are devoid of all sense of shame or decency.

§ For instance, the portal of the minister in Bern, St. Rombaud in Malines (Belgium), and innumerable other churches of those epochs.

Bitter complaints were uttered in the first Council at Trent against this impropriety, and the Council resolved (1562) to name a commission of eight cardinals, who should adopt the necessary measures for the improvement of the church music. Through the influence of a member of this body, and a warm admirer of Palestrina, the Cardinal Rudolfo Pio, of Carpi, Palestrina was commissioned to write a mass, in which he should have an eye especially to the clearest possible significance of the words, leaving out all mere note- reckonings, unnecessary verbal repetitions and simultaneous singing of different texts. Penetrated with a high sense of the responsibility in which this honorable commission placed him towards the musical world of his day, he wrote three masses, of which the one called *Missa Papa Marcelli*, and dedicated to Philip II. of Spain (1567), would alone have secured his immortality. This canonical work, which came out whole at one cast, is an eternal model of clear polyphony, never reached in its conduct of the voices, never surpassed in high psalmodic flight.

On the first performance of this work it was declared by pope, cardinals, Rome, and all the world, to be the most perfect of all religious compositions. From this time forward Palestrina's fame flew through all lands; the farthest provinces of Germany sent him their artists for instruction; even the Netherlands, seeing perhaps in him another scion of their own great school, willingly acknowledged his supremacy. Pope Pius IV., out of gratitude, appointed him *compositor* to his chapel, a title conferred only upon him.

[Conclusion next week.]

Four Recovered Pieces by Handel.

Four pieces of Music by Father Handel have just been fished out of his early and forgotten works and newly published. A critic makes the following allusion to them:

"Per obbèdìr" (Recitative) and "Leggi" (aria), from Handel's "Almira" (date 1705), were originally written to German words, and have been here fitted with Italian text, by Signor Maggioni. Our Italian friends accuse us of being hard on Signor Verdi; let them compare this specimen of melody from a young man—written under an operatically semi-barbarous dispensation for "Almira" was composed for Hamburg, ere "Il Sassone" went to Italy)—with "Di Provenza," or the most delicious tune, by the new writer, whichever that be. Handel's melody lies within a small compass, but is a thoroughly fine one—a song to pair off with the solo from his "Passion Musik" (another early essay) mentioned not long since. A French pair of movements also by Handel "Vous ne sauriez flatter" (Recitative), and "Non, je puis plus souffrir" (air), are, (we are informed by a note) originally disconnected—possibly disjointed members from the same *cantata*. These are curious rather than winning, but are worth studying in one point of view. No land, no language, are so inexorable as those of France—so constant in their requirements on all who, whether native or foreign, contribute to the art. There is little of the Handel suavity and grandeur here: had the song been signed Lullu or Rameau, we should not have questioned its parentage. But compared with "the Giant," how does every one else dwindle! Jomelli holds his own, as a smaller man, in the aria from "Attilio," "Benche l'angel" (with what now seem to us its queer passages of *renplissage*), since the leading prose is stately, and the structure is honest and good. But the air and minuet "Fortunate," from the "Artaserse" of Hasse, are, as compared with the two songs commented on, poor and stale as music. They were written, it is true, for a limited mezzo soprano (in no less compass than Handel's "Verdi prati," or "Dove sei"), but there is little in them besides the old-fashioned singer. Handel was both singer and composer, yet *La Faustina* (this very composer Hasse's wife, who had sung under Handel's opera-management, and does not seem to have been an ill-natured woman) complained to Burney of Handel's *cantilena* as having been often "rude." This is greatness rated for "a time," but not by Time. Which has now, the best of it, Hasse or Handel?

Miss Arabella Goddard.

The *Illustrated News of the World* (London) gives an excellent steel engraved portrait of the celebrated English pianiste, Miss Arabella Goddard, with the following sketch of her life:

Miss Arabella Goddard, the celebrated *pianiste*, in her early and already brilliant career, presents a noble and encouraging example of the true beauty and dignity of art, earnestly and devotedly pursued for its own sake. Richly gifted by nature with uncommon faculties and graces above the ordinary measure, unspoiled by the exuberant eulogies of admirers, and undisturbed by the jealousies which usually accompany a rising reputation, this young lady, in her vernal years, has reached the very summit of a profession crowded with celebrities, and, at the present moment, she may be said, without a boast, to take rank with easy pre-eminence among the first performers of Europe. As such, she is, to use the language of a weekly cotemporary, "a perfect prodigy of deep and various learning." All forms of composition, the severely classical and the conventionally brilliant, are equally within her power; and in all alike the mechanical difficulties are conquered with the same force and flexibility of hand; in all alike her touch is round, rich, and soft, her expression stamped with strength and grace, and her reading bright with intelligence. She is the more especially to be honored as being one of those who have dedicated themselves with enthusiasm to rescue the profound conceptions of the poet-musician, Beethoven, from the charge of being rhapsodical or obscure, and has come before the public more frequently than most of her cotemporaries with that end in view.

Arabella Goddard is the younger daughter and child of Thomas Goddard, Esq., of Welbeck-street, Cavendish Square, London. She was born at St. Servan, a small village not far from St. Malo, in Brittany, on the 12th day of January, 1836. Though she inherited from her parents no great amount of musical talent, still, from her earliest years and almost from infancy, she showed an extraordinary and almost enthusiastic taste for music, which happily was fostered and cherished by those by whom she was surrounded in her infancy and childhood.

She was little more than four years of age when she first appeared in public. This was at a concert given for some charitable purpose in her native village of St. Servan, when she played a fantasia on themes from Mozart's "Don Juan." At this time the promise of future celebrity in the child was so great that her parents thought it desirable to remove with her to Paris, where they spent several years, during which time their daughter was receiving lessons under the celebrated composer, Kalkbrenner.

Returning to London soon after the Revolution of February, 1848, of which they were passive spectators from their windows in the French capital, Mr. and Mrs. Goddard entrusted the cultivation of their daughter's musical talents to Mrs. Anderson, Her Majesty's *pianiste*, and the instructress of the Princess Royal. She was only eight years of age when she was called upon to perform, at Buckingham Palace, before Her Majesty and the Prince Consort, who highly complimented her on her exhibition.

For some time it was the intention of the parents to place their gifted child at the Royal Academy of Music, with the intention of entering her as a competitor for the King's Scholarship; but circumstances compelled them to abandon their design, and it was resolved to entrust the finishing of her musical education to Thalberg. Under his able tuition she rapidly progressed, and in a short time she could play the most difficult passages at sight; in addition to which her musical memory was most surprising.

On her first appearance in public, at a *matinée d'invitation* at the residence of her parents, March 30th, 1850, Miss Goddard was thus mentioned in the columns of a cotemporary:—"At the *matinée musicale* on Saturday last, we heard Miss Goddard, of whom there has been lately considerable talk in musical circles. From a *pia-*

niste of fourteen years of age the prodigious feats of a Liszt or a Pleyel are not to be expected; but if Miss Goddard, with increased strength, continues to progress, she will soon rival any living pianiste. She has remarkable facility with both hands; indeed, her mechanism is marvellous while her musical sensibility is evidently acute. She performs in all schools—the elaborations of a Bach fugue, the intricate combinations of themes by popular composers, the reveries of David in his 'Desert,' the melodious meditations of Mendelssohn, and the inspirations of Beethoven, are each and all as familiar to her as 'household words.'"

Nor was the above prophecy long unfulfilled. In the following October she made her debut at the Grand National Concerts, when she played the "Elisir" fantasia, and the "Tarantella" of her master Thalberg, with marked success. From that date she appeared frequently in public, and soon established the permanent fame and popularity which she has since continued to enjoy, by her performance of the "Masaniello" and "Don Pasquale" fantasias of her master Thalberg, Prudent's "Lucia" and "Puritani" fantasias, &c.

The first performances of Miss Goddard at those concerts, which were given at her Majesty's Theatre, were chiefly confined to works of the modern romantic school, the great characteristics of which are wonderful mechanism and poetic feeling; but, having received the valuable advice of Mr. J. W. Davison, she soon became equally distinguished as a pianiste in the classic stores of high art.

Miss Goddard subsequently became the pupil of Mr. G. A. Macfarren, under whom she studied harmony.

In 1854 Miss Goddard left England with her mother for an extensive tour on the Continent, during which she visited Paris, Leipsic—where she played at the far-famed Gewandhaus concerts—Berlin, Vienna, Florence, and nearly all the principal cities of France, Germany, and Italy; giving concerts everywhere, and everywhere, it may be added, achieving the greatest success. When she returned to England in May, 1856, her friends and admirers (which is but another term for the public at large), found not only that she had lost nothing by her travels, but that, on the contrary, change of scene, familiarity with persons and things hitherto unknown, and contact with the most distinguished of foreign professors, had proved of the greatest service to her. The truth is, that her *voyage* was one not merely of pleasure, but of study and reflection. What she saw and heard seemed to supply her with new resources for the attainment of that perfection in her art which no young aspirant ever sought with greater assiduity. She was not led away by the "modern romantic school," which is in such high favor abroad, to forget the common sense which governs musical taste in this country. She did not abandon for more dazzling and superficial subjects the works of those great masters, her familiarity with whose productions contributed so much to her early reputation. On her first re-appearance in public, at the Hanover-square rooms, May 16th, in that year, the musical critic of the *Times* thus expressed himself:—"We must applaud the judgment which has induced Miss Goddard to reject every *ad captandum* means of display, and to rely for effect solely on Mozart, Beethoven, and Mendelssohn. Miss Goddard never was an ordinary player, and is now less so than ever. The two years that have passed since she was last heard in England have not so much added to her mechanical proficiency as they have developed her mental resources. If we may so express ourselves, her mind is a more despotic ruler of her fingers than before. She now both thinks and executes like a perfect mistress of her art. It was the master who spoke to us from first to last, not the pianist, who, modest and retiring, was but too happy to shine by the reflection of so great a light. In Mendelssohn's *Rondo*, one of the most sparkling and animated emanations from a genius as impulsive as it was inexhaustible, Miss Goddard was equally happy, her performance being as marvellous for its accuracy as it was eminently graceful."

During the last two or three seasons Miss Goddard, as the solo instrumentalist, has been the great feature in several provincial concerts, and more especially at the Philharmonic Concerts in Liverpool. The local press of every town that she has visited are unanimous in praising her purity of style, her power, her evenness of touch, her delicacy, and her absence from all affectation as contributing to place her in the very foremost rank of pianists.

During the London season of the past and present year, Miss Goddard gave a series of *soirées* at her private residence in Welbeck-street, which were attended by nearly all the musical world of London, and were uniformly commended for their *recherché* character. Owing to the crowded audiences who attended, she was forced to give her last series at Willis's Rooms. She has also recently performed at the concerts at the Crystal Palace, together with Messrs. Jules Benedict and Lindsay Sloper, (where she executed Bach's triple concerto in a truly superb style), and, indeed, at all the large concerts in the metropolis.

By the pupils to whom she has given instructions on the piano in private, she has been uniformly appreciated; and her simple, unaffected manners have gained her a large circle of friends in private life.

The Leed's Musical Festival.

The first great musical festival ever held in Leeds, England, began on the 8th inst. The magnificent town hall, in which the performances took place, was inaugurated with appropriate ceremonies on the 7th, by the Queen in person, and in the evening a grand banquet was given by the Mayor of Leeds. Besides the Queen, the Prince Consort, the Princesses Alice and Helena, several members of the household, and the Earl of Derby, were present at the inauguration.—The royal party proceeded, after the ceremonies, on their way to Balmoral.

The orchestra numbered 95, and was composed of the whole orchestra of the London Philharmonic Society, reinforced by several select performers from the principal Yorkshire towns. The chorus, consisting entirely of Yorkshire people, was thus divided: trebles, 65; contraltos, (female) 16; altos, (male) 43; tenors, 60; basses, 60; in all, 244. The whole orchestral and choral force thus amounted to 340. The leader was Mr. Sterndale Bennett, the Cambridge professor of music, and a Yorkshireman himself. He was honored by a most enthusiastic reception.

There were about 1800 present, and the *coup d'œil* at the commencement of the oratorio, when the magnificent hall was completely filled with an assemblage of the rank, fashion, and beauty of Leeds, and the surrounding district, was extremely imposing. A notice, in the following terms, was distributed throughout the hall before the performance commenced, and we are happy to say the request was strictly complied with:—"The committee request that no audible expression of applause may interrupt the performance of the oratorios or other continuous works; and that no encores may be called at the evening concerts, in order that parties residing at a distance may be enabled to avail themselves of the arrangements made with the several railway companies for special trains at the conclusion of each day's performance. No person will be permitted to enter or leave the room during the performance of the piece; and it is earnestly requested that the audience will support the stewards in carrying out this important regulation." For once, and for the first time, we believe, "Elijah" has been performed without interruption from applause or encores, and we hope that the good example set by Leeds will not be without its effect upon other musical communities. It was a delightful treat to be able to listen, from beginning to end, without being disturbed every now and then by an uproar unsuited to the sacred character of the music; and we are glad that it has, at last, been practically demonstrated that a silent but hearty attention to this glorious oratorio is perfectly possible. This is a grand fact in the first musical festival at Leeds.

On the morning of Wednesday, the first day of the festival, Mendelssohn's oratorio of *Elijah* was performed in a very satisfactory manner. The *London Times* says that the people of Leeds were in great glee at the success, and divided the palm of merit between the architect of the town hall and the professor of music. The principal parts were performed by Sims Reeves, Clara Novello, Mr. Weiss, and Miss Palmer. In the evening there was an unusually long miscellaneous concert, which was enjoyed by from 1700 to 1800 persons. It began with Mozart's first symphony in C major, which was listened to with much attention, and applauded as warmly as it would have been in London. A miscellaneous selection of vocal and instrumental music followed.

On the next morning, Thursday, the sacred music consisted of Rossini's *Stabat Mater*, a part of Bach's *Passions Musik* and Beethoven's *Mount of Olives*. In the evening the second miscellaneous concert took place, in which Piccolomini, Giuglini, and other artists from Her Majesty's theatre, were to assist. On Friday morning, Haydn's *Seasons* and Handel's *Israel in Egypt*, and on Saturday morning the *Messiah* was to be performed. The prospects for the festival were very bright at the last accounts, and the Leeds General Infirmary would be benefitted correspondingly. The members of the chorus receive great praise for the excellence of their voices, and the audiences are said to have been as enthusiastic as in London.

Dr. Arne's "Judith."

We are indebted to a contemporary for a list of old Oratorios on this Apocryphal story, which seems—as was mentioned in the *Athenæum* not long since—to be tempting modern composers simultaneously to an unusual degree. Mattheson, we perceive, speaks of a "Judith" written by Handel during his Hamburg period. There is a "Giuditta," too, by Marcelllo. Then there was a luckless oratorio performed in London in 1740 (the year of the "Frost Fair" on the Thames), by Defesch, an Amsterdam organist, who had relinquished Holland for England. The one *memento* of its performance, beyond the tradition of its utter failure, is Hogarth's well-known print of an oratorio chorus singing these words:

"The world shall bow to the Assyrian throne."

There was another "Judith,"—we learn from the same authority,—written by Handel Smith, but which was never produced. That Oratorio to which we are now coming, by Dr. Arne, is the only work on the story, in England, which may be said, as yet, to have kept its ground. It was performed at the Lock Chapel, in 1764—at the Gloucester music-meeting in 1766—and (this seems an odd choice) at the Stratford Jubilee in 1769. The manuscript score of it is in the British Museum: some slight account of which may be interesting.

The manuscript—belonging to Dr. Kitchiner's Library—in which there is Bartleman's signature, also a warrant for the great beauty of the work copied from Dibden's Life—is in three parts.—The first two are complete (including an interpolation said to be in Dr. Arnold's handwriting). The third part can hardly have been looked at ere it was bound—since we find in the manuscript such irrelevant matter as Dr. Arne's well-known "Hymn of Eve,"—while the final chorus in score, on a paper of totally different form, has therefore (in true Procrustean fashion) been bound in sideways. The names of the singers—the principal ones of which are those of Mrs. Bartheleman, Mrs. Baddeley, Miss Brent, Signor Tenducci, Mr. Champneys, are prefixed to the songs, but so mixed up with the names of other more obscure persons (one "Vernon" among the number) and interchanged as to destroy all unity of character, and to suggest that they may refer to distinct performances of the music. The book is by Isaac Bickerstaff, written in verse—one shade better, perhaps, than Dr. Morell's books, but without the slightest biblical color. That was hardly the fashion of the times. The catastrophe of the sacrifice of *Holofernes* seems (we use this caution in reference to the dislocation of the man-

uscript of Part III.) to have been evaded—since it is dimly commented on by a chorus, which is nevertheless one of the severest, most elaborate numbers of the work.

A perusal of the score will raise the reputation of Dr. Arne with those who principally know him as England's best Shakspearian melodist, or as the writer of the showy, yet superficial "Artaxerxes." Such persons will hardly (any more than ourselves) have been prepared for the amount of constructive science and variety of device which "Judith" reveals. The first movement of the overture (a *con spirito* in G 3-4) is well developed; fully scored, and not *rococo*—the period and the place considered. The Oratorio includes some good, if not great choruses: an opening one of supplication in a minor—a *pastorale* chorus in G major, "When Israel wept," where the same tone seems to have been tried as that which was so incomparably used by Handel in his chorus from "Israel," "But as for his people." The *fugue* in triple *tempo* D major, which closes Dr. Arne's first act, owes something to Handel's "Fixed in his everlasting seat." But those, we think, are almost the only traces of influences, imitation, or coincidence from, of, or *with*—the giant, which "Judith" contains. What may be called the profane third of Dr. Arne's Oratorio—its music devoted to the camp of Holofernes—is, to us, its most feeble portion—being treated in a frivolous style, *semi-Arcadian*, *semi-operatic*. In a case like this, we find the greatness of Handel by a simple comparison. How much lower in tone and weaker in situation than the scene referred to is the greater portion of "Solomon,"—yet who can undervalue the loveliness without frivolity of his "Nightingale Chorus,"—the loftiness without pedantry of his court music with which "Sheba's queen" is regaled? It is curious to find a composer strongest in his secular music—as was Dr. Arne—weakest in the most secular portion of this work, and capable of producing a *Holofernes* little stronger than a *Comus*. On the other hand, the chorus indicative of doom (to which we have adverted) rises to the height of the words and their import; and is a fine, grave, well-developed movement, such as we had hardly credited Dr. Arne with power to work out. Meritorious care, too (the state of Art in England a century since considered), seems to have been bestowed by him on the instrumentation. The stringed quartet is written with due solidity, especially in respect to its *viola*, to which more than ordinary interest is given. The songs, too, are scored with an ingenuity regard to figure and variety; and without that leanness which wearies in the Italian writers, the Hasses, the Galuppi, Ciampis, Lampugnani, towards whom, as a school, the Doctor obviously inclined. Of the songs themselves a less decided judgment can be given: inasmuch as these are matters never to be disposed of by the eye: but to be enjoyed by the ear and answered by the heart—music dependent not on the composer only, but also largely on his interpreter. The airs allotted to *Judith* contain such antiquated passages expressive of courage and heroism as were found effective in the mouth of *Mandane*. *Abra*, her maid, has a *bravura* with harps nicely disposed, and with triplet diversions, such as we have long tired of in "The soldier Tired." There is nothing very salient for either tenor or bass. A "Sleep Song" (by the way, how generally do composers succeed in their "Sleep Songs"!) allotted to "Master Brown," promises well: and might prove worth disinterring.—*Athenæum*.

THREE OPERAS IN NEW YORK.—The musical critic of the *Tribune*, (Sept. 22), in his own peculiar way, says:

We have had three Opera Companies—two in an unknown tongue, and one in the familiar Anglo-Saxon. Three operas in our town is enough; perhaps too much, for one at least has decided to quit. The English has departed and left the Italians master of the field. This seems rather hard, that a nice little English opera, with good singers, should not longer prosper. Different this from the days of Mrs. Austin, Mrs. Wood and Mrs. Seguin, when the house overflowed, and people listened to their mother tongue set to dulcet sounds. Why not now? It is a vulgar su-

perfinery which neglects the vigorous English language for any other, come whence it may.

The Academy has novelties. The new tenor Stefani is such. He has good stuff in him. A manly voice—fair action and much vigor. In finish he has yet to make progress; but he is young and enthusiastic, and may achieve all that is desirable. His second performance of Edgardo was the most satisfactory, and the last scene he gave with much intensity of feeling. A fine scene it is. Moonlight, towers, romance, hot blood, despair and death—and all set to music. What more could be asked to fill up the circle of the luxury of woe, and the yearnings after we know not what? *Mia Lucia!* How the broken-hearted fellow rings it out! Grief in the opera is popular. To sympathize with its mock woes strung in sweets costs no effort. There are no solid agonies, no mourning attire; no coffin to pay for. Comedy in opera is not popular. We may except the scenes of two such comic actors as Ronconi and Formes. But as an average thing, few care for it. We think here the comedy had better be served up on one dish, and the music on another. Madame Gassier is a bright little artist. Little birds have big throats. She did the scene where she withers under her Edgardo's curse beautifully. A curse can be so much more prolonged in music that it becomes perfectly blasting. At least Lucia seemed to think so. Madame Gassier keeps up an aviary business with the flute in her last solo, where the voice and the instrument appear to be in friendly rivalry as to which shall rise highest and come down softest. She was much applauded. Signor Gassier is one of the best artists on the stage. He is always well up to his work—never uncertain; never deficient. Among the musical knowing ones especially, he ranks high. The Academy thus is richly endowed.

The opera at Burton's is prospering—not wonderfully but moderately. The company is Mesdames Gazzaniga and Strakosch, (who will appear to-night), Mad. Colson, (who will appear on Thursday), Brignoli, Amodio, Barili—a strong party. How it proves the size and resources of our city, after we leave one great company at the Academy, to find in an acting theatre such another as this. All these are celebrities to New York except Mad. Colson, and she, as a new comer, is making a name fast. Her performance of Traviata was received with fervor as general as unlooked for. Brignoli and Amodio are in fine voice after their summer repose. Brignoli has the voice of a lover; Amodio of a lover too, only that he makes love at a lower pitch. Fine organs, all of them. A few years since one such voice would draw, for a time at least, good houses. We have grown critical and exigent. Mr. Hackett complained that when he told Americans that he had engaged Grisi and Mario, they asked "whom else?" What is enough in fortune? What in art? More than we have. Considering that Americans do all in their power to break down their own native art and manufacturers, and turn themselves into the beggarly porters and pedlars of foreign wares, they should be a little modest in their claims on what has to come from afar.

For Dwight's Journal of Music.

The Trials of Genius.

Being the outgushing lamentation of a Boy who practises the Piano-Forte.

BY TROVATOR.

I.

Who is it says I "must not thump"—
That on her head the notes do bump,
As though each was of lead, a lump?
My Mother.

II.

Who will not have his "lazy boy"
Spend hours o'er that girlish toy,
Strumming away with senseless joy?
My Father.

III.

Who does "abominate those scales,"
Who, when I practise, always rails,
And in fault-finding never fails?
My Brother.

IV.

Who knows full well that brother John
Will, by his drumming, very soon
Get that piano out of tune?
My Sister.

V.

Who oft pathetic tears does shed,
And says "that noise goes through her head,"
And sends her nearly wild to bed,
And certainly will drive her dead,
And that she would wish to be led
Unto the stake (these words she said)
Rather than thus be distracted?
My Aunt.

VI.

Who really wonders, for his part,
How any but a fool could start
To study music,—senseless art!
My Uncle.

VII.

Who all unanimous declare
My practising *they will not bear*—
And then at me do grimly stare?
My Family.

VIII.

Who is that sad unfortunate,
Who loves that which all others hate,
Yet feels it is his woful fate,
And can't that direful love abate,—
Who moans about his wretched state
Yet practises at any rate?
Myself.

Musical Correspondence.

PHILADELPHIA, SEPT. 28. The Handel and Haydn Society held its initiatory stated meeting on the evening of the 21st inst. Upwards of one hundred members promptly responded to the call of the secretary, and proceeded, with much cordiality and amid mutual congratulations, to select a managing corps for the ensuing year. The following gentlemen were thereupon chosen; they are a coterie of active and responsible business men, in whose hands the best interests of this popular organization may be expected to be profitably fostered:

President—D. W. C. Moore. Vice Presidents—John I. Heisler, Gilbert Combs, A. M. Treasurer—A. W. Rand. Secretary—Jos. S. Sparks. Librarian—John A. Pelouze. Directors—A. R. Paul, I. C. Paynter, Geo. W. Hazelwood, I. G. Umsted, A. G. Heston, C. B. Barrett, Wm. Chapman, Jr.

Mr. DeWitt Clinton Moore, President, has held his present office for several consecutive years—a just and appreciative tribute to personal worth, energy of purpose, and intellectual merit. His administration has constantly evinced that *suaviter in modo* and *fortiter in re* which constitute the veritable germ of successful management. Mr. Moore is a partner in the well-known firm of F. V. Krug & Co., of this city. Mr. John I. Heisler, Vice President, and his colleague in that office, Gilbert Combs, A. M., are also well worthy of the confidence reposed in them. The former has for some years enjoyed the enviable reputation of possessing the richest *basso-profondo* voice in the city. Not less worthy are the gentlemen who fill the remaining offices of Treasurer, Secretary, Librarian, and the Board of Directors. MICHAEL H. Cross, unquestionably one of the most brilliant concert performers in the country, has been almost unanimously chosen Organist for the ensuing year. This selection has caused the most unqualified satisfaction among the active and honorary members of the Society, and may serve to afford to the outside public an earnest of the future endeavors of the association to confirm its already well-established reputation.

I learn that the "Messiah" is to be placed in active rehearsal immediately, with a chorus which, with the customary accessories, as the season progresses, will probably approximate to the number of two hundred vocalists.

The "Seven Sleepers," Spohr's *Letzte Dinge*, the

"Creation," and several other grand oratorios are also *underlined*, as the play-bills have it.

There can be no doubt of the correctness of the course hitherto pursued by the Handel and Haydn Society toward developing a correct musical taste in our community. Its good fruits have been apparent in the marked encouragement and pecuniary reward bestowed upon all the concerts of the Society, which contained classic works of celebrity, such as the "Hymn of Praise," and others. Quite naturally, and in common with other societies, the managers have been compelled to interlard such attempts with lighter works, balladic and operatic; for among their numerous subscribers, as well as among the public, there are vast numbers whose limited musical education has not reached the truly appreciative point.—Still, thanks to the untiring efforts of our musical societies, there is a glorious change, slowly but surely developing itself; the announcement of a "Messiah," or a "Hymn of Praise," howbeit only a few years ago deemed calculated to damn, at the outset, the pecuniary prospects of the daring *entrepreneur*, now serves to create quite a respectable quota of interest, and serves to do considerable service in the matter of drawing an audience.

The Harmonia Sacred Musical Society has advertised its primary rehearsal for the coming season, for Thursday evening, the 30th inst. I shall endeavor to attend, for the purpose of taking a note or two for your valuable Journal.

A Mr. HOPKINS, son of Bishop Hopkins, of New York, gave an organ concert at the West Arch Presbyterian Church, gratuitously, last week. A large array of connoisseurs assembled to hear him; and as far as I am able to glean, seemed well pleased with his achievements—barring a few mannerisms, and a disposition to take the time of his several performances somewhat too rapidly. MANRICO.

Dwight's Journal of Music.

BOSTON, OCT. 2, 1858.

NEW VOLUME.—The present issue commences the *Fourteenth Volume* of our Journal of Music, and, as the musical season is just opening everywhere, we would suggest this as a good time for those who desire a weekly organ of musical culture, news, and criticism, to subscribe. All the back numbers of the present year can be furnished, and also the back volumes, bound or unbound.

The selections of printed music in each number of the Journal, add much to its value. How much may be seen by a glance at the musical contents of the last six months, as follows:

- MENDELSSOHN—"Hear My Prayer," hymn for Soprano and Chorus. 20 pages.
 " Duet and Chorus, "I waited for the Lord," from "Hymn of Praise." pp. 8.
 " "The Forest Birds," and "Serenade." Four-part Songs. pp. 4.
 " From *Lauda Sion*: 1, Soprano and Chorus; 2, Quartet. pp. 12.
 MOZART—*Ave Verum*, for Choir. pp. 2.
 " Selections from *Don Giovanni*, for Piano. pp. 4.
 " Cantata: "Praise of Friendship." (Chorus and Solos.) pp. 14.
 SCHUBERT—Psalm for two Soprano and two Contralto voices: "The Lord is my shepherd." pp. 10.
 J. S. BACH—Two Chorals. pp. 2.
 BELLINI—Chorus of Villagers, from *La Sonnambula*. pp. 8.
 R. WAGNER—Chorus of Pilgrims, from *Tannhäuser*. (Two Tenors and two Basses.) pp. 4.
 GLUCK—Solo and Chorus, from *Armida*. pp. 4.
 DONIZETTI—*Lucrezia Borgia*. The entire Opera, arranged for Piano, is in course of publication in this Journal.
 A. JAEHL—Song without Words. (Piano.) pp. 2.

Music for the Public Library.

The directors of the Boston Public Library have secured for that institution an excellent nucleus of a musical department, consisting both of valuable scores and of the literature of music.

One of the last of the good works of the late Prof. Dehn, of the Royal Library in Berlin, was to collect for our library twenty-eight large volumes of manuscript music, in which the best productions of the old Italian masters, Palestrina, Caldara, Allegri, &c., as well as of Orlando Lasso, and others of the Flemish school, are largely represented. Much of it is music which cannot be obtained in print. These volumes are in fact designed to form a good substantial nucleus of such a complete representative historical exhibition of the productions of musical genius, as every great public library ought to contain, and as our city library, following up these good beginnings, doubtless will ere many years contain. We await with eager expectation the arrival of this precious purchase, which does honor to the large and liberal policy of those who have in charge the stocking of our fine new library building. For the first time, in this country, does "Frau Musica," as Luther calls her, bid fair to be duly represented in a library along with her sister Muses.

Besides these MS. scores, quite a full list—two or three hundred volumes—of books relating to music, histories, biographies, scientific and æsthetic treatises, &c., some of which are rare and costly, has been ordered, and in great part already purchased for the library.

The directors have a right view of the matter. What is a library for, if not to aid the student in whatsoever department of science, literature, or art, by placing within his reach the results of all the labors of his predecessors? It has long since been recognized that libraries are bound to do this for the student of law, of theology, of natural history, of mathematics, of mechanics, and why not for the student of music quite as well?

Trovatopera.

Our palmy days of Opera are passed. Grisi, and Mario, and Bosio, and Badiali, and the large companies in which they shone conspicuous, are but remembered splendors. Nothing better, nothing half as good, appears to take their place. The hope of one complete and all-sufficient organization, with its three centres in New York, Philadelphia, and Boston, with ample orchestra and chorus, as well as admirable principals, and, above all, with a rich repertoire of the best operas, seems as far from realization as it ever did. All the interest and all the managerial and artistic energy are frittered away in half a dozen little separate, cheap enterprises, which go about with hum-drum repertoires, waging an internecine warfare.—These little companies have pretty much for their whole stock in trade just the three or four articles which they can manufacture cheapest, and which command a tolerably sure market on the strength of some mere fashion of the day. Opera we have not; but we have *Trovatore* companies, plentiful as mosquitoes, and (literally) piping hot. *Trovatore* is almost the only opera; it stands for all. To that pitch all the opera companies are screwed up, as if they were so many barrel organs. There are just one or two modulations into closely related keys, called *Traviata* and *Rigoletto*, with cheap and common *remplissage* for the intervening or "off" night, by way of relief, or foil, of two or three of the most familiar and hacknied works of Donizetti or Bellini. This is all that is now meant when we see an Italian opera announced. At least, this is all that Boston gets of it.

We have had one *Trovatore* troupe for two weeks, singing in English, at the Howard Athenæum. Three successive nights the bill was *Trovatore*, of which we can say nothing new, except to repeat our wonder at its strange popularity. For, in the first place, its horrible baby-burning plot is disgusting and absurd,—the more glaringly so when sung in English. In the next place, there is not a real, a natural, an interesting character in it; the persons are all puppets, leaving no impression beyond the action of the moment; as impersonations of passion they are as coarse as the dullest caricatures in the cheapest wood-cuts. Then again, *sentiment*, anything that can be called such, is utterly wanting in the opera, as a whole, with only here and there a maudlin reminiscence in a strain or two. The music is accordingly; if there is an ingenious melody, it may please, but it does not speak to you, sing to you, as the native and intrinsic music of a sweet soul or character, as does

the music of Mozart's *Zerlina*. It is music everywhere straining for effect, and sometimes producing it, externally, superficially, but not internally or deeply. It is not pathos, but a coarse imitation of its most conventional and common forms. It lacks all fine and subtle touches. It says more than it means or feels. It is not the music of fine natures; it is not refining or elevating in its tendency. The *sphere* of life or sentiment into which it strains itself so spasmodically to transport you, is fortunately a very unreal one, or it would be a bad one. It is therefore not strange that the general impression of the *Trovatore*, as a musical whole, is distracting and unedifying. This music lacks the sovereign quality of *geniality*; it is mechanical; it relies upon dynamic means, and knows not the true secret, the true key to open human hearts. Its appeal is really to something else than heart or soul; to those who seek excitement, recklessly, for mere excitement's sake, and not to those who live sincerely and in earnest. Plot and music, all together, make up a wearisome glaring picture of a strangely monotonous, burnt-out, brick-dust hue. No, this is tragedy too fierce to be tragic; this is passion too demonstrative to be genuine; this is music too effective to be genial or expressive. Aod yet the *Trovatore* is popular!

As to the performance, Miss MILNER manages her clear soprano finely and looks charmingly; Dr. GUILMETTE gives a carefully studied, finished rendering of his music, while his voice is rich and manly. The tenor, Mr. MIRANDA, has considerable power and sweetness, but strains his voice in high passages, or takes refuge in a puny falsetto. Mr. RUDOLPHSEN uses well a fine bass in his secondary part, and bears (as a contemporary says) the principal burden of the chorus, which for the rest is miserable enough. The orchestra is better than last week, and Mr. COOPER shows admirable powers as a conductor, which are evidently taxed to their utmost in holding together so uncertain an ensemble.

Next week another *Trovatore* troupe, under the auspices of STRAKOSCH, are to sing at the Boston Theatre, for four nights only. They will begin with *Traviata* and end with *Trovatore*, the alternations being *Lucrezia Borgia* and *Fille du Régiment*. Mme. COLSON, new to us, admired in New Orleans and New York, is to be the prima donna in the first and last named pieces. GAZSANIGA, the charming, does not come, (we would give much to hear her once more in the sparkling and genial music of *L'Elisir d'amore*); instead of her we have the muscular PARODI, whose *Lucrezia* will be bold and masculine enough. BRIGNOLI, AMODIO, &c., will of course be welcomed.

Musical Chit-Chat.

THE HANDEL AND HAYDN SOCIETY announce their first rehearsal for the season at the Messrs. Chickering's rooms, for to-morrow evening. Here is at last a hope of some good music. The MENDELSSOHN QUINTETTE CLUB are pretty sure to follow; but they commence their season with a concert tour in the north, and possibly also in the west, before they settle down upon their regular series of Chamber Concerts at home. All true lovers of good music are impatient for them. . . . Mr. JULIAS EICHBERG, the accomplished classical musician and violinist, of whom we have before spoken, is to succeed Mr. ECKHARD as director of the music at the Boston Museum. Boston will thereby gain a high-toned excellent musician. Of Mr. Eckhard's future movements we are not informed, but hope that we are not to lose him. . . . There is to be a performance of the "Creation" at the Music Hall to-morrow evening by Mr. COOPER's English Opera Troupe. . . . "KARL FORMES' Grand Mammoth Concerts and Oratorios" are announced in Cincinnati with all the eloquence of Ullman. . . . The Maretzek Opera troupe in New York, have put aside burnt babies, *Trovatores*, &c., this week, and actually given a true work of genius, "William Tell," with much éclat.

Among the passengers of the ill-fated "Austria" were several highly respected German musicians, residing in this country, who were returning from their summer visit to their old homes in Vaterland. Mr. THEODORE EISFELD, the popular conductor of the New York Philharmonic Concerts, about whom there was much anxiety, is happily in the list of those who were saved and taken on board the French ship Maurice. Mr. Eisfeld is of a nervous temperament and his physical powers for some years have not been overstrong, since his severe illness; it is to be hoped that he will have safely borne the exposure and excitement of this terrible experience. We doubt not he will meet with a right warm welcome at the first

"Philharmonic" at which he makes his appearance. Mr. THORNECKE, a distinguished classical pianist of Philadelphia, is, it is feared, among the lost. The *Bulletin* speaks of him as "an efficient and popular teacher. He was a native of Hanover, and aged about forty-five years. He came to this city fifteen or twenty years ago, a poor young man. By great perseverance he had become most successful in his profession. He was married to a daughter of J. N. Scherr, Esq., of this city, and they have several young children. He went with his family to Europe last spring. He left them in Germany, when he started to return on the Austria, intending to continue at his business another season, and then to retire and live on his ample means in his native land. Mr. Thorbecke was very highly esteemed among his acquaintances and stood high in the musical profession."

The same journal says: "Mr. G. KUNZ, another Philadelphian, and also a teacher of music, is known to have been on board the Austria, although his name does not appear in the foregoing list. He also was a native of Germany. He resided in West Philadelphia, where he was held in high estimation." Our own townsman, Mr. ADOLPH KIELBLOCH, had also intended to return by the Austria, but his stay has been prolonged a few weeks by the providential event of taking unto himself a German wife.

The musical Convention at Worcester, Mass., under the direction of Messrs. HAMILTON & BAKER was to close last evening with a concert at Mechanics Hall, consisting of Mr. Baker's Cantata: "The Burning Ship," (painfully apropos just now), selections from "The Sanctus," choruses from the "Messiah," "Creation," &c.

Mario, the singer, has written to one of his Paris friends, complaining of the dearth of everything in that capital. He says: "I received only \$23,000 for singing at the Italian opera last season, and my expenses were \$35,000." Poor Mario!

(Crowded out last week.)

THE MUSIC ON THE COMMON.—In commemoration of the foundation of the city, a monster brass band Concert was given on the Common, Sept. 17. The windward position which we took, to avoid the smell of "villainous saltpetre," had an unfortunate effect upon the music, so that we borrow the account of the *Courier*:

"The concert on the Common, Friday afternoon, under the direction of Mr. B. A. Burditt, was attended by probably as many as twenty thousand people. The Brigade, Brass, Germania, and Metropolitan Bands, numbering seventy-two performers, furnished the music in concert. They occupied a temporary platform between the two hills, the people occupying the sides of the hills and a large portion of the tract between the hills. The platform was decorated with the American, English, French, and other national flags. The programme commenced with Yankee Doodle, with cannon accompaniment, the guns of the Light Artillery furnishing the sounds explosive. The effect of the guns was novel, rather than harmonious; the cannon is a brass instrument which is yet hardly needed in orchestras. We have heard John Phoenix, alias Squibob, tell of "the soft note of the pistol," but we have never heard any one tell of delicious warblings from the brass throat of a cannon. However, if the audience were pleased, and they appeared to be, we shall not complain. Novelty always excites interest. Thousands look up nightly at Donati's comet and reflect in awe upon the wonders of the heavens, but the glorious beauty of sun, moon, and stars has never excited them to any such feeling. But to recur to the concert. The selections of music comprised a variety of national and patriotic airs, which were frequently applauded by the immenso audience. "God save the Queen" was played twice with the assistance of Capt. Nims's Artillery, and "Hail Columbia" was played once."

Music Abroad.

BERLIN.—At a grand entertainment given at the Palace in honor of Her Majesty Queen Victoria's visit, the Dom choir performed some of their vocal pieces before the Royal party. M. De Bulow also played several pianoforte solos.

VIENNA.—The *Thalia Theater*, at Vienna (one of the minor establishments of that capital), has been producing an opera, *The Orphan*, by Herr Stolz. The principal musical work performed at the great concert at Baden, on the 27th of August, was the "Romeo and Juliet" Symphony of M. Berlioz. We observe with pleasure that the local societies of the smaller towns in Germany are beginning to bestir themselves towards the completion of the Handel monument, by giving concerts. *Samson* is going to be forthwith produced with this intention in the picturesque old town of Halberstadt, where (by way of further invitation to any autumn tourist in want of a halting place) are churches well worth seeing, and in one of these is an organ well worth hearing,—a town moreover, on the hem of the Hartz country.

ITALY.—The Italian journals announce the production of two new operas. The most important is that of Ferrari—*Il Matrimonio per Concorso*—the powerful rôles of which were confided to Madame Boccabadati, Crivelli, and Zucchini. It does not appear that any great success attended the opera. At the San Carlo of Naples, Maestro Miceli produced an opera called *La Fidanzata*, also accompanied with doubtful success. We continue to look in vain for any new composer likely to add any work of real merit to the musical library of the Italian lyrical drama. Verdi is said to have a couple of new operas in his portfolio, but no one knows when they will be produced.

LEEDS FESTIVAL.—The third in order of the great English musical festivals of this year commenced on Tuesday, Sept. 7th, in the new town hall. We copy from the *Musical Gazette*:

The Great Hall is one of the largest of the kind in the kingdom, exceeding in size the Town Hall at Birmingham, Exeter Hall, and St. James's Hall, in London. Its dimensions are 162 feet by 72 feet, and 75 feet in height. It has a semicircular ceiling, divided into five bays or compartments, by massive ribs, which are supported at the sides of the Hall by coupled Corinthian columns and pilasters. It is lighted by ten fanlights (stained glass), immediately above these columns: they are filled with beautifully coloured glass, giving a very brilliant, but yet subdued effect to the architecture.

The north end of the Hall is occupied by the orchestra. At the south end is a glass screen, separating the Hall from the vestibule, or principal entrance. The vestibule is in fact the lower part of the tower, and is upwards of 70 feet in height, and 48 feet square. The floor is covered with a tessellated pavement. In the centre is a statue of Her Majesty the Queen, in white marble, which, with its polished granite pedestal, stands 18 feet high.

The performance of *Elijah*, with which the festival opened on Wednesday morning, was one of the finest in every respect, if not the finest, that has taken place in this country. Assuredly such a choir has never been assembled, and never have the magnificent and varied choruses, with which the work abounds, been given with such delicacy or force—according to their requirements—to say nothing of the precision with which they were sung, and the perfect intonation throughout.

Constantly did we expect to hear the little unpleasantnesses with which we are regaled when *Elijah* is done at Exeter Hall,—the foggy D sharp for the sopranos at the end of the choral recitative, the ditto ditto at the end of the minor portion of the "earthquake" chorus, for instance,—but no more constantly did we expect them than we were disappointed; everything was in tune. Then, the gigantic volume of tone in the more massive of the choruses, the towering ferocity of "Woe to him," the delicacy of "He watching over Israel," the buoyancy of "After the fire," the grandeur of the "Holy, holy," and "But the Lord," which last was given with the most unusually grand effect; our goodness! it was a performance. The principals on this memorable occasion were Madame Clara Novello, Mrs. Weiss, Miss Helena Walker, Miss Palmer, Miss Freeman, Miss Crossland, Mr. Sims Reeves, Mr. Wilbye Cooper, Mr. Inkersall, Mr. Standley, Mr. Hincliffe, and Mr.

Weiss. Miss Dolby was announced, but an apology was tendered for her absence on the score of indisposition, and Miss Palmer undertook to sing the music which had been assigned to her. This promising artist acquitted herself extremely well in everything but the part of Jezabel, for which she is not physically qualified. Miss Palmer's reading thereof was sufficiently energetic and dramatic, but this only served to betray a want of power which renders this peculiar music unsuitable to her. In "Woe unto them that forsake Him," Miss Palmer was everything that could be desired, also in "O rest in the Lord," with the exception of an unjustifiable suspension just before the resumption of the melody, or, rather, the return to the key of C. The young lady thought to produce a little effect by hanging on the G at the last syllable of the word "patiently;"—she succeeded, but it was an unpleasant one. There is scarcely anything to particularize amongst the other pieces allotted to the principals. We must, however, record that the performance of "Lift thine eyes," by Madame Novello, Mrs. Weiss, and Miss Palmer, was the best to which we ever listened; that the quartet, "O come ev'ry one that thirsteth," was especially well sung by Mrs. Weiss, Miss Palmer, Mr. Wilbye Cooper, and Mr. Standley; that Mrs. Weiss distinguished herself in the short recitative, "Behold, God hath sent Elijah the prophet;" that Madame Novello has got into a most objectionable habit of saying (or singing) *Israel* in the grand air which opens the second part of the oratorio; and that Miss Helena Walker gave evidence of a very pleasing voice and good method in the duet, "Zion spreadeth," albeit she had the disadvantage of a not overrefined second in Miss Crossland.

Dr. Bennett's reading of the work was in nearly every respect unexceptionable. The overture was hurried a little too much towards the close, or rather the point in which it leads into the chorus, "Help, Lord," which, by the way, was also a shade too fast; "He watching over Israel" was also open to the same objection, with the further disadvantage of a *rallentando* towards the close, which should never be allowed. The last of the Baal choruses might have been quickened with advantage, as also "Is not his word;" but everything else was what the most fastidious person would have desired.

This performance set all doubt at rest as to the adaptation of the Hall for musical purposes. The sound was beautifully distributed, and the combined power of hand, chorus, and organ (the latter of itself no trifle) was never oppressive, while the softest passages for any voice or instrument were distinctly and equally audible throughout the room. The absence of side galleries is a point in favour of this distribution, while the improvement, as regards appearance, is unquestionably great. We say improvement, because we believe there is no building of the kind in England that does not labour under this disfigurement. There was a very large attendance, and the prospects of the first Leeds festival were decidedly encouraging.

The evening concert was yet more fully attended, and the display of our favourite plant, the *pulchra puella splendens*, which was very poorly represented at the inauguration, was abundant. The first thing on the programme was Mozart's symphony in C (not the Jupiter), which was admirably played, but did not meet with a cordial reception. We did not quite approve the choice. To enlist the attention of the audience at a first evening concert, the E flat symphony would have been far better. Mrs. Weiss followed with the same composer's "Dove song," a very chaste and careful performance,—and Mr. Santley gave a tolerable version of a weak dirge from Rossini's *Moimetto*. The other vocal solos in the first part were Rode's air with variations (exquisitely sung by Albani and encored), "Robert, toi que j'aime" (sung with plentiful and very ineffective departure from the text by Madame Novello, the merit of the performance being left to Mr. Nicholson's delicious *corno inglese* and Mr. Trust's harp), and the grand tenor *scena* from *Oberon*, sung by Mr. Sims Reeves. Miss Dolby was to have given a song by Duggan, but she was still obliged to keep house, to the great disappointment of her admirers and the audience generally. Miss Palmer and Mr. Santley sang the greater part of a long and somewhat tedious duet from Donizetti's *Pia di Prolomei* remarkably well, and the choir distinguished themselves in Mr. Henry Smart's "Spring" part-song and Hatten's "Ah could I with fancy stray." Of the former we have already remarked that it is unpleasantly reminiscent of Mendelssohn, though certainly very charming. The latter is rubbish. A man of Hatten's talent ought not to have allowed such a morsel to go into print. Mendelssohn's first pianoforte *Concerto* was played

by Miss Arabella Goddard in her usual manner; that is to say, the first and last movements were taken at "high pressure," whereby many a passage was rendered indistinctly audible, and the *andante* was played to perfection in every way.

BIRMINGHAM FESTIVAL.—The following account is from the *Athenæum*, Sept. 4:

It is not exaggerating to assert that, whatsoever be the musical capacity, fastidiousness, or fatigue of the listener—let him have run the gauntlet even of singing, playing, or hearing—through so tremendous a London season as the one just over has been, there is an over-ruling "spirit and vivacity" (to quote quaint Lady Strange) about a Birmingham Festival which is to be found nowhere else in England—a completeness in execution and organization—in the manners as well as the music of the meeting—which will compel his enjoyment. In certain points of selection we are at issue with the managers. They make too little of the Birmingham organ, and "too nothing" of solo instrumental music. It would be invidious to point out where we fancy the pruning-knife might have been applied to the list of vocal engagements for 1858,—but this could have been judiciously done so as to "make play" for Miss Goddard, or Herr Joachim, M. Halle, or M. Sainon, or Signor Piatti. A local audience, we know, is ill to deal with; but it may, and *should*, be led; and the Birmingham management is strong enough to lead it and sagacious enough to do so without vexatious pedantry. Every three years, we may remark, in all its musical provisions, a greater regard for the general excellence and interest of the music produced than for the fashions of the hour, whatever those may be. This year it has further shown its liberality, by affording to an English composer such an opportunity as English composer was never before indulged with. We shall be glad, three years hence,—and so, we believe, will be the audience, now trained so highly,—to have some retrenchment of ballads and opera-music from the concert-schemes, in favour of a nightly *Concerto*. We now proceed to offer a note or two on the performances of the several days. The first part of 'Elijah,' brilliantly as it went off, gave occasion for comment and caution. It would be a pity should the perfect acquaintance of every one concerned with that magnificent work,—the splendour of such an orchestra and chorus as was collected at Birmingham (this year more splendid than ever), and the admirable disciplinal power of the conductor,—lead to the execution, on every repetition of the oratorio, being overdone. Yet something of the sort was the case on Tuesday. With a view, possibly, of exceeding the memorable performance of 1855, the majority of the choruses were taken at *tempo* so much too rapid, as just *that much* to deprive them of due effect. A superabundance of spirit (which, however, is a fault on the right side, our sluggish national taste and temperament especially considered), may produce results resembling fever or levity. There is neither the one nor the other in Mendelssohn's music anywhere. The performance of the second act was far finer. The singers, one and all, did their best; but Mr. Weiss, the *Elijah*, would be wise were he to give his voice a little rest, if he means it to retain its once fine tone for a few years to come.

In the miscellaneous act of the first evening concert, among the items claiming remark was, Miss Balfe's singing of Pacini's *cavatina*, "Il soave e bel contento," as a piece of execution superfluously and indiscreetly elaborate. Signor Tamberlik gained honours, in the War Hymn from 'Le Prophete.' Madame Viardot was in her fullest force in the scene "O mon Fernand," from 'La Favorita.' The Overture to 'Le Siege de Corinthe' (Signor Rossini's best overture) was magnificently played. The cardinal attraction of the evening, however, was Handel's delicious *Serenata*, 'Acis and Galatea.' We have now (referring to what was said a fortnight ago) to speak in high praise of Signor Costa's additions to the score. Those by Mozart—it was pertinently observed in the book of the words—are too delicate for a force so large as the five hundred players and singers at Birmingham. These by Signor Costa are enriching and supporting—nowhere intrusive, in nowise contradictory of the design, but completing it for performance on a scale of which its maker never dreamed. We should enjoy to hear 'Acis' given, as it may have been originally, with a small and sweet chorus, and a player at the pianoforte as able as Handel to fill the gaps and to cover the nakednesses of the score; but Handel (as we said on the occasion of the Sydenham Festival) is elastic. His outlines are so grand, his designs are so clear, his colours are so pure, that his creations will bear a magnifying as well as a diminishing glass, and 'Acis,' as was proved at Birmingham, is capable of being presented on a grand scale,

so as to excite great interest. The choruses went superbly, and the singers were up to the mark of the choruses. In better hands the *solos* could not have been placed. Mr. Sims Reeves is peculiarly excellent in "Love sounds the alarm,"—no one in our memory having sung the tenor *bravuras* of Handel so well as he. Madame Novello gave "Heart, thou seat of soft delight," deliciously, and Signor Belletti was a *Polyphemus*, at once as agile and brutal, but without a tinge of coarseness, as it is possible to imagine. The skill with which this great vocalist gets the utmost out of his voice without ever forcing it, should be taken as a lesson by every singer who hears him. Mr. Montem Smith, the best second tenor of our acquaintance, was steady and efficient as *Damon*.

The repetition of 'Eli' on Wednesday morning, was in all respects satisfactory, and confirmed every opinion conceived of the genuine qualities of the oratorio, as music alike sterling and characteristic, without strain or eccentricity. Some portions were better wrought out than they were three years ago—among them, the Chorus of the Revellers in the Temple. The concerted music was excellently ripe and finished. Most welcome, too, was the exchange of Herr Formes for Signor Belletti. Though the part of *Eli* lies too low for the Italian artist's voice, he is so consummately an artist, that not a note nor phrase was overlooked in which there was any possibility of his making a legitimate effect. The execution was as complete as the conception was dignified. The oratorio seemed to please more even than it did on its first performance, and this, not only in those simpler portions which have already become household music, but in its more complicated numbers.

Wednesday's concert was less interesting than its predecessor: inasmuch as it was more miscellaneous. Among the choice things in it were Rossini's Overture to 'Guillaume Tell,' played incomparably,—Madame Viardot's *rondo* from 'L'Italiana.' This lady has been singing throughout the week as she has never before sung in England, with a uniform force, evenness, and expressive grandeur of style and variety of fancy, which during former visits never failed to be indicated, but, sometimes, were but incompletely exhibited. Miss Balfe, too, sang better than on the Tuesday: but execution so profuse as hers demands regulation. Among the novelties were Mendelssohn's *Cantata*, 'To the Sons of Art,' for male quartet, male chorus, and brass instruments. This we like less than most of his late compositions; and the right effect of it was lost, inasmuch as a chorus of two thousand singers is bound together by the brass instruments which accompany it,—whereas a chorus of two hundred is *out-brayed* by them. Mr. Sloper's duet 'Old Memories,' produced at his Concert, has been since scored by him, and proves more effective with orchestra than with pianoforte accompaniment.

We must reserve, for another week, our notes on the remainder of the Festival performances, adding merely a miscellaneous remark or two. This year's Birmingham Festival will probably prove the most productive in point of musical receipts which has till now been held in the town. For Thursday's 'Messiah' every ticket was disposed of by Monday, and some days earlier an announcement was put forth that owing to the run without precedent on guinea admissions to that Oratorio, it was found necessary to do away with all the half-guinea, or unreserved seats. The audience on such occasions it does the heart good to observe. Its sincere enjoyment and appreciation of twenty-three days' work by a battered man aged fifty-nine, who did some hundred years ago, but whose "name liveth for evermore," have something in them ennobling and inspiring. They should act as a spur to every one with a spark of poetry in his soul who thinks of his art rather than of its immediate results.—Probably a larger number of healthy, intelligent, open faces and well-grown forms could be found in no other assemblage. We were struck more than ever this year by the comeliness of the inhabitants of this comely midland county—for comely is Warwickshire, in spite of the forges, chimneys, and cinder-heaps, which here and there blot the fair face of Nature by bringing up treasures from its depths. We were struck the more with this, it may be, because a late Festival experience tempted us to comparison. Not long since [*Athen.* No. 1596] we registered the impressions during a rapid flight across Belgium into the Rhineland for the Whitsuntide Festival at Cologne. The Rhinelander would have no reason to complain of a route less picturesque and characteristic than that *one* if, after reaching London (perhaps by the Thames) he took Windsor, Oxford, Compton (with its old house), Warwick and Kenilworth Castles, on his way to our greatest English Festival. He must, however, we fear, find something to envy in such a general musical excellence and (latterly) earnestness of execution as a Birmingham music-meeting affords him.

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Amateur clubs, quadrille and other small bands, will find this a very useful collection. The arrangement is for five or six instruments, including two violins, flute, clarinet, cornet and bass. A few additional parts, if wanted, can easily be added.

Martha Waltz. (On Melodies from Flotow's Opera.) *Burgmüller.* 50

It is well known that in serving up the gems of a good opera, in the form of an elegant and pleasing Waltz, highly acceptable to all lovers of the brightest jewels among the light literature of the day, Burgmüller has not his equal. This set of "Martha Waltzes" is one of his best. Moderately difficult.

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A COLLECTION OF CATHEDRAL CHANTS; including the Gregorian Tones. Adapted to the Canticles and Occasional Services of the Protestant Episcopal Church. Also, Services for the Holy Communion and the Burial of the Dead. With an easy Morning Service in E, consisting of Te Deum and Benedictus. By S. Parkman Tuckerman, Mus. Doc. \$2.50

This valuable work, which has been for some time in preparation, is now ready, and will be found superior to anything of the kind heretofore issued. The system of Chanting adopted in it, though new to a majority of our Choirs, has been in daily practice in the English Cathedrals for more than a century, and its evident superiority to the many faulty and objectionable methods in use in this country, will, it is hoped, be apparent to the American church. A full description of this system will be found in the Explanatory Preface. This work also contains the Canticles of the English Prayer Book, thus rendering it available in the Canadas and British Provinces of North America.

A separate Book of Words accompanies this Collection, thus enabling Choirs to adapt such Chants to the Canticles as they prefer, instead of conforming, in all cases, to the selections made by the author.

Dwight's Journal of Music.

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The Diarist Abroad.

II.—A FORTNIGHT IN LONDON.

BERLIN, SEPTEMBER 1, 1858.

"And how did you amuse yourself in the great city?"

In a variety of ways, some of which offer matter for a few notes. Let me begin with an attempt at a picture of our two weeks' home.

Imagine 80 or 100 acres of water held in place by a huge dyke, so that its level is ten or twelve feet above the broad fertile meadows, which spread away to the north and east like a prairie, with here and there a house, a village, roads and railways traversing it in all directions, and herds of cattle, flocks of sheep, giving them life. Into this basin project from the northerly side several wharves, at one of which the Athena lies.

Come up to the mast head with me. In the dock comparatively few vessels, perhaps not more than seventy-five or a hundred, so that the large basin gives one no idea of being hived and stifled as would be the case in any of the older docks in the city. As we look from our lofty position the view is one, which repays us well for coming back from the city before nightfall, and we really have no desire to leave our cool airy "home" for the close quarters of a city hotel.

North we have the meadows, bounded in the distance by low ridges of pleasant looking hills. Eastwardly we have the river winding along to the sea. Just where the entrance to our dock lies, the river makes a sharp angle. We follow it with our eye a mile or two down the stream, and there is Woolwich, with its immense arsenals, and, just beyond, Gravesend.

Both towns run up to the top of a ridge of hills, beautiful with gardens, groves, and fine residences. We follow this ridge westerly, and, hardly separated from the outskirts of Woolwich, the eye rests upon Greenwich Park, below which, at another bend of the river, rise the domes of Greenwich Hospital. Beyond Greenwich a lovely country opens to the eye, rising gradually, until at its highest point — can it be more than six or seven miles away? — we see the Crystal Palace at Sydenham, brilliantly lighted by the setting sun.

Directly west of us, a mile away, rise the masts and chimneys of the dock at Blackwall. Beyond these, forests of masts and wildernesses of houses, away, until a never-lifting cloud of smoke limits vision. There lies London. Morning and evening we are where all is still and calm — in the day we are drops tossing about in the ocean of human life beneath that cloud.

From our dock and Blackwall we are in communication with a net of railroads, which lies like a huge spider's web all along the east and north of the city. We take one of the early trains, or we go to the Blackwall dock and take a steamboat, and in half an hour by railroad or an hour by boat, are in the heart of London.

Broadway, blocked by traffic and omnibusses, is a sight — here are fifty Broadways! You know how small Boston seems after you have spent

some time in New York. We rode around, and through and across London, by steam, by omnibus, by boat; we walked miles upon miles, and the city continually grew and extended itself to our imaginations. We looked down upon it from St. Paul's and from Primrose hill; and by degrees became able to comprehend its extent; and now New York and Brooklyn are to London, what Boston is to them. It impressed me more than I expected — my reminiscences of a former visit had left my imagination below the reality. Huge as it is, London has not reached her full growth. The architect and builder are adding street and square and terrace to street, square and terrace. Places that, eight years ago, I remember as open fields with cows and sheep, are filled with dwellings. Two great enterprises already begun in 1851 — the clearing away of the filthy, miserable quarter near Westminster Abbey, and a similar operation in the heart of the old city — seem to have come to a still-stand. But around the city the growth is marvellous.

But what is all this for a "paper of Art and Literature?" One day — pity but one — we intended to make it two or three — we spent at Sydenham. There are no words that can be used to describe it. Are you interested in any science or art — go there and study. No, it is useless to endeavor to speak of any particular attractions, — architectural, sculptural, archaeological, historical, botanical, zoological, — and the whole list of —cals and —logicals. I should like, however, to move that room from the Alhambra to America — or, would I not, on the whole, choose that Pompeian house? Either would do. There was music from an orchestra, and also upon the organ. The orchestra music was of the lightest character; the organist gave the following programme:

Coronation Anthem; Handel.
"In native worth"; Haydn.
March from "Eli"; Costa.
Selections from "Freyschutz"; Weber.
Airs Extempore.
Wedding March; Mendelssohn.

A fine performance — organ large, but not strikingly fine.

To the National Gallery, two days, where, in spite of Ruskin, I enjoyed Claude, and where I felt the greatness of Turner in certain of his works. I lingered long in the Turner collection; in some of the rooms, not because the pictures gave me pleasure, but to see if I could find out their great excellence. Those last pictures, with their dim outlines, but gorgeous dashes of color, affected me precisely like the "music of the future." I neither believe in mere orchestral effects, where no theme can be followed, nor in dazzling colors, where the draughtsman's share in the work is undistinguishable. What beautiful pictures are some of those by Gainsborough!

Of course Westminster Abbey and St. Paul's were points of special pilgrimage. Two or three times, daily, regular service is performed, and in both temples we heard it several times. On the first and second hearing, naturally enough, we

felt more its novelty than its legitimate end; not more so, however, than the novelty of the ordinary Episcopal service, when, years ago, I first heard it.

Imagine yourself in the Abbey. You have been walking round and seeking those monuments and tablets, which for the American or the music-lover have peculiar interest. High up on the wall of the northern aisle you found a female figure in a mourning posture, and read: "The Province of Massachusetts Bay, in New England, by an order of the Great and General Court, bearing date February 1, 1759, caused this monument to be erected to the memory of George, Lord Viscount Howe," &c., and your thoughts went back to the "Old French War," and the march to Ticonderoga.

Another monument, a sarcophagus, with small figures in *alto relievo*, representing a flag of truce presenting a letter to Washington, carried your thoughts to the gloomy days of Arnold's treason, for this is to the memory of André; and you could not but contrast this care for the English spy's fame, with the neglect with which the memory of that young and far nobler martyr, Nathan Hale, has been treated on our side.

Sir Cloudesly de Shovel, in full flowing wig, and dressed like a beau of Queen Anne's time, recalled the Spectator's sharp criticism, and you lived over again the hours devoted to Addison in your younger years. On the opposite side of the building you have lingered a few minutes by the monuments and tablets of Dr. John Blow, the old organist, (and hummed over the *Gloria Patri*, a canon in four parts, sculptured there); of Dr. Croft, so many of whose hymn tunes and anthems you have sung at home; of Dr. Burney, whose History had so often made you weary and left you unsatisfied; and of that famous man in his day, of whom you read on yonder column:

"Here lies Henry Purcell, who left this life, and is gone to that blessed place, where only his harmony can be exceeded."

You have lingered before the reclining figure of Sir Isaac Newton, and the thin face, worn with thought, the strong and expressive head, have made you feel in the presence of a god-like intellectual power. You have glanced at the long array of monuments, statues, effigies, and tablets, to jurists, naval and military commanders, courtiers, men and women of mark and of no mark, erected here from every conceivable motive — have gone through the chapels where so many of England's sovereigns lie, Henry III., Henry V., (his sword, shield, and saddle, those of Agincourt, the guide tells you), Edward I. and III., Queen Philippa — and you remember the story of the six citizens of Calais — Richard II., Henry VII. — the Richmond of Richard III. — Elizabeth, and and her victim, Mary of Scotland, and so on, to the number of thirteen — and are again lingering in that divine spot of earth's surface, the Poets' Corner. "Oh rare Ben Jonson," there he is in marble high up the wall, and that is the only inscription. There is the pale, intellectual, but

sadly touching face of John Milton. Chaucer and Spenser are here commemorated; farther up the transept, Dryden's bust stands out most conspicuously. The poets' corner is divided by a wall; those I have mentioned you see as you enter the door; on the other side the wall, lighted by the huge stained window, are Shakspeare, with that passage from the Tempest,

"The cloud capped towers, the gorgeous palaces," &c.;

Handel,

"I know that my Redeemer liveth;"

Gay,

"Life is a jest, and all things show it,
I thought so once, but now I know it;"

Goldsmith, over the door, with a long Latin inscription; Addison, Campbell, Southey, Rowe, and many, many more.

And now one of the Vergers, in long black gown, comes to you and says that the hour of service is near, during which visitors — and rightly, too — are not allowed to be rambling about the edifice. If we wish to stop during the service we can find seats anywhere.

That part of the floor at the intersection of the nave and transepts is railed off with iron gates, and fitted up, as are also portions of the transepts, with seats; running down some fifty into the nave, on each side, are the stalls for a choir of priests, beyond which is a massive gothic screen across the nave, on either side of which rises the organ. We take seats within the railing and, while waiting for the service to begin, our eyes wander round the glorious old edifice, now resting upon the fine stained window, now peering up into the lofty vaultings, now turning down the long vista of the nave, or up toward the ancient chancel. We feel that Milton needed but to come here from Scotland yard, to find that "dim religious light" of which he speaks, for we too feel its influence; and altogether, we are in that frame of mind, that peculiar state of feeling, when we are most open to the poetic phase of the religious sentiment, if nothing deeper and better. Now through the passage under the screen and organ comes the choir, which is to intone and chant the service, its members, men and boys, dressed in white surplices. They come reverently in, dividing into two lines, one turning to the right, the other to the left, six boys taking their places on each side in front, and the men, tenors and basses, six or eight in number, stepping into the stalls behind them. A moment all bow themselves and cover their faces; the service books are opened, and a man's voice intones, that is, reads distinctly and clearly to a certain pitch, the opening sentences of the usual Episcopal service. It is not loud, yet every syllable is distinctly heard, and this recalls to your mind that principle of acoustics, which you learned years ago in "Pierce on Sound," that a musical tone penetrates much farther than a mere noise, though the latter be far the louder; thus you are led by the simplest induction to see how the intoning of the religious service, as it exists to this day in the Catholic church and in the Episcopal Cathedral, arose from the necessity of the case; a beautiful but simple means of overcoming the difficulty of a single voice making itself audible, through a long service, in the vast spaces of a cathedral, especially upon festivals, when the worshippers should be numbered by thousands. Here, or in St. Paul's, you feel how appropriate, how indispensable, is this form of worship, and, by contrast, how

unnecessary, almost ridiculous, to introduce it in small parish churches, where words spoken in ordinary tones are distinctly heard in every part.

The order of daily service in the English and American Episcopal churches differs in nothing material — ours is a little shortened — and the performance of the service here in the Abbey differs in nothing from ours save that everything, — prayer, praise, psalms, responses, — except the lessons of the day, which are read, — are either intoned or chanted.

There is no musical display, whatever — no opening for any — except in the *Te Deum*, *Gloria Patri*, and the Anthem. After a few hearings, you begin to feel the limitations under which the English composers have written their services. Long passages of monotone, unassisted by the organ, broken here and there by chord responses, where chords may be used, form the greater part of the service; and, so far, are the only musical resources at their command. All this must be treated in the simplest manner; any attempt at musical effect, as such, is out of place. Changes of key, within a limited range, are allowable and necessary, and the art of the composer can only be shown in so using them as to add to the solemnity and dignity of the noble old English text of the service. More of musical effect may be sought in the chants, but here, as we all know, there is but little scope for the composer, and in one of these regular services they must be written to suit and correspond with the rest. When the choir and organ burst into the *Te Deum*, then for a moment the composer is freed in great measure from his trammels; but not until after the second lesson, near the close of the service, has he an opportunity to avail himself of the full resources of his art and science, in so far as this is possible with the organ and a choir in which boys sing the treble and alto.

There is a pause in the service. The auditor, who has attentively followed it thus far, needs something to vary its uniform course, and at this point, those who prepared the ritual have wisely introduced the Anthem.

One of the choir rises in his place and announces: "The anthem for the day is found in the book of Job, the 28th chapter, and 20th verse, 'Whence cometh Wisdom?' " or wherever it may be.

The chanting did not strike us as good — there was too little care taken to chant together — but the singing of the anthems was, in every case, fine, and seldom have we — myself and "John," a young organist — more thoroughly enjoyed pieces of sacred music than those thus heard. After the anthem, a few collects, intoned as before, and the responsive Amen in chords, close the service.

To me there is something very solemn, touching and appropriate in this English cathedral music, or rather, service, thus heard, and should the time ever come that the Episcopalians of Boston be moved to erect a church of really noble dimensions, then and there I should hope to find it again.

We had another and unexpected musical enjoyment; one, too, in very great contrast to that of which I have been writing. The following notice caught my eye in one of the penny papers:

ST. GEORGE'S CATHEDRAL, SOUTHWARK. NEXT SUNDAY (the 15th inst.) being the Festival of the Assumption of the Blessed Virgin Mary, there will be SOLEMN

PONTIFICAL MASS, at eleven o'clock, A. M. Music—Hummel's Mass in E flat, and Lutz's "Tota pulchra," with full orchestral accompaniment.

To tell how we "next Sunday" went up to the city, crossed over to Southwark, and were misdirected, over and over again, by policemen and others, who seemed utterly in ignorance of the existence of St. George's Cathedral, and how we heated ourselves to boiling point, and were cooled by a shower, but *did*, finally, from the doorkeeper of another Catholic church, get a direction which finally brought us to the place in season for the service — to tell all this would be a waste of time.

We did not expect much, as the organ loft filled with choir and orchestra, and we saw that the trebles and altos were boys. We were the more pleased, therefore, at hearing Hummel's fine mass really finely given, and when the preacher announced that on Thursday the funeral services of somebody or other would be held in that house, and Mozart's *Requiem* sung, the first thought was, I hope the Athena will not get off until Friday!

Happily she did not, and on Thursday we were early at the church. I have heard the *Requiem* under a variety of circumstances, as a concert-piece by hundreds of singers, and by small societies; as a mere mass for an individual, who had died far away; and now at last as a part of the funeral services, with the coffin in front of the high altar, surrounded with candles, ornamented with crucifixes, and black trimmings and drapery hanging about the chancel. The forms of the church have long since lost all novelty for me, and I find no difficulty — nay, I involuntarily for the time being, fall into a mood sympathetic with those about me. Hence I sat not as a critical auditor, as did a large number of others who were there with their copies of the *Requiem*, (Novello's edition) — some of whom quite offended even me by their careless demeanor — but felt sobered and in a fit frame of mind to let Mozart speak his repentance, sorrow and awful conception of the judgment, right from his heart to mine.

It is one thing to hear this music in our Music Hall, with great Italian singers and songstresses, and with the Handel and Haydn Society for a chorus; it is a very different thing to hear it as a part of the church ritual. It was useless to resist it. "John" soon had his face hid, and so was mine before half a dozen stanzas of the *Dies Irae* were finished. Neither could laugh at the other for his red eyes.

And yet the choir was not large, the orchestra not large, and there were no women singers. But the bass soloist sang well, the tenor very well — he had a really fine voice, with something in it, however, that spoke of Germany — the orchestra played beautifully — and as to that hoy who sang the soprano solos, he was wonderful! Do you remember my writing from Breslau about a boy there, whom I actually took for a fine female singer, until I stood where I could see him the Sunday after? It is not easy to compare singers heard at long intervals — so much depends upon the mood you are in, upon the music they sing, upon your position in regard to them, upon the acoustic qualities of the building, and the like: but I made up my mind that of all the numberless boys I have heard, in choirs famous, too, the world over, the Dom choirs in Berlin and Dresden, cathedral choirs in London and other places,

all included — this stripling is at the head. True as the needle to the pole, voice full, clear, and strong, flexible to an uncommon degree, he stood there singing, easy as if it cost him no effort; and withal, breathing through every tone was that *innocent* effect, which always characterizes the voices of children when they sing. Thus sung I had never heard the *Requiem*, and an indescribable and touching charm was lent to it.

That was a pleasant visit which we made to the establishment of NOVELLO. One of the gentlemen took us through it. It has nothing pretentious and striking in appearance; on the contrary, the building is in a modest street and makes a most unassuming show. It was curious to see how, as from a small beginning, the business had gone on extending itself in all directions; keeping pace with it, room had been added to room, until at length the small court back of the original shop had been roofed in with glass. But below, what a mass of music and what a mass of plates! And what music! how cheap! especially for England. From one of the piles of music the gentleman handed me a small, thin octavo; it was the entire music to some great concert, I forget now what. "We sent 2,000 copies thither," said he, "and sold them all; we should have sold more if they could have been sent on in season." The printing is done in another building across the street. The office is not so extended as I expected — but that is no matter, so long as it can keep pace with the demands of the office of publication. Publishers have long been represented by disappointed authors as living upon other men's brains. Be this as it may, the great English public that loves solid and noble vocal music, has abundant reason to rise up and call the Novellos blessed.

One very pleasant hour I spent with Mrs. KINKEL, whose beautiful story, "Musical Orthodoxy," lately appeared in the *Journal of Music*. The professor, her husband, is as ever, busy with literature and Art. He has recently published a play in Germany, "Nimrod," which, from what I hear of it, must be a work of a good deal of importance; and had nearly ready a monograph upon the original "Mausoleum," which is among the discoveries of Layard. Mrs. Kinkel is busy as ever with music, and sunshine, full and free, has succeeded the dark days of 1849-51, when he sat in prison, wasting his splendid talents in spinning wool, and she was moving heaven and earth for his release, and "went mourning all the day long." Carl Schurz, to whom Kinkel was finally indebted for his escape from a confinement, which would soon have killed him, was republican candidate for the office of Lieutenant Governor of Wisconsin last year — pray Heaven that he be yet elected!

That the Prussian Government has not yet forgotten the professor, has been ludicrously shown quite recently. An English lady in May wished to take her two daughters to Germany, and invited one of Kinkel's children, a sweet little girl of thirteen years, to accompany her. A passport must be procured. But the Kinkels are not British subjects. Application was therefore made to the Prussian Embassy and refused! Mrs. Kinkel must send to Bonn — her native place. The English lady was willing to wait. The letter went to the burgomaster of Bonn. He could not grant it, he wrote, she must apply

to the court. Application was then made to the principal judge. He referred her to the provincial government at Cologne. Application was made there, and she was told she must apply to the Minister at Berlin. So a letter was dispatched to Berlin, and, at length, from head-quarters, came in few words, a refusal. It was not directly stated that a little girl of thirteen years would endanger the existence of the Prussian monarchy — that is left to be inferred!

For Dwight's Journal of Music.

Palestrina.

(Concluded from last week.)

The compass of a mere sketch forbids mention of all the works produced by Palestrina from this period. The number of his compositions, among which there is not one that is mediocre or thrown off in haste, is astonishing, particularly when we consider that they all belong to the highest order of music, to the polyphonic style. The Abbate Baimi, Palestrina's most industrious biographer, names the following: 9 Books of Motets, for 4, 5, 6, 7, and 8 voices; 15 Books of Masses; 4 Books of Madrigals; Several Books of Lamentations, Hymns, and Offertories, of which about one-third are still unprinted, in the possession of the Vatican library.

On the second of February, 1594, Palestrina died of an internal inflammation, and was buried at St. Peter's in the Vatican, before the altar of the apostles Simon and Jude. On his tomb stood the inscription:

JOANNES PETRUS ALOYSIUS PRÆNESTINUS,
MUSICÆ PRINCEPS.

Like most of the composers of his time, Palestrina has written chiefly for the church. His compositions are exclusively vocal, always in not less than four and not more than eight parts. His *Missa Papæ Marcelli* is for six voices; his *Stabat Mater*, for eight. The best way of performing these works is, with at least four voices on a part. The singers must avoid all overdoing of light and shade, *ppp's*, *ff's*, *stringendo*, *ritardando*, &c., as well as tremulousness of voice. Purity of intonation, distinctness in the coming in of voices, and a moderate play between *piano* and *forte* are sufficient for the rendering of these works with their fullest effect. All affected pathos, all prominence of single voices, are opposed to a right understanding of Palestrina's music. All assistance or support from any instrument (unless perhaps at the rehearsals) robs this music of its effect. Knowledge of respiration is indispensable. I would also advise the director to explain the meaning of the words beforehand to those who do not understand the Latin and Italian languages.

In the analysis of Palestrina's works, one must always keep in view two points that characterize this whole style; these are; 1. Depth and sincerity of feeling. 2. The reproduction of the same in tones.

In this way we recognize at once, wherein and wherefore Palestrina's music became the founder of an era. The industrious Netherlands, those pioneers of modern musical art, were the first who rightly classified the intervals, practically, if not theoretically. They had long since recognized and made their own what was essential in the contrapuntal art. From Wilhelm Dufay to Arcadelt (1560), that is to say for a century and

a half, they stand there as furtherers and increasers of the technical part of the art of composition. Spiritual comprehension of the text, truth in its re-birth in music, were to them as yet unknown. They were the robust ploughers of the field which he of Præneste was to fructify. On the first appearance of Palestrina they cease to form a school and become merged in the great Roman school of which he is the founder.* With him, for the first time, counterpoint becomes the willing servant of higher ideas; he is the first to mistrust the rule, when it places itself between him and the idea. The old church tone system, by which centuries were deluded, scarcely resists the impulse of his genius in the *Stabat*. This system, in which the Netherlands built their neat cells, the breath of his spirit consigns already to decay. He is the last and highest step of pure vocal music; after him the art turns to instruments, which it fashions to the support and strengthening of songs. But the relation of Palestrina's music, as its first protectress, to the rise of dramatic music, belongs rather to the yet to be written history of this latter. Palestrina's mission was: to give importance to the individual mode of feeling of the composer, to æsthetic comprehension of the text, and perhaps also to melody in its special conditions. Thereby he paved the way for the Opera, that most complete of all Art manifestations, and with it, for modern music.

May these lines contribute to a more general recognition of the pure greatness of the great Roman, and to a more frequent performance of his noble works! PALESTRINA, BACH, and BEETHOVEN are the members of a strong chain that extends through centuries. Only one who knows them *all*, can have a clear idea of their collective influence upon Art, or a clear idea of Art itself. From the study of Palestrina even the friends and "musicians of the Future" might learn, perhaps, some patience for their long journey.

JULIUS EICHBERG.

New York, Sept., 1858.

* Orlando Lassus, the Flemish contemporary of Palestrina, a creator in his way, cannot be regarded as the founder of a school, although his influence on the German school of organists can easily be shown.

N. Y. Philharmonic Society.

[From the 16th Annual Report.]

Notwithstanding the disastrous consequences of the commercial crisis, which occurred just at the beginning of the season, and in view also of the excellent concerts which were given by the manager of the Academy, under the name of "Philharmonic Concerts," during last winter, we have, under the circumstances, met with great and unexpected success, for both the rehearsals and the concerts of the Society were fully attended—a fact which proves that the general interest felt in our institution, on the part of the subscribing, associate, and professional members is more deeply rooted than has been supposed by many, and cannot as easily be undermined as may have been hoped by some. Our orchestra has been steadily increased from season to season, so that now we count from eighty to ninety performing members; while at the first concert of the society, on December 7, 1842, at the Apollo Saloon, only fifty performers constituted the orchestra. In point of ability, we are happy to state that nearly all the most prominent resident instrumentalists form now a part of the society, thereby insuring the production of orchestral effects which no other institution of the city or in the whole United States affords. The principal feature of our concerts, the performance of symphonies and overtures by the orchestra, has been faithfully carried out, as will be seen by a reference to the

programmes of the season. We have performed standard works of the Old Masters, as well as those of more modern date, and among the names of the composers will be found those of Beethoven, Weber, Spohr, Mendelssohn, Schumann, Hiller, Richard Wagner, Lindpaintner, Nicolai, &c., &c. In regard to the solo performers, we have endeavored to obtain the best talent available, both vocal and instrumental; but it must be borne in mind that we labor in this respect under great disadvantages, from the well-known fact that celebrated artists, who pass the winter in our city, invariably come here under a previous engagement with some operatic manager, by which they are debarred from appearing at any other than the manager's own public performances. For instance, during the last season the services of Messrs. Vieuxtemps, Thalberg, and Formes were promised, but could never be obtained when an opportunity for making good the promise presented itself. It is the intention of the Board of Directors not to spare any efforts during the coming season, to fill out the programmes with as interesting vocal and instrumental solos and concerted pieces as it may be possible for them to procure.

The number of subscribing members during the past season were 1490, who are classified as follows: 1254 associate members, 24 subscribers, and 212 professional members—a higher number than at any previous season, with the exception of the last but one. The dividend declared this year is \$80 for each performing member, a remuneration not very considerable for attendance at four concerts, sixteen public, and eight private rehearsals, and eight business meetings.

For some time past, a wish has been expressed by many members that the society might give more than four concerts; in accordance with which the Board of Directors, ever desirous to please the patrons of the society, have concluded, with the consent of the actual members, to give during the coming season *five* instead of four concerts, with the usual number of rehearsals, without increasing the price of subscription. At the same time, it has been found necessary to pass a regulation to the effect, that henceforth all subscriptions must be paid in advance.

A matter of the greatest importance—the selection of a suitable hall for our performances during the coming season—is unhappily at the present moment not yet settled, but due notice will be given as soon as an arrangement shall have been completed. The lessee of the Academy having declared, that on no account will he allow the Philharmonic Society again to occupy the said building, for reasons which the reader must deduce for himself, as they are not known to us—our choice remains between Cooper's Institute, Burton's or Niblo's Theatre, and the City Assembly Rooms, one of which places will probably be selected until a regular Music Hall, so much needed in our city, shall have been built.

At a meeting of the actual members, held April 7, 1858, it was decided, in view of the constantly increasing labors of the Board of Directors, and in consideration of the much wider sphere of action of our association at the present time, to augment the board by adding four members to the present number of seven. The different officers will remain the same as heretofore, but instead of two Assistant Directors there will be six.

Finally, we should not leave unnoticed a fact which must fill with pride and satisfaction every one that feels an interest in the success of our society, as an institution to promote the cause of art, to create an intelligent appreciation of and diffuse a refined taste for the higher class of music among the people at large. We refer to the establishment of a Philharmonic Society, during the last year, in our neighboring city of Brooklyn, which undoubtedly owed its origin to the mother institution of New York, and which has our very best wishes. Similar societies have sprang up in many of our western cities, and have been established after the model, and with the tendencies of our own Philharmonic Society. All success to them! and may we not be found wanting in setting them the example,

for many years to come, of a high-toned, truly artistic institution, ever progressing in the right direction.

"William Tell" in New York.

(From the *Courier & Enquirer*.)

Rossini's masterpiece, *Guillaume Tell*, was performed last evening at the Academy in presence of a large and brilliant audience. The experience of this opera has been a singular one. So little satisfied was the great composer with its first reception in Paris, that he cast aside his pen in dudgeon, and resisted all inducements to produce another work. Thus he who was the champion of Italian Opera against the formidable rivalry of Weber, whose genius had raised that of modern Germany so high, retired from the field before he had attained his 40th year, when his invention was ripest and his fame in its meridian. For more than twenty years Rossini, the most favored son of Italy, the "land of song," has stood aloof from music, and though not ceasing to live has ceased to write, leaving that task to others less gifted than himself. When *Guillaume Tell* first appeared in Paris, it straightway seized upon the admiration of musicians: but did not take well with the public at large. A *success d'estime* was all that was accorded to it. From the very first institution of the Royal Italian Opera in London, in 1847, the promised production of Rossini's *Guillaume Tell* had been anticipated as an event of extraordinary interest. Here, it was calculated, would be an opportunity for displaying the choral, instrumental, and spectacular resources of the new theatre with unrivalled effect. After long expectation, it was actually brought out, with what success may be inferred when we say it was played, we believe, but once. Nevertheless the "Swan of Pesaro" has no good reason to be angry with the world for any failure in late years to appreciate his *chef-d'œuvre*. No one work of any great composer—hardly excepting Mozart's *Don Giovanni* or Beethoven's *Fidelio*—has been more lavishly praised by musicians; and while the adherents of a style which was not Rossini's have admitted that in *Guillaume Tell* he had surpassed the majority of their favorite models, the patriotic and exclusive worshippers of Italian music hailed it as a triumph of their countryman and hero—whereby they indirectly acknowledged that their own particular school was not the highest. It has been urged that Rossini's jealousy of the growing renown of Meyerbeer, the success of whose *Robert le Diable* followed close upon the *quasi* failure of *Guillaume Tell*, was a principal reason for his quitting Paris and abandoning his art. It is unnecessary to enter into a comparison of the respective merits of *Guillaume Tell* and *Robert le Diable*; but it will readily be granted that the vast superiority of Meyerbeer's libretto had a great deal to do with his success, and that the dull, and clumsily constructed poem which Rossini had managed was no insignificant drawback to his musical effects. Meyerbeer was fortunate in having Scribe for a partner. As with the play of Schiller, the dramatic interest of the opera of *William Tell* is centered in the meetings of the wronged and courageous Swiss. The culminating point is at the end of the second act, when the oath is taken and the war-cry raised—a scene which is described in the music with almost unparalleled magnificence. The third and fourth acts are anti-climacteric; and the incidents of the shooting of the apple and the escape of Tell, with the after conduct of Gesler, add nothing to the interest, and come too late to be of any use. This matter of the structure of the *libretto* has more to do with its popularity than is commonly imagined. Mozart himself complained of the difficulty of getting an effective poem, and writing to his father from Paris said, "The poem is here the sole thing which of necessity must be good, since the public do not understand music." The chief attraction of the early part of the Opera was Steffani. In the part of *Arnoldo* he sustained himself admirably in the well-known duet of the first act with Tell and in the recitative *il mio giuro* that precedes it. Nor was he much deficient in the *trio* of the second act, the best

concerted piece of the Opera. But at the conclusion of the third act it was announced that by reason of indisposition he would be unable to appear in the next act which is the final one, and in which occurs the *pièce de résistance* in which so many singers have failed, the *Ut de Poitrine* [the C in alt] in the grand air *Suivez moi*, where Arnoldo incites his countrymen to advance to the liberation of Tell and the destruction of the tyrant Gesler. We were sorry not to see the range of Steffani's admirable voice tested in the trying passages of this final act. Through the indisposition of Signor Steffani no part of the last act was given save that portion of the third scene in which Tell is saved and Gesler shot. Signor Gassier entered fully into the character of Tell and the spirit of Rossini's music. He was in fine voice and gave every satisfaction. The part of his son *Jemmy* was nicely played by Mademoiselle Siedenburgh, who besides showed herself quite at home in the concerted music—a matter of no little consequence. Her vocalization was flexible even and agreeable; and she produced a decidedly favorable impression. Signora Bertucca Maretzek sustained the inherently feeble part of *Mathilde* as creditably as circumstances admitted. The picturesque and splendid finale to the second act produced its accustomed effect; and the chorus of the inhabitants of Uri: *Guglielmo sol per te*, was well executed and accompanied. The *ballet* by the Ronzani troupe was uncommonly good, but might have been advantageously curtailed. No operatic representation among us ought to be protracted at the very farthest beyond three hours. The melodies of the *ballet* charmed the whole house.

The Bobolink.

[From "The Birds of the Garden and Orchard," a very interesting article in the October number of the *Atlantic Monthly*.]

There is no singing-bird in New England that enjoys the notoriety of the Bobolink (*Icterus agripennis*). He is like a rare wit in our social or political circles. Everybody is talking about him and quoting his remarks, and all are delighted with his company. He is not without great merits as a songster; but he is well known and admired, because he is showy, noisy, and flippant, and sings only in the open field, and frequently while poised on the wing, so that everybody who hears him can see him, and know who is the author of the strains that afford him so much delight. He sings also at broad noonday, when everybody is out, and is seldom heard before sunrise, while other birds are pouring forth their souls in a united concert of praise. He waits until the sun is up, and when most of the early performers have become silent, as if determined to secure a good audience before exhibiting his powers.

The Bobolink, or Conquedle, has unquestionably great talents as a musician. In the grand concert of Nature it is he who performs the *recitative* parts, which he delivers with the utmost fluency and rapidity; and one must be a careful listener, not to lose many of his words. He is plainly the merriest of all the feathered creation, almost continually in motion, and singing upon the wing, apparently in the greatest ecstasy of joy.

There is not a plaintive strain in his whole performance. Every sound is as merry as the laugh of a young child; and one cannot listen to him without fancying that he is indulging in some jocose railery of his companions. If we suppose him to be making love, we cannot look upon him as very deeply enamored, but rather as highly delighted with his spouse, and overflowing with rapturous admiration. The object of his love is a neatly formed bird, with a mild expression of countenance, a modest and amiable deportment, and arrayed in the plainest apparel. It is evident that she does not pride herself upon the splendor of her costume, but rather on its neatness, and on her own feminine graces. She must be entirely without vanity, unless we suppose that it is gratified by observing the pomp and display which are made by her partner, and by listening to his delightful eloquence of song: for if we regard him as an orator, it must be allowed that he is unsurpassed in fluency and rapidity of utterance; and if we regard him only as a musician, he is unrivalled in brilliancy of execution.

Vain are all attempts, on the part of other birds, to imitate his truly original style. The Mocking-bird gives up the attempt in despair, and refuses to sing at all when confined near one in a cage. I cannot look upon him as ever in a very serious

humor. He seems to be a lively, jocular little fellow, who is always jesting and bantering, and when half a dozen different individuals are sporting about in the same orchard, I often imagine that they might represent the persons dramatized in some comic opera. These birds never remain stationary upon the bough of a tree, singing apparently for their own solitary amusement; but they are ever in company, and passing to and fro, often commencing their song upon the extreme end of the bough of an apple-tree, then suddenly taking flight, and singing the principal part while balancing themselves on the wing. The merriest part of the day with these birds is the later afternoon, during the hour preceding dewfall, and before the Robins and Thrushes commence their evening hymn. Then, assembled in company, it would seem as if they were practising a cotillon upon the wing, each one singing to his own movements, as he sallies forth and returns,—and nothing can exceed their apparent merriment.

The Bobolink usually commences his warbling just after sunrise, when the Robin, having sung from the earliest dawn, brings his performance to a close. Nature seems to have provided that the serious parts of her musical entertainment in the morning shall first be heard, and that the lively and comic strains shall follow them. In the evening this order is reversed; and after the comedy is concluded, Nature lulls us to meditation and repose by the mellow notes of the little Vesper-bird, and the pensive and still more melodious strains of the solitary Thrushes.

In pleasant, sunshiny weather, the Bobolink seldom flies without singing, often hovering on the wing over the place where his mate is sitting upon her ground-built nest, and pouring forth his notes with great loudness and fluency. The Bobolink is one of our social birds, one of those species that follow in the footsteps of man, and multiply with the progress of agriculture. He is not a frequenter of the woods; he seems to have no taste for solitude. He loves the orchard and the mowing-field, and many are the nests which are exposed by the scythe of the haymaker, if the mowing be done early in the season. Previously to the settlement of America, these birds must have been comparatively rare in the New England States, and were probably confined to the open prairies and savannas in the northwestern territory.

THE O'LINCON FAMILY.

A flock of merry singing-birds were sporting in the grove;
Some were warbling cheerily, and some were making love:
There were Bobolincon, Wadolincon, Winterseeble, Conquedle,—
A livelier set was never led by tabor, pipe, or fiddle,—
Crying, "Phew, shew, Wadolincon, see, see, Bobolincon,
Down among the tickleups, hiding in the buttercups!
I know the saucy chap, I see his shining cap
Bobbing in the clover there,—see, see, see!"

Up flies Bobolincon, perching on an apple-tree,
Startled by his rival's song, quickened by his raillery.
Soon he spies the rogue afloat curvetting in the air,
And merrily he turns about, and warns him to beware!
"Tis you that would a-wooing go, down among the rushes O!

But wait a week, till flowers are cheery,—wait a week,
and, ere you marry,
Be sure of a house wherein to tarry!
Wadolincon, Whiskodink, Tom Denny, wait, wait,
wait!"

Every one's a funny fellow; every one's a little mellow;
Follow, follow, follow, follow, o'er the hill and in the hollow!

Merrily, merrily, there they hie; now they rise and now they fly;
They cross and turn, and in and out, and down in the middle, and wheel about,—

With a "Phew, shew, Wadolincon! listen to me, Bobolincon!"

Happy's the wooing that's speedily doing, that's speedily doing,
That's merry and over with the bloom of the clover!
Bobolincon, Wadolincon, Winterseeble, follow, follow me!"

Oh, what a happy life they lead, over the hill and in the mead!

How they sing, and how they play! See, they fly away, away!

Now they gambol o'er the clearing,—off again, and then appearing;

Poised aloft on quivering wing, now they soar, and now they sing:—

"We must all be merry and moving; we must all be happy and loving;

For when the midsummer has come, and the grain has ripened its ear,
The haymakers scatter our young, and we mourn for the rest of the year.
Then Bobolincon, Wadolincon, Winterseeble, haste, haste, away!"

Letter from Aptommas.

LONDON, AUG. 31, 1858.

To the Editor of the N. Y. Musical World.

The days of my rambling being now about to close, I am reminded of the place of destination—the New York of pleasant reminiscences. Since I left you, I have rusticated and domesticated among friends and relatives; not the most despicable event being that of a visit to my native town, in South Wales—Bridgend—where I had not been for twenty years. It was with no small gratification and emotion, I gazed upon the spot upon which I went on all fours before I learnt to walk. The simple, country-like aspect is disappearing rapidly before the business-like innovations of railway lines and the consequent pouring in of strangers, and so much that where the Welsh language, when I was a boy, used to be spoken in the streets by the inhabitants, little may now be heard but English.

Did you quote from the *Times* a notice of a musical demonstration at the *Sydenham Palace*, in August, by five thousand children? The music was sacred, and it was sung in unison. I never heard anything of the kind to surpass it in all my life. The astonishing precision with which the intonation was marked, and the huge volume of sound produced by so great a multitude of voices, together with the imposing appearance of the charity children, dressed in costume, were indeed calculated to raise any one, musician or otherwise, to the highest pitch of enthusiastic delight. There must have been, also, fifteen thousand auditors, which you may suppose could have contributed no little to the brilliancy of the occasion.

I was particularly impressed with the idea of the peculiar appropriateness of the voice of boys for soprano parts in sacred music. There is, I think, a rich medium to be found in them between the extreme voices of male and female adults. This impression was considerably strengthened in me by hearing the intoned service at St. Paul's Cathedral, the other day. I thought the boy's voices perfectly heavenly—but must add, that their faces were anything but that, for they giggled at each other during the whole of the performance, as though they were rehearsing for a concert! I took the liberty of moralizing a little, and came to the philosophical conclusion that that method of worship, in which so much importance is attached to the mere execution of the music (which is but the channel) must savor more or less of indecision. The very exercise of scrupulously observing the inflection of the voice in the service (thought I) has a tendency to lead one to disregard the sense, or important intention, of the words employed.

Another thing was forcibly evident to my humble stock of common sense, viz., their singing in unison being so admirably adapted as a method of rendering the sacred words of devotion. The simplicity of revealed truth seems to me to require a style of music bearing the same characteristic traits; and the unity of sentiment supposed to exist, suggests the appropriateness of the adoption of the unison. And (without pretending to say what has not been already respected by others) how exceedingly suitable such a style of music is to congregational singing; to a promiscuous mass of people, who, however uneducated they may be in regard to musical accomplishments, can join in a plaintive melody in one part. The neglect of this (don't you think?) must be attributed to the practice of limiting the execution of the music to the choir, the people meanwhile (as I have often seen them) gazing on, as if at a place of entertainment. I am reminded of an interesting conversation which took place between a young man and a choir musician upon the subject. The question was asked, if the inhabitants of the upper world would be content to transfer their vocal exercises to others; or whether they would not rather insist upon the privilege of expressing their devotional feelings with their own individual voices?

I arrived too late in the season for ordinary concerts. I was present at the Sydenham Palace though the other day, when Albani made her last appearance. She sang "Il Segreto," "Non piu Mesta," and a ballad or song by Hattori, (composed expressly for her,) with her usual exquisite finish. Her remarkably full, powerful and fascinatingly sweet voice, easily filled the spacious portion of the gigantic building which had been set apart for the concert. . . . With regard to myself, the blisters with which the tips of my fingers are covered bear abundant testimony to the

manipulations of my hands on the harp strings. Every one is perfectly infatuated with the American melodies I play them. The harp makers thrive well in their peculiar craft, and therefore I may suppose the instrument is really progressing favorably in Europe. My brother, Mr. John Thomas, with others, is fully occupied with his minstrelsh avocations. May I be permitted to say, (though he and I were bedfellows in childhood and youth,) that he undoubtedly stands first in his profession in Europe, and I conceive it to be owing, not alone to his talent as a harpist and musician, but also to his position as a gentleman and a generous, kind hearted man.

Should it happen to afford you any pleasure to know how I am occupied, away from my labors in New York, it is somewhat variegated; now in the sea, bathing, (after which I may walk four or five miles by way of getting up an appetite for breakfast), or rolling about on the grass with my three little darling children, who regard their opportunity as a jubilee. Should I not go nutting in the woods, I would proceed to the British Museum for the purpose of collecting materials for the New work, in reading matter, which I am about to bring out for the harp.

I remain as ever,

Your most sincere friend,

APTOMMAS.

Musical Correspondence.

NEW YORK, OCT. 4. — The past week has been one of unusual excitement in our operatic circles, for the rival *impresarii*, STRAKOSCH and MARETEK, have indulged in the liveliest competition. Strakosch one evening reduced his prices to 50 cents, and Maretzek immediately followed his example. Thereupon did Strakosch resume his old prices, and insert in his advertisements a cutting remark about the success of the opera at a theatre where people *could see and hear* — a bit of irony that is calculated to make the monstrous human-shaped caryatides of the Academy of Music hang down their heads, and blush for very shame.

The chief event of Strakosch's season have been the appearance of Mme. COLSON, and the farewell of GAZZANIGA. The former lady has met with a decided success, and is already popular. Her rendition of *Traviata* is much admired, especially by artistic people, and Maretzek himself confesses that she is superior in this *role* to Gazzaniga, who has hitherto been the best Violetta we have had. Gazzaniga made her farewell appearance in *Favorita*.

At the Academy of Music "William Tell" has been the chief attraction; but the new tenor, STEFFANI, has of course had "colds," on one evening could not sing at all, and on the other occasions the opera was given, was obliged to omit his great air in the last act. At the matinee on Saturday (when over two thousand ladies were present) he sang very well indeed — better than he has hitherto done in this opera — but yet did not create any very decided impression, and, on the whole, is not as good an Arnoldo as Bolcioni, a very excellent tenor, who sang here a few years ago. Steffani is by no means a finished artist, and though his hold striking style may attract at first, he does not wear as well as that delightfully-voiced, stupid oyster, Brignoli.

PICCOLOMINI is, according to all accounts, on the ocean now, and will probably arrive here on the 10th or 11th inst. The *Herald* almost daily devotes an editorial to her advent, and is evidently desirous of creating a *fièvre* in her favor. She is certainly a bewitchingly beautiful creature, and will be popular with the mass of opera-goers.

Mme. de WILTORST will be here soon, and will make her *debut* in *I Puritani*, when JUNCA, the new basso, will assist.

At Burton's, the new English Opera company, with LUCY ESCOTT as prima donna, and Mr. SQUIRES as tenor, have appeared in an English version of *Traviata*, and with moderate success.

The news of the safety of our esteemed citizen and musician, Mr. THEODORE EISEL, (who was supposed to have been lost on the Austria) has been re-

ceived with great satisfaction by the musical profession here, by whom Mr. Eisfeld was justly held in the highest estimation.

The Philharmonic and the Harmonic Societies, and the Mendelssohn Union, are all busily preparing for the winter season, which promises to be the most attractive, musically considered, of any we have had here.

TROVATOR.

Dwight's Journal of Music.

BOSTON, OCT. 9, 1858.

Italian Opera.

ANY one who looked round upon the brilliant auditorium of the Boston Theatre before the curtain rose on Tuesday night,—upon the decent, well-dressed audience, filling every seat not only in parquette and balcony, but up to top-most gallery and ceiling—upon the general aspect of refinement which so distinguishes an opera from a common theatre audience, and the expectant, cheerful look of the familiar faces on all sides, that smiled as good as new, (and better), it was so long since they had been blended in a scene of this kind—must have felt that the reaction so long waited for had come; that the dark days of opera and concert managers were over for at least a while, and that the public are again in the mood of seeking new excitement and delight in opera and possibly in other kinds of music. Surely Mr. STRAKOSCH and his company have no cause to complain of public this time. They have anchored on good fishing ground. The whole multitudinous music-loving or would-be music-loving shoal snap *en masse* at the bait, so long withdrawn, as if it would swallow at a meal the entire substance of this little opportunity of just four operas, even if the viands be not of the rarest quality. So far as the public is concerned there has been nothing wanting. It was such a house-full as the Boston Theatre has scarcely seen since the Grisi and Mario enthusiasm was at its height.

The piece the first night was Signor Verdi's *Traviata*, or the play "Camille" (*La Dame aux Camélias*) done into music—music for the most part weak, unnatural, forced and manneristic, even for Verdi; betraying a lamentable poverty of invention; a feeding as it were upon himself, that is upon his own past productions, ringing feeble changes, in mere fits and fragments, upon what once were happy moments of his fresher inspirations, until what was in some sense a felicity becomes a haunting soul-less habit. Yet we find it more enjoyable than *Trovatore*, perhaps for the very reason that it is an effort of far less pretention. Sketchy, trifling almost, as the music is for the most part, it lends itself not badly to the subject; it has a real human tale to tell (not a plot of unrelieved monotony, like *Trovatore*), and through the tones and movements of good lyric actors it contrives to tell it so as to enlist your sympathies. Then too it abounds in opportunities for gay and festive music, and Verdi's festive ball-room strains are generally happy: witness the masquerade in the last act of *Ernani*, a like scene in *Rigoletto*, and something of that kind (we recall it vaguely) near the beginning of *I Lombardi*. Of striking, highly wrought *ensemble* pieces the *Traviata* only offers one, the finale to the second act, in which principals and chorus (a chorus not large, but

clear-voiced, true and finely blended) conspired to excellent effect on this occasion.

Madame COLSON, for several years the reigning and admired prima donna of the French Italian Opera in New Orleans was the Camille, or *Traviata*. Mme. Colson is indeed an artist, both as singer and as actress. Song and action seem completely one in her. She is unmistakably French, naturally a little awkward in figure and in gait, and plain, though attractive and intelligent in face. But she has so much animation, so much *savoir faire*, and such a realizing conception of her part, that the general impression is one of lady-like ease and grace, while her face, always expressive, glows with a positive beauty in the higher moments. From the playful, cordial gaiety of the first scene, to the moments of awakening higher aspiration and remorse in the experience of real love; from the bitterness of renunciation of that love to the beautiful abandon (reminding us of Truffi) with which she throws herself into the arms of her lover, too late restored, in the duet; *Parigi, o cara*, and to the rapturous wandering of her senses before she dies, it is all a beautiful, consistent, feeling impersonation of the part. We liked it the better that the progress was so gradual, that it was so even, that there was nothing overdone, that it won upon us steadily and slowly, instead of carrying us away by moments of spasmodic intensity. It was finer as a whole than Gazzaniga's, although the latter rose at times to greater heights of passion. As a singer Mme. Colson is entirely her superior; she cannot indeed be called a *great* singer, but she is a very highly finished, charming and expressive vocalist; a fine artistic charm pervades her whole performance. She *makes* the music expressive, in its least phrase and fibre, even in spite of itself. Her voice is not a great one or a very rich one; but it has a remarkably clear, elastic, penetrating quality, that always *tells*; pungent, but not harsh in the higher notes; with musical body in the low tones, that are husky in so many fine sopranos: very flexible, and leaping through the widest intervals with perfect ease and certainty. It is a bright, French kind of voice, but by no means hard nor unexpressive. There is soul in her tones. Her execution, whether in simple melody or florid vocalization and *bravura*, is eminently artistic, always true, in pitch and in expression, always genuine and without trick. Taken musically and grammatically Mme. Colson's Violetta was a beautiful artistic whole. Either we were mistaken, caught in the rose color mood, or it is a kind of excellence that will grow upon a refined audience.

Our old friends, BRIGNOLI and AMODIO, were warmly welcomed. The handsome tenor comes back plump as a fat partridge; his voice is as musical as ever, and passages of his singing were extremely beautiful, whereas in others he sang sadly out of tune, or relapsed into the old indifference. Amodio has lost none of his rotundity, and looked the "venerable parent" drolly. His baritone is large and generous as ever, and delivered with the same certainty and fervor that always made him popular. The chorus was good for its small numbers, and the orchestra, embracing the excellent theatre orchestra entire with some additions, was remarkably good. But the arrangement of the orchestral parts seemed sometimes of questionable authenticity, too thin and meagre to be Verdi; individual instruments

standing at such wide intervals apart; at one time a single viola, with its quaint little phrase continually repeated, attracting the chief attention to itself for several minutes.

Of the second night we have only room to say that *Lucrecia Borgia* also filled the theatre from floor to ceiling; that Signor MURCEL JUNCA, the basso, is a gigantic, splendid fellow, and gave rare weight and majesty to the part of the Duke; that PARODI throughout was more subdued and pleasing than we have usually found her.

ENGLISH OPERA.—Mr. COOPER's company, before they left, relieved the dreary waste of Trovatora by a passable performance of Donizetti's sparkling and genial little comic opera, "The Elixir of Love," in which the four principals sang and acted quite enjoyably.

Relation of Artists and their Agents to the Press.

OUR Journal aims on the one hand to stimulate, instruct and elevate the public taste for music, while on the other hand it offers a portion of its columns as an advertising medium to artists, opera and concert managers, and others, who seek to catch the eye of just that class of persons that are supposed to read a musical paper. But it has ever been our principle and practice to keep these two functions of the journal wholly independent of each other. The tone of our criticisms must not in any way be governed by our advertising patronage. We know neither business nor favor when we write of Art and artists. He who buys a column of our advertising space, buys that, gets that, and is entitled to nothing more. If we write a notice of his opera or concert, we do it for the public, for the Art, and not for him. We have to explain this very obvious point of editorial *morale* so often that we are induced to reprint here what we wrote about it five years since, at a time when the whole press was excited to discussion of the subject by a charge of "bribery, black-mail, &c.," in connection with the Sontag concerts.

There should be no such thing as *favours* in the dealing between artists and the press. If we have praised a singer in our editorial columns, let the singer take it as no *favor*: we wrote in duty to our readers, to the cause of Art, and to our own convictions or our own need of expression, and not to confer or to return a favor. If the singer advertises largely with us, or sends us free admissions, we consider it *no favor*, but purely a matter of business. The advertising money *pays for the advertisement, and for nothing else*, and no amount of money can buy a flattering word in the editorial columns. The value of our notices, of our opinions, ceases to be worth a copper the moment that they are written in the way of personal exchange of favors. This is the principle with which we started, and so far, God be thanked, we have never yet seen cause to swerve from it. It is, to be sure, not the most *paying* principle, but it is sure to help us in the long run.

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1. There are several ways, or kinds of "favours," by which musical agents, &c., are apt to fancy that they bind an editor to favorable notice. The most considerable and most common is by *advertising* in his paper. Newspapers depend upon their "advertising patrons" for their chief support; even a small weekly journal, like our own, does this to some extent. The idea is, then: We bring business to you, therefore we expect you to commend customers to us; we pay you so much for advertising our concert, or our new

book, therefore you must urge your readers to go to the one or buy the other. (At the most, the equal return would be that the editor himself should buy the ticket or the book, not that he should drum up other purchasers.) But is this reasonable? is it right? Because you buy of us does it therefore follow that we can honestly send people to buy of you? Because our wares (our types, our columns) suit your purposes, does it follow that what you have to sell should suit our readers? By no means. If you advertise with us, it is because you think the simple advertisement worth to your business more than you pay us for it. The *quid pro quo* for what you pay us (viz. our stated, honest price) is the circulation which our paper gives your advertisement; that is the "value received," and you have no right to look to us for any more. We have no right to grant you any more, when by so doing we might idly or insincerely bias our readers as to the merit of what you advertise. Yet every editor knows how common a thing it is for advertisers to expect "a little word or two of editorial" in corroboration of the statements of the advertisement, just by way of "preparing the public mind" for the new book or the new prima donna. Perhaps the newspapers themselves, at least many of them, are to blame as being partly the creators of this expectation. It is the rule with many papers to notice only the performances or publications of those who advertise with them, thus seeming to countenance the inference that their editorial notice is to be taken as a premium upon advertising patronage: in which view of course the notice, or the general tenor of the successive notices of the advertising party, must be favorable. It certainly is a pitiful meanness to take advantage (as many do) of an editor's obliging disposition by making his gratuitous notice and commendation of you and your product save you the expense of an advertisement; wheedling or importuning a paper into doing your work at its own expense. But even this meanness, from which all papers sometimes suffer, is no justification of a practice which couples advertising with the hope of editorial favor.

2. *Complimentary free tickets.* This is another still more delicate matter to handle. There is a strange ambiguity and indefiniteness about the position in which an editor or critic is placed by the receiving of a free ticket to a public performance, and still more by the *almost* universal practice, which has caused such accommodations to be expected as a matter of course. Indeed so common is the practice, that it becomes a *slight*, almost an *insult*, to be overlooked in the distribution of these courtesies. The majority of intelligent and respectable concert-givers, and their agents doubtless hold and act upon the right theory of the matter, although the theory may never have been stated. But there are many small and silly enough to withhold the card of invitation from a paper which does not praise them and humor them "to the top of their bent" in its criticisms; who so far forget the dignity of their calling as to try to palm off their cards on editors as due-bills payable in "puffs" of them and their performances. Contemptible assumption! Of course every editor with any self-respect would infinitely rather stay at home or pay for his own ticket like his neighbors; (probably in most cases he would choose the former, ticket or no ticket.) This puny revenge on the part of managers for unfavorable criticisms, as well as the meanness sometimes shown in the accommodations for the press at the theatres and concerts, has led some respectable editors to decline such "privileges of the press" altogether, and insist on paying for their ticket when they care to witness a performance. Decidedly we say, let the entire press demand to be placed on the same footing with the general public in these matters, if the system of free or complimentary tickets really does imply an obligation on the part of the receivers to publish favor-

able notices, or any notices at all, of all they go to see and hear. Better waive the privilege, than have any ambiguity about it. If the editor or critic receive nothing, then he is not bound; then his relation to the artist is a sound, legitimate and honorable one.

But, we apprehend, experience has settled it to be for the general interest of all concerned, both artists, press, and public, that the public reporters or journalists, in any or in all spheres whereof it is their business to keep the public advised and enlightened, should have free, convenient, honorable access to all that is publicly going on in such spheres. This, we take it, is the true theory and rationale of the free ticket system. It is for the interest of artists that editors and true connoisseurs, who write about such matters, should be at all times free to witness their exhibitions, because without the journals it is not possible to arrest and hold the public attention to such things. It is for the interest of the whole exhibiting class *collectively* and in the long run, that this freedom of access be extended to the reporting class *collectively* and as a permanent system, and without weighing or questioning the benefit in any given instance. In other words, the independent, conscientious, and fair-minded musical critic views the matter thus: If Madame Sontag, or Max Maretzek, or Ole Bull, or Gottschalk, sends me a ticket to her or his artistic entertainment, it must not bind me in this especial case to notice favorably, or at all, unless I shall see fit; but it is sent me to increase the probabilities of my so seeing fit, and it pledges me (so far as it goes) anew to the whole general cause of Art and of my readers' interest in Art, which I am already pledged to serve, by noticing the works and deeds of artists at such seasons and in such measure as I shall feel truly moved and able. In accepting the ticket I have entered into no bargain with the sender, either to praise him or to speak of him at all. The test of my fidelity to my own proper function in this case is, the readiness and enterprise and fairness with which I seize upon and improve true texts of Art. But often silence is the truest comment; and often it is impossible amid the pressure of many things to speak of all, while I cannot properly discharge my duty to *any* unless I have the chance to know of *all*. By no other theory of the critical office is true criticism possible. Now is it, or is it not for the interest of artists altogether that there should be true and honest criticism? If it is (as in the long run who can doubt) then it must proceed from those who have every convenience to hear and know about not only such performances as the hearing binds them to praise, but all performances from which knowledge of the Art and its standards can be learned. In other words, the public only values the criticisms of those well *booked up*. Now will you destroy all criticism, will you invite none but favoring critics to your concerts, and thereby destroy all public confidence in newspaper notices of Art, because you, luckless virtuoso, may chance to get passed over or to fare hardly in the scales of criticism?

It is evident therefore that an editor or critic cannot enter a concert room in that unbiased state of mind which makes a criticism of any worth, if his admission there be construed as a pledge to write in any given manner or at all; and if it be for the general interest that editors have a free admission, then it must be with the fullest understanding that it implies no pledge in any given instance. The critic's duty is first and foremost to his readers and to Art, and then to the artist simply as an artist, and not as one who can retain him as an advocate in a pecuniary speculation; that is the business of Madame's agents and not of the editor or critic. We believe this (if we have clearly stated our meaning) to be the only sound theory and basis of the "complimentary ticket" system. We can conceive of no other understanding on which an editor can accept such accommodation (as an editor,—of course he is a man too, and a private individual sometimes) and preserve the purity of the critical function inviolate. At all events let it be one thing or the other; away with all this ambiguity; let the free admission of the press be a regular, honorable, unexceptional rule and system, or let it be abolished altogether. If it is retained, let it be wholly in the light of a facility, a means of knowing and of judging, which it is the interest and duty of the public in all ways to extend to the public reporters. If it cannot be retained in this broad and honorable sense, let it be given up, and let editors pay like other people, when they want to see and hear. By either of these two systems, and by no other, does the relation of the Press to public performers become a clear and unequivocal one. We cannot doubt, as we have said before, that most intelligent and honorable artists and editors do practically regard the complimentary ticket

system in this only sound and reasonable light. It is only small and jealous people and pretenders, those who really are not *artists*, who would keep criticism at a distance and invite in only those whom they can hold committed to admire and praise them.

Musical Chit-Chat.

At length we have signs of movement in our musical waters. We shall no doubt have a lively season rich with interest, both for the lovers of Italian opera, of Oratorio, and of the higher kinds of instrumental music. Mr. CARL ZERRAHN, our excellent conductor, ever ready for good works, will not suffer us to languish without refreshing and soul-strengthening Symphonies, if any faith and energy on his part can prevent it. His subscription papers will be out in a few days for a series of Six Orchestral Concerts in the Music Hall, to be given at intervals of three weeks, so as to allow of abundant rehearsal. The orchestra to consist of about fifty instruments. The programmes to be wholly of the highest order and within the strict sense of a "Philharmonic" Concert, which undoubtedly will give the most satisfaction now that other opportunities of hearing Italian opera and lighter music bid fair to be plentiful. His plan includes the performance of Beethoven's "Choral Symphony" entire, with a chorus selected from the Handel and Haydn Society. Other pieces in contemplation are a new Symphony by Rubinstein, called "Ocean," and, for the opening night, either the Number Seven, or the "Pastoral," of Beethoven. Surely the music lovers will not fail on their part.

To-morrow (Sunday) evening the long summer's silence of the Music Hall will be broken by fine music. The HANDEL AND HAYDN SOCIETY have effected an arrangement with Mr. STRAKOSCH, whereby all the principal singers of the Opera troupe, will unite with them in a Sacred Concert, the first part of which will be miscellaneous, and the second will consist of Rossini's *Stabat Mater*. Mme. COLSON will sing Schubert's *Ave Maria*; Mlle. PARODI will sing Mendelssohn's "Jerusalem, O thou that killest," &c., &c., and these artists, with Mme. STRAKOSCH, SIGS. JUNCA, BRIGNOLI, AMODIO and the rest will lend their voices to an effective rendering of the *Stabat*. Mr. ZERRAHN will conduct, and Mr. J. C. D. PARKER will preside at the organ. A full house is a foregone conclusion; and the success of this effort (be it remembered) will go far to encourage the Society to bring out other and grander works, such as Handel's "Israel in Egypt," during the coming winter.

CARL ZERRAHN has been appointed music teacher in the public Normal School, a natural consequence of the admirable manner in which he drilled the twelve hundred children for the School Festival. We are happy to learn that he has entered upon the duties of the new office with the same characteristic zeal that he displayed on that occasion. . . . We have received from Mr. C. H. Brainard, the publisher, a fine and life-like portrait of JOHN HOWARD PAYNE, the author of "Home, sweet Home." It is lithographed in the best style from a daguerreotype taken of him just before he left for Europe. Appended to the picture is a fac-simile of the author's manuscript of the first verse of "Home."

The New York Philharmonic Society commence their public rehearsals this afternoon at Niblo's Garden. Gade's Symphony, No. 5, with piano obligato, Rossini's "Siege of Corinth" overture, and Spohr's Quartet Concerto, op. 131, are the orchestral pieces. . . . Mes-srs. MASON & THOMAS's programme for their winter Matinées shows a rare and choice list of Quintets, Quartets, Trios, Sonatas, &c. by Schumann, Schubert, Beethoven, Mozart, Haydn, Mendelssohn, a *Chaconne* by Bach, an *Octet* by Schubert, &c., &c. There is another English troupe expounding Truancy opera in New York, of which Mrs. ESCOTT and Mr. HENRY SQUINES, the tenor, both Americans, are the leading stars. This makes *five* operas which we shall soon have "in our midst," the others being the Maretzek troupe, the Strakosch troupe, the Cooper troupe, and presently, last not least, the Ullman troupe, with Piccolomini, Formes, &c.

Music Abroad.

BIRMINGHAM FESTIVAL.—Here is the concluding notice from the *London Athenæum* of Sept. 11.

Some of the pleasantest sights to be seen at a Birmingham Festival were mentioned a week ago. To these, if the chronicle is to be complete, should be added the outer audience to "The Messiah"—a dense crowd that surrounded the Town Hall, standing patiently for three hours (beguiling the time, however, by plain-spoken, but not ill-natured, personalities on any one presumed to be foreign who attempted to edge his way through it), to catch the choruses of the Oratorio, which were distinctly audible from the outside; a few of the patient standers armed with a cheap handbook of the music. Could not something be done, at the close of these Festivals, to satisfy the hungerers and thirsters after Handel belonging to a class unable, by reason of their fortunes, to enjoy performances so costly? The answer, we know, is, that such concession might be taken advantage of by those richer and shabbier than the persons for whose benefit it was planned; but the idea is worth stating, and to entertain it will not embarrass the proceedings of any direction. Those who were within the Town Hall will long remember how "The Messiah" went this year at Birmingham. The third and last concert was of the very longest. In Germany, a Symphony such as Mendelssohn's in a minor, would have had an act to itself. Here, it merely commenced the concert—Signor Costa's "Dream" closing its first portion. The latter, though virtually a *pièce d'occasion*, has the permanent value of graceful, unaffected, tuneful music. A sweet and tranquil *solo* for the soprano, —a fiery chorus, "exceeding delicately writ," (to use a phrase of Queen Elizabeth's),—and a charming love-song for the tenor (*encored*) may any of them become stock pieces. The final chorus, too, has the courtly sprightliness befitting a serenade to a royal bride, though the rhythm is not one of those which we like the best. The instrumentation throughout is dainty. The principal singers were Madame Novello and Mr. Sims Reeves. The rest of the concert was made up of music too well known to call for notice in detail.

Friday morning's sacred music consisted of Mr. H. Leslie's new Biblical *Cantata*, Mendelssohn's lovely "Lauda Sion," and Beethoven's Mass in c. Regarding the words of "Judith," which have been selected from the Apocrypha and Bible, by Mr. Henry F. Chorley, it must suffice to say that the legend is divided into three scenes—the first laid in the beleaguered city of Bethulia; the second in the camp of Holofernes; the third ("Night, and Day-break," devoted to the sacrifice of the invading chieftain, and the triumphant return of the heroine of Israel. Each scene is preluded by an instrumental movement, almost as much developed as the portion of a Symphony, the entire performance occupying as much time as a long single act of an Oratorio. The *Cantata* contains three or four elaborately developed choruses. The principal, or heroine's part, is written for a mezzo-soprano voice. Besides songs for the principal singers, there are also a *terzetto* of considerable extent, a *duet* with chorus, for tenor and soprano. The three instrumental introductions are in as many different styles—the first, strict—the second (which was received with applause in spite of Festival regulations), brilliant and martial—the third, picturesque and delicate. Thus, the amount of contrast provided for and attempted is considerable. The above specification, and our statement of the general impression that "Judith" will add to, not diminish, Mr. H. Leslie's reputation as a composer, must, at least for the present, stand instead of criticism.

With regard to the manner in which the *Cantata* was presented at Birmingham, we may speak with less restraint. Never, in our experience, has an English composer's oratorio come forth under chances of success approaching those of "Judith." The execution was in most respects excellent. The declamation, finish, and vocal power of Madame Viardot, as the heroine, were remarkable,—her prayer in the tent of Holofernes could not, as a display of sublime art, be exceeded. The tenor and bass parts could not have been in better hands than those of Mr. Sims Reeves (*Ozias* the priest), who was *encored* in the *finale* to the first part—and of Signor Belletti (*Holofernes*). Madame Castellan took pains as *soprano*. The orchestra and chorus were well prepared. That two slips, in two important moments of the *Cantata*, took place, and that the general execution of it became less and less confident as the work went on, are to be accounted for by its being in the hands of its composer. For a man under such circumstances to conduct an untried composition of his own, from first to last, with unflinching nerve and unflagging energy, must imply one of two things—long expe-

rience, or want of sensibility. The result in this case was, here and there, some loss of power, some slight confusion. The *Cantata*, however, seemed to please a large audience, whose silent attention has never been surpassed, and at the end its composer was greeted with much applause.

The second part of the last morning's performances consisted of Mendelssohn's "Lauda Sion" and Beethoven's Mass in c—both excellently performed, and bringing the Festival to a glorious conclusion. It seems, however, that the expectation of its surpassing former meetings in its gross receipts, which was mentioned last week, has proved fallacious.—"The times," the exhaustion of a late royal visit, and the distraction caused by the "celebrity" at Leeds, may be given as the reasons for this;—certainly no falling off in the musical attractions of the "music-meeting" for 1858.

LONDON.—ENGLISH OPERA.—Miss Louisa Pyne and Mr. Harrison have put forth their programme for the coming season, at Drury Lane. In this they announce a new opera, by Mr. Balfe, a version of "Martha," and Mr. Bristow's "Rip Van Winkle," as the novelties which it is their intention to produce. We have mentioned Mr. Patey as among their new engagements. The list includes, moreover, Mr. Gratton Kelly and Mr. Terrott, Mdlle. Pauline Vaneri,—and promises the return to the stage of Miss Rainforth. The orchestra is to number fifty players, conducted by Mr. Mellon, than whom there is no better English conductor;—the chorus is to consist of fifty voices. The season is to begin on Monday; and the version of M. Flotow's opera is to come out on the 16th.—*Athenæum*.

PARIS.—On dit, the Prince Poniatowski has just finished an opera intended for the Académie Impériale de Musique et de Danse. Mr. Roger's benefit at the Opera was a bumper. Many were attracted as much by curiosity as by any other motive.—Madame Ugalde sustained the part of Leonora, in the *Trovatore*, for the first time, and as the fair artist had undertaken to learn the music in eight hours, and as the character was entirely antagonistic to her powers and talents, her friends and admirers were anxious to see how she would get over the difficulties. Mdlle. Demerit-Lablache appeared as Azucena, and obtained the favor of the French journals, who descend lavishly on those qualities in which the lady was eminently deficient when she made her *début* at the Royal Italian Opera. Of course, Roger is praised to the skies in *Manrico*, while M. Bonnehée, of course, is magnificent as the Count di Luna. Wonderful! capital! where every thing musical, if French, is perfect, pure, and transcendent! Miss Thompson, the young English vocalist who carried off the first prize at the late examination of the Conservatoire, has been engaged for the Grand-Opéra, and will make her *début* as Mathilde in *Guillaume Tell* on the occasion of the *rentrée* of M. Gueymard on the 1st of October—that is, if the same influence be not exerted against her as was made use of against Miss Birch some years ago.—*Musical World*.

The 1st of September is the opening day of the Parisian musical and theatrical season. Of some of the novelties produced we may be able to speak shortly. Meanwhile, among events which have lately happened in the French capital, may be mentioned the passing appearances of Madame Ugalde and Madame Merie-Lablache (the lady known here as Mdlle. de Merie) at the *Grand Opéra*,—the success of Mdlle. Artot (M. d'Ortigue, of the *Journal des Débats*, being our warrant) in the revival, with mutilations, of M. Gounod's "Sapho." That opera, by the way, may possibly be shortly tried both in Germany and Italy. Among coming events are announced the publication (in score) of four Symphonies by that pleasing and thoughtful composer, M. Reber, and of three grand Pianoforte Trios by M. Litolf.—*Athenæum*.

BABEN-BADEN.—A grand concert was given here on the 29th of August, for the benefit of the Hospitals of the town, under the direction of Hector Berlioz. The orchestra was selected from the talent of Baden, Carlsruhe and Strasbourg. Among the noticeable pieces was the symphony with chorus of M. Berlioz, entitled *Romeo et Juliette*—or, more properly, the four first parts of the symphony—and the overture to *Euryanthe*. Herr Litolf performed, with the orchestra, the *allegro*, *adagio* and *scherzo* of his fourth *Symphonie Concertante*. Vivier executed some new *morceaux* on the horn with irresistible effect; and Mad. Charton-Demeur added largely to the attractions by her singing. In the favourite air from the *Domino Noir*, and the beautiful song from the *Nozze di Figaro*, "Deh vieni, non tardar," more especially, she was overwhelmed with plaudits.

Special Notices.

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This is another of these incomparable tone-blossoms, which the author has rightly named "Spring of Life." It is the merry song of a roving Postillion, modeled after the far-sounding, joyous signal of his favorite bugle.

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Three very desirable Parlor Songs.

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Mr. Taylor is well known to the musical public by several books compiled by him and enriched by numerous compositions of his own. Of these the most prominent are the "Sacred Minstrel," "Golden Lyre," "Chimes," "Celestina," "Choral Anthems" and "Concordia." In the present work an effort has been made to meet the general wants of all classes, but more particularly of musical conventions.

In the original department, Mr. Taylor contributes the Chorus, "Tis Song makes Fresh the Weary," the Glee, "Moonlight on the sea," and other pieces. "The Song Festival" also contains selections and arrangements from the most approved works, including those of HANDEL, ROSSINI, VERDI, BENEDICT, WEIGL, BISHOP, and others, together with a number of beautiful pieces from Mr. H. D. MONSON, author of "The Child's Wish," "Revolutionary Tea," and other popular Sheet Music publications. The book contains thirty-nine Opera and other Choruses, Glee, Quartets, Trios, Duets, Songs, and Ballads, nearly any one of which if published in sheet form, would cost the price of the book. It cannot fail to prove very acceptable to those for whom it is prepared.

Dwight's Journal of Music.

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The First Piano-Forte.

From the French.

The two heroes of this little history present a complete contrast. They began, continued, and ended their worldly career, under nearly opposite circumstances. One, at first rich, became suddenly poor, through extravagance and dissipation; the other, originally poor, became all at once rich, by the force of ingenuity and industry. The one gloried in his high-sounding title; the other was proud of being simply an artificer. The glittering courtier revelled in the royal saloons of Versailles; the laborious operative passed his days in a Parisian workshop. One finished his life on the public scaffold, condemned in 1793 by a populace driven to excesses by the tyranny of their superiors; the other peacefully expired amidst the blessings of his family and friends, his honest industry rewarded by affluence, and honored by the favor of royalty. Finally, the first called himself Armand de Gontaut, Duke of Lauzun; the second was Sebastian Erard.

At the epoch when our tale commences, Sebastian Erard was a poor artisan whom reverse of fortune had driven from Strasburg, his native town, to seek, alone, without money or friends, his daily bread in Paris. He was well-educated; in his early youth he had studied drawing, architecture, and had devoted some time to scientific pursuits. He had dreamt, with the artless enthusiasm of youth, of one day distinguishing himself as an artist, a professor, or an architect. Conceive then, of his disappointment, when, at the age of sixteen, he found himself a journeyman maker of harpsichords. Pride and ambition unceasingly tormented him. In the obscure workshop, where he pursued his monotonous avocation, he frequently gave way to a certain degree of vexation. But, happily, Sebastian Erard possessed nobler gifts than fall to the lot of most persons in his humble grade. Even his melancholy was no misfortune to him, for it made him a thinker. His intelligence again turned his thoughts to good account, and his ambition made him act upon them. The presentiment, that he should some day materially better his condition, never left him; and, inspired by this hope, he seldom complained aloud, but diligently pursued his work; for well he knew that any advancement he should make must be by following the very path along which he was now travelling. Instead, therefore, of bolting off the course, as ambitious but thoughtless young men are apt to do, Erard reflected deeply on the nature of his art, and whether it might not be in his power to effect some important improvement upon it. With a critical eye and ear, he at length detected the deficiencies of the instrument it was his business to make—ill-toned, inharmonious spinets and harpsichords, with which the ears of the court and the town were content to be charmed. He remarked that, from their imperfect mechanism, it was impossible they could remain long in tune, and that even when their intonation was correct, the sounds produced were harsh and wiry. These imperfections, which constant use of the instrument prevented some of the best musicians from perceiving, became apparent to the inquiring mind and apt ear of the young artisan. But a remedy for them had yet to be discovered; and for that object Erard incessantly plied his invention. At length he became acquainted with the principle of an improved key-board, introduced by Silbermann, a German manufacturer, and that engendered in him a new and happy idea, the result of which the reader will presently learn.

While Sebastian Erard employed every spare

moment in working out his new idea theoretically—for he had not the means of doing so practically—the other actor in our drama performed a very different part. Engaged in the useless employments and profitless pastimes of a man of fashion, the Duke of Lauzun sought to revive, at the court of Louis XVI, the dangerous gallantries and dissipated manners of the gay but brilliant court of Louis XV. and the regent. Nor was he ill-calculated to effect, by his own example, so evil an object: he was handsome, rich, and possessed a high flow of spirits, with a good share of intellect and wit. His conduct was not, however, always pleasing to Marie Antoinette, the queen; but so great a favorite was Lauzun with the king, that she never ventured to avow her dislike of him openly.

Amongst other things which displeased her majesty, was a courtship sometimes carried beyond the bounds of good breeding, which the duke had established with the Marchioness de Milleroy, a lady whose position as governess to the royal children ought to have induced, on her part, the most guarded conduct. As there was nothing positively improper in Lauzun and the marchioness forming a mutual regard, both took umbrage at the little checks which the queen thought it her duty on several occasions to give them. An opportunity to resent these supposed affronts soon occurred, and by a circumstance which brought Sebastian Erard most unexpectedly within the pale of court patronage.

Marie Antoinette, though surrounded by all the allurements of the French court, could not forget the land of her birth. "The Austrian," as she was currently called, would often retire to the solitude of her chamber, to call up from the depths of her memory scenes of childhood and of home. She gathered about her a host of objects, which served to remind her of Austria. The books, pictures, and sculptures, which adorned her private apartments, were all from Germany. But one article was wanting to make the collection complete. The young Queen of France was a proficient musician, and loved the melodies of her native land; but how could she give effect to them with the inharmonious spinet in her chamber? She resolved, therefore, to have a harpsichord from Vienna, and soon a magnificent instrument of improved tone and elegant form, well worthy of a royal residence, replaced the old spinet. That it should be displayed to the best advantage, the young queen determined to give a concert, at which she commanded her instructor and countryman, Gluck, the celebrated composer, to assist.

The new harpsichord was constructed by Silbermann, with his latest improvements, and won the admiration of all present. Amongst the guests were the Duke of Lauzun and the Marchioness de Milleroy. The praises bestowed upon the instrument made the latter envious of its possessor, despite the difference in their position and rank; and she demanded of the Duke de Lauzun a harpsichord of equal excellence and external beauty to that of the queen. The age of chivalry had not even then passed away, and the lover was bound to obey the wishes of his intended, be they ever so extravagant. But another and perhaps stronger motive prompted him. He saw, by complying with this request, a means of mortifying her majesty—of, in fact, lessening her popularity. He took care on every opportunity to point general attention to the readiness with which Marie Antoinette preferred the productions of her native to those of her adopted country. And he undertook to prove, in the present instance, that this preference was not guided by merit. "In a short time," he boasted, "I will produce an instrument of French manufacture

superior in tone and in magnificence of appearance to the vaunted importation of the queen." He possessed wealth, ingenuity, and perseverance; his boast was therefore not an idle one.

The duke made the tour of all the eminent manufactories in Paris, but found no one who had enough of courage to undertake the seemingly impossible task he proposed; for all had heard of the marvellous harpsichord of Silbermann. After nearly giving up the pursuit in despair, he determined to visit the manufactories of a humbler grade. In one of these, a young and intelligent journeyman happened to overhear the offer made by the duke to his master, by whom it was declined. He started from his seat, and with a confident brow, declared he would undertake the commission.

The Duke de Lauzun at first took little notice of the young artisan; but won at length by his earnestness and enthusiasm, consented to listen to a detail of the improvements in the making of harpsichords, which, in addition to those of Silbermann, the new candidate for his patronage proposed. With the leave of his employer, Sebastian Erard (for it was he) hastened to his lodgings for the drawings and notes he had made of his new invention. An hour afterwards he was closeted with the duke at the residence of the latter. His explanations were so satisfactory, his plans so manifestly practicable, that Lauzun immediately engaged him to make the required instrument. A workshop was fitted up with an expensive collection of tools and materials in the duke's house, in which the young artisan employed himself early and late.

His perseverance and industry were at length crowned with success. When his work was finished, that of decoration began. This was the first instrument which had a moveable key-board, shifted by pedals, to modify its tones at the will of the player—which had a soft and a loud pedal. It was, in short, THE FIRST PIANO-FORTE. The Duke de Lauzun was delighted, and determined that no accessory of ornament should be wanting. He caused it to be enclosed in a magnificent case of gilded japan-work; the pedals were surmounted by a mythological group, exquisitely carved, from a design by the sculptor Houdon; whilst the profuse gilding was in many places relieved by exquisite paintings by Boucher, Greuze, and Vauloo, the most celebrated artists of the day. Finally, this triumph of art and mechanical skill was placed in the apartments of the Marchioness de Milleroy, who gave a concert, which the Queen condescended to attend.

The admiration lately excited by her majesty's new German harpsichord was now completely thrown into the shade by that expressed for the instrument of native manufacture. The tones it gave out from under the skilful fingers of Piccini, the Italian composer, who was the first to play upon it, blended exquisitely with the beautiful voice of the Princess de Polignac, whom he accompanied. The queen herself was no less enchanted than the rest, and unwittingly hastened on that triumph which the malevolence of the duke and the marchioness had prompted them to anticipate.

"Pray," inquired the Queen of Lauzun, as she broke up a group of detractors, of which he was the most active and sarcastic, "to whose skill are we indebted for this charming instrument?"

"To that, your majesty, of a Frenchman," replied the duke, with as marked an emphasis as he durst assume.

"His name?"

"Sebastian Erard."

"Indeed! that is a person I never heard of before," rejoined the queen.

"Unfortunately, the names of few meritorious

Frenchmen," retorted the duke, laying a stress upon the latter word, "are known at the court of Versailles."

Without noticing this discourteous sneer, Marie Antoinette inquired to whom the piano belonged. Lauzun explained that it was made by his direction, and that he was the possessor. "You?" repeated the queen, with the good-natured archness by which she was always ready to conciliate the most undeserved ill-will. "And pray, what use can a colonel of hussars make of so elegant, so lady-like an instrument?"

The duke replied, with an affectation of sentiment, that music was his most cherished relief from the cares of state and the fatigues of military duty.

The truth was, Marie was so charmed with the instrument, that she longed to become its possessor, and demanded upon what terms Lauzun would part with it. This was exactly the result he wished: and, with every appearance of sorrowful humility, he assured her majesty it was not in his power to part with it.

"How so?" she asked, a little piqued. "It is your own, and —"

"It was mine yesterday," interrupted the duke, "but to-day it has become the property of —"

"Of whom?" impatiently inquired the queen.

"Of the Marchioness de Milleroy," answered Lauzun, with a low bow.

Where pleasure is the idol, and frivolity the pursuit, it takes but a trifling occurrence to create a sensation. This was the case on the present occasion. The queen, despising this equivocation, turned quickly from the now triumphant courtier and, quitting the saloon abruptly, broke up the party.

Enough, however, had been done to make the fortune of Sebastian Erard. Next morning he was sent for to Versailles, and presented to her majesty, who not only ordered from him a new piano-forte, but obtained from the king a *brevet*, or patent, for his ingenious improvements. Once honored with court patronage, the young artisan's early dreams of ambition were speedily realized.

Meantime a circumstance occurred which exercised an unfavorable influence over the career of the Duke de Lauzun. Extravagance had so impaired his fortune, that his union with the Marchioness de Milleroy—herself by no means rich for her station—was deferred till an appointment which he expected to receive at the death of a relation should become vacant. The command of the French guards had for a long period been vested in the chiefs of the duke's family, and his uncle, the Marshal de Biron, hitherto held the appointment. The Marshal died, and Lauzun believed that, as a matter of course, besides succeeding to the title (his uncle left no fortune), he would be invested with the vacant and lucrative command. To his mortification, however, he was disappointed, and through, as he afterwards learned, the influence of Marie Antoinette. From that moment he changed his side in politics. The first lowerings of the revolutionary storm, which afterwards burst with such appalling severity, had already clouded the political horizon. He joined the opposition, then headed by the Orleans family—he wrote pamphlets against the court—he wrote epigrams against the queen—he satirized the nobility. In short, he performed an active part towards exasperating the populace against their rulers—towards hastening the deplorable crisis, which had so fatal a termination.

During the progress of that terrible revolution, to so insane a pitch was popular indignation raised against the aristocracy, that to be nobly born was considered a crime punishable with death. The king and queen were early victims; their supporters and adherents followed. Lastly, even that section of the nobility who in the beginning led the popular tumult, were successively led to the scaffold. The Duke de Lauzun was one of the earliest sacrifices of the popular nobility. He ended his career under the guillotine, leaving behind him the record of only one meritorious action—and even that was performed by accident and out of pique—namely, rescuing from unmerited obscurity the talents and industry of Sebastian Erard.

The revolution had no other ill effect upon the latter, than that of interrupting the operations of a manufactory which had rapidly grown to be the most considerable in Paris. Sebastian Erard, respected by his fellow-citizens, was intrusted by them with a responsible municipal office. In executing it, a part of his duty lay in restraining, as much as possible, the wholesale pillage which was going on in all the residences of the king and the nobility. He had occasion to hasten to Versailles for that purpose, and found that most of the apartments had been already ransacked without mercy. Those formerly occupied by the Marchioness de Milleroy were, on his arrival, undergoing spoliation. The "first piano-forte" was still there. Rough hands had already been laid upon it. His threats and entreaties were for a time vain; but when the pillagers heard his name, and the story of the instrument, they desisted. The piano was unanimously ceded to him; and it is said that his descendants still possess several interesting relics of THE FIRST PIANO-FORTE.

An Imperial Pitch-fork.

The Emperor of the French is endeavoring to create that kind of organization which would constitute perfect national unity. Napoleon is the motive brain, the French nation the body, the public offices the limbs. In this sense every person administering to any function of the entire body is a public-administrator; the tradesman is a purveyor, as he sometimes politely calls himself here; the theatre is a department, and music is the subject of a special commission. For it is no doubt in this comprehensive view of his duties that the Emperor Napoleon has just issued a commission to ascertain the possibility of fixing upon a "uniform diapason" or pitch. The commission, which is admirably formed, includes amongst its members Rossini. The object is one which has often been desiderated, but has not been attained, if even any progress has been made towards it. For want of such a fixed standard, there is not only a constant confusion between the instruments of the same country, but there has been a progressive change in the pitch of instruments and of vocal composition, within the last century especially. Many of the vocal works of Handel and his contemporaries are now difficult to sing from, being "too high." The causes of this perpetual elevation of the pitch are tolerably well known, though they are not absolutely clear.

One may reside in the tendency of the musical scale itself, as it is formed from the bass, to extend the intervals upwards; inasmuch that the higher notes become "too sharp," and in the process of temperament are reduced to bring them into their general relations with each other. This confusion of the scale as it is formed amongst European nations—and Heaven defend us from adopting the Syriac or Chinese scale—is one amongst the millions of examples of that eccentricity in the mechanism of nature which forbids human systematizing. We cannot reduce nature to our narrow idea of "perfection."

It is, however, probable, that the progression of the pitch is principally due to a moral cause. The composer desires to make his work "brilliant;" he throws it rather high in the scale. The performer desires to produce a "brilliant" execution, and he tunes his instrument rather sharp. The audacious singer dares the instrumentalist to go as far as he can in that direction; and thus, in the ambition of brilliancy, the singer, the instrumental performer and the composer are constantly working upwards. "Concert pitch" is a phrase colloquially employed to mean a pitch higher than that which is considered generally desirable for instruments in our day.

To correct this tendency to aberration natural standards have been suggested. Instrumental tuners will produce their own "pitchforks" as a sufficient standard; the pitchfork itself, however, having progressively advanced, though somewhat in the rear of executed music; and the older pitchforks are flatter in tone than the modern.

The song of birds has sometimes been pointed out as a natural standard, but amongst the diffi-

culties of employing it is that of reducing the note sounded by a bird to any part of our scale. Gardiner, no doubt, employs musical notes to imitate the natural tone of birds; but how different would these notes sound on the pianoforte, or even on the most beautiful violin, from that sharp, delicate chirp of the bird which eludes systematized reductions to our larger and more precisely divided gamut! We must seek the standard among ourselves.

Amongst all the nations of the earth, although they are not the most musical, the French, perhaps, are the very best to assist us in this particular search, especially with the aid of the great master of music, Rossini. The object would be attained if we could fix upon a piece of metal, with a given standard of purity—not silver, which proves to be one of the least sonorous of metals—and with an ascertained weight and dimensions. But, as Sir Robert Peel said, "What is a pound?" The standard of weight and measure itself has varied, and still varies amongst us English. "A pound" is equivalent to a pint of water, or nearly so; but what is a "pint" of water? What is a "foot" measure? The length of a man's foot—which varies, without any monstrosity, from nine to thirteen inches; as a "barley corn" varies with every grain in a field of barley. It was the French who first systematically based measurements upon a natural standard, in deputed Humboldt and the companion whom that philosopher has just lost, Bonpland, to measure a degree at the equator by a scientific process. Here probably is the nearest approach to a natural standard, corrected by large data, that human science can attain. Upon that datum the French have based their systematic measurement; they are a systematic people, and we see them, more hopefully than any other, engaged in the present enterprise.

The consequences are likely to be important, even for the higher branches of music itself; nay, even to composition. The same mania for "brilliance" which has beset the performer has attended the composer, and it has been uncorrected by the knowledge of anything like an accurate standard. It is possible that in a country like France, a gracious Emperor, strengthened by a sufficient reverence for music, might place restraints upon aberrant composers, and keep the wilder sort within something like bounds of decency. The great master who is in the present commission, although he has been copious in music which unpractised singers account difficult, is conspicuous for producing the largest amount of effect through each peculiar kind of voice for which the music is destined. In this sense, he is a composer whose works are easy to sing, though powerful and brilliant in their result; and it is because there have been few musicians who have evinced so keen a sense of the natural scale. A permanent imperial commission, such as we have imagined, to control the excesses of musicians, especially of composers, would prevent a Verdi from giving to the world those shouting orations, which are very impressive, for the hour, but do more than anything to break down voices. He has revived the manner of that French singer and teacher, Adrien, whose destructive method of exaggerated effort is deprecated by the accomplished Fetis.

"The emission of the sound never being made in a natural manner and the strength of the lungs being constantly exerted, the most robust voices were unable to resist the fatigue of a labor for which the Herculean strength of Adrien had been sufficient. Thus, for several years, voices which were free and of good quality, and which had not been procured without much difficulty, were destroyed before they were able to leave the Royal Court of Music."

Singers for Verdi's operas should have been taught in this manner, and they would last, as he permits singers to do, for two or three years.

But a permanent commission of music might exercise other useful checks upon abuse. In civilized countries commerce is the handmaid of music, as it is of most services in general demand; and even in music commerce cannot refrain from its adulterations or suppressions. We suspect an

instance of this kind under which the public of our own country suffers, although unconscious of its privations. No instrument has hitherto been found so available for general use as the pianoforte; which has assisted in carrying the finest music into every home of the country. It has its imperfections, and the principal is the incapacity of the machinery to give forth a continuous sound. To amend this defect has been one of the problems of practical music. Various efforts have been made, and a good many years since, the plan invented by a working pianoforte-maker appeared to promise success. The man had the same name with an eminent Roman composer, Isouard; but we doubt whether there was any relationship, or even whether they were from the same country. The plan consisted in throwing a stream of air upon a string after it had been once vibrated by the percussion of the hammer. Another method of obtaining continuity in keyed instruments is exemplified by the "hurdy-gurdy", in which the string is vibrated by a circular bow, though not with the happiest effects. A very simple but ingenious application of the same principle, however, was exhibited in this country a few years back. We heard the instrument, though we had not an opportunity of seeing the mechanism. It consisted, we believe, of a silken cylinder, moving not transversely to the string, but longitudinally—parallel to the extension of the string itself. The effect was exceedingly sweet, adding to the brilliancy of the pianoforte the plaintive drawn-out sound of the violin, with a power of continuity *ad libitum*, and of *crescendo*; though it still wants of course that crowning beauty of the bow instrument, the power of giving accurate intonation to the leading notes.—This perfection of a pianoforte, we believe, was publicly exhibited only once, at St. Martin's Hall, before a very small audience; once again, privately before the Queen; and then, with its inventor and exhibitor, a M. Kaufman, it disappeared into space, and was never heard of again. Had envious pianoforte makers assassinated M. Kaufman, that unpretending, white-haired, elderly gentleman, who was so proud of his invention? The police have never reported such a crime, but we have before us the obvious fact, that if the invention had been successful, it would at once have thrown out of use all existing pianofortes, unless they had been adapted, and would have immediately lowered in value by 50 per cent. or more, all existing stock, representing no doubt, some hundreds of thousands of pounds sterling. A permanent commission, such as that of the Emperor Napoleon, would have fixed Kantian for the time, and would have exhausted experiments to ascertain the value of his invention; but could not M. Rossini and his colleagues re-discover for us the lost Kaufman?—*London Spectator*.

Great Meeting of Welsh Bards at Llangollen.

[From the Liverpool Mercury, of September 22d.]

This far-famed, romantic, and most "beautiful of vales" witnessed yesterday a sight that will not be easily forgotten by those who had the pleasure of being present. Great numbers arrived at Llangollen early by excursion trains from Liverpool, Manchester, Birmingham, &c., to witness the opening day of the great meeting of Welsh bards, Druids, and ovates—a meeting that occurs only once in seven years, the last having taken place at Rhyddlan Castle, Denbigh, in 1851. Of course we cannot undertake to classify the many objects of interest in and around this beautiful town.

The Gorsedd dates as far back as the time of Prydain ab Aedd Mawr, about a thousand years before the Christian era. The chair of Powis was founded by three royal bards in the sixth century.

The eisteddfod dates its origin from the time of Owain, at Maxenwledig (Maximus the Emperor), and it marks the era of British freedom from the Roman yoke and the restoration of the supremacy of the British language. Its object is, in the first place, to promote the study and cultivation of the poetry, music, and general litera-

ture of the Cymry (Welsh); to preserve the Welsh language; to encourage native arts and manufactures; and to rescue from oblivion the national usages of the Principality. In the second place, its object is to promote a spirit of loyalty and patriotism among the people: of mutual confidence and intercourse between the rich and poor; and of social harmony among all classes.

These literary contests are the national sports of the Welsh race; and a run for the best thousand lines on Immortality, or the best essay on the Celtic literature, is their "Derby" or "St. Leger." Deprive them of these national pastimes, and they will cease to have any incentive to the love of their fatherland.

At the present meeting, prizes to the amount of £500 are to be awarded to the most successful competitors.

The list of patrons comprises nearly every gentleman in the Principality, as well as the border counties.

Last evening a meeting took place in the marquée, at which speeches were delivered on subjects connected with the eisteddfod and the literature of the Principality. Several poems were recited, patriotic songs sung in the Welsh language, and national airs were performed on the harp by the minstrel of the eisteddfod, Mr. Ellis Roberts, harpist to H. R. H. the Prince of Wales.

The morning was very fine, the sun shining forth in all its glory. At half-past ten, the procession left the Ponsonby Arms Hotel, for the bardic circle, situate about half a mile distant. The following was the order of procession:—The band of the Royal Denbigh Rifles, playing "the Druids' March"; the Druids having with them their white flag, inscribed on which was the word "Holiness," in Welsh. Female on horseback in ancient Welsh costume: the blue flag of the bards, with the Welsh word for "Peace;" the ovates, with great flag, closely followed by the bards and Druids; the committee men and a number of other gentlemen filling up the rear. Arrived at the bardic spot, a circle was formed, and the presiding bard, the Rev. J. Williams, rector of Llan-y-Mowddy, delivered a brief explanation of bardism and the ceremonies of the gorsedd. The minstrel of the eisteddfod played on the harp "Y Bardd yn ei Awen." The gorsedd prayers were then said, and after a few other ceremonies, the procession returned to the marquée in the same order.

The proceedings throughout were enlivened by the music of four harpists and the bands of the Royal Denbigh Rifles and Denbighshire Cavalry.

Premiums were awarded to the successful candidates—for the best poem on the "Transfiguration," of £10 and medal; "The Traitor;" the "Harvest Anthem." For a best orator of any nation, in any language, who shall deliver the most effective speech on the following subject:—"The neglect by a people of their nationality is the certain prelude to their debasement and extinction;" first prize, silver coronal; second, silver armlet. The best singer. Recitation of Caractacus's speech. Contest between the Royal Denbigh Rifles and the Denbighshire Cavalry. Best essay on "Mineral Resources"—a prize of £25 offered by the young men of Llangollen. Singing with the harp. "Bardism."

The proceedings of the day were brought to a close by the singing of the Welsh Anthem. During the latter part of the day there was a large attendance, it being estimated that there were not fewer than 4000 persons present.

In the evening a concert took place in the marquée, the conductor being Mr. John Owen, of Chester, assisted by Miss Williams, of the Philharmonic, Liverpool; Miss Sophia L. Brook and Mr. Jarvis, Manchester; and Mr. Ellis Roberts, harpist to his Royal Highness the Prince of Wales.

Characters of the Musical Keys.

(Continued from page 202.)

NEW YORK, OCT. 11, 1858.

MR. EDITOR.—I cannot, for one moment, entertain the supposition but that you, and in fact every one who is acquainted with the nature of

the production of a musical succession of sounds from a string, will readily answer the question with which my last communication closed, by admitting that the *divisional proportion* necessary for the production of either a major or a minor scale, when the string is tuned to it, is the same as that required when tuned to B flat.

What shall we say then? If the *identity* or *peculiarity* of an *interval* or *succession* in music be the consequent of *proportion*, is it possible that *like peculiarity* will not be the result of *like proportion*?

The term "like" may, possibly, by some of your readers be interpreted differently from the construction intended by me. For the purpose of defining the kind of "*like*"-ness I mean let us have recourse to an illustration in which the eye is the judge instead of the ear, for there are some facts that are easier to be seen than heard, and *vice versa*.

Let these characters, M, N, O, represent three intervals of a scale, say the *major 2d*, *major 3d*, and *perfect 4th*, from the *tonic* or key-note.

Then let these: π , σ , \circ , represent three *like* intervals of some other scale of greater velocity of vibration.

The difference perceived by the eye, after examination, is, that the three last characters are *smaller* as compared with the first three; but the *identity*, *peculiarity*, or *principle* of the two sets is like. The impression made upon the eye in both cases is of the same three shapes and figures, distinguished from each other by the same differences of outline. 'Tis true, an associated quality may easily and rapidly be conceived, such, for instance, as that "the large set were intended for *papa*, and the small ones for the *baby*:" an idea, that in this connection may appear somewhat ludicrous, but by no means illogical, as shown in the reasoning of every day experience.

It has often struck me that the comparison: *As size is to the eye, so is velocity of vibration to the ear*, is about as good as can be made. For instance, *size* by itself considered will establish the identity of a greater and less quantity of the same material; so, likewise, does the velocity of vibration establish the identity of the sounds of greater and less velocity. The ear, like the eye, perceives the difference without having recourse to arithmetical figures, or measures. But, either to exhibit a geometrical or a musical figure a *defined proportion* of *size* to something given is necessary in a geometrical figure, and in a musical figure a *defined proportion* of *velocity* to some velocity of vibration given is required. Thus, musical tones that are such, separately considered, if delivered indiscriminately, and without reference to scale will not form a musical figure. So, a figure of *irregular proportion*, simply exhibit different velocities, but regular proportion, though in reality a figure, is not sufficiently defined and harmonious to be recognized and retained in the memory.

But, to return more closely to the subject of our proposition, is it maintained that *like proportion* does not, or should not exist between one scale and another; that the major third in one key should be less major than in another; in short, that the *peculiarity* or *inherent property* of the intervals should be lessened in one key, and retained in another?

It is true, that the greater perfection given in former days to certain keys on instruments whose tones are fixed, would impart a circumstantial

"With all the regard that Mlle. Piccolomini professed to have for 'the dear Irish,' in her speech she made to the Dublin students the other day, when they drew her carriage in triumph through the streets, she does not seem to estimate them so highly as her own countrymen; for, under the same circumstances, some years ago, at Turin, she rebuked the outrageous enthusiasm of the populace, and insisted upon getting out of her carriage, saying, that she would 'walk with them, as friends, but nothing could induce her to make Italians beasts of burden.' Beasts of burden is good. New Yorkers will please make a note of the observation."

I confess I am not at all displeased at the publicity thus unintentionally given to an ovation, of which Mlle. Piccolomini has been the recipient in her own country—in critical Italy—and that, too, in one of the most important musical cities. But is it just and fair to appeal to New Yorkers "to make a note of observation!" when it has been extensively published in *The London Times* and other English papers, that Mlle. Piccolomini did attempt to prevent the Dublin demonstration, but could not do so for several very excellent reasons? In the first place, she could not leave the carriage, as the rain was falling in torrents; then she could not speak sufficient English to make the students understand her; and, more than all, it is not so easy—as Irishmen will agree—to restrain the Gown men of Trinity when they once have resolved to give vent to their proverbial enthusiasm.

Descending a step still lower on the scale, it is found that there are some writers who marry her (without previously consulting the interested parties) with an English Peer "as distinguished for his refined taste in *les beaux arts* as for his immense possessions and ancient pedigree," while others gravely assert that his (the Peer's) hand has been rejected by Mlle. Piccolomini, and amply discuss the reasons that prompted her to do so. A weekly paper takes great pains in proving that she is only a "Princess" from her maternal side, and a "mere Countess," through her father. Now, Sir, I have yet to learn whether it is of any consequence to the public whether an artist has a pedigree two miles long or not, whether she marries a lord or does not. Madame Sontag did not come here as the Countess Rossi; in the same manner, Piccolomini comes here as an artist, and not as a princess, which title she dropped on her first appearance in public, of her own free will, and not, as it is asserted, by command of Cardinal Piccolomini. I, personally, in speaking of her to the public, have not made the slightest allusion to her "princely lineage;" and I trust the public will not forget that, after all, she is a young and enthusiastic girl, who has undoubted claims upon the kindness and good will of everybody, including that of the disappointed dead-heads, and that she has every right to maintain her maiden name as long as she pleases.

I am the public's most obedient servant,
R. ULLMAN.

Academy of Music, Oct. 7, 1858.

Dwight's Journal of Music.

BOSTON, OCT. 16, 1858.

MUSIC IN THIS NUMBER.—We commence this week the publication of an exceedingly beautiful and, in parts, highly dramatic Cantata by FRANZ SCHUBERT, called "Miriam's Song of Triumph." It will occupy from thirty to forty pages. It is for Soprano solo with chorus and piano-forte accompaniment. Nothing could be much more interesting for practice in private circles, or more effective for short performances of choral societies, great or small. It is a composition which could hardly fail to delight an audience, if well performed. We shall give the remainder of it in alternation with the piano-forte arrangement of *Lucrezia Borgia*.

A Friend's Advice with Acknowledgments.

A writer in the *Providence Journal*, one of the worshippers at the brazen feet of the colossal Verdi—or rather (to borrow his own vivid and poetic image) one of those who go down on their knees when "*Trovatore* comes galloping on"—administers a mild rebuke to us, which, so very funny is it and so flattering to the tastes and prejudices of "the masses," we certainly expected to

see widely copied. But since it is not, we give it the benefit of what circulation we can ourselves, for it is too good to be lost. The writer seems, by the heading of his article, to have gone frantically inspired at the sight of an uncouth, cabalistic name that coined itself in a careless moment to our mind as indicative of the peculiar stage into which Italian Opera appears to us to have just now degenerated. But inasmuch as he endorses and adopts the name, without defining, we may venture to continue for some time to use it.

TROVATOPERA.—Somebody will have to hoop friend Dwight of the Boston Journal of Music or he will burst with indignation. It seems that Strakosch has had the impertinence to go to Boston and advertise the performance of four Italian operas, after Dwight has been thundering away against Italian operas in his weekly sheet, and proving, as Shakespeare's clown did of the mustard, that it was nought. —Now as Dwight seems to aim at regenerating the musical world of Boston, of bringing the vulgar herd to the true blue creed of adoration of everything Teutonic and abhorrence of anything Iberian,—as he has couched his lance in emulation of La Mancha's Knight, and has rushed into the arena so many times and borne of the palm, (in his own estimation,) it does seem a little bold and insolent in Strakosch to come forward in this manner with sounding trumpets. Dwight has therefore let off a column of fine print in which he berates poor Italian opera most unmercifully. Perhaps "the flow of ink might save a blood-letting," or else he would certainly need an outlet for the fever that rages within. Dwight is like a bull which always goes frantic at the sight of a red rag. Put *Trovatore* before his eyes, and straightway he goes off into a savage fit and makes a terrible onslaught upon the image of Italian opera which he keeps ready to receive the attack, as Quilp kept the old figure head in his yard to be hacked and hewed in his belligerent moods.

It is very strange that the Boston people will not learn of Mr. Dwight to despise the wretched, empty, vapid, meaningless, tame, two-penny stuff which is perpetrated under the name of Italian opera! It is a very poor comment on his inductive and instructive powers that the Boston folks will go to hear *Trovatore* and *Traviata*, following therein the example of London and Paris and Italy. It is, perhaps, pardonable in Mr. Dwight to be a little sour and ill-natured and denunciative at finding all his admonitions thus disregarded, his theories ignored, his idols forsaken. It might be expected that the high priest of Teutonic worship would fulminate a little at seeing the hosts of heretics which assemble around the Italian altar. But alas! so it is. The Bostonians, it seems, are born to be free-thinkers—that is, thinking for themselves, and will not be whipped into any traces which they do not care to draw. *Trovatore* comes galloping on and down go the masses on their knees, while all alone on some granite point stands friend Dwight with upturned nose and darkling brow, scanning the motley herd which scorns his leadership and bends before the gallant knight whom he holds in hatred and contempt. It is of no use, friend Dwight! you can't write down, frown down, talk down, ridicule down Italian music. In spite of your theories, your rules, your musical mechanics, it is the music which pleases. You might as well stop that eternal outcry at what the world likes, if you do not; and, at least, spare those who take your journal for its original merit, the disgust of having to meet such unfair, ungenerous, one-sided, ill-natured philippics as that in your last Saturday's Journal.

Apart from the admirable wit of this production, we would call attention

1. To its magnanimous fairness in holding up to laughter something which we are supposed to have said, without letting it be seen *what* we have said. The reader will appreciate this fairness if he will take the pains to turn to our obnoxious article of two weeks back, entitled "*Trovatopera*," where he will be surprised to find that there is not one word against Italian music, or Italian opera, as such, nor one word of allusion to the German. On the contrary the starting point and key-note whence the article proceeds is an expression of regret that our good days of Italian opera seem to have past and yielded to a poorer fashion of the day, to smaller enterprises, which

give us always *Trovatore* and almost nothing else, when we have glorious memories of *Il Barbiere* and of *Tell*, and *Don Giovanni* and *I Puritani*, and so many works more worthy of our admiration. Should we complain of such degeneracy if we despised the original stock itself? What we did animadvert upon was, first, the frittering away of all the lyric interest between numerous small rival operative enterprises, in the failure of all plans to establish Opera upon a permanent, broad, unitary basis: and, secondly, and more particularly, the low state of musical taste shown in the popular and fashionable admiration and almost exclusive patronage of such operas as the *Trovatore*, *Rigoletto*, and the like. We intimated that Italian opera now appears to mean *Il Trovatore* and nothing else, and that the opera troupes might properly be called *Trovatore* troupes. Plainly our witty "friend" agrees with us; he too regards Italian opera and *Trovatore* as synonymous, since he construes our dislike of the latter into treason to the former, and infers the treason wholly from that dislike in a special instance. Read our article and see.

2. Its high and noble theory of an Art critic's duties. We confess we had entertained a different theory; but we must be grateful for new light, the more so that the new way, so generously pointed out to us, promises to be by far an easier way than that we have been travelling. Why to be sure, why did we never think of it? Why have we stultified ourselves with the absurd notion that it was in any way the business of a musical journal or of a musical critic to try to raise the public taste, to point out the fallacy of popular idols, to lead those thirsting after beauty and poesy in tones or other forms of Art to the pure, genuine springs of inspiration? Why have we waited till this day, till we are laughed at by this funny "friend," before we have had the wit to recognize that the one proper aim and function of a journal of music is simply identical with that of the managerial big-letter posters on the corners of the streets, and that the height of editorial ambition should be to outdo these in the sublime art of advertisement? How much simpler, how much nobler were it to always praise what all are praising, and be loyal to the one absolute authority in Art, to-wit the popular standard, the reigning fashion of the hour! Surely it is "ill-natured" and "ungenerous" to hint that that is not the best, which takes the multitude at any given time, even if it be something quite the opposite of what the multitude admired the year before and may again admire the next year! In short, there is no other standard of what is sound and true and beautiful in music, but the *success* of any given work in drawing large, remunerative audiences; and we ought to have known it, and ceased referring to the Shakespeares and the Raphaels of the art, to Mozart, to Beethoven, and to Rossini, and the like, when it is a notorious fact that audiences prefer Verdi. Yes, let us endeavor to forsake our idols, for, lo! now "*Trovatore* comes galloping on, and down must we all go on our knees," reverently accepting the new dispensation in which brass reigns paramount, the new gospel of "effect" which has so clearly superseded that of beauty, feeling and expression.

3. We must thank our "friend," too, for his lesson of independence. Though couched in satire, his counsels have the true heroic ring. Where shall we get the courage to come up upon

his high ground? It is so much better and braver to throw away all reverence for the past; to praise and condemn and set up our own judgments, as we are pleased, and as we please, in music, as in all other things, in spite of Rossini, or Beethoven, or all the master-spirits of the art combined. It is so American! so independent, so all-knowing. What is the verdict of the whole world in the long run, when weighed against to-day's impression of a New York or Boston audience? Does not the "Metamora," "Gladiator" style of drama draw far better houses than "King Lear" or "Hamlet," and does not this settle it that the former is the genuine article, and that there is no use in saying any more about it?

4. Again, we must admire the writer's clear perception and appreciation of our point in finding fault with *Trovatore*. He understands us so much better than we understood ourselves! It seems we meant to say, — classical pedants and *old fogies* as we are, we should have said, that *Trovatore* is an abomination because composed in violation of "the rules," of "musical mechanics," and so on. Whereas we actually did say: "This music lacks the sovereign quality of *geniality*; it is mechanical." Our quarrel with it, taking our article literally, was, that it lacked real sentiment and pathos, spontaneous, genial inspiration, naturalness, &c.; that it was forced, mechanical, and straining for effect. It seems we wrote the opposite of what we meant, for is it not as true as our "friend's" showing, that we admire by book and rule, and only condemn that which sins against the mechanical theory and grammar of the art! When we said that *Trovatore* wanted sentiment, we should have said it wanted learning. How fortunate we are to have a "friend" for an interpreter!

But, to be serious, O facetious champion of *Trovatore*, if you would not have us write against that opera, if you would not have us offer any variation from the general humdrum tune of praise, why is it that you will not give us now and then some other theme to write about? How shall a poor musical editor find any spice of novelty to give life to his columns, if there be no music known or heard but *Trovatore*, and if he cannot be allowed even the poor privilege of abusing that? If that really be all, if music henceforth is to be reduced to *Trovatore*, we will abandon with a good grace, and at least thank you for your felicitous motto, that sums up once for all the entire story of the music of our times: "*Trovatore* comes galloping on, and down go the masses on their knees." We shall have use for that, at any rate.

Italian Opera.

For the second night, the Strakosch Troupe gave us, as we have said, *Lucrezia Borgia*. It was a performance, as a whole, unworthy of an audience that overflowed the theatre. Chorus and orchestra were often careless and at fault, and the ensemble loose and shuffling. Sig. LABOCETTA, the tenor, made but an indifferent Gennaro with his sweetish sentimental voice and style of singing and of acting. Mme. STRAKOSCH was a picturesque, but musically ineffective Orsini; her voice is rich and musical in quality, but wanted power. But PARODI's *Lucrezia* offered much to admire; her intense, conventionally tragic manner was less exaggerated than it has been sometimes, and there was more of tenderness, besides power, in her tones. JUNCA, the giant of a basso, has a great voice, more peculiarly rich in the higher

tones, which he delivers for the most part with artistic skill. He looked well as the imposing, terrible Alfonso.

We had never expected to find such enjoyment in the light and pretty military opera, *La Figlia del Reggimento*, as we did on Friday night. It was all due to Mme. COLSON's charming impersonation of the heroine, to her incomparable harmony of song and action. How could we have thought her movements awkward that first night? it was some accident of the first entrée, a mere first impression; for she is really all grace and harmony of motion, full of life and melody as any bird at sunrise. She is admirably fitted for that rôle; there was a rare refinement in her rendering of it; Alboni was, of course, too coarse. Mme. Colson nowhere over-did it; she omitted much of the military clap-trap, and did not strap a drum about her to bring down the gallery. The charm of her voice, although not rich in quality, still grew upon us, it was so pure, so true, so searching, and so flexible; so expressive within in all parts of its compass; and managed with consummate skill; a skill, too, which never exhibits itself as such, in a senseless *bravura* way, but always legitimately serves the dramatic intention and unity of the character and of the play. Mme. Colson, as a singer, has one fault; yet we could scarcely feel it a fault, for the time being, so expressive did she make it; we mean that *tremolo* upon sustained notes, which is a common affectation, but which sometimes in her use of it had almost the beauty of a trill. Yet it may easily degenerate into a weak habit, when its effect is quite unmusical, torturing the nerve of hearing, somewhat as the quick alternate interception and return of sunshine through a lattice fence, as you walk by, tortures the optic nerve.

Sig. LABOCETTA was the Tonio, and Sig. BARILLI the old Sergeant, for which part he lacked force and spirit. The general performance was of average excellence.

Handel and Haydn Society.

That was a very interesting performance of Rossini's *Stabat Mater*, on Sunday evening. The Music Hall appeared well filled. First came Mercadante's overture to the *Stabat*, quite well played by Mr. ZERRAHN's orchestra, and then for a First Part some miscellaneous sacred selections by the Italian singers of the Strakosch Opera. The first of the "sacred" pieces, was the tenor romanza from the opera, *Il Giuramento*, sung with considerable expression by Sig. LABOCETTA. *Ah! non fili*, was chastely, musically rendered by Mme. STRAKOSCH. The charming COLSON's voice was hardly suited to Schubert's *Ave Maria*; the tremulousness was too perceptible, and yet there was a fervor and a beauty about it which deserved more recognition than it got. JUNCA's singing of *Qui sdegnò*, the great bass song (*In diesen heiligen Hallen*) from Mozart's *Zauberflöte*, was firm, correct and hard, without the life that Formes gave it. PARODI did her best in a very bold and impressive rendering of Mendelssohn's "Jerusalem, thou that kiltest," &c. Some of her tones rang out superbly, and there was no lack of expressive light and shade. A repetition was of course *obligato*.

There is much admirable music in Rossini's *Stabat*. How can the lovers of Italian music run after Verdi when they have such music as this? To be sure the music is not always quite in earnest; it drops away from its high theme unconsciously; its genial, careless author has confessed as much. The *Cujus animam* is altogether secular and martial, saying one thing, while the words mean quite another, — and there are other trivial digressions; and the Fugue finale finds Rossini out of his element, being so confused in its structure that it is hard to tell whether it is well sung or not. But the opening quartet and chorus, *Stabat mater dolorosa*, is almost sublime; so is *Eia mater* and the *Inflammatus*; while the *Quando corpus*

is a miracle of beauty and expressiveness. Rarely have we heard that unaccompanied quartet sung in such good tune, and with such expression as it was that night. And generally we may say of the Italian part of the performance, that is of all the solos, that we have hardly before had any set of Italian singers do such justice to their parts. They were at least attentive, and save, perhaps in a single instance, correct.

Mme. COLSON's voice told splendidly in *Et inflammatus*. BRIGNOLI gave *Cujus animam* unequally, but for the most part expressively, and took that high note with an immense power of truly musical tone. AMODIO, to our taste, sang never better than in *Pro peccatis*; he was more moderate and unexaggerated than was his wont. Mmes. PARODI and STRAKOSCH, though not particularly well matched, sung *Quis est homo* finely; and the latter rendered *Fac ut portem* with true feeling and a rich, even beauty of voice. We sat too near to judge well of the orchestra and chorus; but thought the ensemble hardly up to the usual standard of the Society.

Musical Correspondence.

PHILADELPHIA, OCTOBER 5. — Madame COLSON is coming. Her name, upon blood-red posters, graces every brick wall, board fence, and old shed in the city. Not in Opera, though, are we to sit in judgment over this singing bird of the sunny south; for, with all the glories of our much vaunted Academy of Music, and two Thespian Temples besides, there is not a square mile in the city which could at this time be devoted to the Opera. The Opera House is nightly filled with delighted children of all ages and sexes, who go off into side-splitting paroxysms over the vagaries of François Ravel or the gum-elastic antics of his brother Gabriel. Under these circumstances, what will remain to us but to chew the cud of bitter disappointment, and to perambulate in a quiet, staid, sober manner to the Musical Fund Hall, for our musical entertainments. *Ora pro nobis*, worthy Journal; verily does it seem as though every lingering hope of engrafting the most refined of amusements here, had been flung out of the noble Academy, along with Maretzek and Torriani, last spring.

The untimely demise of HERMANN THORBECKE, on board the ill-fated *Austria*, has cast a gloomy shadow over musical circles here. He had identified himself to a remarkable extent with the development of good musical taste in this city; his classical soirées, given from winter to winter, had afforded undisputed evidence of his enthusiastic longing to render the works of the great masters intelligible, and therefore appreciated among us. Moreover, Hermann Thorbecke possessed a mild, genial, singularly amiable temperament; and ever followed the even tenor of his way, without turning aside to meddle in the many little internecine wars and petty jealousies, which alas! too often retard the progress in life of others, in various professions.

Intense application to the study and practise of music, as well as to the duties of his calling, had impaired his health very considerably, at various times; indeed his slender *physique* always seemed but poorly calculated to endure the many trials which beset the path of a music teacher. Little doubt, however, that his fatal trip across the Atlantic had materially invigorated all his faculties. Thorbecke possessed a keen æsthetic perception of the latent resources of the "divine art," and his admirable, brilliant, and correct execution, acquired by a long course of judicious labor, enabled him to develop these in a manner which nourished his enthusiasm, in an increased ratio with every step upon the *gradus ad Parnassum*. In fine, connoisseurs have ranked him as among the best resident classic piano-forte players in this country, and his violent death has left a void, socially and profes-

sionally, which will be sincerely regretted by his legion of friends.

SENTZ has returned to New York, and is now busily engaged in marking out his "Germania" campaign for this season. When he does marshal his hosts, be it sooner or later, you will feel the flattering of the ladies' hearts, and hear the rustle of silks and crinoline, even as far as Boston. Here, the spasms of joy, upon an announcement of the initiatory rehearsal, generally set the Musical Fund Hall to rocking like a cradle. Let Sentz be canonized!—for his orchestra and he have really contributed vastly toward a diffusion of healthy taste, and a familiarization with the higher walks of musical composition. Why I, myself, have beheld a radiant Belle struggling nobly with the Pilgrim's chorons from *Tamkääser*, after her return from one of the improving Germania rehearsals; she thought "those pompous chords so grand, so imposing, so replete with inspired feeling!"—and verily she had encompassed its movements and changes quite correctly when, subsequently, fate threw me into her society again. Two years ago, that very Miss regarded Dodworth's very best Polka as the *ne plus ultra* of musical composition.

Individual cases, analogous to the one just mentioned, unmistakably endorse the efficacy and utility of societies such as the Germania, and cheerfully point to the glorious change, which is slowly but very certainly developing itself in the musical taste of the public at large.

MANRICO.

NEW YORK, OCT. 12.—Our opera season is over. MAX MARETZK closed the performances of his troupe with a grand benefit, commencing at 2 o'clock Monday afternoon and ending somewhere about midnight. The day opera was *Linda*, with the GASSIERS and SERIGLIA, the new tenor, and in the evening *Ernani* was given, the principal novelty being the debut of a new basso, one Signor NANI, in the role of Silva. Besides these two operas, there were Spanish songs by the Gassiers, the Liberty duet of *I Puritani* by Signors Gassier and Nani, and a ballet by the Ronzani troupe. Altogether the benefit was quite a success, both artistically and pecuniarily.

Signor Striglia, the new tenor, has, since his debut in *Traviata*, appeared also in *Linda* and *Lucia*. Though he did not create the sensation that Steffani did on his first appearance, he is yet a very agreeable singer—young, handsome and animated:—gifted with a sweet, clear voice, he only lacks power to take first rank among the goodly fellowship of tenors. But this deficiency of power is fatal to his success, and the critics only say that he is fit for the concert room.

STEFFANI must be a most vexatious individual to the management. He is constantly indisposed, and for the last few weeks has only sung occasionally, being on those occasions too hoarse to be heard with pleasure. This partially results from our trying climate, and partially from the straining to which he subjects his voice whenever he does sing.

MR. ULLMAN announces the first appearance of PICCOLOMINI for (about) next Monday evening. During the present week, some slight changes will be made in the interior arrangements of the Academy of Music, calculated to increase the accommodation of visitors.

The LUCY ESCOTT opera troupe has failed to draw paying houses, and their performances have been prematurely suspended. They produced no novelties, it is true, but the artists deserved support, for they possessed considerable talent.

Efforts are being made to obtain another engagement for the company, and if unsuccessful, it is rumored that Mrs. Escott will appear in Italian opera. Noting the failure of this second English opera scheme of the season, one of our dailies, as preliminary to a puff of Piccolomini, makes the following remarks the truth of which I leave your readers to decide:

AN OPERATIC REVOLUTION.—One of the most remarkable changes in the taste of the public, not only metropolitan, but provincial as well—is found in the operatic events of the day. In the early days of the American theatre nothing was more popular than the old fashioned English operetta of the "No Song no Supper" or "Love in a Village" order. An actress who could sing tolerably and act well was always sure to make a sensation, and generally caught a rich husband. Encouraged by the public support which the old fashioned operetta received, the English composers went to work at something more pretentious, stealing rich and left from the repertoires of the Italian and the French comic Opera. Then we had the Woods, who were all the rage, and who made a great deal of money. Following them came the Seguius, who were also successful. Mme. Anna Thillon, who was more French than English, was a great public favorite; but there the record of triumphs must end. The Pine and Harrison company, though highly esteemed, failed to reap any pecuniary reward, and within the month two English opera companies have sought for the favor of a metropolitan audience, which would not take the trouble to go and hear them. Many ingenious persons have puzzled their brains in finding excuses or apologies for this frigidity on the part of the public, but none of them have hit the nail on the head. It is not that the artists are mediocre, or that they injudiciously pit themselves against the Italians in English versions of hackneyed operas. It is simply because the taste of the public has changed, and that nobody cares now-a-days for the English Opera when the Italian article can be had at the same price. Ten or twelve years ago it was hard work to muster an audience for Italian Opera sufficient to fill Palmo's old place in Chambers street or the Astor place establishment, while we have had two companies giving performances at the same time, and filling the Academy and Burton's theatre, either of which houses will accommodate more people than the two old places together. The Italian Opera is the fashionable amusement of the day, not only in New York, but in Boston, Philadelphia, Baltimore, and the other provincial cities, when they are lucky enough to get it. Among the more refined classes it has to some extent supplanted the drama, which, if it is not absolutely on the wane, certainly does not keep pace with the progress of the country. Fashionable people think it is the thing to say they have been to the opera, but are not so fond of saying that they have assisted at the acting of an English play. Where they go everybody follows, so one meets everybody at the Opera. It is no doubt a very melancholy state of things for some of the old fogies that such a state of things should exist; but there is no resisting, as there is no accounting for the mutations of public taste. Just now the Italian Opera is "the thing," and nothing else will do, the audiences being popular as well as fashionable.

A Miss EMMA WELLIS, from Paris, announces a concert for Thursday evening, the chief attraction being her own performance upon the Orgue Alexandre. There is nothing else of novelty in musical circles to refer to.

TROYATOR.

BROOKLYN, N. Y., OCT. 12.—The musical season opens with most encouraging signs, and with every indication of our highest hopes and expectations being realized. Let me come at once to particulars, and you will see that I have good and substantial reasons for the "belief which is in me."

Our "Philharmonic Society" was inaugurated last season with 500 paying subscribers, and we considered it in every sense a perfect success from the opening to the close. We now, thus early in the season, have commenced the Rehearsals for the *Second Season* with 650 paying subscribers. The Orchestral pieces for the first concert I gave you in my last letter.

The first Rehearsal took place at the Athenaeum on Wednesday afternoon last, but owing to the non-arrival of Mr. EISELDE, MR. NOLL very acceptably filled his place as conductor.

There is much sympathy felt both in this city and New York, for Mr. Eisfeld. Of course your readers are all aware of his being among the passengers of the illfated "Anstria", and that he was picked up with others by the Bark "Maurice", and carried to Fayal. But it is feared that Mr. Eisfeld received some serious injuries in addition to those of exposure and the greatest fatigue, which may so impair his health as to make it necessary for us to supply his place as conductor of our "Philharmonic." No doubt his place can be well filled, as we have abundance of talent among us; and not a few good conductors; but we cannot part with Mr. Eisfeld without feeling that we have lost something more than a man of high musical culture, a most thorough and efficient musical conductor, one able and accustomed to furnish us with instruction and entertainment the highest, noblest and purest we are capable of receiving, but that we shall also lose in Mr. Eisfeld an accomplished, and courteous gentleman. No intelligence that I can learn has been received from Mr. Eisfeld, but we hope soon to welcome him back among us with restored health and renewed energies for his arduous labors among us the coming winter.

The "Brooklyn Harmonic Society" give their "First concert" for the season on Thursday evening of this week. The Programme is as follows:—

PART I.

- 1.—Symphony in B flat, No. 12, Jos. Haydn. a.—Introduction and Allegro. b.—Adagio. c.—Minuetto. d.—Presto.
- 2.—Quartet from "Requiem," "Tuba mirum", Mozart.
- 3.—Wedding March, from "Midsummer Night's dream," Mendelssohn.

PART II.

The Lay of the Bell, Cantata, Andreas Romberg.

This society has met with great success so far, and their season for 1858-9 bids fair to be highly successful. It is composed of excellent material, and their conductor, Mr. CARL PROX, is a fine musician, and a person of great energy and perseverance.

The preliminaries towards the building of a new Musical Hall are now going on, and as I wrote you some time since, we shall before many days have a Music Hall worthy our beautiful city. BELLINI.

Musical Chit-Chat.

CARL ZERRAHN has issued his proposals for his third annual series of Philharmonic Concerts. He has modified the plan somewhat since he first stated it to us; but there will be nothing lost, if only the public will do their part. Instead of six concerts he announces four, and the success of these will surely bring a second series. The one practical first thing in order, then, is to subscribe to the four Concerts. The price for the series will be three dollars, and the concerts cannot be commenced unless six hundred subscribers are obtained, that number being absolutely necessary to cover the expenses of the undertaking. The orchestra will number at least fifty of the first musicians of the city, and the best available solo performers, vocal and instrumental, will be engaged for each concert. The programmes will be composed mainly of music of the highest order, with choice selections from the lighter music of the day, including a variety of compositions new to Boston. The concerts will be given in the Boston Music Hall, on Saturday evenings, at intervals not longer than three weeks, and will commence as soon as the subscription warrants.

We would call attention to the card of Mr. ZERDAHELYI, the Hungarian pianist, who is an accomplished artist, a gentleman of fine taste and culture, well versed in our language, and whom we can confidently recommend as an excellent teacher of the piano-forte. . . . Mr. MEERBACH, also, is one of the most experienced, intelligent, and well-read of the German musicians and piano-teachers who have taken up their abode in Boston. He plays with rare skill and taste, is at home in all the best music of the masters, and has made the art of teaching an object of very careful and critical study. . . . Mr. H. S. CUTLER, the excellent organist and director of the music for some years past at the Church of the Advent in this city, has accepted an invitation to become the organist at Trinity Church, New York, in place of the learned and esteemed Dr. HODGES, whose feeble health obliges him to seek retirement.

Music Abroad.

PARIS.—Madame Marie Cabel has created a great sensation at the Opéra-Comique by her performance of Carlo in Auber's *Part du Diable*, revived expressly for her. It is in contemplation to reproduce *Lesocq*, certainly one of Auber's finest works. At the Grand-Opéra Madame Borghi-Mamo has appeared for the first time as Catharina in the *Reine de Chypre* with success.—M. Calzado has issued his prospectus for the ensuing campaign at the Italiens. The revivals and new operas promised are *Macbeth*, by Verdi; *Anna Bolena*, *I Martiri* and *Roberto Devereux*, by Donizetti; *Il Giuramento*, by Mercadante, and *Zelmira*, by Rossini. The last alone will be worth all the rest. Madame Frezzolini has arrived in Paris from London, and Mr. Vincent Wallace is also in the capital of the Beaux-Arts, which was never so dull as at present, nor had less to say for itself.

'La Harpe d'Or,' an opera by that excellent harpist, M. Godefrid, has been produced at the *Théâtre Lyrique* with moderate success. Perhaps the composer has waited too long for his opportunity, since we know that, some ten years since, he was expected

ting his chance—having been engaged with apparent strictness and real random, by M. Jullien, to furnish Drury Lane with an opera every year.—It is now certain that M. Carvalho, and Madame Miolan—that most accomplished singer, his wife—will not quit the *Théâtre Lyrique*. The Lady is to be the *Marquise* in M. Gounod's 'Faust,' which is now in rehearsal. The accounts of M. Michot, a new tenor, who has appeared there, are good. He is said to have an "ut de poitrine" very nearly as striking as those of M. Duprez and Signor Tambrlik;—but this in nowise decides his accomplishments as an artist.

Something more has transpired in regard to the opera by Signor Rossini, which was promised to the Italian Theatre in Paris for the season 1857-8. 'Il Curioso Accidente,' we now learn from the French Correspondent of the *Morning Post*, resembles its luckless predecessor, 'Robert le Bruce,' in being a *pasticcio* made up by Signor Berrettoni, and authenticated by "a certificate from Signor Rossini." It was put into rehearsal last season, but not produced, in consequence of which Signor Berrettoni has been suing M. Calzado, the manager of the Italian Opera in Paris, with the hope of obtaining damages for the delay. These have not been granted; but the Tribunal of Commerce ordains that the opera shall be represented before the 31st of December, 1859.—*Athenæum*.

FESTIVALS.—During the first days of October there is to be held a Festival at Coblenz, in celebration of the fiftieth anniversary of the Musical Institute. The Oratorio chosen (for on these occasions the Germans rarely execute more than one complete work) is to be the 'Samson' of Handel.—Ere this happens, a Festival of the Middle Rhine will be held at Wiesbaden, at which the one Oratorio is to be 'The Creation.' There is to be a popular Singing Festival at Innsbruck in the course of next month:—this we should imagine well worth loitering or turning aside to partake of. The Continent has few haunts more enjoyable, few people more frank and kindly, than those belonging to the Valley of the Inn.—Among the "Festivals," or grand concerts, which have taken place during the last few weeks, may be mentioned one at Spa;—also the annual concert at Baden-Baden, presided over by M. Berlioz, at which some of the conductor's music is always performed—this year, the earlier portions of his 'Romeo and Juliet' Symphony.—Dr. Liszt seems to keep his hold on the youth of the Universities, for we observe that at the three-hundredth anniversary of the foundation of the University of Jena a 'Gloria in Excelsis,' from his pen, was performed.

England.

MANCHESTER.—The tide of music has left London and dispersed itself throughout the provinces. One of the good things in England is the practice of frequent exhibitions of fine Organ music. The *Manchester Examiner* thus describes the recent opening of the new organ at the Free Trade Hall in that town, and the wonderful playing of Mr. Best, the eminent organist of St. George's Hall, in Liverpool:

He was warmly welcomed on his appearance upon the orchestra, and commenced his performance with a Pastoral, by Bach, at the close introducing one of those pedal fugues by the same composer which are the great delight of connoisseurs of the organ. This Mr. Best played with that matchless perfection for which he is celebrated, the pedal passages telling out in a manner which proved that the builders had preserved a proper balance of power between this portion of the organ and the manuals. There was quite sufficient weight, and the tone was ponderous without being overbearing. The overture to the *Last Judgment*, by Spohr, we never heard so well played on the organ; all the points were capitally brought out, and the tremulous effect in the soft passages was most effectively introduced. Mr. Best introduced the clarinet stop in the adagio of Mendelssohn's sonata, in C minor, and brought in the tubas near the close with fine effect. But it was in his own "Air with variations" that he displayed to the general audience most strikingly his unrivalled powers of execution. The variation in which he plays rapid passages, as a solo on the pedals, was interrupted by applause which would not be restrained till the close of the piece.

The organ has 60 draw stops, of which 52 are sounding stops; several of these are modelled from the inventions of the most celebrated organ-builders of France and Germany. The höhl-flöte, gamba, harmonica, and posaupe (16 feet) are from the German; the voix-celeste, voix-humaine, flûte-harmonique, euphone, &c., from the French. The pedal posaupe, euphone, and harmonica are "free" reeds, and have hitherto been seldom seen in English or-

gans. The organ is constructed on the "simplification system," invented by the Abbé Vogler, of Mannheim, and introduced into this country by Messrs. Kirtland and Jardine. By this system every pipe stands directly over the air chamber supplying it with wind. There are four wind reservoirs. These are supplied with air by six feeders, put in motion by means of two hydraulic engines. The various organs have different pressures of wind, and thus the desired intonation and tone character of the stops is more perfectly obtained. The pipes are sealed in accordance with the theory of Professor Topfer, of Weimar, and the instrument is tuned on the "equal temperament" system.

The evening concert was extremely well attended, and the performances were equally successful with those of the morning. Mr. Best's selection comprised one of the organ concertos by Handel, now in course of publication by Mr. Best, in which Mr. Best's dexterous use of the composition pedals may be noticed; prelude and fugue in E, by Bach; air, with variations, by Hatton, in which several points of the organ were displayed; and, in answer to an encore, the air, with variations, which Mr. Best played so finely in the morning; and, lastly, Handel's splendid chorus, "Fixt in his everlasting seat," in which the rolling bass passages played on the pedals were remarkably telling.

MISS ARABELLA GODDARD.—The *Musical World* translates from a German critic, who writes of London concerts in the *Musik-Zeitung* of the Lower Rhine, with an enthusiasm about this young pianist that fully equals that of any Englishman. He says:

Dussek's concerto for the piano was even less known than Bach's sonata for the violin. We all heard it for the first time, and very few of us could ever have seen it or played it. It is a genuine concerto of its kind, with the first movement broadly designed and brilliantly worked out. The slow movement in E flat is melodious, though it displays no extraordinary invention. But the finale—a rondo in G minor, like the first movement—is a magnificent piece, composed in that characteristic, we may say genial style that distinguishes the bravuras of Dussek. The execution of this concerto is the reverse of easy; but Miss Goddard is no longer conscious of difficulties on her instrument. She is, moreover an artist in the true sense of the word, and the extraordinary success which she has recently achieved in England is not to be ascribed to the patriotism of her countrymen. Even the severest critics among the modern Germans have awarded to her the palm among all the lady pianists of the present day, not even excepting Mad. Schumann and Mad. Szarvady-Clauss.

What is effected by this young lady by dint of industry and perseverance, combined with genial intelligence and technical genius, is really incredible.

She gave the first series of *soirées* at her own residence; for the second she selected Willis's Rooms, which on each occasion were filled with an audience comprising every one who could lay claim to any rank in the domain of music. Most justly were these *soirées* termed "classical." Neither the wishes of titled ladies, nor the homage of worshippers, can lure this, in every respect, gifted lady from the true path of art; she never stoops to the mere amusement of her hearers. Look over her programmes, and you will be astonished when I tell you that all this has been mastered by a girl in the bloom of youth. Then you will find Hummel's grand sonata in D major (Op. 106), the last that he composed for the piano solo; Beethoven's sonatas in A major (Op. 101), and B flat major (Op. 106); Wölfl's sonata, *Non Plus Ultra*, in F, and Dussek's sonata, *Plus Ultra*, in A flat (Op. 71), both in one evening; C. M. von Weber's sonata in E minor (Op. 70); S. Bach's *Fuga scherzando*, fugue in A minor, fugue in G major, for the "Well-tempered Harpsichord;" Scarlatti's fugue in G minor; Mozart's sonata in E flat and B flat, with violin (M. Sainton); Mendelssohn's quartets in F minor and B minor; a duet with violoncello and the fugue in D major from the "Charakter-stücke," for the pianoforte, by the same composer. Add to these several others, as, for instance, Beethoven's concerto in E flat major, Dussek's concerto already mentioned, &c., and you will form some notion of Miss Goddard's studies. Those who have heard her performance of Beethoven's Op. 106 and Dussek's *Plus Ultra* can declare that there is no flattery in the title "Queen of the pianoforte." The terribly long and almost impracticable sonata (Op. 106) she first played before the public in 1853, when she was scarcely 17 years of age, and even then excited admiration. In the course of the last two seasons she has played it three times, and now, in her 22nd year, she so completely rules the spirit of the masters of all schools, that she can evoke it for our benefit from the greatest and most difficult of their works.

Special Notices.

DESCRIPTIVE LIST OF THE LATEST MUSIC,

Published by O. Ditson & Co.

MUSIC BY MAIL.—Quantities of Music are now sent by mail, the expense being only about one cent apiece, while the care and rapidity of transportation are remarkable. Those at a great distance will find the mode of conveyance not only a convenience, but a saving of expense in obtaining supplies. Books can also be sent by mail, at the rate of one cent per ounce. This applies to any distance under three thousand miles; beyond that, double the above rates.

Vocal, with Piano Accompaniment.

Qui sdegno. (Who treads the path.)

"*Magic Flute.*" 25

This is the famous Air for a Basso profundo, in which the most excellent of Basses, Carl Fornes, pours out his deepest notes, and which has lately been brought back vividly to recollection by Signor Junca of the Strakosch Trombe.

Norge amor. (Oh! believe). "*Nozze di Figaro.*" 25

Doh vieni. (Oh, linger not.) " " 30

Two of the best Songs in this charming, light opera of the genial Mozart, both for a medium voice, and easy, with a tasteful English Version by Dr. Wesley. The latter song is printed with the preceding short movement; Glense alfin il momento, (Yes, at length 'tis the moment).

Come, landlords, fill your flowing bowl. S. & ch. 25

A convivial song of olden times, to the French melody of the "Petit Tambour," which used to be universally popular at merry makings.

The lost treasure. Ballad. *E. G. Spinning.* 25

Simple, yet pleasing, and well calculated to get a share of favor from the lovers of song.

The Comet and the Telegraph. *J. Blewitt.* 25

A very funny illustration of the doings of the strange visitor on the sky.

A mother's guardian care. Song. *Edw. Wiebe.* 25

A neat, pretty little ballad.

Instrumental Music.

Songs without words. *Alfred Jaell.* 25

This is the same beautiful Nocturne, which appeared, a few weeks ago, in the pages of the "Journal," written expressly for it by the much courted and flattered pianist.

Romanza in "Traviata." Transc. by *Goldbeak.* 35

A superb arrangement of that strain, full of sad beauty; "Ah, forse e lui che l'anima" sung by Violetta. The transcription is rather difficult, but will repay study.

La Provenza il mar. For 4 hands. *Nordmann.* 15

Ah, fore e lui. " " " 25

Di miei bollenti spiriti. " " " 25

An excellent and rather simple arrangement of two of the Gems of "Traviata," for two performers. These are the first of a series which will comprise all the famous airs in this opera.

Books.

THE AMATEUR ORGANIST: A collection of Opening and Closing Voluntaries, selected and arranged from the works of Handel, Haydn, Beethoven, Mozart, Rink, Pleyel, Mendelssohn, Von Weber, Andre, Schmidt, Hesse, &c., together with original Compositions by the editor. The whole prepared with especial reference to the wants of beginners, and forming an excellent course of study for the Organ or Melodeon. By John Zundel. 150

This work is eminently a book for beginners. It is by the author of "Two Hundred and Fifty Voluntaries," and was produced in answer to numerous requests to furnish more and still easier pieces of that class. As its title imports, it has been the aim of the author to present easy and pleasing compositions of a desirable length and suitable for organs of the smallest as well as the largest class, and even for melodeons. One or two pieces of a more scientific character have, however, been inserted; and even a fugue will be found from Handel, though a very easy one. The few voluntaries by Rink here first appear in print in this country.

Dwight's Journal of Music.

WHOLE No. 342.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 23, 1858.

VOL. XIV. No. 4.

For Dwight's Journal of Music.

The Hidden Spring.

Hast heard the olden story,—
How once a fountain lay
In the jagged cliff of a mountain,
Deep hidden from light away?

In vain, with line and beaker,
They sought to reach or sound
The source and bed of the fountain;
Its waters they never found.

Unreached, untouched, untasted,
Flowed on the virgin wave,
And ne'er, to the lip of longing
Its liquid treasure gave;

Until, on a day in summer,
A man with the soul of a child,
Beloved of God! a poet,
Sat down by the fissure wild.

He strung his lute, and his fingers
Ran swiftly its chords along;
His heart, too full for silence,
Leaped over his lips in song.

Sang he of joy or sorrow?—
Of sorrow and joy, I ween;
For he had loved and suffered;
Else had he no poet been.

He sang of ill, so wrongly,
So dimly understood!
He sang, with prophet rapture,
Of ample after-good.

The song was true and human;
Great, wondrous, since 'twas so;
It seal'd the heights of being,
And touch'd with love the low.

Alive, afire, impassioned
With high imaginings,
From time and place divided,
It rose on sovereign wings.

Her own, in the voice of Music,
Transfigured Nature heard;
The wind, around the singer,
With throbbing pulses stirred;

"Hush," sighed the arid grasses;
Broad laughed the sun in the sky;
The distant trees, enraptured,
Threw out their arms on high.

It gave to the stony mountain
The living heart of a man;
The waves of the hidden fountain
To flow and to swell began,

And higher and fuller rising,
Cool, lucid, liberal, sweet,
The wealth of their secret treasures
Poured out at the singer's feet.

FANNY MALONE RAYMOND.

The Character and Genius of Handel.

(From the Life, by Schœlcher.)

Although Handel was born when his father was sixty years old, he was a man of very powerful constitution, and of great muscular vigor. His contemporaries represent him as being endowed

with a rare beauty of countenance. Burney thus describes him: "The figure of Handel was large, and he was somewhat corpulent, and unwieldy in his motion; but his countenance, which I remember as perfectly as that of any man I saw but yesterday, was full of fire and dignity, and such as impressed ideas of superiority and genius."

And in a subsequent paragraph—"Handel's general look was somewhat heavy and sour, but when he did smile, it was his sire the sun bursting out of a black cloud. There was a sudden flash of intelligence, wit, and good humor beaming in his countenance, which I hardly ever saw in any other."

Nichols, in his *Literary Anecdotes*, records it as an expression of Burney, that "Handel's smile was like heaven." Hawkins says: "He was in his person a large and very portly man. His gait, which was very sauntering, was rather ungraceful, as it had in it somewhat of that rocking motion which distinguishes those whose legs are bowed. His features were finely marked, and the general cast of his countenance placid, bespeaking dignity tempered with benevolence, and every quality of the heart that has a tendency to beget confidence and insure esteem." Thanks to the busts of Roubillac, and to the pictures of Thornhill, Hudson, Denner, Kyte, and Grafoni, we may say that we are familiar with the features of Handel. It is a fine, noble, and imposing countenance, oval in form, of a grave physiognomy, firm, but at the same time benevolent. Three characteristics are remarkable in it: the smallness of the mouth; the brightness of the eyes, which are very wide open, animated and bold, and which betoken a violent and resolute man; and, finally, the short and prominent eyebrows, generally a sign peculiar to profound and powerful thinkers. Such eyebrows had Bach and Beethoven.

Like almost all composers, he was extremely witty. In the *Anecdotes of Handel* we are told that "his affected simplicity gave to any thing an exquisite zest." Mattheson says that "he had a way of speaking peculiar to himself, by which he made the gravest people laugh, without ever laughing himself." Dr. Quin, of Dublin, wrote to Burney, in 1788: "Mrs. Vernon was particularly intimate with him; and at her house I had the pleasure of seeing and conversing with Mr. Handel, who, with his other excellences, was possessed of a great stock of humor. No man ever told a story with more effect. But it was requisite for the hearer to have a competent knowledge of at least four languages—English, French, Italian, and German, for in his narrative he made use of them." "All his natural propensity to wit and humor," adds Burney, "and happy manner of relating common occurrences in an uncommon way, enabled him to throw persons and things into very ridiculous attitudes. Had he been as great a master of the English language as Swift, his *bon mots* would have been as frequent, and somewhat of the same quality."

Once at a concert, Dubourg, the excellent violin player, having a *Coda ad libitum* to play, wandered about in different keys so long that he seemed quite bewildered, and to have forgotten his original key. Eventually he recollected himself, came to the shake, and concluded; whereupon Handel, with his usual coolness, cried out loud enough to be heard by the audience, "You are welcome at home, Mr. Dubourg."

Once he had a discussion with an English singer, named Gordon, who reproached him with accompanying him badly. The dispute grew warm (which it was never very long in doing with Handel), and Gordon finished by saying that if he persisted in accompanying him in that manner, he would jump upon his harpsichord and

smash it to pieces. "Oh," replied Handel, "let me know when you will do that and I will advertise it; for I am sure more people will come to see you jump than to hear you sing."

When he heard the serpent for the first time, he was very much shocked by the harshness of the sound, and cried out, "Vat de tevil be dat?" He was told that it was a new instrument, called serpent. "Oh," he replied, "de serbent, aye; but it not be de serbent vat setuced Eve." I admit this anecdote, because it is a good one, but, at the risk of passing for a skeptic, I cannot accept it absolutely. The serpent was a hundred years old when Handel came into the world, and it is difficult to believe that they met for the first time in London.

It is related that, when Handel lost his sight, "his surgeon, Mr. Sharp, having asked him if he was able to continue playing the organ in public, for the performance of the oratorios, Handel replied in the negative. Sharp recommended Stanley as a person whose memory never failed; upon which Handel burst into a loud laugh, and said, 'Mr. Sharp, have you never read the Scriptures? do you not remember, if the blind lead the blind, they will both fall into the ditch?' Even in their most helpless misery, men of wit never deny themselves the consolation of a joke. The reader may recall to mind that Anaximenes bartered his life against the pleasure of indulging in a sarcasm. Having offended Antigonus, who was blind of one eye, it was reported to him that Antigonus had said, 'Let him come and excuse himself, and directly he appears before my eyes I will pardon him.' 'If' replied Anaximenes, 'I must appear before his eyes, he offers me an impossible pardon.' Whereupon Antigonus condemned him to death.

Unlike the greater number of witty men, however, Handel never exhibited any ill feeling in his jocularity. His sallies were inoffensive. He cut without wounding. "He was," says Burney, "impetuous, rough, and peremptory in his manners and conversation, but totally devoid of ill nature or malevolence; indeed, there was an original humor and pleasantry in his most lively sallies of anger and impatience which, with his broken English, were extremely risible."

In spite of his disposition for merriment, he was very proud and very reserved towards every body, the little as well as the great. This side of his character is illustrated in a remarkable manner in his MSS., where he generally indicated the names of the artists in the margin of the part which was confided to them. Upon no occasion did he ever fail to put "Mr." or "Sigr." before these names. During the ten years that Senesino and Beard sung for him, and in the tenth year just as in the first, he always wrote their names "Sigr. Senesino," and "Mr. Beard."

Hawkins pretends that, with the exception of music, he was an ignorant man; and all the hackneyed biographers repeat the assertion. I do not believe this. His letters in the French language, which remain to this day, prove that he not only spoke but wrote that language, although he had never been in France. He knew Italian well, and although he spoke English with a very strong accent, he had studied the idiom so as to be able to comprehend all the beauties of the poets. Such linguistic attainments, which are still not very common, were very rare in his time, and do not prove that his education had been neglected. His father, who, like all German doctors, was acquainted with Latin, had made him study the classics, and it is certain that he read Latin. Hawkins himself says—"He was well acquainted with Latin." In his MSS. are to be found some slight proofs of this. In the German *Passion*, instead of putting "da capo al segno,"

he wrote "usque ad signum;" and he never expressed the preposition *de* otherwise than by *ex*. It is not less certain that he worked upon several of the poems for his oratorios. There is nothing very precise about the part which he took, but a clause in his will leaves no doubt as to the fact. "I give," says he, "to Mr. Newburg Hamilton, who has assisted me in adjusting words for some of my compositions." All this does not certainly indicate an illiterate man; and if it be added, that Handel had the kind of mind which derives the full benefit of whatever it learns, it is difficult to believe that he was so uncultivated as has been pretended. But, after all, no great importance is to be attached to the question. Whether ignorant or not, he was, nevertheless, one of the most learned composers in the world.

That which above all distinguished Handel as a man, was the rare elevation of his mind. We do not admire him only for his genius, we love and honor him also for a sense of honor from which no critical circumstance could ever cause him to swerve. His conscience was severe, and he was always remarkable (to quote an expression of St. Simon) for "une grand netteté de mains" (the cleanliness of his hands). Every one praises his integrity, which was equal to his talents. He hated the lightest chains, even those which were the most gilt. At an age when artists lived in a sort of domesticity with the rich and powerful, he refused to be the dependent of any one, and preserved his dignity with a jealous care. The only exception to that rule which can be found in his life, was the eighteen months or two years spent with Lord Burlington when he arrived in England; but we must believe that he was there as a guest, since, in addition to all the operas which he was producing, he enjoyed already a pension of £200 a year from Queen Anne, and £400 which he received for his lessons upon the harpsichord to the princesses of the royal family. The reader will recall to mind that at Hamburg, when scarcely twenty years of age, when poor and very desirous of visiting Italy, he refused to accompany the Duke of Tuscany, who offered to take him with him.

In order to appreciate here the just value of Handel's conduct, we ought not to judge it by itself apart, but relatively to the ideas of his epoch. It is scarcely credible at the present day what a miserable place even the greatest musicians occupied in society. Haydn had already produced his first four symphonies, when, in 1759, Friedberg, the conductor of the orchestra for the Prince Esterhazy, employed him to compose one to be played at Eisenstadt, the residence of the prince. "When the day of the performance was arrived, the symphony commenced, but in the midst of the first allegro, the prince interrupted it, by asking who was the author of so fine a thing." "Haydn," replied Friedberg, presenting him to the prince, who cried—"What! such music by such a nigger!" (Haydn's complexion gave some foundation for such an exclamation.) Well, nigger, henceforth you are in my service. What is your name?" "Joseph Haydn." "Go and dress yourself as a chaplain-master. I don't like to see you so. You are too little, and your face is insignificant. Get a new coat, a curled wig, bands, and red heels; but let them be high, that the stature may correspond with your merit. Do you understand? Go, and every thing will be given you." Next morning he appeared at the levée of his highness, dressed up in the grave costume which had been assigned to him.

Twenty years later, Mozart, the divine Mozart, then organist to the Archbishop of Salzburg, was sent to eat with servants and cooks of "his prince." He felt all the humiliation of that unworthy treatment, but he thought that he was obliged to tolerate it. A letter by him to his father leaves no doubt as to the authenticity of the fact:

VIENNA, 17 March, 1781.

"* * * * I have a delightful apartment in the same house in which the archbishop dwells. Brunetti and Ceccarelli lodge in another house. *Che distinzione!* My neighbor, Herr von Kleinmayern, loads me with civilities, and is really a very charming person. Dinner was served at

half-past eleven in the forenoon, which was for me, unfortunately, rather too early; and there sat down to it the two valets in attendance, the controller, Herr Zetti, the confectioner, two cooks, Ceccarelli, Brunetti, and my littleness. The two valets sat at the head of the table, and I had the honor to be placed, at least, above the cooks. Now, methought, I am again at Salzburg. During dinner there was a great deal of coarse, silly joking; not with me, however, for I did not speak a word, unless absolutely obliged, and then it was always with the greatest seriousness. So, when I had finished dinner, I went my way."

Eight days afterward, in another letter, Mozart, who was excessively hurt, made another reference to the cooks: "What you tell me concerning the Archbishop's vanity in possessing me may be true enough, but what is the use to me? One does not live by this. And then, with what distinction am I treated? M. von Kleinmayern, Boenecke, and the illustrious Count Arco, have a table to themselves; now, it would seem some distinction if I were at this table—but not with the valets, who, besides taking the head of the table, light the lustres, open the doors, and attend in ante-rooms."

Since Haydn and Mozart were so treated in the very flower of their genius, without daring to resent it, Handel must have had a lofty spirit to hold himself as he always did. These are the terms with which, in 1721, he dedicated to George the First his opera of *Radamisto*:

"SIR—The protection which your majesty has been graciously pleased to allow both to the art of music in general, and to one of the lowest, though not the least dutiful of your majesty's servants, has emboldened me to present to your majesty, with all due humility and respect, this *my first essay* to that design. I have been still the more encouraged to this, by the particular approbation your majesty has been pleased to give to the music of this *Drama*, which, may I be permitted to say, I value not so much as it is the judgement of a great monarch, as one of a most refined taste in the art. My endeavors to improve which is the only merit that can be pretended by me, except that of being with the utmost humility, sir, your majesty's most devoted, most obedient, and most faithful subject and servant,

"GEORGE FRIDERIC HANDEL."

All this is, doubtless, rather too respectful; but when we remember the revolting baseness with which the documents of this kind, which the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries have left us, were generally composed, we can not fail to perceive a certain tone of reserve, which is not to be found anywhere else.

It is to be observed, moreover, that, with the exception of *Radamisto*, and contrary to the universal custom, he did not dedicate his works to any potentate upon the earth. He begged for patronage from no one. That respect for himself from which he never departed, gives him a special position, apart from all, among artists and poets. Overcoming every obstacle by an inexhaustible energy, caring little for that world which tyrannizes so over the vulgar, he was all his life the same child of seven years old who went to Weisenfelds in spite of the resistance and scolding of his father. Being informed at Aix-la-Chapelle (where he was taking the baths) that the King of Prussia was coming, and wished to see him, he left the place a few days before the arrival of the disappointed monarch. Twenty years after Handel conducted himself thus with kings, Haydn permitted an Hungarian magnate to say to him, "Go and dress yourself like a chapel-master."

This spirit of independence was one of the causes of the animosity which the English aristocracy entertained against him. At that time they were so destitute of good sense and intelligence as not to perceive that all men are equals, when they do not abase themselves by dishonorable actions, or by the adoption of degrading profession, and they taxed with insolence the dignity of the noble artist. During long years he showed a bold front to the implacable war which they declared against him. He never surrendered, and, thanks to his perseverance, he gave his enemies time to triumph over their own preju-

dices. He had the inflexibility of all great minds. He was a true hero—a moral hero. Even the coolness with which his masterpieces were received did not discourage him. He was the first to console his friends for his defeats. Burney heard him reply intrepidly to some one who was expressing his regret at seeing the house so empty: "Nevre moind, de music vil sonnt de pefter." Vexation at defeat, ruin, bankruptcy, and all the sorrows which they bring upon a man so proud as he was, could not weigh him down: he recommenced again and again, and, by dint of activity, energy, genius, and courage, he finished by conquering Fortune.

Additional Reminiscences of Beethoven.

(From the N. Y. Musical Review.)

A German paper, *Die Grenzboten*, has recently published some communications on the later years of Beethoven's life, from the diary of a lady, which we deem so highly interesting that we translate them for the benefit of our readers. The author of them was at that time a young girl, daughter of a Mr. del Rio, who, in the year 1816, was the head of a large school at Vienna. The observations were written down evidently with no thought of their ever being published:

"As early as the year 1815, during the Vienna Congress, we made the acquaintance of Beethoven. At that time the private counsellor of the King of Prussia, Mr. Duncker, lived in our house. Mr. Duncker was very fond of music, and a great admirer of Beethoven. He had written a tragedy, *Leonore Prokaska*, for which Beethoven composed a few pieces—a short but most beautiful hunting chorus, a romance, and some music with an accompaniment for the harmonica, in the style of the melodrama. Besides these, the poet got Beethoven to score for him his grand *Funeral March* from his Piano-forte Sonata, Op. 26. Sister and I asked Mr. Duncker why he had not begged for a new march; but he thought a better one could not be composed. All the pieces, with exception of the *Funeral March*, are still in our possession. We had even the permission to publish them, with the name of 'Friedrich Duncker, but it never came to that. The splendid march, I believe, has been performed once a year in a private musical circle in Berlin. The tragedy has never been performed. Duncker had a great many consultations with Beethoven about it. Beethoven was not satisfied with the words to the Hunting Chorus; and even after they were altered, and altered again, he wanted the accent upon the first syllable.

"When Beethoven was appointed guardian of his brother's son, a new life seemed to come upon him. He was extremely fond of the boy, then about nine years old, and it seemed almost that the latter had the key to his humor to compose, or to be silent. It was in 1815, when he brought his beloved Charles to our school, which my father had conducted since the year 1798. Already at that time, it was necessary to be quite close to him in order to be understood by him. From this time we saw him very often; and later, when my father removed the school to the suburb, Landstrass Glacis, he also took lodgings in our neighborhood; and the next following winter he was almost every night in our family circle. However, we could seldom profit by his presence, for very often he was vexed with the affairs of his guardianship, or he was unwell. Then he would sit the whole evening at our family-table, apparently lost in thought, occasionally smiling, and throwing a word in, at the same time spitting constantly in his pocket-handkerchief, and looking at it. I could not help thinking, sometimes, that he feared to find traces of blood.

"One night, when he brought us his song, 'To the Beloved far off,' words by Jeleles, and father wanted me to accompany my sister, I got rid of it with the fright; for Beethoven told me to get up, and accompanied himself. I must say here, that to our great surprise, he often struck wrong notes; but then again, when my sister asked whether she was right or not, he said, 'It was good, but here,' putting his finger upon a note

where the sign of a tie was placed, 'you must draw over.' He had missed that.

"At another time, I remember, that he played with us like a child; and that he took refuge from our attacks behind the chairs, etc.

"I very often wondered that Beethoven cared so much for the opinions of people; and once exclaimed, with regard to his nephew: 'What will people say! they will consider me a tyrant!' But this nobody could have believed, who had ever seen him for once with his dear boy, who was frequently allowed to clamber over him, and pull him almost from his chair.

"At one time, in spring, he brought us violets, saying: 'I bring you Spring.' He had been unwell for some time; he had suffered a good deal from colic, and said: 'That will be once my end!' When I told him that we could put it off for a long time, he answered: 'He is a poor fellow who does not know how to die; I have known it since a boy of fifteen years. It is true, for my art I have as yet done but little.' 'Oh! as for that, you can die with ease,' I said, upon which he murmured: 'There are quite different things floating before me.' At the same time, he brought us a beautiful composition, 'To Hope,' from Tiedge's *Urania*, whom he always called Tiedsche, and not in fun, either. Beethoven got easily vexed, and this is the reason why his friends often thought he had something against them, even when it was not the case. But he was in his manners so different, and seemed sometimes so unfriendly and cold, that one was obliged to think so, and to keep away from him. It frequently happened that he did not trust his best friends, and really grieved them. Sometimes he complained also about his pecuniary matters, which was his hobby."

Operatic Prospects.

(From the Courier.)

"Of making opera troupes there is no end." So would Mrs. Browning be very likely to say if she lived in America, and witnessed the many vain and impotent attempts to establish here a permanent and creditable institution of opera. Failures all—some because they are too imbecile so deserve success; others because they are too extravagant to accomplish it. Five and forty times at least within the recollection of the past few years, have the leading operatic managers of the land been utterly undone, ruined, swamped and devoted to everlasting disgrace. Five and forty times, at least, have broken-hearted paragraphs been scattered through the newspapers, announcing the fatal fact that Maximilian Maretzek, B. Ullman, Esq., or some equally eminent master of the art of humbug has at length retired in a disordered mental condition to the seclusion of private life and the mortification of sackcloth and ashes. Experience lessens all great evils. It is said that cels become in time accustomed to the skinning process. Just so must it be with operatic managers—and the simile is not a bad one, for are not their slippery and squirming qualities notorious among men? The skinning, however, is usually performed, not upon, but by them. Never mind that. Familiarity breeds contempt, and so familiar have these worthies become with ruin and wretchedness, that the severest blows of merciless fortune fail to affect them in the least. Captain Cuttle tells us of his friend and counselor, Jack Bunsby, that his education had consisted mainly of raps over the head with a belying pin and that custom had so endeared him to that way of life, that he found it impossible to forego it in his later days. What was originally an affliction became in time a choice luxury. As with the hard-headed Bunsby, so with the indomitable impresarii. Without successive and repeated failures, their lives would now be a burthen to them. It is a question whether they could get comfortably through a season of unmingled prosperity. Two seasons of continued good fortune would undoubtedly reduce them to the lowest depths of despair. Three would produce suicide. For these reasons we cannot too cordially congratulate Mr. Maretzek on the sublime stroke of ill luck that has just befallen him. In order to thoroughly

appreciate the entire length and breadth and depth and height of Mr. Maretzek's unhappy delight, or fortunate misery, we must look for an instant at the circumstances of the case.

He opened his season in New York, some weeks ago, at the Academy of Music with a very clever company. It is only just to Mr. Maretzek to say that, although he is a Jeremy Diddler of the first order, and notwithstanding the fact that he was never yet known to exhibit any sort of integrity excepting in moments of temporary aberration—he almost always has very capital companies. But companies are not everything, particularly in New York, where the rage for novelty is so unappeasable. Mr. Maretzek gave very little novelty, but contented himself with reproducing old operas, not in the very finest style, according to all accounts. Presently a rival, in the person of Mr. Strakosch, came along, and commenced a series of performances at Burton's Theatre. Here was an opportunity for excitement which young New York was not slow to avail itself of. The houses at the Academy began to decrease. Mr. Maretzek considered the expediency of bringing his season to a rapid close. Little cared he, however, for the result of his New York skirmish; his campaign was otherwise laid out. His grand battle was to take place in Havana, where the operatic fever rages to such an extent that business is neglected, and triumphal arches are erected whenever a steamer disgorges a cargo of melody there. But wo to the man who carries all his eggs in one basket. Unhappily for Mr. Maretzek's deep laid plans, a reprehensible powder-magazine has just exploded in the Cuban capital, and has not in its work of devastation spared even the opera house. Official announcements have been sent to the Max, that he must keep himself and his harmonious associates as far away as possible from Havana during the next three months. And this on the very eve of his departure.

Now, it is easy to conceive what a delicious state of desperation Mr. Maretzek must be in about this time. For the —th time he is a lost thing. What he will do we have no means of knowing; it is probable, however, that he will drink a good deal of champagne, for one matter, and amuse himself with the sufferings of his creditors for another. Beyond that, let us not seek to penetrate the veil. Let us rather turn from the setting to view the rising sun.

As Maximilian Maretzek goes out of the Academy, Bernard Ullman steps in. Mr. Ullman, though he luxuriates in disaster as much as any other man alive, is modest, and willing to experience a little success just now, for the sake of variety and healthful excitement. In point of fact, he has rather set his mind upon a temporary diet of prosperity. He means to open his season with Miss Piccolomini, a little Italian maiden, who makes up for the insignificance of her bodily proportions by the bulk of her name and her artistic weight. The manner in which Mr. Ullman has heralded her is worthy of his commanding genius. Columns of advertisements, with the name of Piccolomini ever predominant, have adorned the newspapers. Letters to editors, concocted with a skill that almost passeth understanding, have dazzled the eyes of the musical multitude. Everything has so cleverly been arranged that it will indeed be a matter of deep surprise if Mr. Ullman should meet with anything but unlimited success. If he should fail, however, he will have the unexpected satisfaction of such sympathetic companions as Maretzek, and perhaps one or two others.

Besides his great gun, Piccolomini, Mr. Ullman has a large and varied assortment of smaller artillery, which he purposes to bring forward at judicious periods during the campaign. As a special reserved force, he has Madame Laborde in waiting; and as a forlorn hope, he hints at Joanna Wagner, for next March. Whether that March will be an advance or a retreat, who can tell? But there is not much faith to be put in Mr. Ullman's announcements concerning distant futurity. His similar promises of last year were all unfulfilled. But, at any rate, he enters upon his work with vigorous energy, and with a stern

determination to do or die, which cannot but impress all beholders with a profound sense of his devoted heroism.

A less brilliant, but rather more fixed, star of operatic hope is Mr. Strakosch. He is one of the most cautious of men. He knows not the hardships and reversals which have so often attended his rivals. It is even said that Mr. Strakosch has no fondness for financial distress and exhausted resources, and that he would look upon bankruptcy rather as a calamity than otherwise. It is evident that he must possess a different organization from those of Messrs. Ullman and Maretzek; but every man to his taste, we say. If Mr. Strakosch prefers shekels in his coffers and a clean cash-book to a vacant purse and an army of creditors, that is certainly his own affair. He, then, fixes his mind upon success, and takes no thought of other enjoyments. He has secured a tolerable company, with one or two shining lights that are well calculated to bewilder by their brilliancy. He relies upon their influence to carry through the weaker portions of his troupe. Perhaps they will do so. Madame Colson would compensate for a stage full of sticks. Mr. Strakosch has also engaged Mrs. Wilhorst, the pretty and popular New York songstress, who is intended to offset the allurements of the Piccolomini. There is indeed a similarity between them. They are both young; both pretty; both infinitesimal particles of humanity; both well born; both enthusiastic and dashing little actresses. Piccolomini is an Italian princess, or something of that sort; and Wilhorst is an American lady, which is better. The latter will appear this evening in Bellini's "Puritans," at Burton's Theatre. The former will wait until Wednesday, and make her bow in "Traviata."

Thus stand matters at present. How far Boston enters into the considerations of the managers it is impossible to say. Mr. Ullman expresses a horror of Boston, and has more than once declared his determination never again to come here: which is an afflicting fact, considering how scrupulously he is in the habit of fulfilling to the letter all his proclamations! Mr. Maretzek is, they say, afraid to enter Suffolk county, for reasons known best to gentlemen of the legal profession. Mr. Strakosch has just departed from among us, leaving not the best odor behind him. The musical magnates seem to regard Boston with the most appalling indifference. What shall we do? The best thing we can do is to await our destiny, fulfill all the duties of life, respect the opinion of society, and read the *Courier* with devout assiduity; and perhaps, in reward for all this well-doing, we may yet be visited by an opera troupe worthy of our support and affection.

MUSICAL PREJUDICE.—The following remarks from the London *Musical World* are instructive. The closing paragraph is as true of America as it is of England, and we shall do well to regard the matter in the same cheerful light.

The lover of music may congratulate himself that prejudice, that darkest foe to true appreciation, is dying a natural death in this country, and that the day is not far off when talent of every kind will meet with due acknowledgment. Time was—and that not very long since—when young England had very peculiar notions respecting the fine arts, and more particularly music; when Beethoven's later works were considered the effluences of a disordered brain, and when it was looked upon as an act of exceeding condescension to bestow praise on *Guillaume Tell*. Some members of the musical profession in London patted Rossini on the head and affirmed that his last opera was capital, making of course, all necessary allowance for want of learning, profundity, and sublimity. Before *Guillaume Tell* was written the author of the *Barbiere* was treated most scurvily; his very name offended the nostrils of the learned pundits, and when he was in London, his presence was avoided by them as a plague. "If certain musicians of that day," exclaims a writer of authority, "walking along Re-

gent-street, happened to hear that Rossini was in Cramer's shop, they would have crossed to the other side." It is not many years ago, since we ourselves heard the term "disgraceful" applied to the introduction of Rossini's overture to *The Siege of Corinth* at the Old Philharmonic. No doubt this feeling against Rossini originated in prejudice. His extraordinary reputation, the reception of his works at the Opera, almost to the exclusion of every other composer, the idol worship of the aristocracy, the adulation of the public, and the infatuation of his admirers, naturally rendered him disagreeable to a class of men, sensitive to a fault, whose works were known to be neglected, and whose persons were considered to be overlooked. That the prejudice in this instance was tinged with jealousy is more than probable.

The appreciation of the French public differs widely from that of the English. French audiences desire to be entertained merely. Let their ears be tickled and their hearts touched—*voilà tout*. They go to theatres and concerts simply for amusement, and expect neither knowledge nor teaching in places of recreation. Hence oratorios, symphonies, and other large orchestral and elaborate works, generally bore them, while such operas as *Don Giovanni*, *Le Nozze di Figaro* and *Fidelio*, as demanding greater attention than "listening by the ears," are *caviare* to their understandings. We doubt even if *Guillaume Tell*, although performed so frequently at the Grand-Opéra pleases them entirely. It is too comprehensive and grave for those lovers of the brilliant and the dazzling. Fashion, however, in this instance, sways the public feeling, and an acquired love for the composer, who, by devoting the greatest effort of his genius to their national theatre, and by living among them so many years, almost naturalized, or denaturalized, himself, has exercised no little influence in recommending the work of the master. For the mere Parisian public, *La Juive* or *La Favorite*, possesses, we are inclined to believe, as many attractions as *Guillaume Tell* and the *Huguenots* or the *Prophète* more. There is, however, no affection in the likings or dislikings of our lively and impressionable neighbors; what they prefer they acknowledge, and what is displeasing they do not hesitate to repudiate. The public of Paris includes to a large extent the professional body. The people and the musicians breathe together, consort together, and think together. The expression of a public opinion is almost invariably that of the artistic confraternity.

Now all this is very different in England. Musicians and the public, in many instances, as far as regards opinions, are separated as wide as the poles. Crowds rush to the theatres to hear Verdi's operas. English musicians will not tolerate *Rigoletto*, the *Traviata*, or *Travatore*. Rossini's *Stabat Mater* enchants the multitude and is coldly received by the *dilettanti*. If the public were allowed their choice Verdi would reign supreme at the Italian houses; if the followers of the art had power to order matters, he would be banished altogether from the country. From this antagonism of sentiment, however, good arises. Frequent discussion and consideration compels the amateur to doubt the supremacy of his idol, and induces the connoisseur to be more generous in his strictures. Better far this clashing of impressions and judgments, which leads to such important results, than that conciliating and hand-in-hand indifference, which may tend to unanimity and good fellowship, but is hardly constituted to further the interests of good music. Better far prejudice with a fair prospect in view, than apathy and toleration from which no advantage is likely to follow.

Mr. Babcock's Pictures.

To the Editor of the Boston Courier:

There is now on exhibition at Mr. Everett's, a small collection of Mr. Babcock's pictures; and in order that your readers may understand the possible value to them of this simple announcement, I will briefly state who and what, as an artist, Mr. Babcock is.

Possibly born and formerly a resident in Bos-

ton, and a brother to that well-known organist of the same name, he is now painting in Paris, where he has been at work during the past eight or ten years.

For special characterization, Mr. Babcock may be called a colorist. Endowed by nature with the color instinct, his studies have been chosen with a view to its fullest exercise and development, and in these works are displayed some very remarkable results. So far remarkable, indeed, that their very striking merits as works of color, will probably prove to be the greatest obstacle in the way of their being generally appreciated.

In a community like this, where the pursuit of art is yet looked upon as a comparatively trivial occupation, it is scarcely to be expected that the public taste should be sufficiently enlightened to engage in the rendering of critical verdicts upon the works of its professors. On the contrary, what they have produced, the public has naturally applauded—in its own self-complacent manner—and, since (with a few exceptions) it has been the misfortune of our painters to practically illustrate the value of color in art in constantly decreasing proportion of knowledge, power, and feeling, the popular indifference to color it is easy to account for. Because of this, and in spite of their deficiencies of drawing and the generally uninteresting character of their subjects, these works of Mr. Babcock possess a value which it would be difficult to over-estimate.

Their faults are due to carelessness and the classic conventionalisms of the school in which he has studied. The one he can easily remedy by increased care, and the other is of so little importance to my present purpose that it need not be dwelt upon. It may be said, however, in defence of a selection of such subjects, that they recommend themselves to artists of Mr. Babcock's individualities by their strongly negative characteristics in point of direct human interests, and especially by their peculiar aptitude for marked color treatment.

It is then in the use of color that Mr. Babcock's ability is chiefly conspicuous. His pictures all have the character of happily conceived improvisations, and bear ample evidence that painting is his true vocation. In this use of color, intuitive skill takes the place of scientific knowledge, and demonstrates its superiority in the genial freshness and apparent spontaneity of all his works.

He surrounds the subtlest flesh tints with the most powerful contrasts of color in draperies and backgrounds, yet always escapes erudeness, because he understands the art of producing truly harmonious relations between natural opposites.

What greater pictures than these Mr. Babcock paints, or can paint, I have no means of ascertaining, it is enough for the present that their excellence is rare and peculiar, in kind and degree; and that they form one of the most important collections now among us. They are a benefaction to the public generally, as protection against color-blindness; and it is to be hoped that they may prove to be one also to our artists, to whom they are hereby recommended as safe and reliable stimulants.

II.

OPERA IN NEW ORLEANS.—The *Picayune*, of Oct. 8, informs us what the opera-goers of that very operative city have in prospect to console them for the loss of Mme. Colson and M. Junca.

ORLEANS THEATRE.—M. Boudousquie left Southampton on the 22d ult., and has arrived at New York on the Arago, as a despatch just received here announces. He is accompanied by five of the new artists he secured in France, who are Mlle. Cordier, first singer in *opera comique*; Mlle. Lafranque, first *soprano* for grand opera; Mr. Beauce, first baritone; Mr. Vadé, stage manager, and Mme. Vadé, *dugazon*, or second light singer.

Mlle. Cordier is the young singer that the Paris Opera Comique management endeavored to secure, even by force of law, but Mr. Boudousquie has managed to outwit the manager, and the French Minister of Interior, who had given positive orders for Mlle. Cordier to break her en-

gagement with Mr. Boudousquie, and accept that of the Opera Comique.

Mr. Boudousquie's greatest trouble has been to get a good baritone. The news of poor Rauch's death reached him in France when all the leading artists had made their engagements for the year. "What is one man's evil is another man's good," and the saying proved true in this instance. The Havre theatre had closed its doors suddenly, and our manager lost no time in securing its baritone, M. Beauce. He was here over ten years ago, when quite a young man, and has since appeared in all the leading provincial theatres, and at the Opera Comique in Paris. He is described as being a good singer, and, especially, a very good singer in light and grand opera.

Of the other newly engaged artists for our French theatre, some left Havre on the ship Baden on the 6th September; the others on the Bamberg, on the 16th ult.

M. Vila, second basso, who was with Rauch, on the Pennsylvania when she blew up, also returned from France on the Arago.

We understand that Mme. Dulaurens, formerly *dugazon* at the Orleans, died at Mandeville a few days since of typhoid fever. M. Mazure, now of the dramatic company at the Orleans, is also stated to be very sick.

Mmes. Bourgeois and Paola have spent the theatrical vacation at Mandeville quite agreeably.

With four leading female singers, Mr. Boudousquie ought certainly to be able to furnish sufficient attraction at his favorite theatre this season. We trust he may do so, and with satisfactory results to himself.

Maretszek's Opera Troupe

From the New York Musical World, Oct 16.

Mr. Maretszek's season came to a close on Monday evening, when the *chef* was the recipient of a satisfactory testimonial in the shape of a crowded house. It was his benefit, and a double-barreled entertainment, beginning at two o'clock in the afternoon, and ending (we take it for granted that it did end) about midnight. New York owes a great deal to Mr. Maretszek—a great deal more than it will ever repay, we fear. No man has done so much for operatic music. He has pioneered an Art-way to the metropolis of America, and more fortunate men and managers enjoy the privilege of prancing on it. What a very fortunate thing it is that there is always some one to go first!

The management of the past season has been of a somewhat somnolent character. All the new operas that were promised at the commencement stand over *sine die*. Four weeks effort gave us "William Tell," and at the last moment the fair Linda, from the valley of Chamounix, was led up to the footlights for the purpose of being bawled at by the prompter.—We do not complain. Old operas, provided they are respectably given, are ever welcome. In a managerial point of view more bankable issues might have resulted if there had been a greater proportion of variety. It is nothing to us.—Let the dead season bury its managers and its losses.

Mr. Maretszek has rehearsed his Havana repertoire, and that is what he aimed at. The members of his company are nearly all here. A word or two of the *personnel* will not be an unbecoming way of taking leave. Madame Gassier has stood her ground well. Without extraordinary powers of any kind, she has proved that her ability is always equal to the emergency of the moment. Her best impersonations have been Amina, in the "Somnambula," and Linda, in the opera of that name. Where tenderness and graceful juvenility of style are important, she is admirable. Her fresh voice lends itself naturally to these phases. It is buoyant and jubilant; not deep and searching. Voice of any kind is heard to advantage in Verdi's music, and Madame Gassier, being a fair artist, is at least respectable. Still it is not in the works of the popular composer that she is the most enjoyable. Leonora and Violetta have been the least satisfactory of her performances. We hear that Mr. Maretszek has engaged Mad. Alaimo—a lyric artist of distinction—for the heavy modern roles. It is well—for Mad. Gassier is deficient in dramatic power. Of Signor Gassier, it is unnecessary to speak. He is always up to a high art standard, and has never failed to satisfy the audience. Decidedly, the success of the season has been won by the tenor, Signor Steffani—of whom nothing is known except that his repertoire is brief, like life, and his study long, like art. He is one of the many tenors that have been picked up by Mr.

Maretszek. In a few years he will be the master of a dozen operas, and then — fast horses and fifteen hundred dollars a month! Signor Steffani's voice is unquestionably magnificent. It is of remarkable fullness, even in the lower part where robusts generally get whispy. It runs up easily to B flat, but becomes apoplectic after that. Although Signor Steffani did bring out his C, we should be sorry to hear him do it more than once or twice a season. The note is in his voice naturally enough, but at present Signor Steffani is not sufficient of an artist to attack it in a way agreeable to the listener. He has much to learn. The most accomplished feat now within his reach is the mezzo-voice, which he uses with decided skill and effect. With the wealth of voice which Signor Steffani possesses, combined with an obvious talent for stage effect, it will be strange indeed if he does not attain the highest position. He has been heard to advantage in "Rigoletto," "William Tell," (particularly in the trio, where the fullness to which we have referred is very noticeable), "Trovatore" and (measurably) "Ernani."

Another tenor, named Sbriglia made his debut in the everlasting "Traviata." He has a small-sized, sleepy voice, not unpleasant in quality, but limited in quantity. It belongs to the *robusto* kind, but can be used in small *grazia* parts. Signor Sbriglia was mildly respectable in "Traviata," and not quite so acceptable in "Linda" — where defective phrasing exposed the imperfect artist. He is intended, we suppose, as the second tenor of the company, and as such is good enough.

In the way of basses, Mr. Maretszek may consider himself supremely blest. He has two — each of them good. Signor Gariboldi made his debut in a very unpretentious way early in the season, and beyond a kindly remark in these columns, scarcely attracted attention. Last week he was furnished with an opportunity in "Linda," and timidly availed himself of it. — Signor Gariboldi is a basso cantante of the best kind. His voice is of delicious quality, of good power, and of sufficient extent. All that it needs is use — the second nature of voices, as of everything else. Signor Gariboldi is said to be but twenty years of age. The other basso made his debut in the trying role of Silva — trying because so often and so well played in this city by Marini (who, by the way, is said to be rejuvenated), an artist not only great as a singer, but as an actor, in this part. Signor Nani (that is the name of Mr. Maretszek's basso) has a true profundo voice, and sings faithfully, persistently, and curiously out of tune. He was undoubtedly frightened, and this accounts perhaps for an occasional obliviousness of pitch, but not for numerous vocal vulgarities which might have been dispensed with. We regret exceedingly that we have had but one opportunity of hearing Signor Nani. His manly voice entitles him to much consideration, but his Silva need not consume another word.

This then is Mr. Maretszek's company, and it must be confessed it is promising enough. Youth, natural gifts, and art, are fairly blended in it and balanced. With such a company we should be content, especially when it embraces also the name of Adelaide Phillips — a contralto who combines in an extraordinary degree all the characteristics we have referred to. May Max Maretszek and his troupe have a prosperous and pleasant journey to the Antilles!

Musical Correspondence.

NEW YORK, OCT. 18. — The Strakosch Troupe is with us once more, and commenced on Saturday, a short season of three nights with Madame COLSON in *Traviata*. The house was crowded, and the prima donna received a perfect ovation. Last evening Madame DE WILTONST appeared to an immense audience, singing the role of Elvira in *Puritani*. Her success was decided. She has studied hard and improved much during her absence in Europe. She appears again in the same opera, on Thursday evening.

MAX MARETSZEK, as you have probably heard, has received an unexpected rebuff from Dame Fortune. He had engaged his troupe for Havana, and was all ready to start, when news arrived, that owing to a recent powder-explosion in Havana, the Tacon Theatre was in an unsafe state, and the city authorities had forbidden it to be occupied by Maretszek or any one else. So the valiant Max is left with his company upon his hands, and when they will get their salaries I don't know, nor do they either.

Last Saturday the North Star arrived, bringing the

famous PICCOLOMINI, who with a suite of ten persons has taken up her quarters at the Union Place Hotel, but a few steps from the Opera House. Her debut is appointed for Wednesday, when the *Traviata* will be produced with new scenery, a vastly increased chorus, and an interpolated ballet. Signor STEFFANI, will appear for the first time as Alfredo, and Signor FLORENZA, one of Ullman's new importations, as Germont. Some alterations have been made in the interior of the house, the first circle having been remodelled, the seats removed, and their places filled by two rows of private boxes with passage way between to facilitate the interchange of visits between the nets. The prices of admission during the season will be two dollars, one dollar, fifty cents and twenty-five cents.

It is said that Madame GAZZANIGA has been engaged to sing at the first concert of the Brooklyn Philharmonic Society; everybody had supposed she had gone back to Europe, but the erratic ways of musical artists who can fathom? Mr. NOLL, a good solid musician, will conduct the performances of this Society until Mr. EISFELD returns from Fayal.

TROVATORE.

PHILADELPHIA, OCT. 19. — The Ravels, whom I represented to you as tenaciously holding the Academy of music against all operative comers, have signed the terms of a capitulation to MAURICE STRAKOSCH, to take effect on or about November 1st. So we shall hear COLSON in opera, after all. The troupe cannot fail to be eminently successful, for we are languishing with *ennui* here in the Quaker City. Miss ADELAIDE PHILLIPS announces a concert at the Musical Fund Hall for to-morrow (Wednesday) evening, but fails to inform the "dear public" what, in the way of attraction, apart from her own popular little self, they are to expect. Not so with a certain R. K. Spalding, who occupies an expensive square, *per diem*, in the daily papers, for the announcement of a grand concert arranged by himself. This youth, "to fame unknown," sports the names of GUSTAV SATTER, MME. JOHANNSEN, MARIA S. BRAINERD, W. H. DENETT (primo basso), J. F. TAUNT (American tenor), and Prof. CLARE W. BEAMES (conductor); and adds the following tempting paragraph: "In order to insure a large attendance, the Manager will distribute among the audience several hundred valuable presents; elegant furs, silver tea sets, chains, bracelets, &c." Between ourselves, worthy Journal, I think that the silver ware will serve no other purpose than to tarnish the prospects of this affair. The gift enterprise has been thrust into the ground, here in our midst, if any where; people are shy and wary of aught which appertains to such like seeming generosity. A well known music house here followed this dodge upon a grand scale, sometime since, but failed to reap the golden harvest for which the seed was sown. The artists engaged for this entertainment are all favorably known to the public of this city. Why not, then, have placed them upon their accredited merits? Certes, it would have been safer for Mr. Spalding to have acquainted himself with the past history of defunct gift enterprises here, before embarking upon the present adventure.

MANRICO.

Dwight's Journal of Music.

BOSTON, OCT. 23, 1858.

MUSIC IN THIS NUMBER. Continuation of the Opera, *Lucrezia Borgia*, arranged for the piano-forte.

An Opera off the Stage.

The STRAKOSCH opera troupe, after a final dose of *Trovatore*, at the theatre, and a couple of nights at Providence, (we trust, for our

"friend's" sake, of the *Journal*, that they played the *Trovatore* there,) returned and gave us a supplementary performance of a novel and peculiar character, on Thursday evening (last week) in the Music Hall. It was a variation from the "Trovatore" fashion of the day, a sort of lenten entertainment, which the manager perhaps thought might be wholesome for us after such rich surfeit, — in the shape of the "greatest musical masterwork ever composed," Mozart's immortal *Don Giovanni*, but *Don Giovanni* without scenery costume, or action, presented, or disfigured in the manner that we usually do oratorios. "All on a row" in the front of the stage sat the principal singers, the men in suits of solemn black, with white cravats, the gallant Don himself looking the soberest and meekest of the number, and the roguish Leporello (SIG. JUNCA) like a burly Methodist camp meeting parson. Behind them was a picked up apology for an orchestra, the usual handful of Italian chorus, and a plentiful sprinkling of Handel and Haydn Society singers, gathered in for the sole end of shouting the dozen bars or so of the peasants' "Liberty" chorus. Mr. Strakosch conducted in person.

Now the idea in itself of giving simply the *music* of a famous opera, where the music is intrinsically so full of charm as that of *Don Giovanni*, was not necessarily by any means a bad one. There is music enough in that masterwork which one may be thankful to get in any decent shape, whether in extracts or entire, provided the essential features of the music are preserved. Can we not enjoy a song from it in a parlor or a concert; a quartet or trio, sung or even through a representative arrangement for an orchestra, as we have sometimes been treated to whole scenes of it? And for our own part, have we forgotten, shall we ever forget, how for years we owed all our knowledge, all our love of the *Don Giovanni* music to a mere piano-forte arrangement, now torn and shabby, which we cherish out of grateful memory of the many sweet, delicious hours we have spent over it, getting possessed, as it were, with the soul, the essence of the music long beforehand against the time when we should hear and see the glories of the opera revealed in full upon the stage. Is it not pleasant, even after our best memories of Gris's Donna Anna and of Bosio's Zerlina, and the splendid ensemble, to recall parts or the whole of it through voice and instrument at home? Much more, then, should it be a real feast for the imagination to hear *all* the music sung by fine Italian voices, skilled and passionate, with a complete orchestra to render all those exquisite harmonies which it was feast enough in itself to listen to with closed eyes when things upon the stage went badly? For the worst performance of this opera was always in a great degree redeemed by a good orchestra, so much of the charm of the whole thing resides intrinsically in the music. We confess we should be very glad in the same way to make acquaintance with the musical essentials of many other noble operas, by Mozart, Gluck and others, which there seems little prospect of our ever witnessing as lyric dramas on the stage. Can we not learn and enjoy much of Shakespeare's plays by reading them alone, or in social circles with a distribution of the characters, or by hearing them read by good interpreters like Mrs. Kemble, quite as well, and even better than by seeing them as often murdered in the theatre? And why is not the same thing practicable in regard to the good

operas? Let us at least learn to know and love their music, the real vital and imaginative part of them, which is the composer's work, if we cannot command an adequate stage representation.

Now this is what the shrewd, ingenious Strakosch promised us. He had conceived a bright idea; he would open a new path, a new field for managerial enterprise, a new source of profit by ministering to just this want, by gratifying the public curiosity to know about famous lyric works in a much more economical way than that of theatres. So we were promised by the flaming hand-bills that we should hear, for the first time in this country, the *entire* music of Mozart's master opera, with the best Italian artists to sing the music of the several characters, with a complete and perfect orchestra, a grand chorus, with everything essential to the music, only divested of dramatic show, that thus we might enjoy the music in its purity:—an opportunity which it was supposed would be peculiarly welcome to those whose squeamish consciences forbade their entering a play-house. The promise was good. But the fulfilment! Instead of *Don Giovanni* entire, we never knew a work of Art so murderously cut up. Not only were there the usual omissions of such fine airs as *Non mi dir*, &c., but much beside was left out which every opera troupe has given us, and the whole thing was cut short in the most senseless and inglorious manner in the very middle of the sublime retribution scene of the finale. The orchestra, as we have said, was thin and small and miserable, some instruments entirely wanting. The characters for the most part were filled by quite incompetent persons. The conducting was incompetent; whole movements being taken in the absurdest tempo; and generally the whole thing was slurred and scrambled through with in the easiest and cheapest manner. It was but new proof of the intrinsic power and beauty of Mozart's music that much of it was highly relished in spite of such maltreatment.

The orchestra failing, the principal interest of course centred in the solo singers, Mme. COLSON's bird-like voice and fervent grace and *finesse* of execution in the Zerlina songs, and the Zerlina music generally, formed the most redeeming feature, yet even this was far from faultless; the charming little prima donna was less at home than we had hoped in music of this kind. She marred the exquisite simplicity of *Batti, batti*, and *Vedrai carino* by far-fetched cadenzas from a wholly different sphere of music—those commonplace of the operatic foot-lights by which singers invite you to forget the composer, the character, the music, and to admire *them*. Then again there was an excess of that *tremolo*, which Mme. Colson surely does not need to lend expression to her native simple charm of voice. Yet she did sing charmingly and was obliged to repeat both airs. Mlle. PARODI had the large and telling voice and the declamatory energy, but hardly the refinement for the noble and impassioned recitative of Donna Anna. In the great song, *Or tu sai*, where she relates the outrage to her lover, there was more of fierceness than of soul's passion in her outbursts, and the loud tones became unmusical with a tigress-like ferocity, to say nothing of overstrained, false intonation. Mme. STRAKOSCH, as Donna Elvira, sung almost always sharp, which strikes an east-wind chill through any music.

The gentleman who took the part of Don Giovanni himself sang coldly and mechanically, and

was scarcely heard at all in the concerted or loudly accompanied passages, so that it was really Hamlet with the part of Hamlet left out. Leporello (Sig. JUNCA) was much better; at home in his music and effective throughout. Sig. AMODIO did the best he could with the part of Masetto; and Sig. LABOGETTA, who we understand has been a very superior tenor, and has had experience in German theatres, showed that he knew the music of Ottavio well, and sang it without notes; voice was wanting, more than feeling and conception.

On the whole the audience who two thirds filled the Music Hall, rose from their seats glad that the murderous work was over. The general severity of criticism on the performance, however, proved how deeply the *Don Giovanni* music is understood and loved by the great mass of our musical public. The thing needs only to be well done to become acceptable.

A Clap-Trap Festival.

About the most extensive piece of impudence that we have seen for some time in this land of musical clap-trap and humbug, is a pamphlet of thirty mortal pages, containing the order of arrangements, programmes, list of performers and grand getters-up, humbug "Professors," "Judges," bogus "Honoraries," &c., &c., of what purports to be: "*The People's Grand Premium Festival of Vocal and Instrumental Music, to be celebrated by 300 performers from the three counties, Tompkins, Seneca, and Schuyler, of New York, conducted by Prof. J. H. HINTERMISTER, in Six Magnificent Concerts and three Practical Musical Lectures, Oct. 26, 27 and 28. Important Business Meetings, Prizes, pertinent Addresses and a Splendid Dinner in a Colossean Temporary Concert Hall, of brilliant decorations, capable of seating Thousands, entirely water-tight, &c., &c.*" All this is to come off at Godwin's Ferry (North Hector Landing), Seneca Lake. Then follows a whole page of names of the "Board of Conductors"; the "Board of Judges," to award the prizes, consisting of three "Profs." at the head of whom is one Covert (the associate of Ossian Dodge?). Then a "Board of Honorary Members" in which they have had the impudence to insert without authority what names they pleased, as for instance, the editor of this Journal, coolly sandwiched in between a couple of distinguished psalm-book makers! Then a list of premiums for all sorts of original productions, from a sacred chorus to a comic song or polka. Then a grand muster-roll of all the vocal train-bands, naming every member ("Orpheus Club," "Havana Choir," "Covert Choir," "Watkins Quartette," &c., &c.) Then the programmes of the "magnificent" concerts, where we have Handel's "Hallelujah" and "I know that my Redeemer" in immediate alternation with "American Ladies' Quickstep," "Mormon Quickstep," "Sensitive Coon," and other wonderful productions of our native composers and professors. And, finally, for the last Concert the following grandiloquent announcement:

William Tell, The Liberator of Switzerland.

A GRAND NATIONAL DRAMA OF MUSIC,

Written and arranged for this occasion, by Prof. J. H. Hintermister.

NOTICE.

In this National Drama we design to bring before the public mind in graphic style, vivid coloring and impressive musical language, the most tragic and thrilling historical scenes of a

country and people, whose heroic struggles for Liberty and final victory over ambitious and cruel usurpers, encircled its name with a halo of glory; and indeed such a representation can hardly fail to receive an enthusiastic welcome from our American citizens, as it depicts to a great extent their own history, their own woes, oppression and convulsive but successful effort to burst a foreign goading yoke. Yes, these will find in our modest, deliberate, courageous, undaunting, self-sacrificing and pure-minded William Tell, their own dear, ever dear, George Washington; and in the ever commendable nightly council at Gruetli, in torch-light haze, a striking simile to their famous Declaration of Independence; and, finally the adoption of the ancient Swiss costumes by the performers in this drama, is expected to give the whole an appearance at once novel, animating and characteristic.

This is followed by a synopsis of the Drama, which Mr. Punch himself would find it hard to caricature, it would be like gilding refined gold. Truly this is melancholy business; it tells a sad tale of musical barbarism, that there can be interest enough in any part of our country to warrant even the printing of so expensive a programme of vulgarity and nonsense.

Diary Abroad.

Monday, Aug. 23d, noon.—A broad expanse of water, but no longer limitless to sight, save to the North. The anchor goes down with a heavy plunge and the loud rattling of the chain cable. A bark lies on our left, one of the fine new Bremen steamships—the Hudson—on our right. Across the still, level water to the west is the green line of the embankment, which says "thus far and no farther" to the stream and the tides, beyond which, far as telescope can reach, nothing rises above the horizon level but the tops of houses, church spires, and trees. In the other direction is a green open space—how long? a mile?—with a row or two of trees, and at the southern extremity, a large round battery belonging to Hanover. This is within hailing distance, and behind it lie the docks of Bremerhaven. A line of masts, rows of houses and other buildings beyond—and that is all there is to see, save the low, level meadows and plains extending away into the blue distance.

The boat is lowered, but only to carry our grief-stricken sister-passenger to friends, where she may find sympathy and love, and whence she may start upon that sad journey across these heathy plains to the old home—but the father is in the churchyard, and his bees, whom he so cared for and petted, sip honey from the flowers of his grave.

The adieu spoken to her, as she leaves us, by passenger, seaman and servant boy alike are spoken softly, and as the boat pushes off all look down for a few moments silently. We have been together more than six weeks—and we all feel the shadow of her great sorrow. Few of us will ever see or hear from her again. At 3 1-2 P. M., the small steamboat for Bremen comes along side, and we with bag and baggage are now transferred from our good Athena's deck to that of the boat. Good bye, noble ship! good bye all that is American—the first glance around makes me feel at home in Germany once more. A curious feeling that—that of being as much at home here, as if I were on the Bay State leaving New York for Boston. "John" feels himself in a strange land, and we, old acquaintances,—our fraulein Governess, and the man of the "hübsche Gegend", and the boys,—we all feel drawn together, by a sort of family tie, now that we are surrounded by a hundred strange faces. The girl who, after eight or ten years of absence, has come over with us, as a sort of assistant to the steward, has found an old acquaintance, and cries heartily to learn that her sister is in Bremerhaven—and she knew it not. Our Captain is shaking hands all round—everybody of the better class of passengers knows Schilling.

We move rather slowly against stream and tide, but in process of time the broad Weser is confined within embankments, here and there broken by passages defended by strong water gates, which lead into the small towns and villages, the roofs of which appear beyond the dykes. It is already dark,

when we reach Bremen. There is little bustle and confusion at the landing place. We have had to point out our baggage to a licensed porter, then go ashore, enter the first unoccupied carriage, and so, through the still, quiet streets, whose tall gabled houses seem to look down a welcome, we ride to the "Stadt Frankfort", and by ten o'clock, are looking down from our windows upon the deserted Square.

Early next morning we were awaked by music. It was a noble German choral, splendidly harmonized, and played by a full band. How deliciously sweet the tones of the reed instruments which formed the bulk of the band—oboes, flutes, clarinets, bassoons—came up to us through our open window! After the choral, followed a selection of pieces in various styles, and at the close was Mendelssohn's 'Wedding march.' It was a pleasant thing thus to be welcomed upon our first morning to Germany. Upon enquiry, we learned that the commander of Bremen's little squadron of soldiers had rooms in the hotel, and the band had thus unexpectedly celebrated the fourteenth anniversary of his wedding day.

Like large buildings generally in Germany, our Hotel is built around three sides of a square, the fourth side being filled by a high wall, by a range of buildings, or by the side of the next edifice, as the case may be; and this square, or small court is very often cultivated as a garden, with vines, shrubs, flowers, a few trees and arbors. In the court of our hotel, thus cultivated, the band played. How large the number of members I do not know, but judge from the effect as compared with the effect produced by our large bands here in Berlin, that it was about thirty strong. I am not aware that the Bremen band is at all noted for excellence, and yet how exceedingly precise, in what perfect time, and in all respects how beautiful its performance was, even when thus heard early in the morning, when the ear is rested and doubly critical, and when no noise in house or street disturbed the flow of the music, I have no words to describe. Music is the business of these men. They are selected from an immense number of candidates. They practise daily. They are supported by the State. Is it any wonder then that such a band, almost every man of which might appear in Boston as a soloist, should so surpass anything that we can show except possibly in some half a dozen cases? It was an old story to me, who have spent so much time in Europe, but upon John it worked like magic. It was his first hearing of an European band. Could our blowers of bastard brass instruments—made of German silver, or something worse, only once hear such a band, with its pathetic oboes, its soft flutes, its shrill piccolos, its manly clarinets and its deep-toned bassoons, a new light would shine into their minds.

Musical Chat-Chat.

Mme CORA DE WILHORST, the New York prima donna, made her first appearance since her return from Europe, under Mr. Strakosch's auspices, at Burton's Theatre, on Monday night. The opera was *I Puritani*. Fry, of the *Tribune*, says of her:

The part of Elvira demands a capital singer, which Mad. de Wilhorst proved herself to be. In regard to method, style—school, in a word—she ranks with the great Italian artists. In voice she is wanting in some qualities. But, so far as nature permits her, she does the best. Her execution is clear and brilliant; her phrasing excellent; her declamatory points, especially towards the close of the strophe, are admirably intelligent. It shows great mobility of mind and of voice to display the rare penetration of the Italian school of singing which this lady exhibits. She is the first soprano from this city on the Italian stage who can rank in artistic ability with the natives of the singing country. There are greater voices in volume, and more comprehensive in sympathies, but in skill she takes a prime rank.

The announcements of the rival opera managers in New York this week are magnificent specimens;

they would bear away the prize among monster products at an agricultural fair. ULLMAN puts PICCOLINI in the foreground as central figure; her debut to be in *La Traviata*, at the Academy, on Wednesday (last) evening. The cast comprised also Sig. STEFFANI, Sig. FLORENZA (first appearance in America), "the grand and imposing chorus of one hundred singers, including sixty pupils of the gratuitous Singing School of the Academy, which has been established three months and has met with the most encouraging success," &c., &c.; "the Grand Orchestra, the largest and most perfect ever united for an operatic performance," numbering upward of sixty "Professors," under the direction of Signor MUZZO (his first appearance). Then, for the ball scene, the incomparable danseuse, Senorita SOTO, with a "corps de ballet of twenty young ladies; the mise en scene on a grand scale, &c., &c. Per contra, Mr. STRAKOSCH, in announcing his DE WILHORST, indulges in some broad and statesmanlike suggestions. He "would point out to the public that experience has proved that this country is equal to any emergency," (Mr. S. should be the next K. N. candidate for the Presidency), "whether in science or the mechanic arts; and now it is to be seen (he says) whether we cannot cultivate OUR OWN PRIMA DONNA." See, too, how manfully the manager stands up for the exercise of a "divine right:"

Mr. Strakosch reluctantly refers to the recent publications, in which his late Opera season has been referred to as a species of senseless opposition. It is not the intention of Mr. Strakosch to "oppose" any one; he simply competes. He has had the honor to give a series of performances which had a brilliant success. He believes that it will be the opinion of all who are qualified to judge, that he has the best artists, and, generally the best ensemble. Further, he does not recognize the principle that as an American citizen he is not entitled to pursue the business to which he has devoted his life, without interruption from any quarter. Certainly the divine right to perform Italian Opera does not rest in the hands of any single person or clique of persons. Mr. Strakosch claims simply that he has a right to give the Opera, and the public has an equal right to come or to stay away. Since they have chosen the former alternative, Mr. Strakosch considers that his course has been endorsed by them. The applause bestowed upon MADAME COLSON, who has been pronounced one of the BEST ARTISTS OF THE AGE, &c., &c.

ADELAIDE PHILLIPS announces a concert in Philadelphia this week. The *Bulletin* says, with justice:—She is "the finest of all our American vocalists; a faithful, conscientious, correct and most deserving artist, with fine natural gifts, and a most worthy ambition to improve them." . . . Mr. SATER, the pianist, is announced as the prime attraction at a concert in Philadelphia—that is to say next to the attraction of "several hundred valuable presents" which the manager (Mr. R. Spalding) will give to the audience "to insure a full house." And these gifts are to derive still further lustre from the singing of Mme. JOHANSEN, Miss BRAINERD, and other popular artists.

The subscription to Mr. ZERBAHN's series of "Philharmonic (Orchestral) Concerts," has taken a good start, and there is a good prospect that we shall have some fine Symphonies and Overtures this winter, rendered as well as they can be by the most select and best drilled orchestra of fifty musicians that can be got together in Boston. We shall trust to Mr. Zerbahn's tact and taste, too, for good selections of lighter music. But to make all sure at once, so that rehearsals may commence in season and go on in earnest, let no lover of such music who has not already subscribed hesitate to put down his name at once. . . . The HANDEL AND HAYDN SOCIETY, under the energetic impulse of their new President, Mr. THOMAS E. CHICKERING, and with ZERBAHN of course for conductor, have commenced their winter's rehearsals with "Handel's Israel in Egypt," which glorious work, half mastered by the Society last winter and then dropped to make room for other work in connection with Herr Formes, &c., will we trust be brought out without fail before the season closes; and the more times the better, for those mighty choruses will lose no charm by any amount of repetition. . . . We do not hear of any

meetings of the Mendelssohn Choral, or of the Musical Education Society; yet we wonder that those who have the gift to enable them take part in such choral bodies should not meet to practise noble Oratorios, Cantatas, Masses, &c., for the pure love of it, and for the benefit it must be to their own musical and intellectual culture, even if they have no encouragement to embark in public concert enterprises. . . . The German "ORPHEUS GLEE CLUB" continue as usual their meetings on two evenings of each week, for the social practice of part-songs, under the direction of Herr KREISSMANN; but they seem indisposed to give us another series of those delightful concerts during the coming winter. We trust, however, that they will yet think better of it; for they who can do so much for the cause of Art and refined enjoyment, really owe a public debt in the matter, at least so long as the public answers their appeals as promptly as it has done heretofore.

Mr. WILLIAM SAAR, a young pianist of New York, arrived there last week in the *Hammonia*, after an absence of four years spent in Germany, during which period he has pursued his musical studies with great perseverance under Moscheles, Kullak, Liszt, Hauptmann, the late Professor Dehn, of the Berlin Royal Library, and others. We understand that he will soon come out in public with several new compositions of his own, when we trust he will show that he deserves the support of the musical world.

Of the composition of Ullman's new opera troupe we learn as follows from the New York *Atlas*:

Madlle. Poinot, a French singer, from the Paris grand opera, Madame Laborde (who by the way is not equal to Lagrange or Bosio) Madlle. Johanna Wagner, of German and London notoriety, (and no doubt an artist of merit in certain roles), and Madlle. Ghioni, mezzo-soprano, from London, figure among the other *dommas*, both first and second. Tamaro, Lorini and Belart, (tenors), Florenza and Aldighieri, (baritones) and Karl Formes (basso) complete the vocal troupe, while Soto (who looks as charming as ever) with some twenty auxiliaries, represents the "light fantastic" department. Karl Anschutz and a Signor Muzio, are to superintend the orchestration.

A moody correspondent of the New York *Courier & Enquirer* makes fun of the learning and originality displayed in musical criticisms in the Boston papers. The satire is perhaps true enough, but not more so of newspaper critics in Boston than of those in New York, Philadelphia, and, in fact, all the cities, great and small. This is the way he talks:

But the Boston local journals shine with the most peculiar lustre in the departments of musical and theatrical criticism. Here they form a School independent of all other schools, (even of English grammar often;) they have invented new terminologies, in which not only new words are employed, but old ones with new meanings, known only (if known at all) to the disciples, until it is often difficult to find out what they mean (when they mean anything). For example, there is the word "register"—when you see that word in some of the Boston papers, you may be sure that the musical season has opened. That is what it means, as nearly as can be made out. Many brought some registers with him when he came there, and now the singers all have them. In a paper—a sound Republican paper—which came last night, it is stated that at a recent concert,

"The Germania Band played with their usual beauty and splendor. Mr. C. R. Adams sang quite nicely two common-place ballads. Mr. Adams has a voice excellently suited to a smaller hall, where nice phrasing and exquisite modulation of the various registers may be felt."

The registers here spoken of would seem to belong to the hall; probably some were shut and others opened by the singer till he got them adjusted, or in other words "fixed right," which seems here to be the meaning of modulated. Or else, "modulation of the various registers" may mean *apparation* of the vocal organs: *Bottom* we remember, in the play, could so aggravate his voice that he could roar like a nightingale. The sentence is a fine example of the Boston school in its use of common scientific words in an *esoteric* or private sense, intelligible only to the

initiated. The general or *exoteric* meaning of the word "modulation," as used in music, may be found in a work by Dr. MARX of Berlin, on Composition. In that work is an admirable chapter headed thus: "On Opening New Roads;" a department which has been cultivated in this country with considerable success, and which might be recommended in its broadest sense to the musical critics here spoken of—if it were not for a French saying about a candle.

LONGFELLOW's poem, "Hiawatha," has been set to music by EMILE KARST, of St. Louis, and was lately sung at the hall of the Mercantile Library Association, in that city, by a troupe comprising a leading soprano, contralto, tenor, and baritone. The accompaniment was in part orchestral and in part upon the piano.

Music Abroad.

Paris.

M. Gounod's new opera, *Le Médecin malgré lui*, founded on Molière's comedy, has been performed at the Théâtre Lyrique. Chorley, of the London *Athenæum*, "assisted," and reports as follows:

Mention was made in the *Athenæum* a few months ago of the pianoforte score of M. Gounod's music to Molière's "Médecin malgré lui." That publication in no respect suggests an idea of the effect of the opera on the stage. We heard it, the other evening, at the *Théâtre Lyrique* with an amount of pleasure hard to overstate. It was then heard, too, under the difficulties of a temperature as oppressively torrid as if the heat had broken out to fulfil the much-talked-of prophecy of Lord Rosse. No matter what the thermometer told,—no matter how many times *Sganarelle* had beaten *Martine*, and caressed his bottle, and *Léandre* had sung his serenade,—no matter that "Le Médecin began late in the evening (after 'Les Nuits d'Espagne,' by M. Semet, a young French composer, in his less sterling style, deserving attention),—had the above drawbacks been double, M. Gounod's opera must have asserted itself as a masterpiece, to be ranged among the French musical dramas, which have travelled, and will travel, over Europe. Molière's comedy turns out excellent as the canvas for the composer, who has made of *Sganarelle* one of those brilliant *buffo* parts into which every new Labache or Ronconi that may attempt it will be able to put some new "pastime and prodigality" of his own. The principal *soprani*, *Martine* and *Jacqueline*, it is true, are both *soubrettes*: and there is no part in which a *prima donna* may make up for her dramatic humor by solitary display; but the occupation of *Léandre* is precisely such as loving tenors love: his two songs are delicious. Still "Le Médecin" is a French opera, one in which (as in Gluck's operas, Cherubini's "Les Deux Journées," and—by way of latest example—M. Meyerbeer's) the separate pieces, detached and deprived of action, lose flavor and interest. Then, to illustrate with another comparison, unlike M. Auber, M. Gounod cares nothing for the conventions of execution. There is not a note of show-music from beginning to end,—not a bar which time and change can make sound older than it now sounds,—not a single piece in which we have to forgive untruth for the sake of effect. It is vigorous, humorous, pure stage-music, having a way of its own, if ever there were such a thing. The instrumental writing, by its dexterity, its variety, its fullness, yet its simplicity, will satisfy those who (justifiably enough, as times go) complain of noise everywhere,—and who cannot abide *Pyramus* and *Thisbe* making sentimental love with three trombones to back them, or *Lisette* or *Maid Marian* ushered on the stage with a thump of the big drum. Lastly, there is a retrospective tone throughout, an indication of the stately debonair humor of the times of *Le Grand Monarque*, thoroughly in keeping, but never forced into extravagance. To sum up, "Le Médecin" is an admirable specimen of well-managed mirth in music,—owing nothing to stage-apointments, for the dresses and scenery are simple and not showy,—a little to its exponents, since the intelligent persons who act and sing it (and who have learned their duties thoroughly) are still merely the second best members of the troop at the *Théâtre Lyrique*. M. Mailliet, however, the *Sganarelle*, must be excepted. It would be hard to amend the mixture of stolidity, liveliness, and cunning thrown by him into every action and gesture. He sings the music, too, very efficiently. It is not wonderful that, after such encouragement as such a success affords, the coming "Faust," which (as has been mentioned) is in rehearsal, should be expected with great interest.

The Italian Opera opens with *La Traviata* on the 2nd of October. Madame Penco is the *prima donna*. The theatre has been newly decorated at a great cost. M. Calzado, the manager, is reported to have lost 300,000*f.* during his first season, and 100,000*f.* the second, whilst his third season was rewarded with again.

Tamberlik, Madame Bosio, M. Calzolari, and Mesdames Medori and Spezia have left Paris this week en route for St. Petersburg and Madrid. Madame Steffanoni has likewise just left for Barcelona, and M. Carrion for Spain.

At the Opéra Comique Auber's opera, *La part du Diable*, has been revived with considerable success, with the universal favorite, Madame Cabel.

"FUDGING" AN OPERA.—An Italian composer, named Berrettoni, brought an action before the Paris Tribunal of Commerce against M. Calzado, director of the Italian Theatre, under these circumstances:—He stated that in September, 1857, they signed an agreement to the effect that he, Berrettoni, should, in a fortnight, remit to M. Calzado an opera made up of morceaux taken from the various works of Rossini, entitled the "Curioso Accidente," with a libretto, and that Calzado should pay him 800*f.* on delivery and 500*f.* the day after the first performance. The opera was duly delivered, and 800*f.* paid. It was put in rehearsal, but never produced; and the plaintiff had consequently not received the remuneration to which he was entitled, and besides had been prevented from having the opera represented in foreign and provincial theatres. He therefore claimed 10,000*f.* damages, and that M. Calzado should be made to bring out the opera before the 1st of December next, under pain of 200*f.* fine for each day's delay. In support of his action he produced a certificate from Rossini that the opera in question was, with the exception of one cavatina, by him. M. Calzado contended that he incurred no liability to plaintiff, inasmuch as no period had been fixed for the production of the opera, and he prayed that the agreement should be declared null and void. The tribunal decided that there was no reason for declaring the agreement void; but that, no period having been fixed for the production of the opera, the plaintiff was not entitled to damages. It nevertheless ordered that the opera should be brought out by Calzado before the 31st of December, 1858.—*Mus. Gazette.*

MILAN.—At the Scala, they are playing the *Due Foscari*, where Corsi is much applauded.

ST. PETERSBURGH.—The following is a list of the company of the Italian Opera for the forthcoming season:—sopranos—Mesdames Bosio, Lotti della Santa, Bernardi, and Dottini; tenors—Sigs. Tamberlik, Mongini, Calzolari, and Alessandro Bettini; baritones—Signors Ronconi, Debassini and Everardi; *bassi profondi*—Signors Marini and Polonini. Madame Ferraris will be *premiere danseuse*. Among the new operas to be produced are mentioned *La Juive*, by M. Halévy, and *Simon Boccanegra* by Signor Verdi.

CONLENTZ.—A second musical festival will take place at Coblenz, on the 9th and 10th of October, to celebrate the fiftieth anniversary of the Musical Institute, founded in 1808, and supported by the state. It was formerly under the direction of Herr Auschütz, but is now under that of Herr Lenz. Handel's *Samson* is the work selected for the first day. The chorus will contain 290 persons from Coblenz alone, and this number will be increased to 250, by amateurs in the surrounding places, especially Neuwied. The orchestra will consist of 130 instrumentalists. *Samson* will be preceded by Beethoven's symphony in C minor. The following is the programme of the second concert, on Sunday, the 10th October:—Part I.—1. Symphony No. 4, in D minor, by Robert Schumann; 2. Tenor air (not yet definitely selected); 3. Scene from the third act of Gluck's *Orpheus* (Madlle. Schreck, from Bonn); 4. *Gesangs-scene* for the violin, by L. Spohr (Herr Otto Von Königslow, from Cologne); 5. Second finale from *Don Juan*, with the concluding movements. Part II.—6. Four songs, by the Kölner Männergesang-Verein; 8. The overture to *Euryanthe*, by C. M. von Weber; 8. Tenor air (still undecided); 9. Bass air from the *Creation*; and 10. Mendelssohn's finale to *Loreley*.

The solo singers already engaged are Madlle. Shreck, named above, for the alto parts; Madlle. Augusta Brecken, for the soprano parts; Herr Ernst Koch, of Cologne, for the tenor part in *Samson*; and Herr Carl Hill, from Frankfort-on-the-Maine, as bass. Madlle. Derrtz, of Cologne, was also requested to lend her services, but was unable to do so in consequence of previous engagements. The assistance, likewise, of a former member of the Institution, now one of the finest tenors in Germany, is expected.

Special Notices.

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MUSIC BY MAIL.—Quantities of Music are now sent by mail, the expense being only about one cent apiece, while the care and rapidity of transportation are remarkable. Those at a great distance will find the mode of conveyance not only a convenience, but a saving of expense in obtaining supplies. Books can also be sent by mail, at the rate of one cent per ounce. This applies to any distance under three thousand miles; beyond that, double the above rates.

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Welcome be thou light of heaven. Mendelssohn. 30

One of the finest of Mendelssohn's Two-Part Songs, appearing here for the first time with an English Version. It is needless to say anything in praise of it. Mendelssohn's Duets for Ladies' voices stand at the head of this class of musical literature.

Melancholy. (La Malinconia.) Rom. Campana. 25

A Boudoir Song of modern Italy, flowing smoothly and melodiously, without any of those highly-colored dramatic passages, with which late Italian composers like to spice their songs. The melody moves in an excellent compass for almost every voice.

Rose of the morn. Song. Frank Mori. 25

This is a capital song for a baritone voice. It is one of the best pieces on the repertoire of this rising English singer and composer.

Sailing on the summer Sea. Ballad. Cherry. 25

Come with me to Fairy Land. " 35

Cherry's fresh and pleasing strains are always welcome. It were strange, if so much prettiness should not meet with universal favor! There is no shadow of the sentimental in Cherry's ballads, they are bright, sunny, and refreshing. Let any one doubt this, after having heard the last of the two above named ballads.

Kiss me and call me your own. L. O. Emerson. 25

Words and music of a very popular character.

The Little Savoyards. Duet. (German and English words.) Lagoanire. 25

A touching appeal of two little strayed Savoyard boys, to be sheltered while the dreadful snow-storm rages, in which they come near perishing, with their queer instruments, and the small stock of "latest Ballads" which they bring back from Paris to their mountain home. It is a very effective composition, pretty done; especially the part in a minor key, with a remote resemblance to the quaint monotonousness of Savoyard lays, is quite charming.

Instrumental Music.

Snow Polka. E. Szechenyi. 25

Louise Polka. W. C. Glynn. 25

Cheer Boys, cheer. Quickstep. " 25

Light and pretty.

Practical Five-Finger Exercises; Op. 802. Czerny. 75

Czerny himself styles this work of his an "indispensable Companion to every Pianoforte School." Finger Exercises occupy a highly important place in modern instruction, and there are a number of compilations in the market, which offer to supply the want of a suitable book for the scholar, to guide himself by. Some of these, like Schmitt's "Pianist's best Companion" are very meritorious. Czerny, in his Collection, had the advantage of a vast experience in Teaching, and of a most excellent system of Instruction, which places his book above all others of the same kind.

Books.

BOCHSA'S INSTRUCTIONS FOR THE HARP.—A new and Improved Method of Instruction, in which the Principles of Fingering and the various means of attaining finished Execution on that instrument, are clearly explained and illustrated by numerous Examples and Exercises Composed and Fingered by M. Chas. Bochsa. 250

The plan of this method is entirely new, the author having brought the common harp and the Harp with double movement into a comparative point of view, and united all their relations—constantly treating the latter as a sequel to the former, and clearly proving that whoever understands the one will in a short time be perfectly acquainted with the other. The general principles of fingering, unfortunately omitted in some instruction books or treated of in a light manner, are in this work completely developed and illustrated by numerous examples. The various means of attaining expression, are also minutely explained and exemplified.

Dwight's Journal of Music.

WHOLE No. 343.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 30, 1858.

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For Dwight's Journal of Music.

The Legend of the Cross of St. Francis.

BY TROVATOR.

[The famed Monastery of St. Francis of Assisi is in the Papal States not far from Perugia. St. Francis was accustomed to pray before a crucifix in a rude cell upon the side of the mountain near the convent, and after his death, this cell became a hallowed shrine to the devout Catholics. A traditional legend relates that the cross was once removed to the splendid Gothic church of the convent, but was taken back at night to its original resting place by the angels, while the monks were asleep. Upon this legend the following ballad has been constructed.]

On the side of the mountain bare there stands
An humble and lonely cell,
Where, sweetly mellowed by distance, you hear
The soft tone of the convent bell.

The cell is scooped from the solid rock,
And the floor is damp and cold;
A crucifix stands at the farther end
As it did in the days of old;

In the days of old, when that holy saint
Would come from the convent fair,
To kneel and pray by the holy cross
That stands in the cell so bare.

St. Francis had long since left this world,
But his name was cherished still;
And from far and wide the pilgrims would flock
To the Convent upon the Hill.

They came from Arno's gentle vale,
They came from the banks of the Po,
They came from Rome, where the rushing waves
Of the golden Tiber flow;

They poured from the sunny hills of France,
From the distant Briton isle;
To the shrine of St. Francis they joyfully toiled
O'er many a weary mile;

And they hastened to visit the lonely cell,
To pray on the hallowed spot,
To kneel at the foot of the self-same cross
That still stands in St. Francis' grot.

Then there came to the convent a Cardinal,
He was sent by the Pope of Rome;
And he hastened to visit St. Francis' cell
And to pray 'neath its humble dome.

But when he returned to the convent fair,
He called all the brethren around,
And he said it was wrong that St. Francis' cross
Should remain 'neath the damp cold ground.

"It is not meet," said the Cardinal,
"That beneath that humble cell
We should leave to moulder the holy cross
Of the saint that we loved so well.

"Let us place the cross on our high altar,
Where, beneath the Gothic nave,
It will find a fitter resting place
Than within that lonely cave."

And they placed the cross on the High Altar,
All with holy pomp and state,
And the censers were swung and the convent bells
rung,
While the people around did wait.

And they placed the cross on the High Altar,
And the monks they chanted a hymn,

While the organ rolled from its pipes of gold
Fit music for cherubim.

And they placed the cross on the High Altar,
And they said a holy mass,
While the worshipping crowd responded aloud
Till trembled the painted glass.

And they placed the cross on the High Altar,
And with care they made it fast,
And they said it should stay, where they placed it
that day,
As long as the church should last.

Then night came down on the convent and town,
And each monk retired to rest,
First saying a prayer with holiest care,
To the saint that he loved the best.

* * * * *
But what means that glare that now reddens the air,
And that comes from the church so old?
And what is that light that is streaming so bright,
Through the windows of gothic mould?

And what is that sound that is floating around,
Yet scarce heard by listening ears?
Its heavenly tone bears resemblance alone
To the harmony of the spheres!

That light so bright, on that blessed night,
Through the gothic windows that shone,
Is the play of a ray of that endless day
That encircles the Great White Throne.

And that music so sweet, that our senses greet,
As though it were Heaven that sings—
That music so rare that we hear in the air,
Is the rustling of angel wings.

On either side are flung open wide
The doors, late so firmly barred,
While angels of light, in their robes of white,
Before them are keeping guard.

But why this sight, on the dark midnight?
And why are the angels here?
And why at this hour do they show their power,
In the church so lonely and drear?

They have taken the cross from the High Altar,
Through the open door they have passed,
They have borne the cross to St. Francis' cell,
To the spot that he loved till the last.

Then the cell shone as day with a heavenly ray,
Like the glorious light that poured
When the angels, they say, rolled the stone away
From the sepulchre of our Lord.

They have taken the cross from the High Altar,
They have placed it once more in the cave,
And never again shall St. Francis' cross
Be seen 'neath a Gothic nave.

* * * * *
When morning came with its ruddy flame,
The monks they did hie to the church,
And they saw the loss of St. Francis' cross,
And they quickly made anxious search.

And they searched with fear and with inward pain,
And they found it once more in the cave,
But when they returned to the convent again
Their features were troubled and grave.

And then unto all spake the Cardinal:
"Most grievously have we erred,

And this miracle has been done, that well
We may bless our mighty Lord—

"For it teaches us that he hears our cry
As well 'neath the humble cave,
As when we kneel by the columns high
That support the fretted nave.

"We may make our prayer on the mountain bare,
Or beneath the frescoed dome,
Yet still by our side our Lord will abide—
Every place is to Him a home.

"While we worship here, we need feel no fear,
And none while we worship there,
For wherever we go we may truly know,
That our Father is everywhere."
Perugia, Italy, April, 1858.

The Diarist Abroad. No. 4.

OCT. 26.—In Wolfenbüttel. Yesterday we came from Bremen. At a station where I turned off to pay a visit to Minden friends, we parted from the last of our Athena associates our Fräulein Governess. It was her last connection with America, where she had had so much of both pleasure and pain. Her 'wander-years' are over—is it strange that tears accompanied her last "good bye?" God be with her!

In Hanover to-day I inquired after Joachim, hoping to see him, but he is still in England. How was it possible that, two years ago, the absurd story of his marriage with Bettina's daughter obtained currency? Nothing of the kind was ever dreamed of by the parties most interested.

In the afternoon we came hither—(Wolfenbüttel) and the rest of the day and evening was spent with Herr Ludwig Holle, who is doing in Germany in piano-forte music, what Novello has done in England with vocal.

We went through his establishment. In the main building on the square, so modest and retiring as not even to bear a sign to call attention to it, one flat is occupied by family apartments, his counting rooms, and the like. The others are fitted up, that below for forwarding of packages, that above for storage. If at Novello's I had feasted my eye upon his vast collection of vocal music, I had no less a feast in the long ranges of shelves, upon which lie heaped the piano-forte works of Beethoven, Mozart, Haydn, Bach, Weber, Clementi, Kramer, and the like.

Back of the house, on the bank of the little stream, which flows through Wolfenbüttel, leaving a narrow court between, he has erected a new building in which all his printing and stereotyping is done. Here is the press-room, with half a dozen small power presses at work; here is another press-room with lithographic and engraver's presses in motion—for Holle has also a large business in maps and charts. In another, we saw a dozen stereotypers at work; in a fourth the compositors, one of whom was setting up "Der Freyschütz," another "Oberon"—for a fine stereotyped edition of Weber's operas is on the tapis. In other rooms we saw all the usual departments of a large printing establishment, fully represented, and

finally, when we had finished all this, here is one more room. Holle enjoyed my evident surprise—for to me it was something new to find this department of the printing business represented in the establishment of a publisher—as I went in and found myself in a type foundry!

"I cannot afford to be always buying new type," said he in effect, "and I must have it continually, or it will be impossible to keep my plates up to the standard. I have therefore, to secure the final touch of perfection in my editions, put my own type foundry in operation, and you can judge for yourself of the excellence of the work."

Truly the work is excellent, as the new edition of his Beethoven Sonatas shows.

In the course of the afternoon and evening, I had opportunity of gratifying my curiosity most fully, in relation to his great undertaking. Great undertaking, I say. Here is a modest, retiring man, in a little city, of half a dozen thousand inhabitants, within from half an hour to six or eight hours ride by railroad, of Brunswick, Hanover, Bremen, Hamburg, Leipzig, Dresden, and Berlin, in all of which places you find music-publishing houses, some of which are among the most extensive in the world, who, at his own risk and in face of all the opposition of the princes of the music-dealers, has undertaken to place the greatest productions of the greatest masters within the reach of all classes of music lovers. He has been plagued and pestered by copyright suits, but has gained his cause in every case. He has worked his way along quietly but perseveringly—has conquered the position he holds by leaving his publications to speak for themselves. For instance, not a music-seller in Berlin would expose one of his volumes upon his counter. Very well, a few copies of the Beethoven and Mozart Sonatas were sent to Schneider and other booksellers, and they found immediate sale. People who already had the greater part of those sonatas, saw the price, as printed upon the covers of the volumes, examined them to see that the works were complete and correct, found that it would be cheaper to buy the whole in this form, than to complete their sets, and purchased. One purchaser made others. The edition of Beethoven and Mozart gradually went off, and Haydn followed.

The profits were exceedingly small, but it was a cash business, and he was able slowly to enlarge his sphere of operations.

By and by his enterprise began to attract the attention of musicians and teachers. The indefatigable Chrysander, exceedingly well fitted for the labor, by his long continued studies in old music, with Dehn and others, preparatory to his "Life of Handel," became interested in Holle and undertook the collection and editing from original sources the four volumes of Bach. Liszt lent his countenance to the enterprise, and when the publisher became dissatisfied with the appearance of his first edition of Beethoven's Sonatas, consented to edit Beethoven's piano-forte works *entire*.

When Holle told me about Liszt, I remarked with a smile, that it was a very good thing for him to have Liszt's name on the title pages; adding something, which implied the thought that the good pianist would not probably labor very hard in his editorial function. Holle understood me and without being offended, went into another room and brought me a proof-sheet of one of the sonatas for violin and piano-forte. My doubt needed no further answer. First Liszt has gone

through the sonatas with pen and ink; then a second time carefully, making his corrections, which are in some cases of the minutest character, with a red pencil; and finally, a third examination has shown still a few errors, which are noted with a common lead one.

He allows of no metronomic marks. Beethoven himself gave none, and those which we find on various editions are by Moscheles or some other player, and necessarily give their ideas, not Beethoven's. No, says Liszt, leave tempos to the player. If he has Beethoven's spirit he will get them right; if not, he cannot be taught.

Holle wished to include in his edition of Beethoven, the Symphonies arranged for two and for four hands. But by whom? a grave and troublesome question. By accident he learned that a man named F. W. Markull, (I think a music-director away out here on the Baltic coast, at Danzig,) had sent a manuscript to some publisher, containing such an arrangement complete. The man was not much known, and the publisher for sundry reasons was very willing to return the manuscript. Holle obtained it and sent it to Liszt. Liszt was delighted with it, and Holle has printed it. The new edition of the sonatas is not disfigured by advertising pages, as was the first. Excellent as that was for the price, this is much handsomer.

Fortunately for Holle, his business was so conducted that during the crisis last year he met with but two or three trivial losses, and now that things are upon a better footing, he is gaining the reward of his enterprise and perseverance.

The Character and Genius of Handel.

(From the Life, by Schoeicher.)

(Continued.)

Whatever touched his musical sense excited him like the Pythoiness upon her tripod. At the conductor's desk he used to warn the chorus by calling out "chorus;" and the three contemporary biographers concur in saying that his voice, when he uttered that word, was "most formidable." Miss Hawkins, in her *Anecdotes*, relates of him a circumstance, "which the Dean of Raphoe (Dr. Allot,) who remembers him, lives to tell: that Handel, being questioned as to his ideas and feelings when composing the Alleluiah chorus, replied in his imperfect English, 'I did think I did see all heaven before me, and the great God himself.'"

When he was composing, his excitement would rise to such a pitch that he would burst into tears: "It is said, that a friend calling upon the great musician when in the act of setting these pathetic words, 'He was despaired, and rejected of men,' found him absolutely sobbing."

"I have heard it related," says Shield, "that when Handel's servant used to bring him his chocolate in the morning, he often stood with silent astonishment to see his master's tears mixing with the ink, as he penned his divine notes."

The motion of his pen, active as it was, could not keep up with the rapidity of his conception. His MSS. were written with such impetuosity that they are very difficult to read. The mechanical power of the hand was not sufficient for the torrent of ideas which flowed from that volcanic brain. Mr. V. Novello, the learned publisher, who seems to have well studied the MSS. at the Fitzwilliam Museum, seeing a page on which the sand is still upon the ink at the top as well as at the bottom of the page, left in the book the following observation: "Observe the speed with which Handel wrote. The whole of this page is spotted with sand, and consequently must have all been wet at the same time."

Doubtless we must attribute to this mental ardor Handel's singular habit of employing three or four languages at a time, in speaking as well as in writing. He was a very impulsive man, and neither did nor said the same thing twice in the

same manner. He had no habits, and was certainly one of the greatest improvisers that ever lived. He was improvising, so to speak, every moment of his life. He had three or four different styles of handwriting. Sometimes his notes have heads so small and tails so thin, that they are more like fly-scratches; sometimes their heads are as big as bullets, with tails of terrible thickness. His MSS. are quite linguistic curiosities, for they contain thousands of memoranda of which no two are alike. One day they are in English, the next in German, the day following in Italian, and on another day in French; afterwards, in all these languages mingled together, as in the last memorandum to *Berenice*:—"Fine dell' opera *Berenice*, January 18, 1738, Ausgefüllt;" and then "Geendiget den January 27, 1737." So that "End of the opera" is in Italian, "To fill in" and "Completed" in German, and the dates in English. In his orchestration, the instruments are designated in turn by their Italian, French, and English names. Not only do these memoranda offer an image of the confusion of tongues, but even their place is changed every day; to the right, to the left, at the top, and at the bottom of the page, sometimes before the date, and sometimes after. They seem like a perpetual defiance given to human nature, whose general disposition it is to contract fixed habits.

It is a strange thing that this man, so inflammable, so accessible to anger, and the transports of inspiration, had nevertheless very moderate tastes. He ate largely, but he seems to have had an exceptional and unhealthy appetite to satisfy. The following anecdote is to be found in that little chronicle which is attributed to every great man's life. One day, being obliged to dine at a tavern, he ordered enough for three, and being impatient at the delay, he asked way they did not serve up. "We will do so," said the host, "as soon as the company arrives." "Den bring up te tinner prestissimo," replied Handel; "I am de gombany." A triple dinner seems a great deal, even for a famishing man, and it may be that the fact has been magnified for the sake of the joke; but it appears certain that he deserves the reproach of having been a *gourmand*, and too fond of good cheer. This is the vulnerable side upon which his adversaries always attack him, and upon which none of his friends have attempted to defend him. Yet nobody has accused him of gross intemperance. Burney, it is true, relates the following story:

"The late Mr. Brown, leader of his majesty's band used to tell me several stories of Handel's love of good cheer, liquid and solid; as well as of his impatience. Of the former he gave an instance, which was accidentally discovered at his own house in Brook-street, where Brown, in the oratorio season, among other principal performers, was at dinner. During the repast, Handel often cried out, 'Oh! I have de taught;' when the company, unwilling that, out of civility to them, the public should be robbed of any thing so valuable as his musical ideas, begged he would retire and write them down; with which request, however, he so frequently complied, that, at last, one of the most suspicious had the ill-bred curiosity to peep through the key-hole into the adjoining room, where he perceived that 'dese taughts' were only bestowed on a fresh hamper of Burgundy, which, as was afterwards discovered, he had received in a present from his friend the late Lord Radnor, while his company was regaled with more generous and spirited port."

To this I do not attach the slightest credit; not only because it is ignoble, but because it is diametrically opposed to all that has been proved as to the liberality of Handel's character; because it would be impossible for the master of a house to leave the table every minute, under the pretext of an idea; and because it is impossible that a guest should follow his host from the table in order to spy out his proceedings through all the key-holes in the house. Handel was so proud a man, that he never could have given way to such a solitary indulgence. What must his domestics have thought of him, if they had seen him doing such a dirty trick? The anecdote is, moreover, self-contradictory, for we know that *bon vivants* do not like to drink alone.

Handel always lived a very retired life, and never married. Notwithstanding the love which he bore toward his mother, and his extremely charitable disposition, I must confess, not without regret, that the sentiments of affection do not appear (as the disciples of Gall and Spurzheim would say) to have been very strongly developed. Not one woman occupies the smallest place in the long career of his life. When he was in Italy, a certain lady named Vittoria, fell in love with him, and even followed him from Florence to Venice. Burney describes Vittoria as a songstress of talent. M. Fétis calls her "the Archduchess Vittoria;" but both agree that she was beautiful, and that she filled the part of the *prima donna* in *Roderigo*, his first Italian score.* Artist or archduchess, either title was enough to turn the head of a young man twenty-four years old; but Handel disdained her love. All the English biographers say that he was too prudent to accept an attachment which would have been the ruin of both. This is a calumny; for he was never prudent. The bold struggles of his life prove that for him. His refusal is only explicable on the ground of his indifference. I do not urge this in his praise, but I prefer that defect to the other.

But he had really no other passion than that for music. During the earlier part of his residence in London, he often went to St. Paul's when the afternoon service was finished. There, surrounded by some of his admirers, he delighted them by playing on the organ at that cathedral, which he preferred to all others. Night came, and then they retired to a neighboring tavern, the Queen's Arms, where there was a harpsichord, which he would play while he smoked his pipe and drank his beer.† These were all his pleasures. Gradually, as he became more absorbed in his compositions and by the cares of manership, he broke off all relations with society; he refused every invitation and only associated with three intimate friends, "a painter named Goupy;‡ one Hunter, a scarlet-dyer, who pretended a taste for music; and his pupil and secretary, John Christopher Smith." He had others in the city, but he seemed to think that the honor of his acquaintance was a sufficient reward for the kindness they expressed for him.

Hawkins says "that no impertinent visits, and few engagements to parties of pleasure, were suffered to interrupt the course of his studies. His invention ever teeming with new ideas, and his impatience to be delivered of them, kept him closely employed." He seldom left his house, except to go to the theatre or to some picture auction. He was a connoisseur of pictures, and possessed some valuable ones. His sole amusement was to go and see exhibitions of them. Alas! his blindness deprived him of that pleasure a long time before his death.

(To be Continued.)

* At that period, and even later, it was not uncommon to find princes and princesses singing in the pieces which were produced at their courts.

† Hawkins.

‡ It would be curious to know whether there were two painters named Goupy, and whether this one was the caricaturist; for Handel was not the sort of man to be reconciled to one who had so outrageously ridiculed him.

§ Hawkins, in relating these peculiarities, says that Hunter, "at a great expense, had copies made for him of all the music of Handel that he could procure."

An English View of Piccolomini.

(From the London Musical Gazette, October 2.)

On Tuesday last no inconsiderable crowd of fashionable company was attracted to Sydenham by the announcement that Mdlle. Piccolomini would take leave of the English public in a special concert, in the programme of which she would be the chief figure. The popularity of this young and certainly gifted artist was never more completely attested than on this occasion, for London is at the present moment more than usually bare of occupants, yet was there as large an attendance as we have witnessed on some of the grand days in the height of the season. We should be loth to attribute this popular enthusiasm to the public admiration of Mdlle. Piccolomini as a vocalist, although it was in this character alone that she made her appearance on Tuesday; we would rather express a conviction that the flattering tribute paid to the young lady by the largeness of the attendance and the hearty applause of those who attended, was in recognition of her talent as an actress—a re-

cognition willingly and generously accorded, though in her last English appearance she was not exhibiting in the line for which she is so peculiarly fitted. Artistically suggesting, Mdlle. Piccolomini should have taken leave at Her Majesty's Theatre, her talent being in the histrionic and not in the vocal line; otherwise, there is no place like the Crystal Palace for a "demonstration," and it was probably on this ground that a building in which Mdlle. Piccolomini had never before appeared, should have been selected for her last appearance in this country.

The fair Sicennese is now on her way to America, and we would particularly impress upon our transatlantic brethren that the demonstration of Tuesday last must not be taken as evidence of her talent as a vocalist, but as a token of reminiscent admiration of her powers as an actress. Any other interpretation of Tuesday's enthusiasm would be a libel on the perceptive capabilities of those present, for Mdlle. Piccolomini cannot be accused of being a good singer. Her voice is of a sympathetic character, and she is invariably in tune, but her defects in singing—inequality of tone, and inability as regards vocalization—have been more painfully apparent every time we have heard her, and this of course more particularly in the concert-room, where, though she is abundantly animated, she cannot enter unreservedly into the action of the stage.

Mdlle. Piccolomini is easily "reckoned up." We have just given our opinion of her cantatory qualifications, and, with regard to her stage talent, we can speak of her *Violetta* as a most touching specimen of the domestic dramatic; her *Norina*, as a piece of the prettiest coquettishness and fascination (though perhaps a little too girlish for the sly widow,) and her *Maria* (in *La Figlia del Reggimento*) as perfect in its way. Her performance in *Luisa Miller* was the most artistic of all, but the opera is such a miserable perpetration on the part of Signor Verdi, that we can scarcely bear to revert to it. Her personification of the Zingara, in the Italian version of Balfe's *Bohemian Girl*, was commendable, but the part does not afford much scope for histrionism; it is a pretty, quiet, girlish part, that could be played by any young lady in a case of amateur theatricals,—or, rather operatics—in a drawing-room. *Lucia* was a dangerous opera for her to appear in. Jenny Lind palpably failed in it, with the advantages of a marvellous voice, and a most wondrous facility in making use thereof, and it is not a little remarkable that no Lucia comes forward now-a-days. The careful avoidance of the part by the generality of *prime donne*—for the opera is far too good to be shelved,—is a little significant.

Mdlle. Piccolomini's "farewell to England" has been the musical event of the week. Let us return to it, and state of what materials the programme was composed. The young lady's songs were "Ah fors'è lui," "Vedrai carino," and "Convien partir." Mozart's *aria* was encored—or rather Mdlle. Piccolomini was encored, since she gave in response to the redemand, Balfe's "I dreamt that I dwelt," in English. Signor Ginghini, the only other vocalist, obtained a vociferous encore for Balfe's "Tu m'ami" ("When other lips"): taking the compliment to himself; he replied with "La donna è mobile." We are exceedingly curious to know how it was that the Crystal Palace band was provided with the orchestral parts of "La donna" and "I dreamt." Surely the vocalists were not conceited enough to take it for granted that they should be encored in even one piece!

"Convien partir," the song in which *Maria* (*La Figlia*) takes a heartbroken leave of her military companions, would have answered very well as a *Chanson d'adieu* on the present occasion, sung as it was with great feeling and real significance by the young *prima donna*, but it was followed by the jocund "Libiamo" from *La Traviata* (the chorus by Signori Aldighieri, Castelli, and Rossi) which sounded very much like "au revoir." We have no faith in "farewells" on the part of artists. It is an exceedingly difficult thing to take leave of the public, whether the singing be done for the love of money, or from enthusiasm for the art, and we have had such profuse proof of this difficulty on the part of some whose fame justified their announcing a "farewell" as an attractive piece of business, that we look with eyes of the utmost doubt and disbelief on all such advertisements. Mdlle. Piccolomini sailed on Thursday for the United States, so there can be no question as to the fact of her having left us, but, though she has a wide field in America, and might occupy her time and employ her talents to the best advantage for years to come, we cannot believe that she has bid farewell to England, as stated in the advertisements of the Crystal Palace Company, which ought not to tell stories, though we are convinced they have fibbed in this instance. We have heard it said that the young lady returns in some six months; if this be true, the demonstration of Tuesday last must be looked upon

as an absurdity. The cheering and kerchief-waving at the conclusion of the concert, and on the departure of Mdlle. Piccolomini through the building, though real and hearty, must have caused her to laugh in her sleeve, when she knew that in so short a time she would again be amongst her English admirers, and ready to accept an engagement from any one who shall be rash enough to take Her Majesty's Theatre. Let us not be too hard upon the authoress of this excitement. It may have been a *bond fide* leave-taking, but we would rather believe it to have been a sham, for Mdlle. Piccolomini can ill be spared. Few artists have acquired public esteem so rapidly, and few have become, after any period of probation, so thoroughly popular. Her position is owing to her peculiar earnestness of manner, her complete entrance into every part which she undertakes (whether she is successful in every part is a different matter), and her sympathetic quality of voice. The fact of her being an indifferent vocalist, only renders her good qualities the more conspicuous and remarkable; and, though she is neither a Grisi nor a Bosio, we cannot afford to lose her at present.

Although this was what might have been termed an "opera concert," the Crystal Palace band was employed, conducted by Signor Arditi. Mr. Manns directed Balfe's *Siege of Rochelle* overture, which was the only instrumental piece introduced.

Mlle. Piccolomini's Debut in New York.

(From the Courier and Enquirer, Oct. 14.)

It is safe to say that the Academy of Music never witnessed a scene of such intense excitement as passed within its crowded and overcrowded walls last evening. One can scarcely imagine a more exciting spectacle than the first appearance of a great artist whose fame has been heralded, and who is known to have powers of fascination, the precise character of which remains yet to be experienced. The very indefiniteness of the coming sensation gives it a zest which cannot, in the very nature of things, attach to subsequent familiarity. With Signora PICCOLOMINI this is peculiarly the case. Her name of itself sets the imagination to play. A scion of one of the oldest Italian families, which has counted amongst its members Pope PIUS II., of high repute, and OTTINI PICCOLOMINI, the hero of one of SCHILLER'S greatest tragedies, the niece of a living Cardinal, figuring as a *prima donna* in Italian opera before American Republicans is in itself a novelty that could not fail of exciting the liveliest curiosity; but when to this was joined distinction for beauty and for genius, of course we could expect nothing but just such a perfect furor of excitement as found expression at the Academy last evening. Greater artists in particular excellencies, doubtless have been amongst us. Of course it will not do to attribute to Signora PICCOLOMINI the peerless brilliancy of JENNY LIND, or the dramatic intensity of GRISI, or the mellow richness of ALBONI, or the exquisite grace of SONTAG, yet it ought not to be forgotten that she is as yet but in the beginning of her career. And even young as she is, she exhibits a remarkable union of high qualities as an artist, and in some respects her very youth is in her favor. At the very opening of the opera, as will be remembered, the curtain rises upon the character she assumed—*Violetta*; and it required but a glance at her, as seated on her couch, to see in her bright and expressive features and slight and graceful form at least one good title to take her audience captive; and as the play opens and the banquet begins, there was no disputing her right to say, *Saro l'Ebe che versa*, "I will be his Hebe." She looked a Hebe indeed. Nor in regard to the qualities of her voice was her audience left long uncertain. Her sparkling carol at the end of the drinking song, and her aria, *Ah, fors'è lui che*, full of tender passion and beautifully executed, revealed at once no common vocal powers. Her voice may be called a *Soprano sfogato*—and admirably combines sweetness, clearness, and flexibility. She sings with little effort, and every tone responds freely and charmingly to every changing impulse of feeling. The part of *Violetta* nowhere imposes a very severe test of vocal capabilities, but the ease and success with which she executed that exuberant aria last mentioned, both in the pathos of the *andante* and the vivacity of the quick movement, which ranges up to D in alt, give rich promise of what we are to hear in

more difficult music. This first act completely established PICCOLOMINI in the enthusiastic regards of the audience. At its close she was called before the curtain no less than three times, and was not let off until she again gave the last gushing lines of the *aria*. The house rung with acclamations, and the bouquets fell in a shower. But the peculiar calls made upon the heroine in *La Traviata* are histrionic in character—for, despite the popularity of the opera, there is no gainsay that its musical merits entitle it to only a second or third rank among Verdi's productions. It was in the second act that Signora PICCOLOMINI began to display her powers as an actress. Here the distracting relinquishment of her love before the demands and entreaties of Alfred's father takes place, and her parting from Alfred; and she rendered these scenes with remarkable effect. It would be hard to imagine any more thrilling expression of feeling than the utter anguish of the line with which the parting closes, *Amarrie, Alfredo quant io t' amo—Addio*. The scene, towards the close of the act, when Violetta is insulted and held up to shame by the misled Alfred, in the presence of the gay company, will not be forgotten by any who beheld it. It was not what she sang, for the expressionless music is not worth heeding, but what she acted—the overpowering sense of insults, the crushing weight of despair, the convulsive clutching of hands, the trembling and relaxing of the whole frame—all was in the very highest style of dramatic art, worthy, we might almost say, of a RISTORI or a RACHEL. And the triumph she thus earned in the second act, she sustained through all the lingering agony of the third. The reading of the letter—the tottering across the room and contemplation of her changed countenance in the mirror—her sinking exhausted into the chair—her breathing out the sad aria in *A minor, Addio! del passato bei sogni ridenti*—her listening to the distant Bachanian chorus, as the dying Desdemona in *Otello* listens to the chant of the gondoliers—her jubilant revulsions of feeling on the return of Alfred—her shriek to her attendant to make haste for the physician that she may again live—her quick giving way to utter helplessness and hopelessness as she bewails in the duet with Alfred the disease and death that cannot be escaped—the bestowing of the last gift, and the finally exultant yielding up of the last breath were all portrayed with a dramatic fidelity our pen cannot describe. Her immense audience was completely rapt with interest; and at the close, gave vent to their feelings in the stormiest demonstration. The whole evening's performance was a complete triumph to her; and we do not believe there was a person in the house whose anticipations, high as they may have been, were not more than realized. PICCOLOMINI's conception of the heroine is somewhat peculiar; she not only divests what is really a painful character of all its repulsive features, but makes it positively captivating. This of course exalts the artistic effect, but whether it is not done at the expense of the moral influence, may be questioned. Signor STEFFANI sustained the part of Alfred with great credit. He delivered the concluding stanza of the drinking song in broad and vigorous style, and the solo *Oh mio remorso* in the second act he executed admirably, and well earned the encore he received. The baritone Signor FLORENZA represented Germont with dignity and sensibility. He did fine justice to the lines *Dunque in vano trovato* at the interview with his son, and was encored.

The Orchestra under the direction of Signor Muzro did well, and also the numerous chorus. Senorita SOTO and the *corps de ballet* added much to the brilliancy of the spectacle. The *mise en scene* was excellent; costumes were new and splendid, and scenery and every accessory were irreproachable. The entire representation, in all of its features, went off with the utmost *eclat*, and Mr. ULMANN has reason to congratulate himself that he has inaugurated his new campaign with a triumph so absolutely complete and unequivocal.

From the Tribune.

We did not hear Mlle. Piccolomini in the first act, and judge of her from her rendering of the second, third and fourth acts. In person she is rather under

the middle height. In carriage she is graceful and high bred. Her face boasts a pair of dark eyes of exceeding vitality and expression, well-turned features, and remarkable powers of mobility. Her nature evidently is quick, ardent and enthusiastic. Her voice is warmly toned and in the lachrymose portions of the opera, which abound, is full of the loveliness of tragic sorrow. In quality it is not of the highest rank, but the electricity of the artist lends it at the climax of intensity an expression which is apart and truly admirable. In the three acts which we heard there is no florid music, so we cannot judge of her ability to execute it. In declamatory and sustained singing passages she is excellent. Her phrasing leaves nothing to be desired. Her enunciation is perfect. With a true air of high Italian nature, she is prodigal of facial expression, answering to the sentiment of the moment. As an actress, she is charming. Her play of the arms is particularly good. The last scene of the broken-hearted, dying consumptive was best at the close. The tremulous agony of joy at meeting her lover was exquisitely faithful to nature. The impression left on us was not that of a grand, but a beautiful artist—finished and fascinating. The applause of the audience was heartiest at the end, when Mlle. Piccolomini received the honor of a triple call before the curtain. Her dressing, we may add, was excellent—in the best French taste.

The tenor, Signor Steffani, except a tendency to a certain robustness, which is out of place, contributed much to the success of the evening.

The new baritone, Signor Florenza, is a remarkable acquisition. Except a disposition to overweep his music, he afforded no point for diluted praise. His method and style are beautiful. He phrases well to a charm. Every word is as distinct as if spoken. His voice is really a low tenor, of exceeding purity, flexibility and sentimental quality. His solo called forth a thundering encore, and from that moment his success was assured.

From the Times.

Without positive owliness it is impossible to be blind to the fact that Mlle. Piccolomini's influence over the audience is the result more of manner than method. She is not an astonishing vocalist, nor is she gifted with a voice of extraordinary power. If we try to analyze what it is that gives her preeminence, we must, at the outset, discard these ordinary considerations. Much as her vocal powers have been underrated, they are still in no proportion to her immense histrionic capacity, which embraces so wide a range of emotion that it overshadows everything else. Her voice is a very charming soprano, soft yet full, and of fair compass, though evidently not yet fully developed. It is as fresh as voice can be, and as supple as youth, without much experience, can make it. Under the impulse of emotion it vibrates with feeling, and by indescribable inflection illuminates with electrical quickness, a train of deep sentiment, even as the lightning illuminates the vale. It is this rare gift which distinguishes the true from conventional art, and we have seldom seen it manifested more wonderfully than in the case of Mlle. Piccolomini. Her entire performance is, in fact, a protest against conventionality, and to this circumstance we attribute her great success in England, where things in art as in everything else, move in the most steady and antiquated grooves. To say that this independence of model is mere talent, would be absurd. It is genius of the best kind, because creative, and absolutely free from the taint of imitation. Blended as it was with all the gracious snavity of youth, and the bearing of good society, it is not remarkable that Mlle. Piccolomini astonishes as much as she captivates her audiences.

From the Courier des Etats Unis.

In fact, Mlle. Piccolomini, on this first evening, was far from producing one of those unanimous, decisive impressions from which a sort of judgment may be formed without appeal. She was applauded, called out and stormed with bouquets. But this flattery could not close the critic's eyes and ears. An agreeable voice, but deficient in body and firmness, and acting that had at times too much mannerism, these were the weaknesses observed in the two first acts.

In the last, the artist recovered herself, both as to the singing and as to the scenic sentiment. But she could not entirely efface the first impressions, and in fine, the public dispersed with some hesitation as to the exact rank to assign the new prima donna.

Musical Correspondence.

BERLIN, SEPT. 17. — Three weeks to-day in Berlin again! Three busy weeks, happily too, just at the season when one hears no music, that is to say,

at this season of most delicious weather, clear, not too warm, when fruit of all kinds is ripe, when it is the height of enjoyment to be away from the large cities among the hills and mountains of the Hartz country, Silesia, Saxony, Bohemia, Thuringia, the Rhine region, and so on. At this season everybody is away and the musicians have their vacation. Hence we have had opera only about three times a week in the Royal house;—"Robert the Devil," "Huguenots," "Don Juan," "Jessonda," "Lac des Fées," "Wasserträger," and works by Donizetti, and other Italians,—and once or twice a week the splendid ballets for which Berlin is famous. Out at Kroll's the light French operas,—*"Le Domino Noir"* for instance—are running some three times a week; at the better class of gardens, we find in all, but about three good symphony concerts weekly, which is a great falling off. Stern's Singing Society meets every Monday evening from 5 to 7, but "everybody" being away, he has but about 100 voices present. It was rather good though, last Monday, to hear part of Mendelssohn's "Lobgesang," Mozart's "Ave Verum Corpus," and other short pieces sung by these hundred voices!

So you see we are cut off from music, because the season has not yet begun. We can hear the Dom Chor, however, Sunday mornings, but that seems to me to have fallen off within three years past,—perhaps, however, as winter comes on and the rehearsals for the concerts begin, it will come up again. "John," however, thinks, as it is, that that choir sings, and that on the whole there is some music to be heard here. Your regular Berlin correspondent "*J*" complains sadly of the constant repetitions of old works, and the few opportunities one has to hear that which is new in the opera house. I can easily conceive that to a musician, an old resident of the city, this fact is a just cause of complaint; but there are two classes of persons who have exceeding good cause to be pleased with the arrangement—the one, all those who are benefitted by having full houses; the other, all persons who, never before having had opportunity to hear the great master works of the opera, would, if they could have the selection, demand just such a succession of them as they here, especially at this season, find.

As at all events at this time of year the boxes of the fashionable world would be rather empty, I consider it as wise on the part of the directors as it is pleasant for us strangers, that works are given which crowd the other parts of the house. Having neglected to get a ticket for "Don Juan" the other morning, I found such a crush there in the evening that I turned away as did a great many others. You should have heard "John" talk about it next day!

But, enough of this!

Certain readers of the Journal—perhaps more correctly, divers persons, who promised to be subscribers and readers—have my promise in return, to devote some space in one of my first communications to questions in relation to the study of music here,—its expense, the advantages offered, and the like.

If a person has nothing but money-making in view, and merely wishes on his return to say: "When I was studying in the Conservatory at Paris or Leipzig," or, "when I was pupil of this, that, or the other famous man," I am, unfortunately, not able to give him any advice—or if able, not disposed. There have already been too many humbugs of that sort here, and that not alone in music.

The comparative advantages and disadvantages of different cities here as places for musical study, depend, of course, to a certain extent, upon the real object which the student has in view. For general musical culture, it is as important for the student to be where he can hear the most music of all schools

and of all kinds, as it is for the student of literature to be where he has the best libraries at command and the most frequent opportunities of meeting with literary men, of hearing them speak in public oftenest, and so on. If a young man wishes merely to study Latin and Greek, he may, perhaps, find as good a teacher in some small "one-horse" college out West as anywhere; but if his ambition is to become a scholar, in any high sense of the term, how much better it will be for him to go at once to Harvard or Yale, admits of no argument. Take a case or two. Here is a young man or woman whose object is to become a good and thorough teacher of the pianoforte, and possibly of singing. General musical culture is important to all, but in this case the question of economy may be paramount. I should advise such an one, if not very much advanced in the art, to enter one of the music schools of Germany. Which one, so far as I can see, is of little importance. That at Leipzig, that at Cologne, or either of the three here in Berlin would answer the purpose. But when one comes three thousand miles to study music, one would naturally wish to be where much good music is to be heard—a certain sum of money for concerts and opera is reckoned among the necessary expenses of the visit to Europe. In this regard Berlin offers double the advantages that any other city in Europe can. But then they must be paid for. One cannot live in Boston or New York and enjoy the privileges of city life so cheaply as he can live out in some country town. That is true, all the world over. Berlin is a great capital of 450,000 inhabitants, and it costs more to live here than in a small town. But here comes in another question; is it not better to employ a certain amount of money in obtaining two years of study and cultivation here, than to spend the same for three years in some small place, with half or a quarter of the opportunities for improvement? If a musical student's object is to become a pianoforte virtuoso, and he has already reached a certain degree of skill, it is clearly his best course to bury himself in the little city of Weimar and study with Liszt,—if Liszt will take him. But for nine out of ten who come to Europe to study pianoforte it would be throwing away time and money to go to Weimar, just as it would be for a young man, whose object is to become a mere civil engineer, and who has not gone beyond arithmetic, a little geometry, and algebra, to go to Cambridge, Mass., and undertake to study privately with Pierce in the highest region of mathematics, or to Paris to study with Le Verrier.

To go back to our young teacher. He has a certain amount of money, and the point is to use it to the greatest advantage in Europe, in fitting himself to be a teacher.

No one will deny that the number of music teachers with us, who have really pursued any system in their studies, or have made any great progress in what may be called "the general knowledge" of their profession, is small,—though happily, I grant, increasing. Few of these teachers, in case they came to Europe, would be foolish enough to think of becoming "great pianists," or virtuosos in any department, and of throwing away their funds in paying one to two dollars a lesson to some great finger gymnast. A very few weeks spent among the musical people of Leipzig or Berlin would show most of them that, for the attainment of any really eminent skill, they have yet the foundation to lay—the A B C to learn. What it seems to me they need is just that sort of instruction which they would get in some one of the music schools. Especially if a young man or woman, who has had only the ordinary advantages of our smaller cities or towns, has the object in view of becoming fitted to superintend the entire musical department in a school, I consider the only wise and economical course to be to enter a Conservatorium. The advantage of this course, to put it in the most

general form, is precisely the same as that of going to an academy and college, instead of depending upon private teachers for a knowledge of science or letters.

Of the teachers, whom I know, a great majority need at least two years of this kind of instruction, however great their diligence.

What particular school to select is, I take it, a matter of not very great importance. For an American, I should say, considering all the circumstances of the case, those at Leipzig and in this city are preferable. But whether to select the Leipzig Conservatorium or either of the schools here, of which Stern and Kullak are respectively at the head, would depend not so much upon any great difference of advantages offered in the character of the instructors, as upon matters outside the school. The course of instruction is about the same in all. In all, the pupil has his regular lessons in instrumental performance, in counterpoint and composition, in singing and music generally.

Happening to have a circular of Stern's school only before me, I will give an abstract of it, with the remark that it will answer pretty well for the others. The instructions naturally divide themselves into two classes,—theoretical and practical.

The former class includes, as I see on this circular, elementary instruction, harmony, melody, composition, (in its several departments of vocal, figural, fugal, pianoforte and orchestral), History of Music, method of instruction, playing from scores, conducting, declamation (musical), and the Italian language.

The second class, 1. Vocal music; elementary for the voice and articulation; cultivation of the ear; singing in chorus and *ensemble*; solo singing, both in concert and church music; and dramatic vocalization.

2. Pianoforte playing, from the elements up to virtuosoism; playing with orchestra, or concerted pieces with fewer instruments.

3. Study and practise of orchestral instruments, both for solo, concerted, and full orchestra music.

It is considered of high importance for every pupil—though it is not demanded—to study singing and some orchestral instrument, even though the principal objects he has in view be merely the study of the pianoforte and the theory of music and composition. By doing this, he has variety in his studies, and is enlarging the sphere of his knowledge without sacrificing at all his specialties.

I give the names of the principal teachers:

Music Director Weitzmann:—Elements, Theory, Harmony, History of Music.

Lührs, (a rising composer):—Counterpoint, Fugue, Composition.

Music Director Stern:—Accompaniment, Thorough-bass, Score Playing, and Directing.

Hans von Bülow, Herr Golde, Herr Schwanzer, and Herr Wolff:—Pianoforte.

Stern and Bülow:—Playing with 4 and 8 hands, with Other Instruments and from Score.

Dr. Luigi Bossi:—Italian Language.

Wagner, (of the Royal Opera):—Declamation and Dramatic Performance.

Oertling, and others of the many excellent musicians, of whom Berlin possesses such a multitude:—the various Orchestral Instruments.

Schwanzer, one of our best Organists, teaches that instrument.

There is a good deal of practice in chorus singing with orchestra, under Stern, one of the very best conductors I ever saw, and who has made himself famous for the style in which he has brought out recently, in his singing society, Beethoven's "9th Symphony" and great "Mass in D," and Handel's "Israel in Egypt."

Though Bülow is among the very first of the younger class of pianists—some say he is the first in Berlin—my impression is that in Kullak's school

the piano is on the whole more successfully taught—certainly Kullak's organ instructor, Haupt, is the greatest player in Germany, now that Johann Schneider's day is over—and probably—nay, doubtless, in the world.

On the other hand, I am led to think that in the vocal department, Stern's school stands best.

Of course I cannot go into all the particulars. I have said so much merely to give some idea of these schools, and to justify what is said above,—that it makes but little difference in what particular school an industrious, observing person becomes a pupil.

As to Leipzig and Berlin, the difference between the two cities is, that one is a great capital and centre of Art, the other a provincial town. In Berlin there is always music to be heard; one learns music, as he does the language, by continually hearing it "spoken." But, on the other hand, I suppose it costs more to live there. I find a very marked change since I left for home in April, 1856. Rooms that then were rented for five or six thalers a month, cost now from seven to ten.

"But, Sir, why not give us the figures in full?"

I'll try.

Passage from New York to Bremerhaven, see the newspapers for steamships; but if you will do as I have done twice, take passage in a first class Bremen sailing ship, you will pay fifty dollars. At the end of the passage you will give as "drink money" to the steward a dollar or two. Reckon your passage up to Bremen on the steamboat as another dollar; half a dollar will get you and all your baggage to the hotel, and a couple more dollars will pay your hotel bill for a day and get you to the station, or ought to do so. Ten dollars is amply sufficient to carry you from Bremen to Berlin, where, for the two or three days which must elapse before you find rooms, you will be at an expense of \$1.50 to \$2 per day.

If you can so arrange your plans and come by sailing vessel to Bremen or Hamburg, then sail about the end of May or the beginning of June, for it is very important that you should be here learning the language, so that when you begin your music lessons you will be able to understand your instructors. Hence you ought to be here in July. Until the middle or the end of September you will employ yourself in studying German (to which end take with you from home a Grammar, Adler's Lexicon, and a reading book) and in hearing the opera and the garden symphony concerts.

This is a digression.

Once in Berlin, you begin to run about seeking rest and finding none—for "rest" read "rooms." Then you meet some American, perhaps, at the Café Baviere or the Belvidere, where you get your dinners, and tell him your trouble. You have been in this street and in that, hither and yon, and the only decent rooms you can find they charge four or five dollars a week for. He smiles, and asks if you can speak German. No, say you. "Well," he says, "for a room that they ask you 12 thalers a month for, they would ask a German student 8—and this for two reasons; the people think that whoever speaks English is a goose to be plucked, and, as a general rule, English and American students, when they first come to Germany, until they have learned and to some extent adopted German habits, make a great deal more trouble and expense for their landladies. I will give you an hour or two after dinner and we will see what we can find."

N. B. that all this is some two months before the beginning of the term, October 1; so that it is not particularly necessary for you to be near the music school into which you design to enter.

Do not be in a hurry about getting your pianoforte. Take things easy. Go every day to hear an opera, or to some symphony concert. Hear all the music you possibly can, so as to "get the sharp edge worn off," for when you are fairly at work in your school

you will not have time to follow up concerts so closely—but during these two months make your daily task at least six hours hard study in the language. Get a musical work or two and study it as a German reading book—not as a musical text book—because your first object must be to learn the German musical terms and expressions. If you should work in this way three months it would be no loss of time. Just as soon as you can make yourself understood, and can understand others, go and see Stern, Kullak, and Haupt,—better to get some American, who “knows the ropes,” to go with you,—and have a talk with them. Get permission to visit a few classes, if you can, and see how you like.

But I am away off again from the topic of expenses! Well then, by the first of October or of April, when the terms begin—six terms or three years is the regular course for beginners—you are settled in your room at from \$5 to \$10 a month, as you think fit. You have a Grand Pianoforte, for which you pay from \$2 to \$4 per month, according to its value. For the study of the organ you have a set of pedals adapted to the piano, costing perhaps as much more.

Your “portion” of coffee and bread and butter, &c., need not cost over a thaler or a dollar a week. You dine at an eating house, as do probably 25,000 other persons daily, at an expense of 15 to 20 cents of our money. Your tea or regular supper may cost you from 10 to 30 cents, as you will. Washing is about 50 to 75 cents per dozen, according as you have many small pieces or not. You must buy your own lamp and pay your landlady for the oil you burn. Your room has a great tile stove, which is heated with wood twice or three times a day, according to circumstances, costing 10 to 15 cents a day.

The regular fees at the Music Schools amount to about \$8 per month of our money. Private instruction is to be had for all prices, from 25 cents to \$1.50 per lesson. The regular first-class concerts, if subscribed for, cost 20 silver-groschen (50 cents) each. Liebig's ordinary series, if you buy several tickets at once, cost 7½ cents each; his higher class concerts in the Sing Akademie, 25 cents. The opera costs 75, 56, 42, 25 cents, according to place. Do not bring many clothes, many books, nor much music; the transportation costs money, and all you want can be got much cheaper here.

I think of nothing farther to say to that particular class of students for whom I am now writing, except to ask, whether two or three years here, with all these advantages, cannot be enjoyed at a less cost than attends the spending of five or six months a year, for two or three years, in Boston or New York?

If any *Subscriber* to the *Journal of Music* has any questions to ask through its columns, I will do my best to answer them. A. W. T.

NEW YORK, OCT. 26.—THE great musical sensation—the debut of PICCOLOMINI—has transpired, and the excitement is already subsiding.

Of course there was a crowded house at the Academy of Music, and the auditorium, with its additional lights and its bewildering array of female beauty, presented a really imposing appearance. The audience was well disposed to be pleased, and there were a number of excellent people who were present purposely to applaud—at least so I judged from the startling exuberance of their enthusiasm, which was constantly bursting out in wrong places and did not know when to stop.

They had a very pretty bit of new scenery for the opening scene; the stage was brilliantly illuminated with chandeliers, and the choruses were numerous and gorgeously dressed. It was quite exciting to look at them; the men were very gallant to the ladies, and the singer with the long legs, I noticed, was very attentive to the lady with the corkscrew curls, and, during the banquet, helped her several times to empty

plates, and gave her two or three pasteboard gilt goblets to drink out of; she seemed to be gratified with these attentions.

After a while Piccolomini sailed in, looking quite enchanting in yellow silk with blue trimmings. She was received with great applause, and acknowledged it very gracefully; the chorus then gabbled a little, and there was heard the popping of corks from champagne bottles, (the chorus had nothing to do with these—only the principal performers who sat round the little table in the centre,) and pretty soon the tune for the drinking song came along. Piccolomini sang the *Brindisi* very sweetly and archly, but without the *abandon* that Gazzaniga throws into it. The following duet, with the tenor, called for no special comment, and then the little prima donna was left alone on the stage to sing the most brilliant cavatina in the opera—the finale of the first act.

To be sure, she did it very sweetly and gracefully, with ever so many bewitching gestures and shakes of the head—and then she avoided the runs and difficult passages so nicely that the alterations after all made little difference. She was called before the curtain three times, and repeated the cavatina. Everybody said afterwards, that she was a charming creature, excepting the critical owls who said she couldn't sing the music.

In the next act she was better, because there was more dramatic action, and less florid music; the duet with her lover's father was a very touching performance. In the last act she both acted and sang well, but did nothing really startling—nothing to call for special comment.

Piccolomini is by no means a great singer—Her voice, though somewhat sympathetic, is not powerful, and can scarcely be heard in the concerted pieces. Her execution is smooth, though not facile; and a difficult chromatic passage she will turn off into something else that is easier. Everybody knows that her *forte* lies in her acting, and for this she is certainly deserving of praise. It is not in startling bursts of passion that she is great—the very delicacy of her *physique* would incapacitate her for excelling in the Miss Heron or Gazzaniga line—but it is in her really exquisite by-play that she is almost unrivalled. Every phrase of the libretto, she utters, is accompanied by some singularly appropriate gesture or motion, that seems so perfectly natural, you at once wonder no other representative of the part has ever made use of it. Piccolomini would make an excellent mimic artist, and in the part of Fenella, in *Masaniello*, would be irresistible, for her features are mobile, expressive as well as beautiful.

Of course she *takes*, and the house is thronged every night. The critics are very just and unanimous in their estimate of her abilities. While awarding to the young prima donna much praise for her finished and touching style of acting, and for her sympathetic singing, they all acknowledge that she is not a first-class opera singer—that is, as musically considered. Our audiences have heard so many that are really superior, that they cannot easily rush into ecstasies over a pretty enthusiastic little girl. Mademoiselle Piccolomini is certainly delightful to see and hear, but she will not be as permanently popular as a finished artiste like La Grange. And yet after all, even though the new comer is not a “finished artiste,” there is something indescribably delightful in listening to the voice of a beautiful child of genius, like Piccolomini—in seeing her passionate, yet polished action—and wondering how it is that a girl of twenty-two, without much voice or remarkable vocal cultivation, can for hours enchain the attention, and enlist the heartfelt sympathies of thousands of hearers.

TROVATON.

HARTFORD, CONN., OCT. 26.—I wish I could give you a glowing account of some fine concert which has come off in this city, but I cannot. We have been free from all such innovations in any shape or color, excepting two instances, i. e. “Campbell's Minstrels” and one other; of which latter I will write briefly.

The Concerts given a year ago or more by Thalberg and his troupe, and the one still later by Formes, Cooper and others, may be recollected as delightful

oases in the vast desert of poor entertainments, in the way of music, which have been offered us from time to time, for two or three years past, from the fact that they were free from all taint of “trickery”—solid and satisfactory,—everything performed being legitimate and well done—carrying out to the letter “all that was on the bills.” Ullman is a great talker, but he generally does as he says he will; but some how or other, when Strakosch is named as being connected with any concert enterprise, there is an involuntary feeling that you are going to be “taken in” in other ways than at the door. Two weeks ago our city was thrown into a musical excitement by the announcement in two or three of our “dailies” of an “Opera in Hartford!” which then went on to tell of the novelty of such a thing, and how the entire force of STRAKOSCH's company were coming, &c., &c. Only little Springfield just above us had a real, live opera given by the Cooper-Milner troupe; why shouldn't we have one by the great STRAKOSCH, COLSON & Co's! Where was it to be given? We have no hall large enough for such a purpose. What was the opera? The new one called “Trovario,” perhaps. How magnificent! “Opera in Hartford!” What an event! And so we waited for the red bill posters to give us information upon all these points. The *Morning Courant*, however, relieved us; it contained a manifesto which amounted to this: That I, Maurice Strakosch, Prince of Humbug, and pianist to the Princes Oldgal, of the Court of Saltpetersburg, will give a grand operatic concert, (a thing never before heard of in this out-of-the-way place,) for the express purpose of affording an opportunity for Madlle. THERESA PARODI to take a last farewell of the citizens of Hartford “prior to her departure for Europe.” “Ye that have tears, &c.” Madlle. Parodi will be kindly assisted by my wife, she that was “Little Patti” years and years ago, but now called Madame Strakosch for short, and other artists too numerous to mention. This operatic concert will be given in the “Unitarian Church!” “Opera in Hartford!” As the *Courant* actually had it, the programme will be made up of selections from “J. Paratoni” and other operas. The bubble was pricked, and the great “opera in Hartford” suddenly collapsed!

The concert was good enough in its way, but those who went to hear “Maurice” play “Yankee Doodle with variations” went away disappointed, for the “Prince” was in New York with Colson, Brignoli, Junca, &c., arranging for an opera there, and had left the “small fry” to sing the “Star Spangled Banner,” and “Jerusalem thou that killest!” in Hartford. Now isn't that a perfect specimen of Strakosch humbuggery? This letter is already too long, I will tell you more next time. H.

Dwight's Journal of Music.

BOSTON, OCT. 30, 1858.

MUSIC IN THIS NUMBER.—Continuation of “Miriam's Song of Triumph,” a Cantata for Soprano solo and chorus, by FRANZ SCHUBERT.

Concert of Miss Adelaide Phillips.

Our young townsman, — who has been winning golden opinions in the Opera performances in New York, and who would have been upon her way to Havana, but for the sudden stop put to Maretzek's enterprise by the explosion there, — surprised us at very short notice with a concert at the Music Hall, last Saturday evening. The hall was perhaps half filled with listeners, when in justice both to so fine a native artist and to our own love of good music, it ought to have been overflowing. But the truth is, the public excitability in these matters has become so de-

bauched by the showy humbug advertising arts of musical managers and agents, that nothing which is quietly and modestly announced, standing purely on its own intrinsic merits, can possibly create enough impression beforehand to ensure an audience. The immense expense of the new system of getting up and trumpeting a concert—which includes not only what is proper to the concert itself, but also a very great outlay for the “preparing of the public”—makes it too formidable a venture for any artist or small group of artists to attempt to give a quiet, genuine concert in the old way, trusting simply to the love of music to induce an audience. They cannot afford these costly arts of humbugging and whipping in. Accordingly it is no wonder that ADELAIDE PHILLIPPS, with other excellent artists, having the charm of novelty withal, had only half a house-full at her concert. The real wonder was to see so many people.

Her welcome was a warm one. And the past impression of the rare nobleness and richness of her voice, and her artistic use of it, found itself more than confirmed upon the present hearing. We have long regarded Adelaide Phillipps as, all things considered, and in spite of the generally acknowledged higher charm of a soprano voice, that can soar and revel lark-like in the clearer heaven and sunshine of song, the most satisfactory and valuable in an artistic sense of all our American aspirants to the name and fame of vocal artists. We only wish that such a singer could find worthier employment for such powers in music of a more sterling, elevated order than the rôles of Azucena, Favorita and the like afford; or at least, that she might not be quite so exclusively absorbed in music of that kind, when she has the voice and feeling and intelligence to do such justice to the noblest music.

The programme of this evening was made up mostly of well-worn selections. Miss Phillipps sang some of her old pieces to a charm; namely, *Dio clemente*, from *Marino Faliero*; *Ah! non credea*, and *Ah! non giunge*, from the *Sonnambula*; *O! mio Fernando* (one of her oldest), from *La Favorita*; and the little ballad of her own: “Tears of Love,” which is a natural and pretty melody, and which she sings, accompanying herself at the piano, with true simplicity and pathos. Indeed her ballad-singing is of the very best now heard in concerts. Her marked improvement as a singer was evident to all. The rich contralto voice seemed even to have gained in mellowness and fullness, as well as in clear and equal development throughout its compass. She has, in a great measure, overcome, what seemed an organic difficulty, a certain thickness in her sounds. There is more of artistic finish; more of sustained purity of tone and finished phrasing; more of flexibility—indeed, quite enough for any but a high soprano voice—while good taste and genuine sentiment restrain her from false ornament, from overstrained effect, and keep her within the bounds of chaste, pure style. It is a great pleasure to us to listen to the singing of Miss Phillipps.

The vocal interest of the concert was largely shared by two new singers. Mr. HENRY SQUIRES, who is an American, and of whose studies in Italy, and praised appearances in opera in Italy and in England, we have heretofore kept our readers informed, has a light, sympathetic tenor of remarkable sweetness, best suited to a sentimental ballad

in a room of moderate size, but with little of the robust, or of the penetrating quality which conquer in the opera. He looks singularly Italian. His style is finished, perhaps to almost an excess of tenderness and fineness; but he has it in him to be a very pleasing singer, particularly of the serenading *Trovatore* order. Of Balfe's sweetish melody (superfluous sweets,) to Tennyson's “Come into the garden, Maud,” he made, we should think, as much as could be made, and won an encore. Verdi's *Ramanzza: Quando le sere*, introduced him favorably and showed his true vein. But in the “Don Pasquale” duet: *Tornami a dir*, his voice found the best use; the melody is pleasing, and his rendering of it was refined; only his small sweet voice was unequally matched with the large tones of Miss Phillipps.

Sig. GARIBALDI showed himself a most spirited, thoroughly alive, dramatic singer. He paced the stage, looking stern and gestulating with a sort of uncontrollable, but not ungraceful energy, and delivered his music, (an andante aria from Verdi's *Attila*, and the slow air: *Infelice*, followed by the spirited cavatina, in *Ernani*) with good round, solid, ringing tones (baritone, with some satisfactory deep bass tones,) and a fine declamatory style, that were quite refreshing. He really made a “hit” with his new audience.

A very well selected little orchestra, led, violin in hand, by Mr. Suck played a concert overture by Kalliwoda and Reissiger's “Yelva” overture—both of the most pleasing and ingenious of the lighter overtures—and a festive sounding reminiscence from Wagner's *Tannhäuser*, arranged by Hamm—all very nicely played. It was refreshing to hear even so much of orchestral music, after such long and entire privation.

Musical Chit-Chat.

The subscription list for ZERRAHN'S Orchestral Concerts grows apace; but there are many music-lovers yet delinquent; let them lose no time, but do what in them lies to make the thing secure. . . The HANDEL AND HAYDN SOCIETY are practising “Israel in Egypt;” they could not be about better work. . . We have several times of late had occasion to remark the rare excellence for a theatre orchestra of that at the Boston theatre, under the direction of Messrs. COMER and Suck. It is large, for a theatre, select, exceedingly well drilled, and has a repertoire of overtures and other pieces, many of which are of a really classical character, in addition to the usual waltzes, pot-pourris, &c., of which too it is a pleasure to hear a moderate allowance, when they are so nicely played. When one can have such fine acting as that of BURTON in farce, and young EDWIN BOOTH in tragedy, the finest Shakspearian actor we have had, by all odds, since his father, with the intervals of the acts filled up by such nice orchestral renderings of Mozart's and Rossini's overtures, fragments of Haydn's Symphonies, vivid reminiscences of such rich operas as “Tell” and “Semiramide,” what better can he desire for an evening's entertainment?

How is PICCOLOMINI pronounced? Which syllable is accented? It should be spoken without any accent; that is the Italian way; to dwell with a sort of musical fondness equally upon each syllable of the long word. *Pic-co-lo-mé-ne* would be awkward. *Pic-co-lom'-i-ni* sounds too quick and business-like; but with luxurious Italian euphony let the long word spread itself along, leisurely and equally, like oil upon a marble table, slighting no syllable and accenting none.

Mr. J. P. GROVES, the young Boston violinist, who won the first prize at the Conservatory in Brussels last year, gave a concert in that city some months since, in connection with LITTOLF, the famous pianist, of Brunswick, who, on this occasion, brought out a number of his own compositions, among others a Concert called “*Eroica*,” for violin and orchestra. Of the manner in which our young townsman played the violin part, we translate what a German critic says: “Mr. Groves, an American by birth, overcame the great difficulties presented by this composition with peculiar skill, and promises, after so fair an achievement, a still fairer future. A firm, sure conduct of the bow, a full tone, pure intonation, and a certain noble repose, not passionless, but removed from all charlatanism, are excellencies which certainly warrant the finest hopes after this first success. . . . ELISE HENSLEER has been singing in Trieste, and the journals compliment her in glowing Italian fashion. One of them, speaking of her farewell performance, says: “Flowers, garlands, sonnets, verses, plaudits, clapping of hands, and cries of *brava! brava!* without end: such is an epitome of the benefit taken by the sympathetic Hensler, by whom we again heard the *Sonnambula* always gracefully interpreted, while it was relished by the public with delight. The gentle actress regaled us, moreover, with the cavatina from “*Rigoletto*”: *Caro nome che il mio cor*, sung with that fine and loveable quality of voice, whose notes still trill and gurgle in our ears after the lips which modulated them are mute. The Signora Hensler has every attraction on her side: voice, song, grace, figure, comeliness and youth. Who must not prize such gifts united in a single individual!”

MARIA PICCOLOMINI, born at Sienna in 1835, is now only twenty-three years old, and has been fully six years before the public, having first appeared at Florence, in 1852, in Donizetti's opera of *Lucrezia Borgia*.

Her family rank among the most ancient in Tuscany. Two of them have occupied the Papal Chair, (Pius II and Pius III.) and her uncle, a venerable gentleman well known in Rome, for his appreciation of the fine arts, and his enthusiasm for music, is the well-known Cardinal Piccolomini. On the Italian principle of children and grandchildren participating in the family honors, Maria Piccolomini may claim the honorary title of princess. As a professional singer, she is content with the humbler and more appropriate rank of Signora, as a private gentle-woman.

☞ M. H. G., Chalford, Gloucestershire, England. Your's with enclosure received. The postage on the Journal to England, which is prepaid here, is two cents on each number.

Music Abroad.

STRASBURG.—The London *Musical World* translates the following from the *Courrier des Bas-Rhin*:—

One of those pieces of good fortune which seem denied to the provinces fell to the lot of the persons who assembled the day before yesterday in the saloons of M. Georges Kastner. Our learned fellow-citizen had been kind enough to invite them to hear M. Berlioz—who is stopping with him a few days—read the book of an opera in five acts, composed for the Académie Impériale de Musique, and of which he has written both the words and the music. It may easily be conceived what an interest was felt to hear a work not yet produced read by the author himself, a musician and a poet at the same time, especially when that author is already so celebrated.

The subject of M. Berlioz's opera is taken from classic antiquity, but treated in the modern fashion, not without being adapted, as far as the scenic development is concerned, to that exceptional style to which the composer of *Romeo et Juliette*

has devoted himself. This is tantamount to saying that, under the circumstances, M. Berlioz could not have found a better *librettist* than himself, and that everything will gain from the fact that the words and the music of the work, executed in a form and on a plan scarcely ever selected up to the present day, have proceeded from the same brain.

The book contains a great number of dramatic situations, many of which must produce a striking effect, to judge by that produced at the reading. As to the musical situations and the melodic motives, the poet has prepared them for the composer with quite a paternal weakness, which we fondly hope the audience of the Opéra will sanction. They result moreover from the very nature of the subject, taken, as we have said, from pagan antiquity, by which lyrical art was so highly honoured.

M. Berlioz has given his opera proportions which are strangely grandiose, and has taken care to surround it with all the accessories indispensable at the present day for the success of a dramatic work. Thus the book suggests a brilliant *mise-en-scène*, which will call up our Homeric and Virgilian reminiscences; change of scene, mythological scenes, and a graceful and picturesque ballet, or, in other words, so many elements which will soften down the tragic nature of the action, and heighten the splendour of the spectacle. We must add that the symphonic proportions of the score, to judge by the outline of the *scenarium*, gave promise of being gigantic.

The rehearsals of the—I was about to betray the title!—will commence, it is said, under the especial patronage of His Majesty the Emperor, and Paris will soon appreciate the opera of M. Berlioz, which is destined, on so many accounts, to produce a deep sensation, and of which, thanks to the courtesy of M. Kastner, we have had a literary foretaste at Strasbourg.

DRESDEN.—Richard Wagner's *Rienzi*, one of his earlier operas, was recently revived. A German critic says:—

The opera of *Rienzi* differs very much from Wagner's later efforts, to which, indeed, it forms a strong contrast. In *Rienzi* he entered on the path of grand French opera, and, with bold youthful fire, freed himself in it, to a certain extent, from the purely material elements then predominant in his nature. Empty phrases, full of tune, bombastic pathos, and coarse masslike effects, without delicacy of coloring, are there in full force. Deep heartfelt expression, true character, real feeling, and that poetically conceiving, highly coloured style, which produces so great an effect in his later operas, rarely occur. It is true that the composer of 'the later operas' is sufficiently evident in many peculiarities and affected mannerisms, a special notice of which would here lead us too far, in many detached motives, in speculative technicality, and in the attachment to the rhetorically-musical element; but the forms are not yet free from the ordinary type, the style is altogether a mixed one, swaying from pathos to triviality, and Meyerbeer's influence is frequently visible, while in *Tannhäuser* and *Lohengrin*, Weber is the composer's romantic model. The sensual tone-painting, which, in *Tannhäuser*, works upon the imagination with poetic colouring, degenerates, in *Rienzi*, into coarse noise. But, however far the composer still was, in *Rienzi*, from his deeper intellectual development and enlightened conception, his great talent for dramatically-musical description and stage-effect, and his bold and daring mastery of technical difficulties, are indisputably manifest. The masses move with rhythmical certainty, while the recitative and *ariosos*, in a constant struggle with all the wind instruments, possess vigour and dramatic consistence. In the midst of the coarse tumult, which causes us to fear we shall soon have to stumble over vandal-like ruins in art, a freshly daring and fiery power are pleasingly perceptible, and every act contains certain pieces, not merely short fragments, but long, independent pieces, comprising sufficient of what is valuable, uncommon, and inspiring, to cause us to say—were only this first opera of Wagner lying before us—The composer would be successful at some future

period, if he really dedicated his talent to art.—*Rienzi* has been produced at our theatre with great splendor, and with new and admirable scenery, the view of the Forum Romanum being particularly effective. After four hours' enjoyment of this real musical infliction, the inevitable result is a feeling of astonishment at the powers of endurance possessed by the singers and orchestra—especially by the wind-instrumentalists. The opera had been rehearsed with the greatest care under the direction of the *Capellmeister*, Herr Krebs, and the entire representation was a successful one; every person engaged exerted himself to the utmost. The performance of Herr Tichatschek, as *Rienzi*, was admirable for its dash, grand heroic style of expression, and the unimpaired freshness, powers of endurance, and still unbroken smoothness of the singer's voice. The highly fatiguing and dramatically important part of Adriano was sung by Madame Krebs-Michalesi, with excellent effect. Next to these two artists come Herren Mitterwurzer and Conradi, as the chiefs of the Orsini and Colonnas. The applause from an overflowing house was very great; Madame Krebs-Michalesi was called on several times, and Herr Tichatschek after each act.

FRANKFORT-ON-THE-MAINE.—The last musical event of any note in Goethe's birth-place, as well as in some other German cities, appears to have been the performance of an ambitious composition by an Englishman, Mr. Pierson, whom the *Athenæum* and other oracles at home scout as one crazy with the "Music of the Future." Here is the impression made upon a writer in the *Niederrheinische Musik-Zeitung* of Cologne.

There was an overflowing house on Goethe's birthday, to witness the second part of *Faust*, with music by Hugo Pierson. The version chosen was the excellent one adapted for the stage by Wollheim. The performance was highly successful, for the representatives of the principal characters, and the chief stage-manager, Herr Vollmer, were tumultuously called on several times.

No theatrical work has been regarded with so much suspicion as the second part of *Faust*. Even after the great success it had in Hamburg, people in other places still continued to think it was unintelligible. Here and there, too, those who wield the pen would not confess it had been successful, because they were not the persons who had been fortunate enough to produce a good stage version. With regard to the music, also, it is true, that both critics and public in Hamburg pronounced it original, beautiful, and worthy of the poem; but then Pierson is a man who belongs neither to the party of the Musicians of the Future, nor to any other. For years past, ever since he resigned his office as Professor of Music at the University of Edinburgh, he has kept aloof from taking part publicly in musical matters, and busied himself only with composition, to which fact his grand oratorio, *Jerusalem*, his songs and other small pieces, as well as the opera he has just completed, bear honorable testimony.

But, however this may be, the second part of *Faust*, according to Wollheim's stage version, and with Pierson's music, has triumphed, here in Frankfort, over prejudice and envy. This is a fact which can no longer be disputed.

The music was very well performed, under the direction of the excellent *Capellmeister*, Herr George Goltermann. The audience welcomed each member with the greatest interest, evinced either by devotional silence, as, for instance, in the case of the magnificent introductions to the fourth and fifth acts, or by loud applause, in which they indulged after the chorus: "Heilige Poesie," the concluding chorus, the "Te Deum," etc.

That portion of the music which is omitted, because it is impossible to extend the time of representation, which is already very long, in the case of this drama, is to be found in the piano-forte edition published by Schott's sons in Mayence. Herr Goltermann has, however, publicly stated that he will shortly give the whole of the music at a concert. This will be a great boon to the numerous admirers of Pierson's compositions.

Special Notices.

DESCRIPTIVE LIST OF THE LATEST MUSIC, Published by O. Ditson & Co.

MUSIC BY MAIL.—Quantities of Music are now sent by mail, the expense being only about one cent apiece, while the care and rapidity of transportation are remarkable. Those at a great distance will find the mode of conveyance not only a convenience, but a saving of expense in obtaining supplies. Books can also be sent by mail, at the rate of one cent per ounce. This applies to any distance under three thousand miles; beyond that, double the above rates.

Vocal, with Piano Accompaniment.

Woman's Resolution: or, The sober second thought. Comic Song. L. Heath. 25

Most of the so called Comic Songs of the day have a touch of the offensive, which, however slight it may be, still makes their admission into refined society an impossibility. This song is an exception. It is truly and emphatically comic, and fit and proper in the parlor and at the fireside.

Must I bid thee farewell, dear mother.

Dr. O. C. Alexander. 25

A plaintive, easy ballad.

Lottie Lane. Song & Cho. J. H. McNaughton. 25

This is a song of that class, which has been introduced in and forms such an attractive feature in Ethiopian entertainments. Many as there are of these songs, created, as it were by the dozen every day, there are but few which attain a permanent distinction, by virtue of some indescribable charm, to which the ear of the many is sensible. This song is of the latter class, destined to become widely known, and not unlikely to take the lead in the race.

"Mine eyes are dim with weeping." Written and composed by H. Millard.

This is a reprint of a very elegant English song, published in the Bridal Album, by Cramer, Beale & Co., London. The Album was made up of 10 or 13 Songs by the leading English composers, viz., Balfe, Hatton, Wallace, Glover, Linley, Mori, &c., each contributing one song. We feel well pleased to find that the name of our townsman has thus been placed upon the list of English song writers, and trust we shall have an opportunity of hearing this ballad sung during the winter by its originator.

Instrumental Music.

Le Carnival de Venise. Polka. Joseph Ascher. 30

At last this melody of everlasting popularity has given rise to a pretty French Operette, by the talented Ambroise Thomas. The indefatigable Ascher has not been slow to work a charming little polka out of the novelty, which all piano players, fond of Ascher's light and graceful style, will certainly not be slow to buy.

Never mind Polka. F. L. Becker. 25

One glance Waltz. " 25
Easy and agreeable.

Souvenir d'une Excursion des Artistes. Grand Valse brillante. B. Courlaender. 50

The pen of this excellent player and writer has long been suffered to rest. It will be much gratification for his friends and admirers to see that his vein of invention and melody is as fresh as ever. In fact, this is a very brilliant and pleasing set of waltzes for players of medium ability.

Waltz, in D flat, and Ecossaise. (Posthumous Works.) Chopin. 25

Both in the inimitable style of this great master of Chromatics. The waltz is a tone-poem, which does not bear all its beauty upon the bright surface, as its companion, the sparkling Ecossaise does; there is a melancholy tale of sadness, with but little joy intervening, told in the duet, which the fingers of the right hand are bidden to interpret.

Books.

ETIQUETTE OF THE BALL ROOM: or the Dancer's Companion. 25

As the season of terpsichorean festivity approaches, the above handbook, giving, in a condensed and convenient form, the rules of Ball Room Etiquette, will be eagerly sought for and prove of great value to all who are fortunate enough to possess it. All the minutiae relating to the management of public and private balls and parties is given, and a profuse number of Quadrilles, Cotillions, and Fancy Dances, including the celebrated "Lancer's Quadrille," and several others, equally popular.

Dwight's Journal of Music.

WHOLE No. 344.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 6, 1858.

VOL. XIV. No. 6.

The Character and Genius of Handel.

(From the Life, by Schœlcher.)

(Continued.)

Musical genius is certainly much more fertile than literary genius. The very least composers have produced a great deal, and all the great ones have been exceedingly fruitful. Handel was prodigiously so. His works number altogether one hundred and twenty-two, the greater part of them being of large proportion; and even when we know that he never rested for an hour, and that he devoted himself exclusively to his art, we ask how it was that a single man could supply the material labor which they required. His thirty-nine operas are in three acts; his twenty-one oratorios are not more astonishing for their extent than for their excellence. One feels amazed at that mountain of noble things piled up by a single hand, and especially when we remember that he was not, like Bach (his worthy emulator), a sort of Benedictine monk, working in the peaceful seclusion of a cell, without any difficulties to contend against. On the contrary, circumstances, his activity of mind, and his impetuous character drove him into the current of the world and its affairs.

What this man was able to do astounds the imagination. Take, for example, what he accomplished during the year 1734, when he was director of the Italian Opera: On the 26th of January, *Ariadne*, an opera in three acts; on the 13th of March, *Parnasso in Festa*, taken from *Athalia*, but containing fifteen original pieces; on the 18th of May, a revival of *Pastor Fido*, entirely recast, *Terpsichore*, a ballet intermixed with songs; the formation of a new company of singers, and the organization of a new theatre; the composition of *Ariadante*, an opera in three acts, finished on the 25th of October; the opening of a new theatre on the 18th of December; the performance of *Orestes*, a pasticcio; finally, in the midst of all this, the publication of the six famous concertos for thirteen instruments, called the *Hautbois Concertos*.

In 1736 his labors were still more extraordinary. *Alexander's Feast*, commenced on the 1st of January and finished on the 17th; *Grand Concertante* for nine instruments, on the 25th of January; *Atalanta*, an opera in three acts, commenced on the 3d of April and finished on the 22d; *Wedding Anthem*, with choruses and full orchestra, performed on the 27th of April; *Justin*, an opera in three acts, commenced on the 14th of August, and finished on the 7th September; *Armenius*, an opera in three acts, commenced on the 15th of September, and finished on the 3d of October; "Cecilia volgi," a grand cantata, with three recitatives, three airs, and a duet, on the 22d of November; "Sei del cielo," a small cantata, on the 22d of November; and, finally, *Berenice*, an opera in three acts, commenced on the 18th of December, and finished on the 18th of the following January.

Another astonishing proof of this abundant vigor was that which he gave toward the end of 1737, on his return from the waters of Aix-la-Chapelle, while still convalescent from a paralytic attack: Commencement of *Faramondo* on the 15th of November; end of the first act on the 28th of ditto; end of the second act on the 4th of December; commencement of *Funeral Anthem* on the 7th of December; end of the same on the 12th of ditto; rehearsal and performance of the same on the 17th of ditto; end of the third act of *Faramondo* on the 24th of ditto; commencement of *Xerxes* on the 26th of ditto. The accuracy of these facts is based upon incontrovertible proofs.

During ten years, from 1741 to 1751, and when

he was from fifty-six to sixty-six years of age, and in the midst of the troubles attendant upon two failures, Handel wrote thirteen oratorios, besides *Semele*, *Choice of Hercules*, *Dettingen Te Deum*, *Dettingen Anthem*, several chamber duets, and a great deal of instrumental music; without mentioning his journey to Ireland, which occupied nine months, or the time consumed in mounting and producing each work, every performance of which he conducted in person. When we remember what an oratorio is, that Epic of Music, can we fail to be astonished at the spectacle of an old man who sometimes wrote one, and sometimes two such works in each year? It was Apollo in the body of Hercules. He composed one after another, almost without breaking the chain of continuity; *The Messiah* in twenty-three days, and *Samson* in thirty or thirty-five. The history of the productions of the human mind does not contain a similar example. No one ever composed difficult things with such facility.

It is another extraordinary circumstance that *The Messiah* was completed on the 12th of September, and *Samson* taken in hand on the 21st. The end of *Faramondo* is dated on the 24th of December, and the first line of *Xerxes* was written on the 26th. *Saul* was finished on the 27th of September, and *Israel* commenced on the 1st of October. The correspondence between the author of the words for *Belshazzar* and Handel proves that he did not always know the whole of a poem when he began to set it to music. He was gifted with such astonishing powers of conception, that he had no need to collect his ideas beforehand, or to form a plan. He had the faculty of penetrating himself instantaneously with the most opposite passions and sentiments. He did not so much compose as improvise his works. And, nevertheless, they are complete, as strong as oaks, and as solid as rocks; they have no signs of haste; they are massive gold.

Genius acts in many ways. Gluck, who, if he had written instrumental music, would have been something of Handel's stature, found it necessary to collect his ideas before production. His score was finished before he had put the first line upon paper. With the one, thought annihilated space like a race-horse; with the other, it was distilled slowly, like an essence in an alembic. The one produced without difficulty; music welled forth from his brain like water from an abundant spring; the other brought forth as our mothers do, in grief and pain. "Gluck has often told me," relates Mr. Corenses, "that he began by going mentally over each of his acts; afterward he went over the entire piece; that he always composed imagining himself in the centre of the pit; and that his piece thus combined and his air characterized, he regarded the work as finished, although he had written nothing; but that this preparation usually cost him an entire year, and most frequently a grave illness. 'This,' said he, 'is what a great number of persons call making canzonets.'"

Handel was a worker not less indefatigable than his genius was inexhaustible. He never abused his supernatural faculties. His MSS., which were so impetuously written, bear the marks of incessant revision. As an example of this constant perfecting process, may be cited the air, "How beautiful," in *The Messiah*, which was rewritten four times. In many of the scores, and especially in *Radamisto*, corrections made on little pieces of paper may be found pasted over the passages which had been effaced. In *Esther* there is a recitative, four lines long, which is corrected in this manner; and then, the corrected version not having satisfied the composer, he has made a third. The last version is now attached

to the original MSS.; the first is in the Fitzwilliam Museum. So much patience in such an impatient man, so much trouble taken with four lines of recitative by the man who produced *Israel in Egypt* in twenty-four days, speak volumes for the laborious industry with which he toiled. When he died, scarcely any of his works were as he had written them; all have sustained some change, some transformation. He returned to them constantly with the activity of an inexhaustible fecundity. And yet no man was ever less uncertain than he as to the road which he intended to follow; no one had a more decided will or definite end; no one knew more precisely whither he was going, what he wished to do, and what he did. But in addition to his great love for improvement, having been his own manager for half a century, and being consequently obliged to accommodate himself to one circumstance or another, one new singer or another, conducting the score every evening, struggling every day against powerful enemies, and against the musical ignorance of his age, he was compelled to multiply himself, to employ all sorts of means to attract attention, and satisfy that blind and insatiable passion for novelty which was then even more morbid than it is at the present day.

In spite of his ardent disposition, he never worked capriciously. His was a well-directed fire. His compositions followed each other with monastic regularity. With the exception of *Hymen*, which was written between the first and second acts of *Saul*, I do not recollect that he wrote more than one at a time.

(To be continued.)

A Glance at the Present State of Music.

By Dr. A. B. MARX.

THE first glance we take at the present state of musical art, reveals to us a picture of musical activity so great and universal as may scarcely have existed at any previous period; excepting, perhaps, during those lovely days once shining upon Italy and Spain. Then, indeed, the stream of holy song gushed from the open doors of every church, flowed down from every pilgrim-crested eminence; from every balcony the clang of festive trumpets enlivened the banquets of nobles and princes, and, in the stillness of the balmy night, the trembling chords of mandolines and citherns mingled with the voices of tender singers. So our own country also resounded, in the days of Luther, with his songs of holy warfare. Powerfully exciting, inspiring, and confirming, they swelled from the church choir, and through the open doors spread over the crowded marketplace; they filled the busy streets with shouts of religious enthusiasm, and penetrated to the private family circle, the lonely chamber of the pious Christian.

That which, in those countries and those days, arose spontaneously as the inborn medium of expression of a people more easily excited, and inhabiting a country rich in nature's sweetest charms, or the natural voice of holy zeal, has come down to us; not, it is true, as something foreign to our nature—for it had been lying dormant in the deeply poetic mind of our German nation long before it was awakened—but still as something acquired, in the form of a gift presented to us for our enjoyment, and as an ornament of our existence.

Thus are our public gardens, our social circles, and our festivals, everywhere filled with streams of harmony; bands of music, consisting of numerous instruments, the number of which is ever increasing, parade before our military hosts, or make the ball-room tremble with the "phrensy of

delight." Where is the town, however small, which does not attempt to get up, at least, a series of winter concerts? How many *virtuosi*, how many quartet-societies, how many concerts of every kind and description, divert the music-loving multitudes of our larger cities! At what time were there seen almost everywhere so many opera performances almost the whole year round? What time or country can show anything equal to our musical festivals and musical societies? Or, lastly, in what age, before the present, has music been so universally recognized as an indispensable branch of education, both in word and in deed, and with such sacrifices of time and money?

For this diffusion of music, the lively interest universally taken in its cultivation, in every sphere of life accords proportionate means. However great the cost of instruction, instruments, printed music, &c. every family in the middle as well as the higher ranks of society endeavors to obtain them. There is no where a lack of teachers; singing is practised in every school; seminaries, universities, and special music schools, continue the instruction and lead it to a higher point; everywhere academies of singing, instrumental and general musical societies, established for the purpose of collective practice or performance, are found increasing. Municipal authorities and governments bestow attention upon, and provide means for, the performance of works of art in chapels and in choirs, or for the musical instruction of the people; our publishers and music-sellers diffuse the works of all nations and all times to an extent and in a form unprecedentedly cheap and convenient; even the acquisition of good instruments has been considerably facilitated by the progress of the mechanical arts.

Wonderful power of the art of sound! To open all hearts! engaging the interest and drawing contributions even from those who for want of instruction, or from a naturally defective organization, are denied a participation in its pleasures; who willingly make sacrifices for those belonging to them, and then step aside, content with the feeling of having afforded to others a pleasure which they themselves cannot enjoy!

Whence has music this power? and how does it reward our love and sacrifices?

It has this power, and is all-powerful over mankind, because it seizes upon every fibre, sensually, and spiritually, upon the whole body and soul, sensations and ideas. The rudest nature thrills under the effect of its powerful strains, and is soothed by its sweetness. Its sensual effect is in itself irresistibly enchanting; for the merely sensual hearer feels that this trembling of the nerves penetrates to the inmost depth of the soul, that this corporeal delight is purified and sanctified by its hidden connexion with the origin of our existence. But he who has experienced in his own person how music calls forth, and leads to pleasure, the most tender, powerful, and secret feelings of the soul, imparting brightness to its mysterious twilight, awakening it to a dreamy consciousness; he to whom the deepest perceptions and ideas present themselves as spirits diverting him from, and raising him above, the fluctuating play of feelings and emotions; who is in short, aware that our existence would be imperfect, did not the world of sound supply the deficiency: such a one knows that the most intellectual pleasure of the senses derived from hearing music is merely an attraction to its spiritual fountain, from which are drawn purity of feeling, elevation of mind, the contemplation of a new and boundless world of ideas, and a new sphere of existence.

The one is the all-penetrating, universally prevailing power of sounds; and the other, the promise of this art—a *more elevated and blissful existence*, which we, knowing or anticipating, confide in, and to which so many of us and ours are devoted.

But its nature, like man's own, is twofold; partaking both of the sensual (*material*;) and the mental (*spiritual*.) It has power to raise us from a rude and barren state of being, to a higher, more susceptible, and spiritual existence; to soften and refine our feelings, to awaken in us ideas of pure and perfect humanity; to exalt us above the

human sphere to the confines of the Divine, and in this mental elevation, fill our hearts with love and holy zeal for everything that is good and noble. But this self-same power of melody and harmony may also bury the yet unrevealed indwelling spirit in the alluring waves of excited sensuality, obliterating from the soul every noble feeling, and every virtuous power, and gradually leading it to that thoughtlessness, that want of principle and desire for sensual pleasure which dissolves or stifles every noble disposition, and in whose train are found those strange twins, satiety and insatiability, and that terrible condition of the mind, utter indifference.

How then does this dangerous but dear art reward our love and our sacrifices?

In art itself all is pure, noble, and good. It is the fault of our weakness, if to us its gifts become poison; if we linger inactively upon the threshold of its sanctuary, or allow its call to die away unheeded, and, instead of joining the company of the initiated in its sacred halls, lose ourselves in the courts destined for the offal of the sacrifices.

Many things have conspired to embitter the pure enjoyment and interrupt the pure and honest cultivation of the art of music in the present times. The waves of mighty events are penetrating into, and acting upon, every form of social and spiritual life, while the nations are still without a unifying and guiding principle of mental elevation. Stupendous events and recollections have called forth, on the one hand, vehement desires, and a prevalence of violent and suddenly changing impressions; on the other hand, its opposites—inanition, and a deep longing for peace and quietness. In both directions, the material, a means of violent excitement, or of soothing the mind into a pleasurable repose, has acquired undue preponderance over the spiritual element of art, and we see repeated a spectacle often witnessed before: that, in such moments when the tension of the German mind and character, in the masses of the people and those who speak to their hearts, suffers relaxation, foreign influences, especially the frivolity and ready loquacity of the French, and the enervated sensuality of the Italians, wrest the sceptre from native talent. In respect to music, it is in the opera especially that foreign mediocrity at such times gains its easiest victories, and carries every thing before it in its rapid march. For, how many different means are not resorted to, in these productions, to take the hearer by surprise and confound his judgment, so that their worthlessness remains concealed beneath the novelty of their effects! And how can the evil influence thus brought to bear upon the highest and most commanding point, fail to affect in a similar manner, every other sphere and branch of art?

Are we compelled, on the one hand, to censure the mind-debasing materialism of the foreign opera, whose tendency in our days is the more irresistible, because we are still accustomed, indeed forced, on account of the more highly developed political and public life of our western neighbours, to look to their country as to the balance-wheel of the great European clock; so, on the other hand, we acknowledge that which is *positively good* in those operas, and which has been too much neglected by our writers and composers for the theatres; viz. dramatic, or at least scenic, animation, and the progression from mere individual conditions to public and more universally intelligible and interesting relations of life. Only when this *positive* element shall have been more generally perceived and appreciated by our poets and musicians, amongst all the poverty, lowness, and errors of the foreign opera—then, and not till then, will German art, in all other respects so much more pure and true, be able to triumph over its rivals in the theatre, as certainly and signally as it has done everywhere else.

Till then the foreigner will reign, will be a favorite, attract the multitude, and in *his* way satisfy it. A flattering tickling, a strained excitement of the senses, external splendor, coupled with internal poverty, superficial desire to please, instead of character and depth, a general inclination for that which is low, the degradation of the most significant conditions and forms to mere

means of effect—these are the inseparable consequences of this dominion. Music, having become a mere pastime, is dragged about everywhere; it pursues us into our gardens and dining rooms, prevents all spiritual interchange, and conscious of being only intended to fill up the emptiness of a listless society, blunts at the same time the ears of the audience and its own powers. This want of character and meaning may be observed in every branch of art, and the general indifference is increasing. In proportion as our modern composers stray from the true nature and genius of art in general, and the different artistic forms in particular, treating the *means* as the chief object, without regard to *design*, so does that perversion, which is the death of art, become more palpable. In proof of this, we find that those seductive foreign operas, even though the authority of their origin may dazzle and mislead us Germans, only gain their success through the aid of celebrated singers who are specially gifted for their coquetish or forced efforts, and by the employment of every possible adjective resource of attraction. The opposite fault of negligence in the adaptation of the means to the end, has often, and not without reason, been urged as a reproach against us: perhaps our bitter experience is intended to teach us better.

Proceeding from this point, another not very animating aspect of the present condition of music opens to our view.

We have such music, but very little real enjoyment of it. We make it a means of diversion and entertainment, when it might serve to collect our ideas and elevate our minds. Thus our fashionable operas for a moment render their admirers giddy with delight, but to dismiss them unsatisfied, and to be shortly forgotten by them; so in our concerts, whose highest pinnacle of success is that most barren of all emotions, astonishment at the skill of a virtuoso; so in our public performances and musical festivals, which merely serve to furnish another not very pleasing accompaniment to the conversation of the audience; so in our social circles, where unmeaning exercises, or badly executed novelties of the day, form the staple articles of musical entertainment, and which, instead of real pleasure, produce more mental distress, envy, and ennui, than people are inclined to confess even to themselves.

With pleasurable feelings do we quickly withdraw the eye from this cheerless side of the picture; the more so, as it is not our object to form a conclusive judgment, but only to arouse the earnest attention of those who take a lively interest in the cause of the musical art and the education of the people. It would also evince great ignorance of the spirit of our times, did we not, by the side of degeneration and weakness, also perceive and honor the most cheering and promising efforts in the right direction; the faithful adherence shown to the works of the older masters, from Beethoven, back even to Gluck and Sebastian Bach; the rare, though perhaps temporary, increase of technical industry of executants, the assiduous efforts of so many students to acquire scientific proficiency and general information, both of which are indispensable to the artist, and were certainly by no means so earnestly aimed at in times past as they are at present. The only drawback to this cheering aspect is the fact, that many, whose zealous efforts must be acknowledged with praise, still appear to be unconscious of the real nature and purpose of all artistic activity; this unconsciousness must be awakened into a clear perception before those labors can bear the right fruit. As it is, we have the strange anomaly of great depth of thought associated with shallowness; of false and real art held in equal estimation, the good and the bad accepted without distinction under the flattering name of versatility, and discrimination denounced as formality.

Thus, in the traces and germs of the good, as well as the bad, great and wide-spread activity is everywhere displayed; an activity promising much, if directed to the right end, but which still remains unaided by that concentrating and guiding consciousness, that quickening spirit which imparts to art the highest of its powers.

Thus many noble-minded and deeply thinking men have prefigured to themselves, in this whirlpool of confused efforts and conflicting powers, the destruction of an art which in their opinion, has already reached the culminating point of its glory in Bach, or Gluck, or Mozart, or Beethoven. We, on the contrary, adhere firmly to the conviction that art is a necessity of human nature, and therefore, like it, imperishable; and that, for the same reason also, in a single nation, music can only perish together with that nation itself; though it may, in common with it, experience repeated moments of dejection or retrogression. The history of music, attentively examined, gives ample proof of this; and a worthy conception of what our nation ought to be, and what may be expected, and will be gained for musical art by its re-elevation, is calculated, even in times of undeniable retrogradation, to inspire with hope every heart beating for something higher than that which is perishable.

College Music.

(From the New York Musical World.)

[NEW HAVEN, Conn., Sept. 29, 1858.]

DEAR SIR:

If you could find it in your power to give me any information on the state of music in Yale while you were at college, I should be very glad to obtain it.

If you would be so kind also to state to me any particulars you know about the introduction to Yale of "*Gaudeamus igitur*," you would much oblige me.

Yours, in 322,

EUGENE SCHUTLER.

Editor of the Musical World.]

The above letter has induced quite a train of recollection as to the pleasant days and pleasant fellows of college years. We well remember the first visit we received after the Freshman examination, from the august President of the *Beethoven Club*. In our Freshman verdancy we had taken a room in one of the public buildings of the city, (the Exchange) from which we were speedily routed by the college authorities, no student being allowed to have a room in any public building or hotel. But it was during the short time we were quartered there that the Beethoven official came to examine into our musical qualifications to join the college choir. Of course we were given the usual psalmody to sing—upon which we passed a much more satisfactory examination, we dare say, than certain other metrical text-books in languages less familiar—concerning which we had subsequently to undergo rigorous investigation.

So kindly were we received by the Beethovenites that at the end of the Freshman year they inducted us into the office of President—a post we continued to fill during the three remaining years of the course.

During that time how many excellent fellows passed in musical review!—both of classes preceding and following. We had, in all, a force of about thirty men. Of these, twenty, perhaps, were singers, and the rest composed a "grand orchestra"—as the concert programmes have it. Max Maretzek would probably have turned several summersaults, had he heard our orchestra but once vigorously tune up. Not so much on account of the melodious results, albeit—for the fellows did not make bad music—but rather the extraordinary novelty of the acoustical effects; for we had every unique instrument from the piccolo fife to the big drum. Of course our music in its grand *ensemble* of voices and instruments was often what might be termed *rousing*;—and whenever we put forth our musical energies we kept the attention of our auditors from the beginning to the end—you may be sure. And, indeed, the attention thus bestowed was often well repaid. Among our singers we had several capital voices, tenors particularly, and the voices of each and all had that freshness and warmth, which no training and no art can supply and which go more directly to the popular heart than all the graces and embellishments of more artificial song. To be sure, we had far fewer tenors than basses—this being—in common with more professional impresarios—the particular woe of our career as Kapellmeister; but then the tenors had to sing all the louder, and we scorned being sung down by any number of ruder Basses—having a certain acoustical advantage, also, in the more penetrating and pervading tones of a higher scale.

In matters of psalmody, we sang the music just as it is usually written for mixed voices; that is, for male and female. But the late auspicious era, in which the question is so gallantly agitated of admitting young ladies to colleges, not having as yet dawned upon us, our music was essentially male. Of course, the conditions of the music we sang, as to progression of parts, etc., were radically changed:

and some fellows insisted on singing tenor, and this part generally running higher than the melody itself, we had such inversion of parts, and such consecutive octaves, fifths, and forbidden horrors of every kind, that some of our modern Philadelphia Doctors of Music might have been driven into a lunatic asylum. Yet these dissonances were something like certain coarser stops in an organ; which, though diabolical in themselves, when drowned in an overtopping harmoniousness, help *jill up*.

The instrument greatly predominating in our orchestra was the flute. The *inevitable flute* had, indeed, ever to be repressed and discouraged. Every second fellow who wanted to join the choir played a flute. We grew indeed to be relentless on the flute question. Having secured several of the most accomplished upon that pastoral instrument, (like Field and Larned) we turned our backs resolutely on all other piping shepherds.

Strange to say, however, the instrument best played of all was the violin. We actually had violin-playing, rather than that fiddling naturally (of students) to be expected. There was Washington and Trotter, particularly of the "Southern members", and Whitney of the Northern, who drew, really, a capital bow. We were also supplied with a viola, 'cello and double-bass, so that the quartet of the "strings" was complete. Of the "brasses" we had but a single representative,—a big ophicleide. This piece of ordnance, when projected out of the chapel window, called explosively the choir together every Saturday noon to rehearsal, filling the breasts of the "milky mothers of the herd", nibbling the grass in College street, with alarm. It was our *pièce de résistance*—our great gun, that ophicleide. We based a good deal of our musical reputation upon the fundamental notes of that deep-mouthed orator. The double-bass was solemnly grand, but the ophicleide was fundamentally grander. The big drum, too, though somewhat martial and operatic, when touched by the professor thereof *lightly*, rumbled deep down into the region of the pedal-pipe tone in an organ, and served very much the same purpose in the general effect.

Of the lighter instrumental cohort—the fancy pieces—we had an ornamental supply. Our views were liberal as to what was proper in an orchestra. We had now and then a guitar, a triangle (which, of course, was not very unorchestral,) a piccolo flute, etc. Such instruments as were *not* heard, by reason of the general din—like the tinkling guitar—were supposed to be heard. They *looked* pretty when the fellows played them—and a great many serenaded misses in town, could testify that, (when heard at all,) they also sounded pretty.

Our best music was at prayers on Sunday evenings. During the day the choir was very much dispersed. Some of the members had charge of town choirs; others attended churches of a different denomination than that worshipping at the chapel. But at prayers there was a general gathering. We usually practised, too, on Saturday, an anthem for Sunday evening. The Christmas Nativity anthem was, of all our musical attempts, the most successful and popular: partly from its traditional associations, and partly from the enthusiasm natural to the occasion of its performance—Christmas Eve.

The choir and orchestra, during the period of our administration, did themselves most justice, perhaps, the year we were graduated—'41. Hitherto, each graduating class had gone to the no inconsiderable expense of hiring a New York orchestra to play at Centre Church during the commencement exercises. (We believe this is still done.) But the choir had so augmented in numbers, that their music was really so much more popular with the students, (and with the outside Philistines as well,) than even Max Maretzek's far more scientific instrumental corps, that we determined to save the college all expense of commencement music, and do the melodious thing ourselves. Not this alone. We resolved to attempt the as yet unheard of enterprise, and give a concert on the evening preceding Commencement. All this, to be sure, involved not only daily, but nightly exertions on the part of the zealous President of the club: who not only had to arrange—yea, verily, to compose—overtures, intermezzos and musical fantasias of various kinds for the extraordinary variety of instruments on that occasion to be brought forward (for an orchestra constituted as was ours being entirely unknown to the classic masters and ancients, no music for our purpose was found to be extant) but we had to accomplish the still more difficult task of getting the fellows together to rehearse. Herein lies the true test, of course, of an Impresario's genius—the power of getting musicians to preliminary rehearsals. Students, particularly, are in any case frisky enough—but Sophomore examinations and Senior preparations, and Freshman and Junior impediments of every kind added materially to this friskiness whenever we talked

to them about the necessity of rehearsal, and the awful musical responsibility we had assumed. We added the attraction of watermelons and all the fruits of the season as seductive means to secure their attendance at rehearsals—indeed, but for the watermelons we are afraid our concert and commencement music would have fallen through.

Our rehearsals—for the greater privacy—were held in the Rhetorical chamber instead of the chapel: and this was the scene of our own private labors upon that remarkable instrumental score, which we were compelled to prepare for our nondescript orchestra. There was a long table in the middle of the room, and a pianoforte at the head of it. Upon this table, during the intervals of rehearsal, were generally left the instruments, to do justice to which we were ransacking our brains of music. When we sat solitarily at one end and thrummed out upon the piano a *Skull-and-Bone March*, or a *Freshman Fandango*, or some such mad-cap invention, the big double-bass, lying prone on its stomach before us, and the bigger drum looming ponderously in the distance, and the little fiddles, and the guitars, and everything that could vibrate, seemed to respond to the strains and to suggest their own music. So that there was not so much real difficulty in composing the tunes—but the thing was to get the fellows to play them.

However, after many tribulations and sleepless nights and anxieties, and a fabulous consumption of watermelons, all was in readiness. The concert was given in a church on Church street, the pulpit being removed for the occasion and a staging constructed. The number of tickets issued was unlimited and—unfortunately for the accommodations of the church—the sale was unlimited: so that when the evening of performance arrived, one-third of the audience had to listen from the street—we putting up the windows, and the auditors complacently submitting to such unprecedented concert-arrangements. Between the parts of the programme an address on music was delivered by the President—he feeling safe from any expressions of disapproval on the part of the audience, from the fact that precautions had wisely been taken, early in the evening, to request the audience to refrain from any tokens of satisfaction or dissatisfaction—if for no other reason, out of regard to the character of the place.

The Beethovenites, we believe, still flourish, eminently at Yale College—we should be sorry at all events to hear that the music of our old Alma Mater had in any degree died out.—We trust that the same spirit of emulation, the same musical zeal, the same jolly good fellowship prevail now as in previous collegiate years. We understand an organ has latterly taken the place of the heterogeneous orchestra once assembled:—and yet we can hardly think that either on festive college occasions, or in the more solemn services of churchly worship, more youthful ardor can be exhibited on the one hand, or a profounder and sincerer feeling on the other, than that which characterized the music under the older arrangement.

In reply to the interrogatory of our correspondent, we would say that *Gaudeamus igitur* was introduced into college some eight or ten years since. We brought it with us, in a book of German student-songs, on our return from Europe. In the same book was that glorious *Integer Vir*—Horace's ode, set to music by Flemming—which was sung at the same time, and we hope is still sung, in the halls of Old Yale.

The Theatre in Sans-Souci.

(From the Berlin Echo.)

Such is the title of a highly interesting paper by Herr L. Schneider, in No. 2 of the *Neues Deutsches Theater-Archiv*, from which we select the two following very remarkable cabinet orders of Frederick the Great. For the reception of the Russian Grand Prince, afterward the Czar Paul, at the Prussian Court, in July, 1776, all kinds of festivities were projected, and the king busied himself with the most trifling details connected with them. All sorts of interesting documents relating to the dramatic performances to be given are still preserved, in the Royal Secret Archives. As early as the 20th of June, Herr Reichardt, the *capellmeister*, had to go to Sans-Souci, and compose an allegorical prologue to the opera of *Angelica e Medora*, for Porporino and Tosoni, as well as an aria for Mad. Mara. The latter's husband, a personal enemy of Reichardt, succeeded in prevailing on her to write and tell the king, "She could not sing such music." The result was an order to the Baron von Arnim, which affords us a glance at the manner in which the great king ruled the little kingdom of his theatre at Sans-Souci:

"Vous pourrez dire à la chanteuse Mara en réponse à la lettre, qu'elle vient de m'adresser que je la payois pour chanter et non pour écrire, que les airs étaient très-bien, tes qu'ils étaient et qu'elle devoit s'en accommoder, sans tant de verbiage et difficulté. Sur ce etc., etc."

"à Potsdam le 30 de Juin 1776. FREDERIC."

("You may tell the singer Mara, in answer to the letter she has just sent me, that I paid her to sing and not to write; that the airs were very well, as they were, and that she ought to be contented with them without so much idle talk and fuss. In consequence, etc., etc."

"Potsdam, the 30th June, 1776.) FREDERICK."

Underneath there was a note in the king's own handwriting:

"Elle est payée pour chanter et non pour écrire."

("She is paid to sing and not to write.")

At the same time, the above-mentioned individual, Mara, who was one of the royal private band, was sent to Spandau. This reduced the Baron von Arnim, who dreaded some hitch in the operatic representations to a state of despair. His remonstrance on the subject to the king was followed by the remarkable order, written in German—an exception in theatrical matters—of which there are several copies still extant, instead of running thus: "The Mara shall sing," are as follows: "The — shall sing."

"My best, and very dear faithful Arnim! I perceive from your observations of the 4th inst., that you are very tender-hearted, and a very great friend of the Mara and her husband, because you espouse their cause so warmly, and speak up for them. I must, however, tell you that your tender-heartedness is very badly applied in the present instance, and that you would act much more sensibly, if you did what I order you, and did not accustom yourself to argue the matter; for I will by no means suffer this, and you must not let such things enter your head. The Mara shall sing the air, as I require her to do, and not be obstinate, unless she wants to be served just like her husband, and he shall stop in prison till further orders; to that he may make up his mind. For your part, you must not fancy you are my privy counsellor. I did not take you into my service for that, so you had better busy yourself with rendering *parition* to my orders, if you wish me to continue your gracious king."

"Potsdam, the 5th July, 1776. FREDERICK."

Mozart in Vienna.

(From Frazer's Magazine.)

Years roll on, and Mozart finds himself settled in Vienna, in great reputation, and surrounded by the closest ties of kindred—wife and children. At once the composer and the performing artist, now immersed "over head and ears," as he expressed it, in composition, and now the centre of all eyes at the theatre, the world has never seen in any musician such an instance of various power or of equal promptitude in thought and action. His society was mixed. From the boudoir of the empress herself, from the sympathetic and elegant intercourse of Haydn, Metastasio, Gluck, to the revelry of the green-room, and its orgies crowned with flowers, every one could extract something to please out of our Mozart. Here his mercurial temperament, however, wronged him, and between too much work and too much pleasure, he consumed himself. When illness had restored predominance to his reasoning and reflecting powers, his regrets at being so early obliged to leave his art were poignant, for he saw into the extent of his own mind, and had begun to view his music as a precious casket, deposited with him by Providence, not merely for his own advantage, but that of mankind at large. For a while, however, the flowers of Mozart's composition never grew in greater profusion, rich and rare, than at Vienna. The excitement of an imperial court, its variety of musical men and musical tastes, employed his mind incessantly on new models in music; and when shortly after his death a void began to be felt, his chief friends, Prince Liechowsky, Baron van Swieten, &c., received Beethoven with open arms; and the same hospitality and distinction which Mozart had enjoyed, passed to his successor by right of inheritance. At the same tables, in the same carriages, at the same pianofortes, among the old companions of Mozart, Beethoven may be seen; and hopes revive in the promising genius of the new comer, that the regeneration of music will not be left incomplete. But we may here retrace some of those influences which set Mozart's invention in peculiar activity at Vienna.

Van Swieten, the eccentric physician of Maria Theresa, lived here in greater credit on the strength of the excellent constitution of that princess than perhaps his pills and draughts merited. He was very fond of music, understood it scientifically, had an orchestra frequently in his house, and a better listener to fugues never sat in self-concentration and delight by the side of a player. Fugues of Bach and Handel formed after mass a regular part of the Sunday morning service at the Baron's; Mozart was the performer, and he took so much interest in this musician's music, that when he played for his own diversion at home, he scarcely ever touched anything else. Still his reverence for the past did not lead him to pedantry, or to lose sight of the advance of his own day in elegant melodious taste.

We are in the physician's music-room.

"This sonata in the style of Handel, with its introduction and fugue," observes Van Swieten to his friend, "seems to me a very complete example of the individuality of your workmanship. You show Handel and yourself too. I have set others the same task, who have either produced what was not at all like their original, or else a servile copy."

"The composer who attempts to borrow the pen of any great master," returned Mozart, "must first possess a well-pronounced, distinct style of his own. An artistic imitation only pleases by such a resemblance to the composer imitated as satisfies the imagination that he might himself have written it at an advanced stage of existence. Merely to copy a composer's modulations and peculiarities, is to produce such a dull imitation as is allied rather to the unpleasant likeness of a wax model, than to the spirited representation of a fine portrait."

"And yet the *allegande* and *courante* in this sonata," said Van Swieten, "are such exquisite gems, that I can scarcely imagine Handel sufficiently refined in instrumental music to produce them. The fusion of the old and new is admirably accomplished, and makes perfect music. I wish, my dear Mozart, that you may get our German composers out of the horse-in-the-mill track which they pursue, not only in their music, but in the series of their movements, where the same *allegro*, the same slow movements, &c., follow in eternal procession. Now this is a formality which should be broken through. I perceive that your pianoforte tastes of opera music, church and organ music, the symphony, the quartet. This mode is extremely suggestive, and will in time render the pianoforte a perfect microcosm of the great world of harmony."

"It is, as I take it," said the composer, "just the business which the present age of music demands. The pianoforte must hereafter fill the concert-room, the theatre, the church, with accomplished hearers; it must exhibit music in all styles, and in a perpetual variety of forms. It will thus make the fortune of composers when kings have no longer places or pensions to give them. But there is much to do. People are now only beginning to see into the significance of notes apart from words or a scene on the stage; yet in instrumental music a few bars more or less make a serious difference to a composition."

Ferdinand Ries has informed us in his notices on Beethoven, as a curious example of the deep speculations of that master on symmetry and effect in instrumental music, that he one day received in a letter from Vienna a couple of dotted crotchets, which Beethoven instructed him to insert in a sonata long before published, as a new and improved commencement of the same. He was quite surprised at the effect of these two notes. Beethoven certainly worked out many of the theories of Mozart with a strong fellow feeling in beauty, yet with a manner entirely his own.

We now follow Van Swieten into a room in the palace where Joseph II. sometime recreated himself with musical talk and criticism. The emperor turns over the pages of a four-handed fugue on the desk of the pianoforte, with the words, "See, something struck out afresh from the mint of Mozart. He wrote this to please the countess Thun and Metastasio's niece; the four hands allow the parts to go smoothly, and the bass to come in like the pedals of the great organ at St. Stephen's, when Albrechtsberger performs a voluntary. The ladies played it last evening; and Clementi, who listened, said that it was an admirable composition, but that it wanted an introduction."

"Mozart thought otherwise," said the physician, and would probably reply, "Why should we always make the same beginnings?" A company who will not cease talking through crashing chords, will sometimes have their attention piqued by a quiet *début*; even a succession of single notes. Your Majesty may recollect Mozart's agreeable innovation, in commencing the overture to *Figaro* *allegro* and *piano*: how hushed and full of suspense and interest it rendered the house."

"The musical ideas of Clementi," returned the emperor, "are, in your opinion, too subservient to the formal and conventional. His admirable playing is much cried up by the Italians here, but even I can find that he has not Mozart's melody."

"Clementi," replied the physician, "has many original qualifications of the musician, but his science is not wholly free from dryness and pedantry. In every kind of serious music, melody, design, and modulation, must concur to produce pleasure; and certainly it is the praise of Germany, in the instrumental art, to have united science with the graces. I see in this volume of pianoforte duets, three complete specimens of fine music under various designs. The first in F."

"Haydn, I remember, called it a symphony in disguise," said the emperor.

"It is indeed such fine music, that when it is well played, you forget the players. This other in C, beginning in unison and *fortissimo*, is intended expressly to show two performers of equal talent in alternate solos; the one in F minor is a mixture of the orchestral and inspired organ style. It differs from everything else by its author, and is one of the noblest monuments of his ambition and powers."

"That piece originated," said the emperor, "in the large mechanical organ which Count F— erected in the hall of his country-house, near Prague. The times of playing were regulated by clockwork. The count was a humorist, and said to the man of Silbermann's, who built the organ: 'We shan't want for clever machinery or good pipes, but where shall we get the music, that we may listen to twice a day for a month without being tired?'"

The physician smiled, and continued, "I think the organ-builder found out the right shop. He had but to explain what was wanted, and to say that his clarinet, his flute, his bassoon stops, would be of exquisite quality, to inspire the imagination of Mozart. So to make his work the more durable, the musician selected as his models the two greatest masters of the organ, Handel and J. S. Bach. But he has reserved a place for himself; the prelude and the postlude, in which he has enveloped Handel, are his own, and so is the *adagio* in that second piece, which breaks the figure in two, and prepares so agreeably to introduce it a second time with new treatment."

We now enter Mozart's home. He is writing in haste, and throwing the sheets of his music on the floor to dry. His wife and sister return from abroad, and tell him with much pleasure that they have been at the Jesuit's church hearing the beautiful symphonies of Haydn, called the "Seven last words"—that they have seen Haydn, who conducted the performance himself; that he is coming to visit them in the evening. Mozart expressed his delight. "I know his famous new work, and I will please him." At night Haydn is seated near his friend, who is at the pianoforte. "Now, Haydn, you shall hear one of my 'last words';" and he extemporizes an admirable *adagio* in B minor.

Haydn acknowledges his successful and complimentary imitation. "If you can make such music on a single 'word,' one may well wish that instead of 'seven last words,' there had been seventy. But for ladies this music may be too solemn and severe. There is Mademoiselle Sophie, who will be glad to hear something tender and sentimental." Play the clarinet movement you wrote for Stadler," said the composer's wife. Haydn wishes to possess this beautiful piece. "I think I must write it out for the pianoforte, and call it 'Miscellaneous Romance.'" "I am afraid that your husband," continued the musician, addressing his wife, "will be thought a great scapmonger."

Dwight's Journal of Music.

BOSTON, NOV. 6, 1858.

MUSIC IN THIS NUMBER. — Continuation of "Miriam's Song of Triumph," a Cantata for Soprano solo and chorus, by FRANZ SCHUBERT.

The Diarist Abroad. No. 5.

BERLIN, SEPT. 20. — Here beginneth a discourse, the text of which is: "Are you going to write the result of your researches in German or in English?"

When this question is asked me I smile — smile to think anybody can suppose me capable of the folly of thinking four or five years in Germany sufficient to enable me to write a book in the lan-

guage of the country. Think of this matter a moment.

How many of the first hundred students in any literary institution in America that you may meet, do you suppose will ever attain eminence as writers of their mother tongue? Leaving for the moment entirely out of view the question whether they are men of original thoughts and ideas, how many of them will attain such a mastery of the language as to express their ideas with precision and elegance. Listen to the first fifty sermons, speeches or legal arguments that come within your reach, with a view simply to the style of their authors, and how many of the fifty could you find it in your conscience to praise? Why, a high degree of precision and elegance in the choice and collocation of words, in the form and succession of sentences and paragraphs, so as clearly and distinctly to convey the picture or idea in the mind of the writer or speaker to that of the reader or auditor, is so rarely found, that he who has attained it, even if his thoughts be not very new or striking, is at once a marked man and is in constant demand from the publishers of periodicals and lyceum committees. And yet your hundred students have, from the first opening of the infant's ear to sounds, been constantly hearing the English language spoken, in the social circle, from the pulpit, at the bar, in the public assembly; since they learned their letters have read it in books and newspapers; have, through their whole life, breathed in it as in the atmosphere.

Nay, more; while still but children, a text-book of English Grammar was put in their hands to study, and periodical compositions were required of them in which the rules of grammar were to be reduced to practice. At a later period they studied the philosophy of language, directly or indirectly, in the lessons of their Latin and Greek grammars and reading books; and to crown the whole, as the final foundation for their future success in making their own tongue an instrument of power, in their sophomore year (at least in Harvard College) they begin a course of study, which, starting from the point of the simplest grammatical rules, carries them onward with constant practice in writing, through the canons of rhetoric and logic, and is spread over a period of two or three years.

And yet, I ask again, how many of these hundred students, will, in after years, prove that they have really acquired a mastery over their mother tongue?

"But," you will say, "we have great writers, who have never made all these studies," and you can name Franklin, and Marshall, Buckingham, Greeley, and others. True enough, but think of the constant practice they had in writing for years and years, and recollect that such men are men of a taste, which leads them to the closest study of the master writers of their language.

Now permit me to address my discourse to some single individual, leaving the rest to make the application to themselves, as far as it does apply.

You, Thompson, live in a country town of four or five thousand inhabitants. Some bookseller is about to publish a Gazetteer of your state, and a letter is sent to one of your citizens, requesting a topographical and historical notice of the place. How many persons of the thousands within its limits do you suppose able to write a satisfactory

article in reply, viewing it only as a specimen of English composition? A dozen names occur to you at once; perhaps a score; or even a hundred. How is it with the other *thousands*? Would you undertake it yourself?

I?—replies Thompson, no indeed! I make no pretensions to be able to write.

And yet you have been breathing the language all your life. But, Thompson, you are musical—I address you personally for this reason—you play the organ on Sundays, give lessons on the pianoforte, are the music-teacher in the academy and high school for girls, have half-a-dozen tunes in the "Holy Banjo"—Prof. Pipes' last new book—have published the "Catnip Waltz" (with only one measure too much in the first movement, so that it cannot be danced), and are editor of the "Juvenile Whistle", a musical text-book for schools and academies. But you are not satisfied with yourself. You feel that there is something in music higher and nobler than all this. The months you have occasionally spent in Boston in the concert season have made you feel that something is yet to be learned before you can wield the orchestra and great vocal forces as a means of expressing musical ideas.

Let me tell you a story—no story, only an incident with a moral.

A gentleman of a good deal of musical taste, and one who has had much to do in the way of music in schools, asked me why I did not write some tunes.

"I cannot write tunes," said I, with some degree of surprise at the question.

"Why not? When you read a fine piece of lyric poetry does it not awaken some corresponding musical idea in your mind?"

"Very often; and here is just the difficulty—to grasp that musical idea, hold it fast, and write it down." Well, in the course of the conversation it appeared that his conception of writing music and mine were so different that it required mutual explanation before each understood the other.

He reads the lyric stanza, a scrap of melody comes into his mind, and this he, by degrees, draws out into the due length and proportions of the stanza. Then with the assistance of Prof. This or Prof. That's work on "Harmony and Thoroughbass"—a book to carry in the pocket—he draws out some notes which the bass can sing, some more for the tenor and the alto. The tune is finished. That is, having got a melody, the other parts are made according to the "recipe"—as the apothecaries say.

My conception of the matter was this: I read a stanza of poetry which touches my feelings; with my mind's ear I hear a flow of corresponding melody and harmony, all as one thing—an integral whole. Confining ourselves, for the present, to the simple psalm tune, I feel how the four voices of the choir start from some given harmonic point, swell and die away, the parts now approaching, now diverging from each other, here a voice dwelling upon some long note, while others throw in some delicate figure of ornament or expression, here some powerful discord, answering to the text, followed by harmony doubly delicious, from the previous crash of voices. I hear some musical phrase as it is handed from one part to another—perhaps now a solo, now a duet—in short, the piece of music, as a whole, is in my mind. But I have never studied compo-

sition, so as to be able to grasp this succession and combination of tones, and hence it is impossible for me to analyze it into its constituent elements, and write out their signs or notes.

This idea was new to him, and I have found since, by careful observation, that it is equally new to many others; and yet every musician will think it absurd for me to devote so much space to so self-evident a thought, as it is to him.

How is it with you, Thompson?

But, as said before, you wish to become a composer in a higher sense of the term than being a mere maker of tunes; you wish to handle the grand chorus and orchestra. My idea of writing for the orchestra, I will illustrate thus: you know the noble old melody by Swan, to the words:

"Why do we mourn departing friends," &c.

Whenever I think of this melody, and it is very often in my mind, I hear in the second part (in my mind's ear), a full orchestra accompanying it. I hear the wind instruments giving it with colossally triumphant power, while the stringed band is filling up the grand and massive outline with figures, which combine to form in the general effect the very intoxication of joy. So strong is my admiration for this theme, so invigorating, grand, and beautiful the music of which, in my fancy, it forms the basis, that, were I a young man with time and means to study, I would almost devote myself to the theory and practise of composition, just to be able sometime to write it out, and place it in musical notes upon paper.

Think, Thompson, what the power to do this presupposes.

1. That the ordinary rules of counterpoint are as familiar to me as those of grammar, so that I write my music with as little thought of consecutive fifths, as I have at this moment of nouns and verbs.

2. That I have all the different characters and expressions of the various orchestral instruments, with their powers, as distinctly before my mind, as I have the various cries of the different domestic animals in a farm yard.

3. That I have so studied the mechanism and modes of handling all these instruments, as to be able to write for each in such a manner that the performer can understand and reproduce just the musical thought, which I intend to allot to his instrument.

4. That I have made myself so familiar with the almost infinite variety of effects which may be produced by the different combination of these instruments, as to be able when I have once grasped my musical thought, to hold it fast and coolly think out, on the twenty or more staves of my score, just what notes, given to the horns, trumpets, flutes, clarinets, trombones, bassoons, oboes, violins, violas and the rest, will result in that tide of melody and harmony, which I am feeling. And

5. The most important of all, that I have so studied orchestral writing, that I can grasp and hold fast my idea.

Are you equal to this, Thompson?

I trow not.

As I do not believe it possible to get such a command of any foreign tongue, as one has of his own, by the study of books, and as in most cases it requires long and severe study to be a master of his own, so I do not believe it possible to acquire that command of the orchestra, supposed above, from books alone, or, except in some cases

of great genius where one has *created* orchestral music from infancy, without long continued and laborious study, — and even this will not give it, where the genius fails.

I was reading an evening or two since of Baron van Swieten, the patron of Mozart and Beethoven. He was a man of acknowledged high literary taste, and learning, and as such was at the head of the Imperial Library at Vienna. As a critic of fine and unerring taste his reputation was enviable. From infancy he had lived and breathed in music. He wrote the text to Haydn's Seasons, drawing it from Thompson's poem. That text, without grammatical fault, was absurdly bad. He wrote eight symphonies, as faultless as his poetry — but they were, said Haydn, as stiff as himself.

If it be almost impossible for an adult to so learn the German language, that an attempt to write a book in it would not draw a smile from every scholar, if to master your own language requires such study, how much more difficult must it be for you, Thompson, who have come to manhood without hearing an orchestra, except occasionally, when in New York or Boston, to become a master of its language?

Was it not Correggio, who, sunk in ecstatic thought before a painting, suddenly exclaimed, "I too am a painter!" and in his adult years became one?

There may also be Correggio's in music — but not many.

Mozart was a virtuoso on the violin as well as the pianoforte at seven years. Handel, Bach, Haydn and Beethoven grew up from early childhood in the midst of music; all four were for long periods members of orchestras. Music they learned as they learned their mother tongue, and its rules they studied as they studied their German and Latin grammars. I know not where the Correggio of music can be found in history. Now, Thompson, let us pass to the practical application. You have made up your mind to come to Europe to study music in its higher forms, and wish me to give you some hints. I can only speak from observation and hearsay — I can give no experience of my own, but can give a plenty of experience from men here, whose opinions are authority on the subject. All agree that in such cases as yours — I have the authority of Liszt for one — the student must select a city where, through the multitude of concerts, he can be constantly hearing orchestral music, oratorios and operas. Berlin is of all cities the one. Secondly, the student must work upon strict — the strictest — counterpoint, until its rules are habits, just like grammatical rules in his mother tongue. Thirdly, he must study pianoforte or organ — not to be a virtuoso — but so as to feel the full effect of all sorts of contrapuntal relations. Fourthly, he must study the violin or cello, until he can play in an orchestra, and there make up by hard labor and constant observation for the want of opportunities in early life to gain that knowledge of effects, which can only be drawn from long familiarity with them. There is no more a royal road to musical than to mathematical learning. You can with comparative ease learn to write music by rule — to make music per recipe; but such music will strike every musician as being stiff as yourself. To gain your object will be expensive. You must have private instruction from men of great learning and large experience, and

each man must be paid. For your contrapuntal studies and for the organ or pianoforte, Haupt is your man. For the violin there are a hundred good teachers, but it will be well for you to study that instrument with a teacher in one of the music schools, in order to play afterward in the private orchestra of the school. But there is this for your comfort; such a teacher as would charge you three to five dollars per lesson in Boston or New York, will cost you from one to two here.

Take a hint or two. Do not think of astonishing anybody here by any of the productions, which your neighbors at home all compliment as being "first-rate music." True, the musicians here may be astonished at them, but whether that emotion will be exactly complimentary, may be a question. Do not bring any very large amount of conceit and self-esteem with you, because that is a kind of starch that loses its consistency in this damp climate. Do not tell Haupt what great things you can do, — for wonderful as it may seem, he will soon find out without telling. Do not go away from him disgusted and dissatisfied, if after he has examined your grand Te Deum, (which made such a sensation when sung in your singing society, and for which your neighbors talk of erecting an image to your honor) he should say, "very good indeed", and then give you a lesson in two-part counterpoint. Depend upon it Haupt knows better than you do — if not, why study with him?

My dear Thompson, can I do anything for you?

Musical Chit-Chat.

We yield about all our editorial space to-day to our Correspondence, which is unusually rich, and to our 'Diarist's' excellent advice to young would-be great composers. As it is, much of our correspondence must lie over. . . . The lovers of classical chamber music will rejoice to learn that the MENDELSSOHN QUINTETTE CLUB will commence their concert on the 18th of this month. . . . There is no better practice, for the more advanced student of the piano-forte, than that of the sonatas, &c. of Mozart, Beethoven and others, composed for piano and violin. Not a few lady amateurs in our city, have been in the habit of taking 'accompaniment lessons' in this way of some of our best musicians, who, while accompanying with the violin, initiate the pupil into the beauties and the right way of rendering those admirable compositions. We would commend Mr. JULIUS EICHBERG, whose card will be found in our advertising columns, as a most competent and gentlemanly person for this service. . . . Mr. ZERDAHELYI, we are happy to learn, has found inducements to remain in Boston as a teacher of the piano. . . . Mr. KIELBLOCK's return to his pupils is delayed, we presume only for a few days. He was to have sailed from Bremen by the steamer 'New York' on the 9th ult., and we do not yet hear of her arrival.

The MENDELSSOHN QUINTETTE CLUB gave their first parlor concert in Cambridge, on Wednesday evening, under their new leader, Mr. SCHULTZE, who, while lacking in the fire and energy that characterized Mr. Fries, has excellencies of his own, smoothness of tone and brilliant execution, that please some hearers more. There is no more delightful mode of passing an occasional evening, for a circle of music-loving friends and neighbors, than is afforded by these soirées of this club, and we allude to this one, not for the purpose of criticism, but to direct the attention of lovers of chamber music in the city and its vicinity, at the very beginning of the musical season, to this club. It is not a difficult matter to get a subscription for a sufficient number of tickets to fill comfortably an ordinary parlor, for a few evenings, and thus en-

joy so great a treat in such a pleasant way. We give the programme of the concert alluded to above.

1. Quartet in D, No. 63, Haydn.—2. Adagio from the Second Symphony in D, Beethoven.—3. Song from the Album. (For the Piano.) Arranged by T. Ryan. Schumann.—4. Adagio from the Posthumous Quartet in D minor, Schubert.—5. Aria from the Second Act of Idomeneo, Arranged for Quintet. Mozart.—6. Quartet in B flat. (No. 9, Op. 18.) Beethoven.—7. Adagio Nocturno. From Midsummer Night's Dream. Mendelssohn.—8. Aria (Non mi dir). From Don Giovanni. Arranged by T. Ryan. Mozart.

We hear of an amusing incident which recently happened to the well-known vocalist, W. R. DEMPSTER. It appears that Mr. D. arrived at a town in Western New York for the purpose of giving a concert. The landlord of the hotel at which he located himself became at once cognizant of a genuine practical joke in embryo; for another person was his guest, who gave the same name, claimed the same profession, and visited the town for the same object. There was the name on the register, three days back, of Wm. R. Dempster, Vocalist, and at this moment the genuine W. R. D. entered his name. The landlord handed the latter a programme, setting out in glowing colors, interspersed with any amount of fine points, comprising all the exclamatory interrogations and quotations usually found in a job printing office, a "Grand Concert!" This was quite unexpected by Mr. D, of course, and various questionings, surmises, and conjecturings arose as to the why, what, when and wherefore. Had his shadow travelled on in advance and made all these preparations for his own coming? What an accommodating shadow! And had this same obliging shadow written his name on the hotel record, gone out that very moment to open the hall, try the piano, and — perhaps — take the receipts and journey on to some other place? If so, he must be after that shadow. Remarking to the landlord that when the apparent owner of the hand that wrote "Dempster" first in the book, made his appearance, he would like to see him, our friend D. directed his attention to the discussion of a work on tables, illustrated with many plates.

The bogus got ear of the new arrival, and came at once to the conclusion that, however easy and agreeable it might be for him, as W. R. Dempster, to give a concert "alone and unattended" it was quite a different and more difficult task to do so with another man of the same name and profession, and, in fact, claiming to be the same individual, in town. This conclusion acted as a motor power to his personal corporation, and dashing down to a stable, he hired a horse and took a ride for his health, whistling, we presume, as well as he could for the jolting of the beast, the favorite air of "The Rogue's March," leaving the outraged keeper of the hall to turn off the gas, close the doors, and pocket the loss.

The people, at first somewhat excited by the deception that had been practiced upon them, were soon pacified on learning that the real Dempster was in town, and that the failure of the counterfeit would be immediately followed by the success of the genuine.

Mr. Dempster should have introduced into his programme that night Schubert's "*Doppelgänger*," a song based on the superstition of a man's seeing his own "double."

The friends of Mr. NATHAN RICHARDSON, late of the "Musical Exchange," will be glad to learn by the following, from the *Transcript*, that he is enjoying renewed health, and is still active in the cause of musical instruction:

New Method for the Piano.—Mr. Nathan Richardson, the celebrated author of the "Modern School for the Piano," still remains in Warren, Mass., a quiet little village in the western part of the State, where he is availing himself of the best means for re-establishing his health, which is now much improved. He is devoting his leisure hours in finishing and perfecting a new work upon a system which has occupied several years of reflection. We understand it will eclipse all his previous efforts, as it is upon an entirely new and original plan, which will also embrace all the essential points in other Instruction Books. The title reads thus: "Richardson's New Method for

the Pianoforte," being an improvement upon his celebrated "Modern School" in adaptation, progression and facility of comprehension, comprising a thorough course of instruction upon a new and practical plan recently discovered from critical observations, extended experience and long meditation.

Mr. Richardson has written one method for the Pianoforte, which has been acknowledged by the most eminent musical judges (as Thalberg, and others) to be superior to all previous instruction books. It has reached many editions of thousands of copies, and is now in use in most of the best institutions in the country. Since the publication of that work, he has been studying for an improvement, and has enjoyed the advantage of many different opinions on the progression, classification, &c., of different parts of the work, until at last he has discovered the great desideratum, and he now feels confident that the present method cannot be excelled. We shall expect something from Mr. Richardson's pen very soon which will stand the severest musical criticism. This work, we understand, will be ready for the press in a few weeks. The publisher is not yet decided upon.

The Publisher, we understand, is found. Messrs. O. Ditson & Co. have taken the work in hand.

Musical Correspondence.

NEW YORK, Nov. 2.—For once we have an Opera enterprise, that is a genuine paying success. Mr. Ullman's campaign at the Academy of Music has so far resulted in a complete triumph, for the enterprising little manager. The building has been crowded night after night, and \$3,000 houses are nothing strange.

Il Trovatore has been revived with quite a new cast, embracing PICCOLOMINI, ANGRI, STEFANI and FLORENZA. The little Sienese prima donna sang the role of Leonora better than was expected, making some fine points, especially at the end of the second act; yet as a general thing her rendition of the role is not up to the mark. Angri was received with enthusiasm and sang nobly. Florenza, the new baritone, is a real gem. To a high baritone voice, reaching into the tenor, he joins an excellent method, and exhibits cultivation and taste. He does not shout, and in this respect forms a pleasing contrast to Stefani. This latter artist greatly marred the success of the opera, by his wretched singing; he was too hoarse to sing decently up to *G*, and the audience did not hesitate to express their disapprobation in a very decided manner. Yet in the final air of the 3d act, he temporarily overcame his hoarseness, and sang with such force and vigor as to receive a double call before the curtain. In the last act the frog in his throat again overcame him, and the fickle audience greeted his forlorn efforts with laughter and sibilation.

Friday night GAZZANIGA sings in *Lucresia*, and the management have in preparation *Don Giovanni*, with Gazzaniga, Piccolomini, Mdle. Ghioni (a new arrival), Formes, and Stefani in the principal parts.

The *Fulton* arrived this morning from Havre with a large batch of musical importations. Among them is Mme. LAURDE, who was very sick during the whole of the voyage, and could not contribute her talents, as did the other musicians on board, to enliven the tedium of the trip by impromptu concerts. The *Fulton*, by the way, is one of the most favored steamships in a musical way, seldom making a voyage without some eminent musicians among her passengers.

Piccolomini, who is a devout catholic, has taken a pew in St. Stephen's Church, in 28th Street; between this church and that of St. Francis Xavier in 16th street, there exists a kind of musical rivalry. The pastor of the former, Rev. Mr. Cumming, is a man of excellent musical education, and during a recent visit to Europe he obtained a quantity of rare music for the use of his choir. COLETTI, the basso, formerly of various operatic companies, sings here, and Miss SCONCIA, daughter of a well known music teacher of our city, is (or was till recently) the first

soprano, while the other singers all possess great merit. The music sung by this choir is of a varied character. Donizetti's operas (especially his *Favorita*) are often dissected and pressed into service, and the rendition of the various *morceaux* would do justice to any operatic troupe extant.

The Church of St. Francis Xavier (familiarily known as the Jesuits' Church) does not possess such a fine ensemble of singers, but there is one lady—Miss HADLEY, I believe is her name—who has one of the most angelic voices it is possible to hear. There is a rich sympathetic pathos in it that I have never heard surpassed either on or off the stage, and many attend the church solely to listen to its exquisite melody. Then they have Mr. BERGE as organist at the Jesuits' Church, and such an organist! You would think, to hear him, that he was two or three organists rolled into one, for it seems scarcely possible that a single individual could produce such brilliant orchestral effects even out of that prince of instruments, the organ. Mr. Berge is, without doubt, the most effective organ player of the florid style, that we have in the city. He is also a prolific composer, writing almost all the music sung by his choir. His compositions are of the Italian School, and would soon give him an eminent reputation as a composer, did he not retain them for the exclusive use of his own church and choir. As a whole, it is difficult to decide as to whether St. Stephen's or the Jesuits Church is entitled to the palm for superiority in music. They are each crowded every Sunday by strangers,—Protestants as well as Catholics,—and the music is superior (of its style) to that to be heard in almost every church either here or abroad,—for few churches of Italy possess such efficient choirs or splendid organs as are in these two New York Churches.

TROVATOR.

BROOKLYN, N. Y. OCT. 26.—The first concert of our "Philharmonic Society" comes off next Saturday evening, and as I shall be absent at that time, I must content myself with giving you the best report I can in advance.

The Orchestral pieces which are under rehearsal, I have already given you in a former letter. The soloists are to consist of Madame GAZZANIGA, Herr SCHREINER, cornet, and KEIFER, clarinet.

As the programme is not entirely made up at this writing, I cannot give you it in full, but what the concert is to be, in point of character and real excellence, is very clearly indicated by this most excellent array of talent, and certainly speaks well for the good sense and musical taste of the gentlemen who manage these matters.

The fears I expressed in my last in relation to Mr. EISEL, have only, I am happy to say, proved in part well founded. From letters received here by his friends we learn that Mr. E. has received no other injury than a slight attack of the same disease which obliged him to give up, altogether, labor of every kind some two years ago, and seek relief in a voyage to Europe. I believe the pneumonia or something of that nature was the particular disease with which he was afflicted; and the three hours exposure in the water after he jumped from the burning "Austria" till he was picked up by the boat from the "Maurice," together with the quantity of salt water swallowed, brought on again such alarming symptoms of the old trouble, that on his arrival at Fayal, Mr. Eisfeld deemed it best to follow the advice of his physician and remain at Fayal until next Spring.

Mr. NOLL will conduct the concert on Saturday; but for the remainder of the concerts, the society intend to engage Mr. BERGMANN, who has also been engaged for the concerts of the "New York Philharmonic."

A public meeting has been held in relation to the new Music Hall of which I spoke in my last, and a committee of twenty of our most wealthy and enterprising citizens appointed to solicit subscriptions. I hope and fully expect soon to be able to say that the amount necessary (\$125,000) has been raised, and the work of building begun.

BELLINI.

CINCINNATI, OCT.—Our musical season commenced this month, with three concerts, under the auspices of Herr FORMES. The music performed on these occasions was above the average of those overdone operatic selections, perseveringly forced upon us by the "stars" of the musical hemisphere—Madame So-and-so singing *Casta Diva* (for example), because Signora Such-an-one sang it; and Mdle. Such-another repeating the dose, because it had been administered by her predecessors; while all our visitors, from *soprano-sfogato* down to *basso-profondo*, are evidently impressed with the conviction that it is a matter of necessity to sing as much as they possibly can of the contents of those inevitable "concert-books," whose appearance is simultaneous with that of each new "troupe"; every edition bearing a family resemblance, so strong as to be absolutely identical with every other.

Formes was warmly and sympathetically received; the German element in our population displaying itself largely among his audiences. We scarcely think that his bold phrasing and mellow equality of tone were fully understood here; but the slight disappointment experienced by some of Herr Formes' hearers may be traceable to the fact, that he displayed a tendency, not unfrequent, and painfully perceptible, to flatten the tone. The orchestra, under the direction of ANSCHUTZ, was a most welcome element in these concerts. PERRING sang acceptably, as usual. Of the fairer portion of the party we cannot say much.

Of home performances, which are, beyond a doubt, of far greater importance as regards the genuine cultivation and appreciation of music, than any passing displays of artistic excellence, we have had but one, as yet; the opening concert of the "Cecilia Society." It was highly satisfactory to all participators, active and passive; evidencing a decided improvement on last season, particularly in the orchestra, which gave convincing proof of the indefatigable perseverance that guides its efforts. The programme was as follows:

PART I.

1. Overture "Cosi fan tutte," Mozart. 2. Chorus of the Fairies, from Oberon; Weber. 3. Aria: "On song's bright pinions;" Mendelssohn-Bartholdy. 4. 1st Concerto for the Violin; De Beriot. 5. Chorus, "Oh thou that tellest good tidings," from Messiah; Handel. 6. Solo for the Piano; Liszt.

PART II.

7. Overture No. 3; Kalliwoda. 8. Chorus: "Kyrie eleison," from the Mass in C; Beethoven. 9. Aria from Don Giovanni; Mozart. 10. Chorus: "O Isis and Osiris," from the Magic Flute; Mozart. 11. Caprice in E, for the Piano; Mendelssohn Bartholdy. 12. Chorus: "Hallelujah," from Messiah; Handel.

The Kalliwoda overture, No. 3, was rendered with verve and animation. In accompaniment, this orchestra has made a considerable advance; following the singers, and not, as is too often the case, struggling for pre-eminence with a determination worthy of a better cause. Of the choruses, the most effective were: "O, Isis and Osiris," from the "Magic Flute"; well sung, with ensemble and solidity; Beethoven's *Kyrie*, from the Mass in C, and Handel's "Hallelujah"—that master-piece of religious jubilation, clear, strong, and sublime as one of the Elgin marbles, or a stanza of Dante. Had the singers been more unanimous in rendering the degrees of piano and forte, the impression made by these choruses would have been more favorable. We could have wished that the violin solo had been something newer than the so often heard first Concerto of De Beriot; why cannot our violinists present us with less hacknied solos, or with some of Beethoven's sonatas, which receive less attention than they deserve? Mendelssohn's Lied, "On wings of Song," was gracefully and smoothly sung; Liszt's pianoforte *Cantique d'Amour*, from the "*Harmónies poétiques et religieuses*," was executed with a warmth and finish rare among amateurs. The aria from "Don Juan" was finely conceived and sung; but we regretted that the hall of the Society was not large enough for the full development of so powerful a voice. Mendelssohn's Capriccio in E received an interpretation worthy of its classic elegance—and this is high praise.

These concerts cannot be too highly estimated as regards the influence they exert upon the musical taste of our city; they present an excellence and variety in their programmes that has never been equaled by any local society; and good music, rendered even with occasional imperfections, does more to further the real interests of Art than all the virtuosity of performers without conscience, who, displaying their own mechanical dexterity in compositions that degrade themselves and the art they profess to honor, corrupt public taste, in place of elevating it towards a purer and nobler level.

99.

BERLIN, SEPT. 26.—It is not easy to describe how great a loss to me the death of Prof. DEHN proves. In everything relating to musical bibliography, whether historic, theoretic or aesthetic, I had had to refer to him with the certainty that the information which he gave me was trustworthy. Through him, during my former residence here, my attention was called to a multitude of works of whose value, in many cases, existence even, I was not aware. Happily I was wise enough to profit by my intercourse with him, and the more from a fear, which I then expressed to some of our common friends, that his too constant and never tiring application to mental labor, might soon be followed by serious consequences.

From my window I looked down into his study. When I arose in the cool winter mornings he would be at his table with his lamps burning; when I blew out my light at night his still burned. My fears have proved prophetic. From the position which Dehn has occupied as a teacher and general musical scholar he is worthy of being made more fully known to our musical public than he is now. To this end, I beg leave to make up a letter from the notices which have appeared here of his life and labors, with certain additions from other sources.

In the latter part of the last century there lived in Altona (near Hamburg) a merchant of Jewish descent, named Israel, who, notwithstanding a great many changes of fortune, succeeded at length in establishing his business upon as firm a basis as his own well-deserved reputation for honor and honesty, and in gaining an honorable position among the richest and wisest merchants of the city. His oldest daughter was betrothed to a Hamburg merchant; on the evening before the wedding a young Polish Jew, a far-off connection of the Israel family, Solomon Dehn by name, appeared with letters from his parents beseeching their distant cousin to give the young man employment and aid him to make his way in the world. As a connection of the family it was proper that he should be present at the wedding ceremony—but his dress? In this extremity, a sister of the bride equipped him with ruffles in his bosom and upon his wrists, and thus he figured as one of the relatives on the occasion. His education had been sadly neglected. To make up for lost time he devoted all the means which he could command and all his spare time, from the employment which Israel gave him, to the purchase of books and to study. In the modern languages and in arithmetic he made remarkable progress, and no less in business acquirements. Israel treated him as a son, when of age set him up in business as a money broker, soon afterward gave him the daughter (of the ruffles) to wife, and not long afterward took him into partnership. A younger brother of Solomon in the mean time had come from Poland, had been kindly received by Israel, had been educated for a mercantile life and was now also taken into the company, which bore the name of "Israel, Dehn & Company."

The position to which Dehn attained as a man and merchant may be understood by giving the names of a few of the men, who, at a later period became his intimate friends and frequent guests at his table. Among them were Bernadotte, (when he was governor of Hamburg), Bourrienne, Prince Wittenstein afterward Police Minister in Berlin, and the Duke of Mecklenburg, who, during the time that the French had possession of his duchy, was long in Altona, and used to send up his name when he breakfasted with Dehn, as "John the Landless."

As Dehn grew wealthy, he gave free course to his taste in literature and art, collected a very fine library and completely covered the walls of a large room with paintings and engravings of high value. In another room, especially arranged for music, was a splendid Broadwood piano-forte, a violin, viola, and violoncello, and a fine collection of music. In another room

for ordinary use, and for the practice of the children, was a square piano-forte. Dehn's house, very modest in appearance outwardly, was a house of literature and art within.

The children were three in number, two sons and a daughter, of whom the latter was the youngest, and Siegfried Wilhelm (whose death calls out this letter,) the second. He was born upon the 25th of February, 1800. Another date is given (Jan. 25th 1799) by a writer in the *Spenersche Zeitung*, who professes to have had his materials for his article from Dehn himself; but the former, I have been assured by the widow and sister-in-law of the professor, is correct.

Solomon Dehn, having known by experience the evils of a youth passed in poverty and ignorance, spared no pains or expense in the education of his children; and in this, their moral, intellectual and artistic culture were alike regarded. In his later years the professor was perhaps almost as remarkable for his knowledge of engravings of all schools and eras, as in the department more particularly his own. For instance, an engraving, which I have often examined with ever increasing admiration at his house, one of the finest specimens of Rembrandt's skill, came into his possession in this manner:—"I was once travelling," said he to me, "by *treckschuit* on a canal in Holland, and stepped into a small grocery to get some lump sugar. A woman produced a piece wrapped up in an old engraving. I wished but for a small piece, but seeing at a glance the marks of Rembrandt's hand, upon her asking me how much I would have, 'Well' said I, 'what is the entire piece worth?' She told me. 'I'll take the whole of it, just as it is!' What became of the sugar, I do not know; and the picture I sent to Paris, had it carefully cleaned and mounted, and now I have refused four hundred thalers for it!"

The musical teacher engaged by Solomon Dehn for his children, was Paul Winneberger, first violoncellist of the orchestra of the French theatre in Hamburg—the same man whose symphony, when he was in the service of the Prince of Wallenstein, was to his surprise performed at sight, by the Orchestra of the Elector of Cologne, as related by Junker in his account of his visit to Mergentheim. Winneberger's object in his instructions was not to make virtuosos of the children, but to implant and nurture a true musical taste to lay a solid foundation for real musical attainments. Before the future professor was thirteen years old, the three children played trios, the elder brother taking the violin, Wilhelm the violoncello, and the sister the piano-forte.

Meantime the father's business was continually expanding and his name was becoming a powerful one upon the Exchange. An anecdote told by Herterich, a distinguished painter and intimate friend of Solomon Dehn, illustrates both the position to which the poor Polish Jew boy had attained, and his business character.

Russia wished to negotiate a loan at Amsterdam, Dehn was made the agent. He made the journey in a coach and invited Herterich to accompany him. From Altona to the boundary of Holland, Dehn was full of talk and apparently without thought of business; but instantly upon passing the line he threw himself into the corner of the carriage and hardly spoke. Soon after reaching Amsterdam he sat at his table four hours, all his faculties absorbed by his writing. Suddenly springing up he exclaimed to his friend, "Now I have finished, we can chat again." He had finished the report to the Russian government, and written it in the French language. Herterich, who read it, described it as a masterpiece, and affirmed that it was sent off next morning without the alteration of a word.

The rest next week.

A. W. T.

* I do not feel absolutely certain that Dehn said he had refused 400 thalers for this picture, but very nearly so—at all events the Museum since his death has offered that sum and been refused. The subject of the engraving is "Christ healing the sick"—The picture is about 16 inches by 12.

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Dwight's Journal of Music.

WHOLE No. 345.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 13, 1858.

VOL. XIV. No. 7.

For Dwight's Journal of Music.

Mozart's "Magic Flute."

Berlin, Sept. 30, 1858.

Dear Dwight: Remembering how very interesting to me, years ago, any operatic programme from a foreign city was; how it seemed to give me a clearer idea of the manner *how* things were done, I translate complete the "Zettel" of last evening, leaving it for you to drop it into the basket or not, as you see fit.

ROYAL DRAMA, OPERA-HOUSE.

Wednesday, Sept. 29, 1858.

(167th performance.)

THE MAGIC FLUTE.

Opera in 2 parts, by E. SCHICKANEDER.

Music, G. MOZART.

Sarastro	Hr. Fricke.
Tamino	Hr. Krüger.
Queen of Night	Frau Köster.
Pamina, her daughter	Fraulein Wipperu.
Papageno	Hr. Krause.
Monastatos, a negro	Hr. Basse.
Speakers (of the Priests)	Hr. Bost, Hr. Koser.
Ladies, Fraulein Carl, Frau Bötticher, Frä. Baldamus.	
Papagena	Fraulein Baur.
Two men in black armor	Hr. Lieder, Hr. Friese.
Genii, Frä. Gey, Frä. v. Meddlhammer, Frau Stürmer.	
Retinue of Priests, Slaves, People.	

Text books, 12 1-2 cts. Programme, 2 1-2 cts.

Middle Prices.

Strangers' Boxes	\$1 50.
1st Rank and its Balcony with Proscenium boxes and orchestral seats,	1 00.
Parquet, Parquet Boxes, and Proscenium, 2nd Rank	75.
2nd Rank Boxes	56.
3d Rank and its Balcony	44.
Parterre	37 1-2.
Amphitheatre, (Gallery)	25.

Notice.

Thursday, Sept. 30. 168th Performance. Die Capuletti und Montecchi. Opera in 4 parts, translated from the Italian by J. C. Gräubbaum. Music by Bellini. Middle Prices.

Sick. Fraulein Trietsch, Herr Schäffer.

Beginning 6 1-2 P. M. End about 9 1-2.

Ticket Office will open at 5 1-2 P. M.

I have no long disquisition to write upon the music of the "Magic Flute." It is enough to say that I consider it as possessing more truly beautiful and popular music, both melodic and harmonic, than any other opera ever written. *Don Juan* is greater, because there are greater passions in it to portray; but nothing can be more beautiful than the constant succession, the heaping up, of the loveliest melodies, together with accompaniments and harmonic combinations, which are as extraordinary and marvellous to the contrapuntist now, as in 1791. Sometimes when I have not read "As you like it," or the "Tempest," or the "Winter's Tale," for several months, I re-peruse them with the feeling that I never felt their beauty adequately before. So last evening, solos, duets, quintets, choruses, overture, accompaniment and all, familiar as all are, — constantly to be met with as most of them are in our song-books, glee-books, psalm-books in all sorts of

shapes and with all kinds of texts — seemed almost for the first time to open to me their delicious perfection.

Near the close of the opera, as I listened with "John" — whose emotions were written in his face — it was the first hearing — both of us in that rather rare state, one of perfect satisfaction with the music — I was startled by something peculiarly familiar. Ah, Mozart, I should not have thought this of you! I hope I shall find myself mistaken, when I hear it again or get the music to examine; and I shall be so, if it does not prove that you, in the ritornello, in this air of Monastatos, and in a part of the vocal motives, have stolen the idea bodily from the *Largo al factotum*, in Rossini's "Barber."

(Interruption from the reader.) "Bnt, Mr. Diarist, Rossini's opera was not written until 23 years after the *Magic Flute*!"

Is that so, reader? Well, then, Mozart is free from the imputation of plagiarism in this case. But what right had he to compose such prophetic music? He was always doing it. If at the opera you are struck with a concerted piece for any number of voices up to the sextet, which naturally springs out of the dramatic situation, in which, at the same moment, as many different passions are depicted in music upon the stage, as there are parts, you will be sure to find something almost perfect of the same kind, as a model, in one or more of his operas; if you are struck with the effect of a concealed chorus, singing solemn music, as in so many modern operas, this had Mozart did the same thing again and again, and save by Gluck, with almost unparalleled effect; in this very "Magic Flute," you have two men come upon the stage and sing an old Lutheran choral, while the orchestra works up a fugued subject about it. Now, what right had this man to forestall Meyerbeer's greatest effects in the "Huguenots" and "The Prophet"? If the man had lived twenty years longer, I don't see that he would have left a single new musical idea for his successors to have wrought out — his European successors; of course, for when our "free, independent, and enlightened citizens" take to operatic writing, we shall beat the world, as we do now in architecture, sculpture, painting, landscape gardening, railroad building, steamboat exploding, and I know not what all. John Smith assures me, that we do lead all Europe in these things, and this being so, we shall soon also lead the way in opera. Then where will Mozart be with his "Don Juan" and "Magic Flute"? This brings me back again, from my ride on the American Eagle!

A vast amount of matter has been printed upon the history of the "Magic Flute," but much of it is scattered, and has escaped both Holmes and Oulibicheff. Without waiting for the fourth volume of Jahn, which, judging from the first three, will give us the story in full, here are two or three matters, which I think will be new to the reader.

The authorship of the text is almost universally attributed to Schickaneder, as it is by the pro-

gramme given above, by Nissen, and after him by Holmes and Oulibicheff. Yet, many years ago, I think in an early volume of the London *Musical World*, some twenty-five years since, there is a notice of the death of a German teacher in Dublin, Ireland, who claimed it. So far as my reading goes, no notice of this has ever been taken — not even so much as to question the man's veracity. And yet a text is a matter of some importance at least — many a one has carried good music with it to the shades, and some have saved music in itself hardly good enough to be worthy of contempt — and its author is worth finding out.

I translate a short article on this point from the *Neue Berliner Zeitung*, of June 13, 1849.

"The real author of the text to the *Magic Flute* was not Schickaneder, but his chorus singer Giesecke, who drew up the plan of the action, made the division of scenes, and manufactured the familiar *naïve* rhymes. This Giesecke — as J. Cornet relates in his interesting book, "*Die Oper in Deutschland*" — a student born in Brunswick, and expelled from the University at Halle — was author of several magic operas, also of the "Magic Flute" (after Wieland's *Lulu**), Schickaneder having no other share in it, than to alter, cut out, add, and — claim the whole. The poor devil of a Giesecke contrived to keep soul and body together by singing small parts, and in the chorus on Schickaneder's stage in the "Freihaus auf der Wieden" — the Theater an der Wien not yet being built.

At length he disappeared nobody knew whither. (During Napoleon's continental embargo Giesecke was in Poland indulging his taste for natural history and collecting mineralogical specimens.)

"In the summer of 1818," says Cornet, "at Vienna, a nice looking old gentleman, in a blue, swallow-tailed coat, white neckcloth, wearing the ribbon of an order, seated himself one day at the table in an inn, where Ignaz von Seyfried, Korntheuer, Jul. Laroche, Küstner, Gned and I met daily to dine. The venerable snow-white head, his carefully chosen words and phrases, his demeanor in general made a very pleasant impression upon us all. It proved to be Giesecke, once chorus singer, but now professor in the University at Dublin, who had now come directly from Iceland and Lapland to Vienna with a collection of specimens of natural history from the animal, mineral, and vegetable kingdoms for the Imperial Cabinet. Seyfried was the only one among us who knew him. The delight of the old man in Vienna and at his reception from the Emperor Francis — who had presented to him a really splendid gold box, sparkling with jewels and filled with the newest Kremnitz gold pieces — was a sufficient reward for the labors and necessities of many years. Here we had opportunity to learn many things in the past; among them,

* Wieland's *Lulu*? I know of no play or tale of this title in Wieland's Works. The poem, "Schack Lolo," has nothing in common with the text of the *Magic Flute*. Who can tell us?

that in him we saw the real author of the text to the *Magic Flute*, (he was a member at that time of the persecuted order of the Freemasons)—a fact which Seyfried indeed in some sort suspected. I relate this from his own assertions, which we had no reason whatever to doubt. He made the statement to us in connection with my singing of the cavatina from the "Mirror of Arcadia,"† which was introduced into Mozart's work. Many have supposed that Helmböck, the prompter, was Schikaneder's assistant in the work. Giesecke corrected us in this, and moreover stated that, nothing but the parts of Papageno and his wife belonged to Schikaneder."

The character of Shikaneder, as shown in his treatment of Mozart, is not such as to lead any unprejudiced person to doubt his readiness to claim anything in his power, which could be for the benefit of his establishment, or of his own reputation.

Some additional light as well as doubt is thrown upon the matter by Treitschke, the poet who, in 1814, revised the text of Beethoven's "*Fidelio*." He states that just as Shikaneder was engaged upon the text of the first finale in 1791, the Leopoldstädten Theatre announced "The Magic Cither, or Casper the Fagottist," prepared by Isacium Perinet (for 30 years poet of that theatre,) from the same Märchen of Wieland, and in the main closely following the original story. Just this lamentable occurrence (for Schikaneder) proved the salvation of the *Magic Flute*, for he was compelled to change the entire character of the opera. For instance, Sarastro, who was to have appeared as a monster, took the new character of a Priest of Wisdom. Treitschke does not state it, but from other testimony in connection with his, I infer that it was now that Papageno and Papagena were introduced into the play.

The splendid success of the "*Zauberflöte*" induced the manager to prepare a second part under the title of "The Labyrinth, or the Strife of the Elements," and Winter was employed to compose the music. It was a failure.

Oulibicheff can hardly find words to express his disgust and contempt for the text of the *Magic Flute*. It has found but two or three defenders during the sixty-nine years of its existence—but one of these was Goethe! Perhaps defender is too strong a term to use—but here is his expression—"Es gehört mehr Bildung dazu, den Werth zu erkennen, als ihn abzuleugnen"—a higher intellectual culture is necessary to appreciate its value, than to deny it.

This letter from Goethe to Paul Wranitzky, Schikaneder's Kapellmeister, dated Jan. 26, 1796, I think will be new to most, if not all the readers of the Journal:

"The immense success of the *Magic Flute*, and the difficulty of writing a piece to rival it, has awakened the thought of taking it as the fundamental idea of a new piece, both in order to meet the public in the line of its taste and to lighten the task, both for managers and actors, of producing a new and complicated piece. I have to reach my object most directly, by writing a Second Part to the *Magic Flute*; the characters are all well known, the actors practised in them, and the author, having the first part before him, is enabled to paint the situations and relations of the characters in stronger colors without overdoing them, and thus give such a work much life

† *Der Spiegel von Arkadien*, by Süßmeyer.

and interest. In how far I have reached my aim, the effect must show.

"That the piece may at once make its way throughout Germany, I have so arranged it, that the dresses and scenery of the first *Magic Flute*, will nearly suffice for the production of the second; still if a manager should see fit to add expensive decorations, the effect would be greater? but, at the same time, it is my desire, that even in these, the first "*Magic Flute*" be constantly kept in mind. J. W. V. GOETHE.

No one at a performance of the "*Magic Flute*" can help feeling the utter insipidity of the verses, the weakness of the plot—hardly worthy the name—and the looseness, almost at times incongruity of the succession of scenes. But great things could not be expected from a chorus singer in a minor theatre, even though an expelled student of Halle, where the grand aim was to produce another "taking" Magic Spectacle for the delectation of by no means the higher classes of society. It is clear, however, that the writer had a leading practical idea in his mind, however incapable he was of adequately reproducing that idea either in plot or poetry; and this is, the triumph of light over darkness—the certainty that the earnest, persevering effort of a courageous, steadfast, unfaltering soul in the pursuit of wisdom, shall not fail of attaining its aim and receiving its reward. Mozart perceived the idea, felt it, and to the priests' music gave a nobleness and grandeur which places it among even his grandest conceptions.

But what is the "*Zauberflöte*," the *Magic Flute* or "*La Flute Enchantée*" all about? asks the reader: just as I asked in vain from my childhood on, until I saw and heard it here in Berlin—and that too more than once. I have never found in any book or periodical any such account of this opera as a drama, as enabled me to form any satisfactory conception of its plot, or to follow its story. Although it forms one of the grand stages in the historic progress of the operatic drama, all who have written upon it, so far as their writings have come under my notice, have either taken it for granted, that the story was already known to their readers—or they did not have any clear conception of it themselves. The various editions of the opera, which have come under my notice, are all printed without the spoken dialogue, and without stage directions; this is also true of the text books; it is then no easy matter to follow this opera as a drama. My late friend, "Brown," seems to have felt this difficulty, and to have considered both the *Magic Flute* and *Don Juan* as epoch-making works, worthy of a careful study not only as musical but as dramatic works; for among his papers both are found written out as tales. A pretty poor tale the former proves to be, but the poorer it be the brighter shines the genius which could compose such music to it! I send it to you for the Journal, if you think proper to use it. A. W. T.

[Mr. Brown's story shall have place next week. Ed.]

The Character and Genius of Handel.

(From the Life, by Schöelcher.)

(Continued.)

Grandeur is the distinctive characteristic which dominates over all the compositions of Handel. Even in the exquisite gracefulness of *Acis and Galatea* there is a latent vigor, a certain solemnity of style, which elevates while it chains

the mind. Every one is struck with this. So true is it, that critics, biographers, friends, and enemies all concur in speaking of him as a "colossus," a "giant," a "man mountain." His atmosphere is the immensity resplendent with the sun. Like Corneille, he lived in the sublime. Thus, of all musicians, no one has better realized the dreams of those heavenly songs which glorify the majesty of Jehovah. No one before him, and no one after him, has ever composed choruses comparable to his, or has known how to employ and combine with an equal power the different forms of the human voice. When you have heard an oratorio ten or twelve times, when the first transports of admiration have passed away, when you can more calmly appreciate your emotions, and taste them all the better for being in full possession of yourself, these choruses develop themselves before you like a drama filled with interest; you see each group of the different registers advancing successively, as bravely as a battalion marching to the assault, halt, unfold their strength, and at length display their united power in a majestic and wonderful *finale*. The transitions are so ably managed, and the effects are of such incredible perfection, that you seem to hear ten thousand voices, whose harmonious clamor is loud enough to reach the skies. In this sense, the "*Hallelujah*" of *The Messiah* is an explosion of incommensurable beauty.

Where have the Pindaric Odes expressed the idea of triumph more brilliantly and more enthusiastically than the chorus in *Judas Maccabæus*, "See the conquering hero comes?" The battle-cry in the same oratorio, "Sound an alarm," is just such another spark of musical electricity as our *Marseillaise*, which has made myriads brave, and is alone sufficient to immortalize the name of Rouget de l'Isle. And *Israel in Egypt*! Is there an epic poem to surpass that? With what breathless anxiety, with what fervor is the introductory chorus of the Hebrews filled, in which they describe the sufferings of their hard servitude, and implore the succor of the Lord! With what truthfulness are the convulsions of nature painted in the storm of hailstones! With what terrific reality is the thick darkness spread over the earth! What heart-rending lamentations when the first-born of the Egyptians are slain by the hand of God! What a contrast between the silent march of the enfranchised Israelites at the bottom of the miraculous way, and the crowding of the waters together to let them pass! Words cannot depict these superhuman effects of musical art. When you enjoy these, you wish to have around you those whom you love, in order that they may partake of your delight.

The works of humanity proceed from each other. Strictly speaking, no man is a creator. But among men of intellect there are certainly some who are more inventive, or rather, who discover more than others. Handel is one of these. Whatever the kind of composition, he makes it his own, and his only. He changes or increases it so as to make it quite a new thing. This is what is called *creating*. His oratorios are cast in a deeper mould than any one else has ever imagined. They resemble nothing else that has ever been heard before. As a composer of Italian operas, he had opened for himself a new way even in Italy. As a writer of sacred music, likewise, he listened to nothing but his own genius, and disdained to follow the traces of Gombert, of Palestrina, and of Allegri; nor yet of the English composers who had preceded him, Byrde, Gibbons, and Purcell. His *Anthems* preserve a very high religious sentiment, but they have an ardor and a lyrical beauty previously unknown in that species of composition. His predecessors give us the idea of monks, filled with a grave faith and animated by an ethereal fervor, adoring God in the depths of their cloisters with a touching unction; but he sets before us active and energetic men, singing enthusiastically under the canopy of heaven the glories of the Omnipotent.

The author of *The Messiah* is an epic poet above all; but he exhibits no less superiority in treating subjects with which the fire, the nobility, and the majesty of that style would not so well accord. He has even succeeded in matters for

which one would suppose him to be the least fitted. His overtures all uniformly terminate with a coda in minuet, according to the custom of his time. Many of these minuets are delicious, especially in *Tamerlane*. That in *Ariadne* was so much in request, that every fiddler in town and country scraped it about; it was set to words, which were sung in the streets as well as in the drawing-room, and nothing but it was heard for six months. The gavot in the overture of *Otho* must have been not less popular, for it was played from one end to the other of the three kingdoms, upon every kind of instrument; as Burney says, "from the organ to the salt-box."

But we are indebted to this multifarious genius for something more than minuets to be sung in the streets. His operas (judging by what I have heard of them upon the piano) prove that, if he had not written oratorios which have absorbed universal admiration, his renown as a composer of theatrical music would have been as great as that of the celebrated Italian masters. They have composed nothing more dramatically fine than "Tutta raccolta," in *Scipio*, and "Trà sospetti," in *Rodelinda*. The duet in *Rinaldo*, "Al trionfo del nostro furor," will bear a comparison with "Esprit de haine et de rage," in Gluck's *Armide*; and it could not sustain a more formidable one. He also produced delicious melodies, elegant as those of Cimarosa; lively and spirited as those of Gretry; gentle and holy as those of Pergolese. "Lascia ch'io pianga," in *Rinaldo*; "Verdi prati," in *Alcina*; "Ombra cara," in *Radamisto*; and "Piangerò," in *Giulio Cesare*, are *morceaux* of infinite simplicity of expression, and of a tenderness which draws tears from your eyes; they equal the perfection of design, the purity of form, and the delicacy of the cantabiles of Stradella and Palestrina: they are consonant with all that is chaste, good, and affectionate in the human soul. At the same time, he has known how to be as graceful as Haydn (that is to say, to be the perfection of grace) when he wrote the songs for the nymphs in *Acis and Galatea*. The pictures of Watteau are not more lovely than that pastoral, which is a gem of freshness and prettiness.

And this brings me to another of Handel's qualities, that of being a great painter of words. He reflected always as he composed; instead of giving himself up passively to the demon of inspiration, he subjugated and governed it. His notes seem to be the echo of the words. What an immense and mournful grief is there in "He was despised" in *The Messiah*! What heart-rending desolation! No one can listen to it without sympathy. All who have suffered themselves will admit that it is impossible to descend deeper into the depths of sorrow. Thus Handel's music reveals to us, as far as can be, the very significance of that which it interprets. One may say that it articulates, so exactly is it fitted to the poem, as a well-made coat to the body of its wearer. It portrays the thought. The oratorio of *Samson*, above all, is in this respect almost as remarkable as *Don Giovanni*, the masterpiece of the lyric stage. Each personage in it has its peculiar character so distinctly designed as to be intelligible even without the words. There has appeared in Germany a school which pretends to emancipate music, and to reform the art of Bach, of Handel, of Mozart, of Beethoven, of Cimarosa, of Weber, and of Rossini, and to put in its place I know not what. Even this school admires in Handel the perfect appropriation of his note. One of the reformers passes for the author of an article on *L'Allegro ed il Penseroso*, in which it is said: "If music is to be restored to that state of purity and depth, when the standard of its worth is sought for in the physical truth of its expression; when the words and their significations are the touchstone of the composition; when the melody of speech shall be the stipulated foundation of the melody sung, there will not be for us northmen, for us Germans, in the entire collection of musical treasures, any works that should be so highly valued and exclusively brought forward, as classical specimens of the study of art, inspired with fresh youth in the spirit just mentioned, as the works of Handel." I will quote also the judg-

ment of a French amateur upon the subject:—"With the greater number of composers one does meet with features intended to adorn the song, and which may be suppressed at need; but with Handel the distinctive feature is inherent to the song, and is almost always the most conspicuous and energetic part of it. It is there that the composer gives the finishing touch of his pencil, and completes the picture, which words alone could never have painted. I shall quote, as an example, the two airs of Satan, in the *Resurrection*. Could audacity, rage, and rebellion be better expressed? Sometimes the character of the personages is revealed by the accompaniment, as in *Giulio Cesare*. Achilla, a kind of military executioner, who is a favorite of Ptolemy, and who has brought the head of Pompey to his master, makes a declaration of love to Cornelia. His song is gross, doubtless, but it only expresses that which he wishes to say. It is the accompaniment which shows what is love in a base and cruel soul. One trembles every moment, lest a word or a gesture of Cornelia should cost her life.

The works of Handel are in fact full of truth and of local color. To the people of the Lord in their prayers, to pagans in their orgies, to shepherds, to pontiffs, to warriors, to the afflicted and to the happy, to mortals and to supernatural beings, he knows how to render their own peculiar language. He has invented voices for the angels as Weber did for demons; he has discovered the true accents of a monster like Polyphemus, as Mozart did for a statue. Gifted with such qualities, he necessarily excels in recitatives; not less than Gluck himself, he knows how to impress upon them at the same time a singular strength and justness of expression—a penetrating and magisterial tone, which satisfies the mind as well as the ears. That in *Giulio Cesare*, "Alma del gran Pompeo," and the scene of Bajazet's death in *Tamerlane*, may be quoted as examples of the noblest style of declamation. Porpora, who was indebted to his recitatives for a part of his reputation, could not help praising those of Handel even in the midst of the outcry against him in 1734. Shield reports that once having congratulated Haydn on the beauty of the recitatives in his oratorio, *Il ritorno di Tobia*, the latter replied immediately: "Ah! 'Deeper and deeper,' in *Jephtha*, is far beyond that." Shield subsequently adds: "While I was examining this wonderful production for extracts, an impressive singer had the goodness to rehearse it, during which my mind became so agitated by a succession of various emotions, that I determined to lay the whole of this climax and anti-climax of musical expression before the eye of the reader, to prove that the highest praise of it will never amount to an hyperbole." I quite agree with Shield in this.

(Conclusion next week.)

Max Maretzek.

The Havana difficulty was not so very alarming after all. Mr. Maretzek arranged it in three hours by "Shrewsbury clock." He said to the Captain General: "Accede to these terms or there shall be no opera this season." The Captain General, cowed by the stern bearing of the impresario and trembling for the fate of his beloved opera, acceded. There was no red-tape used in the negotiation, and the Circumlocution Office of the Island of Cuba derived no emoluments therefrom. Mr. Maretzek accomplished everything in three hours, and returned to the city with a contract in his pocket for the other house, (the Tacon still being under the weather,) and a privilege to raise the prices to double what he intended to charge if he had not been overtaken by this sad calamity. It is thought, by persons whose profession it is to interpret the sentiments of others, that Mr. Maretzek would not object to have a magazine explode every year. The company is to sail from New York on the 12th of the present month. Thanks to the energy of the manager, the actual retention has scarcely exceeded a fortnight.

We have already referred to the members of Mr. Maretzek's company. It is a very fine one, and will undoubtedly achieve a brilliant success. We hear it rumored that the *entente cordiale* between re-established between Messrs. Maretzek and

Ullman, it is probable that an exchange of artists will be made as the season advances. Formes, it is hinted, will essay his fortunes with the Havanese. Signorina Alaimo, a renowned lyric tragedienne, has arrived, and will, we presume, take her departure under the Maretzek banner on the 12th. Mrs. James, an American lady, recently returned from Italy, is another addition to the company. Mrs. James is the *seconda donna*, but will, we fancy, speedily achieve a higher position. She has a remarkably fine, high soprano voice, a good dramatic style, and a method that needs nothing but practice to make perfect. We are glad that Mrs. James has fallen into Mr. Maretzek's hands. He is one of the few men who do not hesitate to assist real merit.—*New York Musical World*.

A Letter from Theodore Eisfeld.

The following says the *New York Musical World*, has been received by a lady of this city, who has kindly permitted us to transfer it to our columns:

ISLE FAYAL, AZORES, Oct. 4, 1858.

I give you some news of my exile. Since my arrival here I have been very ill. The terrible shock I have received, morally and physically, has reduced me to such a state of feebleness, that I hope you will excuse my laconicism and incongruity. Hoping also that I may dispense with a recital of the disaster—of those scenes of despair between husbands and wives, between mothers and children, between brothers and sisters, which I witnessed. Oh it is dreadful, and to think that out of more than five hundred persons on board, only seventy-eight are saved!

From the moment that the fire was known beyond doubt, we saw upon the promenade deck neither captain nor officers, nor even sailors, but only the passengers, and they in the most complete disorder. The officers were all very young, even the first engineer, and could not have had much experience, nor a knowledge of their great responsibility. The captain, a man about forty years of age, was the first to lose his senses and throw himself overboard. That was a good example! The Francis metallic life-boats were burnt, except two, which were overcrowded and filled with water immediately.

The cannon were in the lower part of the ship, so there was not a possibility of discharging one as a sign of distress to draw the attention of the vessels we could see at a great distance. There were no life-preservers, and not even chairs or stools with compressed air, which would have served to sustain us while on the water, nor pumps to put out the fire. I stayed on board till the flames reached me, and then threw myself into the sea, where I swam for two hours and a half with my clothes on, without any support. By this time I had lost my strength, and after offering a prayer and thinking of my friends, I went down. It is supposed that a counter current threw me many times to the surface, when at last I was picked up by the small-boat insensible and carried on board the French bark Maurice, Captain Ernest Renaud, one of the bravest and most noble men it is possible to imagine. He had me placed in his own bed, and after trying a thousand experiments, they brought me back to life. During four days I was in a quiet state of delirium, after which I was perfectly prostrated. The 19th of September I was landed at Fayal, where I have been very sick, my chest and lungs being very much influenced by the quantity of salt water I swallowed and the exposure. I shall probably be forced to pass the winter here, and do not think it likely I shall be able to return to New York before April.

I have received much attention from different families. The military Governor, American consul, and the consul from Hamburg, have visited me. One German gentleman who lives here, Mr. A. D'Orey, has treated me so affectionately, that he calls three or four times a day to see that I want for nothing.

Please ask the gentlemen of the Press to publish this letter, that my pupils may know where I am.

THEODORE EISELDE.

Musical Correspondence.

SKETCH OF PROF. DEHN, (Continued).

BERLIN, SEPT. 26. — In 1811, Madame Dehn died, and in the train of this first misfortune came, as is so often the case, a series of others. The fatal years 1812-13 followed, and the widely extended and diversified business relations of Dehn

rendered him a victim to the dreadful pressure of the times, and he was forced to withdraw from that mercantile stage upon which he had played so important a part.

An acquaintance, who happened to call upon the ruined merchant at his house, and who knew nothing of what had just happened, relates the following:

As he entered the saloon he found several of the principal merchants of Hamburg, Seiler, Hülsenbeck and others, there. Upon asking for Dehn, Hülsenbeck said "he is above, but not to be spoken with just now. You come at a very unlucky moment—however, take a seat."

The merchants continued their deliberations and the result was that if Dehn could make up his mind to declare himself insolvent, matters might easily be so arranged as to leave him in the end a handsome fortune. Seiler went up stairs with this proposition to his friend, but immediately returned and reported; "Herr Dehn declares that he will sell his last coat before he will take that step."

In Hamburg the stopping of this great house created a remarkable sensation. Bourrienne advanced at once a loan of 40,000 marks; Senator Sornstog and others came forward and secured all his paper. But debts were to be paid and the merchant was determined to owe no man anything. The friend above mentioned, upon making him another call, found him in the kitchen making notes of the necessary expenses of the family, and was greeted with the words; "Yes, my good friend, I must now even look after the parsley!" The old cook, one servant, one saddle-horse and a groom for him, only had he retained. All the long army of domestics was already dismissed; horses, coaches, all that belonged to his fine equipage were already sold; his beautiful library, all his works of art, save a few exquisite pictures by Tischbein, which his son's widow still has in Berlin, house lots, and houses, lands, everything in short that he could sell, went to the hammer to discharge his obligations.

But what a change for the children! The eldest son was put to the study of scientific agriculture, to which he devoted his life. Sieffeld Wilhelm was taken from his school and his music and placed under the care of Forest-master von Schenek, somewhere in Holstein, to study the science of the Forester—a science unknown in America. The boy had a hard life of it; but it developed him physically, and in spite of the tastes which he had cultivated in his father's house, and which here could not be gratified, he learned to love the profession.

A shot received in his foot, upon a grand hunt, through the carelessness of a certain Count Pless, however, rendered him incapable of ranging the forests, and sent him to books and literature.

Meantime Bernadotte, now king of Sweden, remembered his friend Solomon Dehn, appointed him Swedish consul in Berlin, and thus secured him not only from want, but placed him in an honorable position. Wilhelm went to Eutin, entered the Gymnasium, by untiring industry made up for lost time in his studies, and in 1819 was matriculated in the University of Leipzig, to study jurisprudence, in accordance with the wish of his father, who hoped to find in his son a successor in the diplomatic position to which he had himself now attained. He studied also at Jena and Heidelberg, and, returning to Berlin in 1824, was appointed to an office in the Swedish Embassy, giving to his father also much assistance in his consulate. During all these years he had never neglected music; had made himself a very fine violoncellist, and had played often in public concerts. In fact, though but an amateur, he had attained an excellence to be envied by many an artist by profession. In Leipzig he had for a time studied the theory of music with the distinguished organist, Droebbs. In Berlin, his acquaintance with Bernhard Klein—a name unknown in America, but that of a man, who

is in the very first rank of modern theorists—did much to develop his great genius for the depths of the science.

1829 and 1830, two more terrible years in commercial history, came on. In the former year, Consul Dehn, who had retrieved his fortunes, again lost all. Happily Bernadotte had not forgotten his old friend. He called him to Stockholm, and appointed him to the directorship of the Swedish mines, where he died Nov. 7, 1837.

In the latter (1830) the son, who had inherited sufficient from his mother to place him above want, was a victim, and lost everything but his violoncello—an Amati—and the pictures of Tischbein, above-mentioned. No longer connected with the Swedish Embassy nor with the consulate, he was reduced by a single stroke, at the age of thirty, to such poverty as actually to want candles and fuel, and sometimes for three weeks together not to be able to purchase a warm meal. To his juridical studies he could not look for aid, and music became his resource. Klein, then in the height of his popularity as a teacher, offered him a helping hand. He took Dehn as a pupil; in eighteen lessons went with him through his course; then gave him a certificate of his ability to instruct, and also several of his own pupils. Kellstab says: "Another offer (by Klein) to furnish him the means of an Art-journey into Italy, Dehn, from an equally noble feeling, declined, determining rather through his own efforts to effect it. From that time he devoted himself to the profession of teaching the Theory of Music with far-reaching success. A large number of pupils assembled about him; and, as Bernhard Klein died a few years after, Dehn became in some degree his heir and successor in that profound knowledge of musical literature and the theory of Form, which is not too often now to be met with. With a perseverance which can seldom be found, Dehn threw himself into these studies, and his fame soon became that of a recognized scientific authority in music, to whom men came as pupils, who already were well known to the public as men of reputation as leaders and masters in the practical branches of the art. Of the many examples that might be cited we select one only. Glinka, the most celebrated of Russian composers, chose Dehn as his guide in his contrapuntal studies; and so valuable were his instructions that he returned to Berlin repeatedly at long intervals to review and renew them. This was the case during the last winter, when death put an end to his zealous studies and labors here in Berlin. With a rare kindness the teacher repaid the affection of his mature pupil; he was his nurse in his sickness, the mourner at the funeral, the careful custodian of whatever he left."

Haupt, also a pupil of Klein, yet thought it worth his while to hear Dehn, at least, in so far as his method could offer him anything new. The most promising of the generation of composers now coming upon the stage have studied with him—indeed I know of no contrapuntist who can show so many such disciples as he. Hugo Ulrich, Martin Blumner, Kullak, Bernhard Scholz, are all men, whose names, if not now known, will become so yet, even in our distant land.

At home, as well as upon his journeys, such a man must soon make his way into the acquaintance and gain the respect of the most distinguished men in the profession. This was eminently the case with him. With Fétis in Brussels and Kiesewetter in Vienna he was for years in close correspondence, giving them both great assistance in their important publications. His writings soon attracted general attention, and at length, in March, 1842, by the advice of Meyerbeer, he was appointed Librarian of the musical department of the Royal Library. None but a man familiar with libraries, and who by experience has learned the value of the rare combination of profound bibliographical and scientific knowledge can

properly estimate what Dehn in his new position has effected.

From another notice, I translate the following upon this point;—"A happier appointment could not easily be made, since he was one of the few to whom the ancient methods of notation presented no difficulties. Hence he was able to render available the treasures of ancient music preserved in the Library, by translating them into modern notation. He also edited many classical works, until then existing only in manuscript, thus drawing them from their previous oblivion."

In 1845, upon the resignation of Grell, he was appointed teacher of the Dom-chor, but circumstances occurred, which led him soon to resign that position. In 1842 the "*Cæcilia*" was revived, and he took Gottfried Weber's place as its editor until its close in 1848. He was also one of the editors of Peters' edition of Bach's instrumental works—which fact prevented him from taking part in the publications of the Bach Society.—Had he been one of the committee of that society, that edition would have fewer pages of errata to print, and would have been saved the mortification of being obliged to reprint two thirds of Bach's great Mass in B minor. By command of the king, Dehn made journeys for the purpose of collecting works for the Library. Passing over his journeys to Italy, here are a few lines relating to similar journeys nearer home, in the various provinces of the kingdom of Prussia.

"These were very fruitful," says the writer in the *Spener Zeitung*, "as is proved by the descriptive catalogue, which for Silesia alone comprises 400 numbers. Among them are beautifully preserved Codices of the 11th and 12th centuries; and among the printed works of the 16th century, the old Flemish songs (*Souter Liedekens*, in three books) published by Thielmann-Sousato, and harmonized mostly by James Clemens von Papa, which Dehn translated into modern notation. The journey into the province of East Prussia in 1854 was alike fruitful, for of the works found in Dantzie alone, he made a descriptive catalogue of 400 numbers. These fine results, joined to his thorough knowledge of all that the Library contains, enabled him to send Fétis such a mass of materials and corrections for his new *Biographie des Musiciens*, as will fill at least two of his volumes."

Orlando Lasso was Dehn's favorite among the old composers, and it was a labor of his life to work out a complete biography of the old Fleming. To this end he made a journey the last summer to Munich, and was intending during the present one to have gone to Belgium to make his final researches. To this end also he had already written in score nearly 700 of Lasso's works (!), and just before his death he had engaged in their final correction. In connection with those of the Provinces, he began a grand descriptive catalogue of the entire musical collection in the Royal Library. This gigantic labor is finished so far as to be ready for copying, for the entire musical literature, and for the works published in parts during the 16th century. The finishing of that catalogue by the addition of the rest of the printed and manuscript works, has been prevented by his sudden death. It would be of the highest value to the literature of music, if this catalogue could be completed and published by some competent hand.* The value of Dehn's labor to Belgian musical literature was so highly appreciated by King Leopold, that in 1853 he presented him with his own hand the order of the Belgian Lion.

On the 5th of July, 1849, Dehn was honored with the title of Professor of Music by the Government, and soon after elected member of the Berlin Academy of Art. He never appeared before the public as a composer, saying himself that he did not possess ere-

* I have been told that the Library looks upon this work of Dehn's as its private property and refuses to allow it to be copied and printed.

ative talent, and was too proud to publish insignificant compositions; yet a *Kyrie* in 16 parts in canon style proves his mastery of the laws and rules of strict counterpoint.

Next to the old Italian Fathers of musical theory, whom he has quoted so freely as to make his work on harmony a valuable addition to musical bibliography, Dehn honored and revered the memory of Mattheson, Marpurg and Kirnberger. By constantly watching for opportunities for the space of thirty years, he had succeeded in making a complete collection of the musical works of those authors — one of the three or four only which exist.

When I had the pleasure of renewing my acquaintance with him in 1854, I was authorized by Dr. Mason to purchase books to a certain amount for his library, and Dehn offered this collection, moved principally by the thought that if thus sold it would probably be kept entire forever, while otherwise upon his death the books might be scattered in all directions, and perhaps lost. Dr. Mason purchased them. I was at the time surprised at the small amount of the bill, but never knew until within the last few weeks, that had he been willing to scatter them, he might have sold them for a far higher price in this city.

He was for many years an agent of the British Museum, and other libraries of Great Britain and other countries, public and private. There is now in the music room of the Royal Library, a collection of old printed music of the 16th and 17th centuries, occupying three or four shelves, which by long and persevering diligence he completed from all sorts of collections of odd parts and imperfect copies, and which is now awaiting the order of the British Museum. The price paid is over \$2,200. Among the works which he gave to the Library here, and which he has copied out in modern notation, and which is hardly less valuable for its beauty of execution, than for its historic interest, is the *oldest opera* ever composed. The clue to this he obtained from some of the single parts — it did not exist in score — which had found their way to Berlin, and which led him to search old cloisters and other possible places for its preservation in Italy. In course of time the work was complete. He copied it splendidly in score, and his sister-in-law, Fraulein Wedel, a true artist, adorned his score with drawings, fac-similes of those which adorned the original parts. The work is throughout in five parts and has this title:

"L'Anti Parnasso, Comedia harmonica d'Horatio Vecchi da Modena. Novamente posto in luce: con Prio Venezia apresso Angelo Gardano MDLXXXVII. Aggiunta di alcune notizie intorno all' Antiparnasso proposte dall redattore della presente partitura."

Another of Dehn's specimens of copying, equal to the finest specimens of printing, is a copy of the mass by Ballabene in *forty-eight* parts. Dehn sometimes described to us the performance of that mass as he once heard it in Italy. Imagine a dozen choirs stationed at intervals in the lofty narrow gallery, which is generally found in Gothic cathedrals, just above the arches which separate the nave from the aisles, and singing down into the body of the church. Sometimes a single choir takes up the theme, and is answered from the other end of the edifice; sometimes one falls in after another until the entire space is vocal with the swelling flood of all the voices combined. The effect was almost superhuman.

On the 12th of April, 1858, Dehn felt so unwell at the Library that he returned home. He seated himself in his chair and died without a pang. On the afternoon of the 15th, he was followed to his grave in the Sophia churchyard outside the Hamburg gate of Berlin by a large concourse of friends and artists. Dr. Jonas delivered an address, and a part of the Dom-chor sang "Es ist bestimmt in Gottes Rath," "Jesus meine Zuversicht," and "Wie sie so sanft ruhn."

The publications of Dehn are not in number prob-

ably such as to meet the expectations of the reader. They are the following: —

1. Collection of ancient sacred and secular music of the 16th and 17th centuries. 12 parts. Berlin. 1837.
2. Biographical notices of Orlando Lasso from the French with notes. Berlin, 1837.
3. Psalmos VII. paenitentiales modis musicis adaptavit Orl. de Lassus, etc. Berlin 1838.
4. Two comic cantatas by J. S. Bach, in score now first published. Berlin. 1839.
5. The work on Harmony. Berlin 1848.
6. Gustate et Videte (Ps. 33. 9-11.) Motette, 5 voc. &c., Orl. de Lassus. Berlin. 1841.
7. Part of Peter's edition of Bach's instrumental works, among them 16 concertos.
8. 22 Etudes per violoncello d'apres les 40 Etudes p. Viol. de Rode, Krentzer, &c.
9. Writings in musical periodicals, one of which, the *Cecilia*, he edited.

He had prepared a new edition of his Harmony, was busily engaged upon his complete Life of Lassus, had just sent to press a new edition of Marpurg's "Abhandlung von der Fuge," and had other works in different states of forwardness, when death came and closed his labors.

A. W. T.

(Conclusion next week.)

[The following was omitted last week accidentally, and much to our own surprise. We fear the omission has discouraged our good friend from writing us this week.—ED.]

PHILADELPHIA, NOV. 2. — The debut of Mme. COLSON, in Verdi's *Traviata*, drew together within the walls of our magnificent Academy, a very large and elegantly attired audience. So far as the fair cantatrice was concerned, it was a most undeniable success; and but for the lamentable, out-of-sorts singing of the handsome BRIGNOLI, and the unrehearsed bleating of the chorus, would have created an intense furore. Thus the audience found itself alternately swayed from emotions of glowing enthusiasm over the Prima Donna, to the most unamiable undercurrent of feeling against the other delinquent vocalists. Brignoli must have perceived this; for, after encountering a very equivalent applause upon his rendition of *De'miei bollenti spiriti*, he gave evidence of more pains-taking, and finally bore his share of the Duo, *Parigi, O cara*, in a highly creditable manner.

The vocalism and acting of Mme. Colson has been so ably and correctly reviewed by yourself in the Journal of October 9th, that I cannot fail to commend all those who desire a perfect idea thereof, to re-peruse that *critique*. Verily, every cadenza, every roulade, every intonation,—her *personnelle*, her movements—each dramatic point, every wail of sorrow, and gushing outburst of joy, and pang of remorse, substantiated, in my mind, the singular truthfulness of every line and clause of your description. I think that mine ears have never listened to a more graceful, as it were spontaneously-flowing, free-from-strain bit of execution, than that of the roulade, which leads into the *Sempre libera*; it seemed to flow from the pretty lips of the charming Colson, like the gushing tones of a canary; i. e., with the same natural ease, as though it was the result of an innate predisposition to sing, rather than the achievement of a studied art. Her vocalization is singularly correct throughout, and so far as I could perceive, but one false intonation (the opening note of a recitativo, in Act I.) stands charged to her many excellencies. Correctly, indeed, did the Journal rate her "a very highly finished, charming, and expressive vocalist, though not in all points a great singer." The public viciously based its impromptu lobby criticisms, last night, upon "odious comparison;" and the names of Colson and the *diva* GAZZANIGA were invariably breathed together. At the "Amodio," a first class restaurant in the neighborhood of the Academy, where oyster and ale critics "most do congregate" between the acts, these contrasting analyses were heard to an amusing extent.

Said Raik to Letherhed,—"I'll bet you a bottle of champagne she's not as good as Gazzaniga. Her voice is 'nt so gentle-like, her style so forcible, or her manner so piquant. "Take your bet", responded little Letherhed, whom I overheard last night, just as he was gulping down his horrid jaws a mammoth chincoleague hivalve, "take your bet, she things more like a conthumptif perthorn, than Gathaneega; more gwaccful, too, and her voith ith more like a thilver bell." In every part of the caravanserai, knots of two or three stood, arguing the two Prima Donnas, placed in juxtaposition. Thus, too, in the lobbies and in the Foyer of the Opera House, friend button-holed friend and the "odious comparisons" went around with the speed of thought. Imagine, then, the critical position of the debutante; and rejoice that so deserving an artist stood the test of these comparisons thus triumphantly.

AMODIO sang and played with charming effect.

The orchestra acquitted itself most execrably; and the random floundering of that leviathan of the deep sea of harmony, the *contra-basso*, were such as to excite the liveliest apprehensions. The same remarks apply to the chorus, which, certes, must have been negligently abandoned to its fate, on the part of the management. The *Coro di Zingari* might be likened unto the tender bleating of a score of lost lambs, and that of the *Matadores* seemed even more confused. All this, nevertheless, served to bring forth into bolder relief the charming rendition of Violetta, by Mme. Colson.

MARRICO.

HARTFORD, CONN., NOV. 8.—What has become of your New York correspondent "—t—" ? Has it given up writing for the papers — has it left the country — has it "married a wife," or a husband," (provided it is not already provided) — or what's the matter? Do let us know; for we have missed that cabalistic signature of late, and have wondered more why it did not make its appearance as usual, than we did formerly to know its meaning. "Trovator" is rich and racy, and has our warmest thanks for his rich and racy correspondence every week, but little "—t—" is one of the old marines of "Dwight's", and has faithfully fought by the side of the big "T." (with an "A. W."), and the fear that perhaps it has "given up the ship", now that she is on the high tide of prosperity, has caused all this solicitation in its behalf. I trust that it will think of this, and again throw a thrilling thought or two of thorough thinkings through your thriving columns, and accept our thanks therefor.

STEPHEN C. MASSETT, ("Jeems Pipes") has given a concert here with but poor success, so far as the "house" went, although it was the best of the kind which has ever been given here, I should judge. Miss KATE DEAN, assisted by Mr. W. H. COOK, as Tenor, and Mr. Geo. T. EVANS, as pianist, all of New York, are to give a concert to-morrow evening in this city. They are all highly spoken of by the New York papers. I had an opportunity of listening to them for a few minutes the other evening at Messrs. Barker & Co's Piano-forte rooms, and was delighted with Miss Dean's singing. I trust that she will go away with a purse as full and rich as is her voice.

What a funny old fellow was BILLINGS. And still it seems to me that could he have had a thorough musical education, he must have ranked high as a composer. I have been looking over a "singing-book" which he published in 1794, under the title of of "CONTINENTAL HARMONY — containing a number of Anthems, Fugues, and Choruses, in several Parts, never before published. Composed by WILLIAM BILLINGS. Author of Various Music Books." He tells us in the forepart of the book, in a dialogue between a master and scholar, that the scale, or gamut, was "projected," or said to have been, "between 7 or 800 years ago, by Guido Aretinus, a monk, whose name deserves to be recorded in the annals of faune, in capitals of gold." He afterwards says that

"Guido by some means or other availed himself of King David's Scale, and by making some few alterations and amendments, or it may be, by climbing a few steps higher on a ladder of King David's raising, he (in spite of the royal author) has unjustly taken all the glory of the first invention to himself." Guido must have been a very mean man to have done that! See what ridiculous words there are to "An Anthem for Thanksgiving." Perhaps they may be useful to some modern composer for the approaching festival.

"Ye dragons whose contagions breath,
People the dark abodes of death,
Change your hissing into heavenly songs,
And praise your Maker with your fork-ed tongues."

"Fire, hail and snow, wind and storms, beasts and cattle, creeping insects, flying fowl, kings and princes, men and angels, Jew and Gentile, male and female, bond and free, earth and heaven, land and water, young men and maids, old men and babes, praise the Lord; join creation, preservation, and redemption join in one; no exemption nor dissention, one invention and intention, reigns through the whole to praise the Lord!"—with a dozen 'Hallelujahs' at the end of that. If there is not variety enough for an aspiring composer, I don't know where he will find it. But what breaths could those 'fellers and gals' take in them days! For instance, when in another anthem they come to the words —

"Strange that a harp of thousand strings
Should keep in tune so long" —

the last word is most beautifully and graphically illustrated by the 'counter' singing it to seven measures, 4-4 time! I doubt whether the 'harp' would 'keep in time' a great while it obliged to perform such gyrations as are in the music, now before me, many times. But I am becoming prosy. 'In conclusion,' as the ministers say, I will give you one more and stop, — an eloquent dissertation on the Fugue, which may be somewhat entertaining to your readers, if not improving. It is decidedly rich and 'hifalutin!' Here goes: —

"It is an old maxim, and I think a very just one, viz: that *variety is always pleasing*, and it is well-known that there is more variety in one piece of fuguing music, than in twenty pieces of plain song; for while the tones do most sweetly coincide and agree, the words are seemingly engaged in a musical warfare; and excuse the paradox if I further add, that each part seems determined by dint of harmony and strength of accent, to drown its competitor in an ocean of harmony, and while each part is thus mutually striving for mastery, and sweetly contending for victory, the audience are most luxuriously entertained and exceedingly delighted and extremely fluctuated, sometimes declaring in favor of one part, and sometimes another. Now the solemn bass demands their attention, now the manly tenor, now the lofty counter, now the volatile treble, — now here, now there, now here again. — O enchanting! O ecstatic! Push on, push on, ye sons of harmony, and

"Discharge your deep-mouthed cannon, full front with dia-
May you with Maestoso, rush on to Choro-Grando, [pasons;
And then with Vigoroso, let fly your Diapentes
About our nervous system!"

There! I have nothing more to say! H.

Dwight's Journal of Music.

BOSTON, NOV. 13, 1858.

MUSIC IN THIS NUMBER. — Continuation of the opera "*Lucrezia Borgia*," arranged for Piano-Forte.

What is "Classical" Music?

A friend asks us to define the term "Classical" in music. The term is variously and vaguely used. Doubtless it first grew into use in music, in the same sense and in the same way that it had done in literature. The classical authors

were those studied as the models of the art of writing, models in sentiment, expression, style and use of language, in the schools and colleges. Their works became the "classics," that is to say the text-books in the *classes*. Originally, and still *par excellence*, the literary classics were the Greek and Latin authors: — not all, of course, who scribbled in those tongues, but those whose works by their intrinsic worth outlived the accidents and fashions of a day, and won a permanent place among the mental treasures of the race. They are classical because they have been so long the recognized foundation of all education in language and literature. It followed naturally that the modern languages began to boast each one its "classics." Bacon, Shakspeare, Milton, Addison, &c. are our English classics; Luther, Lessing, Herder, Goethe, &c. the German; Dante, Petrarch and the rest, are the Italian classics.

Something of this sense of course is implied in the phrase "classical music." Those composers, (as Palestrina, Marcello, &c. among the Italians; Bach, Handel, Mozart, &c. among the Germans) whose works have acquired the sanction of the whole musical world, for a long time, as models in their kind; those compositions which have stood and still stand as pillars of the splendid temple of harmony that has reared itself within the two last centuries, have necessarily become the basis of sound musical education, both in the technical acquirement of the art, and in the formation of the taste, the prompting of a high and earnest aspiration, the inspiring of ideas beautiful and true and holy. The real secret of their becoming classical, models (like text-books) in the classes, lies in their intrinsic excellence, in the fact that, however little appreciable by the multitude, yet, wherever they have been appreciated, a high and glorious working of the human intellect and soul, a spark of the divine fire, cherished and tempered by true study and true art, is surely recognized in them, just as in Bacon, Shakspeare, Dante, &c. A natural consequence, too, is the attaching of a certain idea of venerableness, or respectability at least of age, to works we accounted classical.

This is but an accidental property. Age alone would not have made them classical. Time has not preserved them; time is the arch-destroyer; they have preserved themselves in spite of time, and therefore are they classical. They had the true fire in them; they had *life* in them; they still live and are as fresh to-day as when they first came warm from the composer's brain; and this makes them "classical."

2. There is mingled (and sometimes too much confounded) with this idea, however, the idea of certain peculiarities of *Form* and *Structure*, as essential to classical music. Art is essentially formative. To create beauty, whether for ear or eye, is to embody feelings, thoughts in beautiful artistic forms. Some forms are arbitrary, and have no essential, *obligato*, necessary connection with the subject matter cast in them: — these are the poorest forms, and drop away of themselves, without waiting to be cast off. Other forms grow with the growth of Art, as by an innate necessity, a natural and divine law of crystallization, or far higher organization, from within outwards. We cannot but believe that certain forms in music, such as the fugue form; the whole involved contrapuntal process of four or more individual melodic parts or voices working together as one,

yet quite distinct; the Sonata or Symphony form, that consummate fair epitome of all the laws of form in instrumental music, are outgrowths from this necessity of music's inmost nature. The creations of the grand old masters naturally, necessarily, providentially, divinely, and not arbitrarily, nor capriciously, nor accidentally took these forms. Hence it is common to speak of "classical music" when we hear Sonatas, or works in the Sonata form, as violin Quartets and Quintets, Symphonies, &c., or fugued choruses, like those of Handel, Motets, &c., by Bach; — the great old Italian masters, and all the great Germans down to this day, having found no forms so noble and so native to their inspirations. It is partly habit, education, schooling; but it is more, and primarily, a thing of nature and intrinsic law.

But let us always distinguish music which is classical from music which is only cast in classical forms. The form alone does not make a work classical. A mere form, or body, cannot live without a soul. There must be inspiration, genius, life in it. There must be poetry before there should be verse. It took the poetic exaltation of the soul first to invent rhythm, or rather to accept it from the hand of the All-beautiful. And just so, the classical forms in music are so, because live musical inspirations first naturally found utterance in them. The *life* is still the main thing; the genius, the inspiration, the imaginative conception, the warning into utterance of original experiences and thoughts of beauty: this is what makes a composition live, whether it be a mere song or a symphony built up in the grandest mould.

We shall resume the question; for it concerns us to know, whether the most modern things, creations of to-day, in whatsoever forms, may not also merit the name "classical."

A Word from the "Professors."

[We hope our readers will be edified by the following lucid and concise epistle. It will be remembered that a few weeks since we noticed one of those mushroom products so common in the lower strata of the money-making musical activity of this great country, — an inflated announcement of a grand musical Festival, to come off somewhere in the interior of New York. We noted, not in the most respectful terms, we own, the contents of a pompous pamphlet programme, (30 pages) which we had received, with its long array of psalm-book singing-masters, comic minstrels, &c., all styled "Professors," its prizes, judges, and honorary members, whose names, from one instance whereof we *knew*, we reasonably concluded to have been inserted without authority from those who answer to them elsewhere. Here is a return shot from the miscellaneous camp. It speaks for itself.]

COVERT, N. Y. NOV. 4, 1858.

J. S. DWIGHT, ESQ. BOSTON.

Dear Sir. — The heralding sheets of our humbug-festival received such a courteous attention from your Journal, (Oct. 23, 1858,) that a neglect or a delay in appreciating and repaying the well-designed compliment would justly be censurable, yes unpardonable, even in a class of people, termed Barbarians.

Owing to a strong instinct we may be clever and cavalierly enough to adhere in our reply to the systematic arrangement of your eulogy; but being unfortunately possessed of a voracious appetite for information, we are in the outset most wickedly tempted to feast upon a barbarian episode, which though extremely vulgar your well known generosity will render relishable to us undoubtedly in a few days through instructing us in the art or method of counting and qualifying unhatched chickens. That strange things may occur in this year of Comets, all our back-wood philosophers unanimously concede; but nevertheless we confess that they were somewhat startled

at the manœuvres and experiments of a certain Boston critic who attempted to employ his argus eye, which he industriously exercised for many years in prying into other folks' business, to penetrate an egg-shell at the present era. And why should not Barbarians, why should not all civilized nations startle at such a novel movement, for if it proves successful in the one case, why could not the same faculty be employed to penetrate the great deep, to tell the sorrowful Atlantic Telegraph Company the locality and nature of the defect in the obstinate telegraph wire. But to our great disappointment his faithful labor proves a total failure; for certainly his editorial observations in the journal of Oct. 23, do not in the least correspond with the facts as they now exist and appear before us. There he prophesied, glancing at an inoffensive embryo, the production of sundry bastards, such as short-winged clap-traps, long-billed impudences, lame humbugs, blind, bogus, featherless vulgarities and long-tailed nonsense; but to our astonishment, our barbarian scheme brought forth a goodly number of nice, sound, fat snug and jovial fellows, cheering and pleasing every body — 'tis strange how great men will err. But apologizing for our lengthy digression, we now humbly propose to return to our theme and to introduce the points in argument with candor and brevity.

In the article above referred to, you denounce a certain musical enterprise of our section as a clap-trap festival, on account of the humbug "professors," "judges" and "bogus honoraries" connected with it. We answer to this bold and frankly that your assertions and insinuations are pregnant with the basest and most contemptible falsehoods, and to vindicate our cause, we ask you to name us for instance our humbug professors; we affirm that there has not been a name inscribed in that respective list, but was fairly and honorably entitled to that appellation; they are all well known, competent and highly reputed instructors, earning their bread in the sweat of their brow, and working with diligence and self-denial for the promotion of an art and science ever dear to us; or is it then really possible, that the musical Autocrats of Boston swell into such vipers of self-conceit and absurdity, as to call every professional musician a humbug professor, who did not possess the good fortune to pass through their personal examination, or to receive an inaugural address from their pharisaic lips? Nay! we ask you once more candidly for the reasons of your terming our professional Musicians "humbug professors." In speaking of our judges, you seem to stagger over our venerable Bernard Covert (associate of Ossian Dodge?) What did you mean with that sign of interrogation? Excuse our ignorance, for we barbarians are very slow to comprehend; but we think that you hinted at a faint probability of his being with us at all. Now to this we answer firmly, that he favored and enlivened us with his presence from beginning to end. Never for once blushing to be identified with our musical movement; on the contrary, smiling upon our complete success, and ardently wishing for the speedy repetition of a similar enterprise. This is the sentiment of the composer of "Sword of Bunkerhill," but should his condescension influence you to cast also his name out as evil, and to plunge him in the abyss of barbarism, you may rest assured that he will fare then better, than among those frightful, critical ghosts, who with the murmurings of a death-march besiege the grave-yards of Boston.

In relation to the adjective, "bogus," which you attach to our honorary members, we would remark, that it applies exactly to one of them, we mean to the editor of the Boston Musical Journal; for when a writer of your rank and order totally suspends common sense and judgment and succumbs under a personal pique, occasioned by a slight, trivial and barbarian oversight in not asking your permission, hat in hand, to lend your name to a brave, pioneering, mu-

sical get-up, so as to hail upon it fire and brimstone as the awful revenge of an offended vanity, we all think, that, should in future another circular be issued on a similar occasion, it would appear much more respectable and attractive minus your name. We have since met with musical characters fully equal with you in importance, whose names we have used under similar circumstances, and strange to tell, they all have approved of it, and wished us a hearty God-speed.

Your would-be spicy comments upon our Programme, are marked with the same gross injustice and absolute want of charity, that characterized all your preceding criticism. In constructing the order of exercises for our Festival, we aimed at a well proportioned mixture of concert ingredients, keeping in view rather an agreeable variety, than an indiscreet association of homogeneous things. But your assertion that we have "Handel's Hallelujah" and "I know that my Redeemer" in immediate alternation with "American Ladies' Quickstep," "Mormon Quickstep" and "Sensitive Coon," is another bare-faced lie; * our Programme shows no such succession of pieces as you alluded to. And, finally, your attacks upon the national Drama of William Tell are in themselves too insignificant and ridiculous to be noticed even by a provincial correspondent. Now, in regard to the excommunicating Bull, which you introduced at the close of your article, we must confess, that you have made yourself obnoxious to every man of common sense, through your warfare with our honest attempt to raise the standard of music in this section of our country. Your disfiguring, misrepresenting language, used against a creditable enterprise, has met with a general indignation. Is this the reward, the encouragement, the stimulus, that self-denying musicians are to secure, when they combine and co-operate to improve the musical taste of the public, through a thorough and scientific drilling of the young, watchfully nursing their talents, and surprising their parents, patrons and friends with the first fruits of their genius in a "clap-trap" festival, as you will have it.

You denounce and ridicule us because we offer an endless variety to an appreciative audience. How many tastes have we to satisfy in an assembly of thousands? Freely we lavished upon them the vocal, instrumental, sacred and secular, serious and convivial, etc., exciting thus a general interest; being convinced at the same time that the pure and classical muse which prevailed in every concert, would prove the last and superseding impression with our audience, to engender nobler and better views of our art and science than they formerly entertained. And stand we alone in the adoption of such a method? Did not the same principle actuate the musical out-door festivals held under the auspices of Messrs. Maretzek and Anschütz in Jones's Wood, New York, and the musical jubilees celebrated in the valleys of Switzerland, in which we happened to participate.

But the strongest argument in our favor is, that our "clap-trap festival" has proved a complete success, and that everybody cries for more clap-trap. A happier, more harmonious, delightful and more musical time has never been spent with young and old, humbug professors and bogus honoraries, as at Goodwin's Ferry from Oct. 22, to Oct. 29, 1858. Long live the clap-trap festival! Now we would say, that we all have the highest esteem for your paper, and we could not do very well without it; its teachings, historical and biographical paragraphs, classical tone, exquisite reading matter, and miscellaneous musical notices, and especially its progressive spirit, render it to every musician an interesting, instructive and indispensable companion; but we hardly deem it advisable or practical in its able editor to spend a keg of powder, as long as there is no real enemy in sight; and confident that you will arrive at the same sensible conclusion at the first clearing of the fog, in expectation of an answer through your columns, we subscribe yours respectfully.

SENECA BARBARUS.

* Here is Part I. of one of the concerts:

1. American Ladies' Quickstep, Stone's Brass Band. — 2. *Ach! er! er! Thy Glorious Work.* Chorus from Creation, (to the honor of the Atlantic Cable.) Burdette Choir. — 3. Dream of Enchantment, with var. (a) Piano, Miss C. E. Woodworth. — 4. *I know that my Redeemer liveth.* (b) V. Solo, from Handel. Miss M. Cressman. — 5. Grand Violin Duett. (c) Messrs. Henry Summers and Charles Bishop. — 6. Musical Husband. (d) Vocal solo, by request, Miss Adelaide Bodine. — 7. Mormon Guard's Quickstep. (g) Piano duett. Mr. Squire B. and Miss A. Rolfe. — 8. Sensitive Coon, (d) comical glee, Newfield Trio. — En.

Musical Chit-Chat.

At last a beginning of good music; ear and inner sense have thirsted long. The MENDELSSOHN QUINETTE CLUB commence their tenth season of Chamber Concerts, at Chickering's rooms, next Thursday evening. They will be led by Mr. SCHULTZE, and assisted

by that able young pianist, Mr. B. J. LANG, who will play (for a novelty) a Capriccio by Sterndale Bennett, with accompaniment. There will be a good old Beethoven Quartet, and a Mozart Quintet, a violin solo, and other good things. We hope now soon to hear that Mr. ZERRAHN's subscription for Orchestral Concerts is made up, and that the rehearsals of Beethoven Symphonies, &c., by the orchestra of fifty, have commenced in earnest. But it depends entirely on the promptness of the music-loving public, to give in their names in season and secure the annual Symphonic feast. . . . The ORPHEUS GLEE CLUB held one of their delightful little musical "sociables" at their club room, Wednesday evening, which we were sorry to be obliged to lose. Why will they not give some more public concerts? . . . The rehearsals of the "Israel in Egypt" choruses go on bravely in the HANDEL AND HAYDN SOCIETY.

Mr. TRENKLE, our excellent and much esteemed pianist has returned from Germany — earlier than he intended; for it seems he narrowly escaped the strong paternal gripe of Prussian law in Leipzig, which raised a question about his passport, and would peremptorily have made a soldier of him (such being the liability of Prussian emigrants caught back in Vaterland again under the age of thirty). But after a two-days' examination, our young friend escaped with a costs and petty fine, on the condition of quitting Germany *instantly*. What he loses in enjoyment of German Art and genial life, he will gain here at least in freedom. We are sorry to state that Mr. T's health is not improved; nevertheless, with care and moderate exertion in his calling as a teacher, there is good hope of his gradual recovery. Mr. T. made our mouth water with his account of the Beethoven Symphony performance that he heard in Leipzig; — orchestra on the scale of 12 first and 12 second violins, 8 double basses, &c., all of them *artists*, led by David; long practice and complete, hearty love of their work; the most musical of audiences; and surrounding all, inspiring all, a real atmosphere of Art, which is the thing wanting here! . . . OTTO DRESSEL's health, we hear, is much improved. He has been most of the time in Frankfurt and in Leipzig, full of spirits, and composing constantly, which such as he do only when they have the real inspiration. He will probably return to Boston by the middle of December. . . . Mr. KIELBLOCK has returned, in health and spirits, and is ready for his pupils.

The MENDELSSOHN UNION, in New York, give their first concert of the season next week, when they will perform Mendelssohn's "St. Paul", assisted by Mr. C. R. ADAMS, tenor, of this city, and by FORMES and other artists of the operatic company.

We mentioned some time since the prizes offered by the Royal Academy of Fine Arts in Florence, for the best productions, on given subjects, in Painting, Sculpture, Architecture, Music, &c. We see by the *Monitore Toscano* of Oct. 4, that the triennial "Concorso," or competition, has taken place, and in the list of "Premiati," or prize-winners, it is gratifying to read the name of FRANCIS BOOTT of Boston, as having received the "accessit" to the first prize for musical composition (the first having been awarded to Prof. Alessandro Biagi, of Florence). The subject on which the competitors exercised their skill and invention was "The Canticle of Zaccaria: *Benedictus Dominus Deus Israel*, for four voices, with accompaniment of full orchestra." Of course the prestige must have been against all foreigners, and that an American should have been adjudged worthy of the second place, speaks highly of his production and of the fairness of the judges.

"Trovator's" letter is too late for our press this week; but he tells us: "Mr. Ullman is making a great deal of money at the opera. He gave a matinee on Saturday, when, notwithstanding a driving rain, the house was crowded in every part, the receipts amounting to some \$4,000. The entertainments consisted of *La Fille du Regiment*, with PICCOLOMINI and FORMES, and the last act of *Favorita*, with GAZZANIGA and LORINI. Wednesday night *Don Giovanni* was produced with unrivalled effect, PICCOLOMINI, GAZZANIGA, GHIONI, FORMES, GASIER, all appearing." "Trovator" will tell us more of this next week. The other matter of his present letter will keep.

Music Abroad.

Paris.

The Paris correspondent of the *Boston Courier* (Oct. 21), gives the following lively survey of the present state of Opera in that metropolis.

First, then, as to the *Italiene*. This used to be the resort of the aristocracy of every kind and sort. Under the Restoration of the Government of July, whatever had a name in French history, whether in politics, in the army, in the so-called "world," or in the world of high art, all thronged here; and if you wanted to meet any of those men or women who, for various reasons, have in every capital a world-wide celebrity, you were all but sure to meet them at the *Italiene*. In the latter days of Louis Philippe, the bitterest enemies met at the Salle Ventadour, and those who had abused each other like pickpockets in either Chamber in the morning, voted together in the evening in support of La Grisi or of Rubini. Before the quartette of the *Puritani* or the finale to the second act of *Lucia*, where could any opposition find place?

These times are gone—forever gone, I fear. What is termed *society* has deserted *les Italiens*, and it would be hard to say where it goes instead, unless you track it to inferior theatres, the great merit whereof it is to show up all the world to itself—*grand monde*, and *demi-monde*, and all the "worlds" smaller still, whereof those who live in or out of them seem to rejoice in observing the manners and customs. Now, if society had abandoned *les Italiens* because *les Italiens* are so decidedly inferior, I should say society was right; but in that case the mischief would soon cure itself. M. Calgado said, that if better singers brought him more subscribers, he would soon contrive to have the best singers in Europe. But not a bit. They had here one of the last really great singers of Italian music whom we shall ever hear, la Frezzolini; but they said she was "too thin," or "too old," or that her voice was no longer "fresh," or something of that sort, and they let her go, instead of religiously listening to her very last notes. And when one gets angry at their indifference, and when one says to them, "But la Frezzolini was one of the finest singers ever heard," they stare at you, listlessly, and answer, "Well, I'm no judge; I did not like her looks." Just now they have got two stalwart, dashing, slashing artists, la Penco Graziani, (the brother) a tenor, and they seem as well satisfied with them as though they were really worthy bearing, which they are not. The class of people who frequent the Italian opera here now, is a totally different one, and the few French who go there are the "*nouveaux riches*" to whom music seems seriously to have small charms. The rest of the audience is composed of foreigners.

Then, as to the *Grand Opera*; this is altogether a mere official business. The Emperor absolutely hates music, it is disagreeable to him; the Empress submits to, but does not like it; the Court thinks of it as something that may or may not be, but that furnishes a pretext for showing off fine dresses. The *Opera*, as it is called absolutely, is so entirely a Court and household affair that it is impossible now for any nominal director of it to make anything by his direction. He must, in all necessity, lose; for the boxes subscribed for by public functionaries (who are in favor) may or may not be regularly paid for, (often are not so) and he is never allowed to refuse the demand of any Court dandy who sends to him for a box or stall *gratis*. At the same time it is, from pure ostentation, enjoined upon him to secure the most celebrated singers he can find, and give them any price! What is the result? that the opera direction is perpetually having its debts paid by the State. As to the artists, the music sung at the Grand Opera, and the manner of singing it, are so prejudicial to the voice, that, spite of all advantages many singers now refuse, and Meyerbeer is delaying any new work because he says truly that no singers are forthcoming. Roger—a real talent—has been worn out in a few years. Gueymard, a splendid voice, has been destroyed; Mme. Lauters and la Cruvelli resisted, but one left the stage early, and the other is showing signs of fatigue although not yet five and twenty; as to Madame Borghi-Mamo, the "great gun" of the Opera, she is done for. She sings as out of tune as all the rest do, and her fine voice, by being forever forced out of its limits and what promised to be her fine style, by being forever perverted from its purpose, have both given way. So much for the *Opera*, where, if the ballet did not come to the rescue, matters would soon be in a sorry plight.

But in the two minor lyrical theatres of Paris there is talent perhaps *incomparable*. At the *Opera Comique* we have Faure, of whom it is not too much to say that at the present moment he is the most *perfect*

singer in Europe. This young man (he is not 28) has a voice of such prodigious compass that he can sing both *Gilluame Tell* and *Arnold* in Rossini's famous opera. It is a voice of almost unequalled richness, purity, facility and truth of intonation. But added to this—and the instance is a *very rare* one—he has studied his art with such ardor and perseverance that his style and method are as fine as ever were Crescentini's, Nozzari's or any of those heroes of song in Italy some seventy years ago. Faure knows this well. He is a profound musician, in every sense a *master*, and he will not, for any inducement put his career in danger. He has refused all the offers of the Opera, and has forced the *Opera Comique* into giving him fabulously high terms. Here we come again to the public. Do not suppose that such full houses are drawn to the *Opera Comique* to hear Faure sing. No! they are attracted by the exceeding handsomeness of his looks and splendor of his costumes, or (it may be sometimes) by Mme. Cabel's ankles and *piquant* air when she plays men's parts, for as to her vocal attractions, they, too, are 'used up.'

The other theatre, that has every right to a brilliant reputation, is the *Theatre Lyrique*. This was originally established in order that young, obscure composers might find a stage on which to bring forth their creations; but the youthful obscure were soon found to exercise no influence whatever on the public, and M. Carvalho, the director, having married Mlle. Miolan, resolved to play the young composers' works on alternate nights with the works of the great defunct. Accordingly you may see names you never heard, and perhaps never will hear, by the side of those of Weber and Mozart, and at the *Theatre Lyrique* only have you a chance, in this town, of hearing the *chefs d'œuvre* of the musical art. I have advised you of Faure,—well, by his side I must place Mme. Miolan. This lady is quite without a rival in her sex. Neither Sontag, nor Persiani, nor Damoreau, nor any earthly woman ever did the impossibilities Mme. Miolan does, nor did them as she does—as though they were the enjoyment of her life. She executes what is impossible with a grace that makes it charming, and that gives it the appearance of ease. As to the truth of her intonation, it is miraculous, and you feel it to be *infallible*. There is a drawback to all this: Mme. Miolan's voice is originally not a pleasing one. It is thin; and, however true and pure, expressionless and devoid of natural pathos. But she makes up for this by art of so wonderful a kind, that you forget any defect and hang enraptured on her method of phrasing an *andante* of some classic author. If the French *cared* for music, pilgrimages would be made to hear this gifted creature. There is no genuine music lover who, having once heard her, would not willingly go *any distance* on foot to hear her again. Last month the *Theatre Lyrique* revived anew the *Nozze di Figaro*, and probably the execution was about the best heard in our days. Mme. Ugalde's *Susanna* was vulgar; but Caroline Duprez's Contessa was delightfully elegant and chaste, though her voice is daily diminishing; and Mme. Miolan's *Cherubino* was one of those gems never to be banished from memory.

PARIS.—At the Lyrique they have reproduced Weber's *Preciosa*; and a host of musical novelties are promised at this theatre. Madame Grisi will appear much earlier at the Italiens this season than she has of late years. She is to appear in Verdi's *Mac-betto*. Mr. Harris, stage director of Covent-garden Opera, is engaged by M. Calzado to superintend the bringing out of this opera.

An event which indicates the commencement of our winter season has occurred this week. The *Théâtre Italien* was opened to the fashionable world under very attractive arrangements. The manager has secured the services of the most famed artists of the day, and is laboring to place each opera on the stage on an improved system as regards chorus, scenery, &c., &c.

The opera selected for the opening night was *La Traviata*, never a favorite in Paris. There are only two events to record in connection with the reproduction of this opera, viz., the appearance of Madame Penco as the "Traviata," and Graziani, a tenor new to a Paris audience. Madame Penco became universally acknowledged as one of the first *prime donne* of the Italian stage when she sang at Naples in the *Tro-vatore* for some fifty nights in succession. We well remember the rare richness of her soprano voice. The same power, the same pleasing quality remains, but now used with an artistic knowledge which she did not possess at the beginning of her career. In Madame Penco we have an example of a singer who has not lost her vocal powers before she obtained the perfection of her art. During the whole opera she sung with a purity of tone and distinctness which displayed the large resources of her organ and complete confidence in its delivery. Her *tremolo* is one remarkable for a sustained evenness and clearness.

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Very much in the style of Neukomm's celebrated song of the "Sea"—words and music nicely wedded.

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Whoever is tired of old and worn-out Schottisches, will be pleased to meet with something new and fresh. This Schottische is recommended.

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Light and pretty. Dedicated to Morris' minstrels, in cognizance of their denomination of "Cow-bell-ogians." The title page is embellished with a pleasing lithographic view of rural scenes.

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Performed at the Museum and dedicated to the charming soubrette, Miss Mary Shaw.

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An effective arrangement of this popular set of Quadrilles.

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The above Musical Dictionary contains twice the number of words of any other, and two thousand more definitions than Hamilton's. The *Musical World* says: "There are many Musical Dictionaries extant, some larger, yet with less number of defined words; some smaller, and containing only what everybody knows now-a-days without a dictionary; but none that we know of, or can now recollect, so convenient in size, so concise in definition, so thorough in plan and so perfect in execution."

Dwight's Journal of Music.

WHOLE No. 346.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 20, 1858.

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For Dwight's Journal of Music.

The Magic Flute.*

(From the Brown papers.)

Once upon a time, in those days when the worship of Isis and Osiris prevailed in Egypt, and when beings of a spiritual nature were sometimes found under the power of mortal men, there dwelt in a delicious valley, among certain mountains upon the banks of the Nile, which have since disappeared from the maps, a man of grand and lofty nature, who united in himself the characters of an earthly prince and high priest of the gods. His name was Sarastro. His dwelling was a huge edifice, half palace, half temple, one of the noblest monuments of the old Egyptian sacred architecture. It contained within itself courts filled with tropical trees and flowers, adorned with fountains and statues of the gods — places for study and meditation — and around it were wide-spread gardens, extending on the one hand to the mountains, on the other to the waters of the sacred river — devoted to innocent pleasure, to mirth and joy.

Sarastro was the grand master of the Mysteries of Isis, and the great duty of his life, the grand aim of his thoughts and acts was to encourage virtue, to aid all who sought true wisdom for its own sake, to watch over and guard them during their periods of probation, and finally, to receive and consecrate them as members of the holy fraternity of which he was the head.

A band of noble and reverend men shared with him the mysteries and duties of the temple and its worship; trains of black slaves awaited his bidding and performed the menial offices of his palace; men servants and women servants, followers and dependents of all sorts added to the grandeur of his state as temporal prince.

In the same region of the world, in a castle built in the darkest and most gloomy style of Egyptian architecture, the entrance to which was through a cavern, that yawned beneath its massive walls, dwelt a mysterious being — the Queen of Night. She was of a haughty, proud, and revengeful nature, loving darkness rather than light; the opposite in character, as in sex, of Sarastro. Her dress was black as the thick darkness, but bright sparkling with stars, and, when she appeared to human eyes, vivid lightnings and rolling thunders announced her presence. Three women, also dressed and veiled in black, were her familiar spirits and executed her commands. The wedded life of the now widowed Queen had been blest by the birth of a single daughter, Pamina, a lovely and gentle being, whose spiritual tendencies were as virtuous as her person was charming. To save her from the evil influences which surrounded her, to give her virtues the opportunity of development, and to save her from temptation and sin, Sarastro had caused her to be taken from her mother and brought to his abode of wisdom and peace.

In the Queen's mind grief and revenge struggled for the mastery — but against the power of the great ruler and priest she was helpless. She sought in vain to regain her daughter, equally in vain to punish Sarastro.

It happened that while the Queen was in this state of mind, nourishing her hatred and revengeful feelings, a young prince, upon his travels, Tamino by name, came near her castle. Whether through the arts of the Queen of Night or not does not appear, though it is probable, the prince became separated from his followers and, while unarmed and defenceless, was attacked by a huge serpent. He could only fly and call for help, and at length, overcome by fatigue and terror, hard by the entrance to the Queen's castle, he swooned and fell. At this instant the three women, attendants of the queen, flew from the cave and transfixed the monster with their silver javelins. The three were equally struck by the grace and beauty of the youth, and neither one was willing to allow another to remain with him while the others reported the adventure to their mistress. But this must be done, and the dispute resulted in their going all together, and leaving Tamino still in his swoon, from which he was awakened by the entrance of a new character upon the scene. This was a jolly, rollicking, prating, cowardly knave, ready to lie even when the truth would answer his purpose better, by name Papageno, by occupation a bird-catcher, a huge eater and drinker, sadly in love with pretty damsels, and now come, with cage on back, to strike bargains with the Queen's ladies.

Placing his cage upon the ground in front of the palace, he announced his presence by repeated blasts of his Pan's pipes and a lively song suited to his character and occupation, too busy with his own affairs to notice the prince or the dead serpent.

Tamino, recalled to himself, at the close of the bird-catcher's song drew near, and asked him who he was.

"Who am I?" replied the bird-catcher. "Perhaps it would be as well for me to ask who you may be?"

"I am one, whose father rules over many lands, mountains and valleys," replied the prince.

"What? are there other lands and mountains than these?" said Papageno.

After some conversation of like import, the prince, seeing no other person, pointed to the serpent, with the inquiry whether he was indebted for his life to him, Papageno. The bird-catcher trembled in every limb at the sight, until convinced that it was dead, when he at once claimed the credit of having slain it, by the mere strength of his muscular arms. During his description of his conflict with the animal, the three women had drawn near unperceived, and overheard this falsehood, as well as others which he added to it, in reply to Tamino's inquiries in relation to them. One of them suddenly stepped up to him, applied a heavy padlock to his lips, reducing his entire

vocabulary to "hm, hm, hm," and sent him about his business.

Being now free from the loquacity of the bird-catcher, they addressed themselves to the prince, told him of the Queen, their mistress, and of the loss she had sustained. Whether in consequence of the report which the three women had made of the beauty of the stranger, or of a preconceived plan, does not appear, but the Queen had determined to make Tamino the instrument by which she should regain Pamina, and at the same time be revenged upon Sarastro. In hope of awaking in him a passion for her daughter, she sent him by the women Pamina's miniature. It had the desired effect. His breast was agitated, as he looked at it, with feelings until then unknown — it kindled a passion as deep and strong as it was sudden.

The impression being made which the Queen had hoped, it suddenly became dark, thunders rolled, the women fell upon their knees and bowed their heads at the entrance of the cave, and their mistress, in her star-spangled robe, stood before them.

She addressed herself at once to Tamino, bade him fear not, and expressed her confidence that, through the aid of such an one as he, the sad heart of a mother might be comforted. She told him the story of the abduction of her daughter, gained his sympathy not only in her sorrow, but in her desire of vengeance, and promised him, should he succeed in rescuing Pamina, to give her to him in marriage. The prince gladly undertook the adventure and swore to risk all for the rescue of the maiden.

Another burst of thunder, and the Queen had vanished. Poor Papageno, who in the meantime had tried in vain to release his lips, now came back and with piteous gestures and sorrowful "hm, hm, hm," besought Tamino to remove the padlock. But this was beyond his power. The women, however, thinking him sufficiently punished for his falsehoods, relieved him, with an earnest caution to beware in future of lying.

To Tamino, now engaged in her service, they brought from their mistress an enchanted flute, cut from the heart of an oak of a thousand years by the father of Pamina, in whose tones was hidden so magical a power, as to protect its bearer in all dangers, to change the passions of men, make the sad joyous, and fill the envious and proud heart with friendship and love.

To Papageno, who would gladly have retained his humble position as a bird-catcher, but who was forced into the service of Tamino by command of the Queen, they gave a casket, containing a set of musical bells, similar in power to the Magic Flute.

Thus equipped for the adventure, it only remained to learn the way to the castle-temple of Sarastro. To the inquiries of the prince the three women informed him that three spirits, in the likeness of boys, would hover around him to guard and guide, whose advice and directions

* For introduction, concerning the origin of Mozart's opera, &c., see last number.

alone he must follow. "So fare you well! We must away. Farewell, to meet some other day."

Pamina, meantime, might have been happy in the peaceful halls of the priest of Isis, but for the feelings natural to a daughter, and for the audacious passion of an ugly negro, Monostatos, the head of Sarastro's troop of black slaves, who took advantage of his position, to treat her as a prisoner, and to force his disgusting attentions upon her. In the afternoon of that day upon which the Queen of Night had gained an ally in Prince Tamino, the negro succeeded in forcing Pamina into a lonely apartment in the castle, and threatened her with death, unless she would consent to become his bride. But death to her, save for her mother's sake, would be happiness, as a deliverance from his persecutions. He called his slaves to fetter her with chains; but seeing her faint and fall upon the divan, he sent them away, and knelt beside her to gaze undisturbed upon her charms, and cover her white hand with kisses. At this moment, Papageno, who had been sent before as a messenger by his new master to seek Pamina, and who through the carelessness of Monostatos had gained an entrance into the castle, came stealthily into the apartment. The figure and face of the beautiful Pamina instantly caught his eye and filled him with admiration, to which his tongue, as usual, gave utterance. The negro started up affrighted. Papageno was no less frightened by the black face of Monostatos. Each took the other for the devil, and, after some moments doubt and hesitation, fled in different directions. Papageno, however, soon conquered his fear, reasoning that as there were black birds, there might well be black men, and returned to Pamina. Satisfying himself, from a careful comparison of her features with those depicted in the miniature, which Tamino had entrusted to his care, that the lady was none other than the daughter of the Queen of Night, and the beloved of his master, he related to her all that had passed, and besought her to trust herself to him and escape. Pamina hesitated from fear that he was not what he pretended, but at length was convinced, and they left the castle together.

Tamino, guided by the three boys, advanced directly towards the great gates of Sarastro's castle. Having reached the open space before them, they pointed thither and said: "Yonder is the way to your object; but only by manly courage can you conquer. Hear, then, our final instructions; be steadfast, patient, and silent."

"But tell me," said the Prince, "whether I shall rescue Pamina?"

"This is not for us to make known. Be steadfast, patient, and silent. Be a man! and then, though but a youth, like a man shalt thou conquer!" Thus saying they vanished.

"Be steadfast, patient, and silent," said the Prince to himself; "so may I attain unto wisdom—let this admonition be forever engraven upon my heart."

And now, as he looked around and measured with his eyes the vastness and grandeur of the palace-temple before whose gates he stood, he was filled with astonishment and wonder. It seemed to him a seat worthy of the gods themselves. Everything proved to him that here were united persevering industry, high art and the wisest adaptation of means to ends; but the Queen had impressed him so strongly against Sa-

raastro, that instead of seeing in the glory and magnificence of all before him proofs of his wisdom, goodness and power, he drew the conclusion that he, the monster tyrant, must be hated by so enlightened a people, who could need but an energetic prince for a leader to rise against him and destroy him. Encouraged by these reflections, and by the thought that none could have nobler and purer motives for action than he, he advanced to one of the grand portals; but even before he had knocked for admittance, a chorus of unseen voices, in awful tones, stayed his farther progress by the single word "Retire!" The same warning met him at a second door. Undismayed he drew near to a third. Without awaiting his knock, it opened, and a venerable priest, clad in the pure robes of his office, as one sees to this day depicted upon the monuments and in the catcombs of Egypt, came forth and addressed him thus:

"Whither wilt thou, rash stranger? What seekest thou in this holy place?"

"That which virtue and love claim for their own."

"Truly words of lofty sense! But how wilt thou find them? Love and virtue are not thy guides, but thoughts of death and vengeance."

"But vengeance only upon a monster."

"Such an one," said the priest, "thou wilt hardly find among us."

"But Sarastro rules in these valleys!" said Tamino.

"Yes, here rules Sarastro."

"But not in the temple of Wisdom," exclaimed the Prince, astonished.

"Yes, also in the Temple," replied the priest.

"Then it is all pretense and hypocrisy," said Tamino, and turned away.

"Wilt thou then so soon depart?"

"Yes, I will go, and enjoy my freedom and happiness, nor even enter your temple."

"Explain thyself further, thou art the victim of some deception."

"Sarastro dwells here, that is sufficient." (*Going.*)

"Lovest thou thy life, remain and answer me. Thou hatest Sarastro?"

"With an eternal hate!"

"Give me thy reasons."

"He is a monster and a tyrant."

"Hast thou proof of this?"

"An unhappy mother, bowed with sorrow and anguish, has proved it to me."

"A woman, then, has turned thy head? Ah, women are weak in action but great in talk! And thou hast trusted one? Ah, would Sarastro but explain to thee the object he has in view!"

"His object is but too clear. Did not the robber pitilessly tear Pamina from her mother's arms?"

"Yes, what thou sayest is true."

"Where is she, then? perhaps already offered as a victim!"

"It is neither the time, nor is it for me, my son, to answer this. My oath and duty bind my tongue."

"When will the veil be removed?"

"At the moment when the hand of friendship shall lead thee into the holy place to join the immortal brotherhood."

Thus saying, the priest turned away, the por-

tals opened, and he passed from the sight of Tamino.

The prince's bosom was torn with conflicting emotions. The demeanor of the priest, the respect, veneration, and love for Sarastro, which every word indicated, failed not in their effect upon the youth; he could but contrast all that he saw and heard with the darkness and gloom which surrounded the Queen of Night, and with the wild strong passions which she had exhibited. The desire for true wisdom, pity for the Queen, love for the original of the miniature, all agitated him, and above all, the desire to know the real character of Sarastro. In his spirit all was darkness and gloom, and an indescribable longing for something, he knew not what, had seized him.

"When wilt thou pass, oh, everlasting night,
And these too weary eyes behold celestial light?"

To this cry of the Prince, a choir of invisible voices replied in mysterious tones: "Ere long, or nevermore!"

Surprised, but rejoiced that his words, involuntarily spoken, had been heard and answered, he ventured to ask if Pamina still lived, and the same chorus replied, "Pamina liveth still!"

The current of his feelings changed, joy for Pamina, gratitude to the unseen beings, dawning hope—all sought expression, and this could only be in music; and now for the first time he applied the flute to his lips and saw proof of its magical powers. At its first sweet tones, wild beasts,—apes, bears, and the like—came flocking from the neighboring forests, tamed and gentle, ready to lie down with the lamb, moving their uncouth limbs in harmonious action to the sounds of the music. If the flute has this power over the beasts of the forest, what if it should farther prove a means of communication with Pamina? thought he, "Oh! Pamina, hear me, hear!" A few moments more, and his tones were answered by the Pan's pipe of Papageno in the distance. Tamino instantly knew the sound, and hurried away to find his servant, hoping that he had, at least, seen Pamina. Deceived by the echoes he took the wrong direction, and was hardly out of sight when Papageno and Pamina, who had succeeded in eluding their pursuers, and in finding their way through the labyrinths of the temple and gardens, appeared in front of the castle. Now could they but find Tamino! for there was danger every moment that Monostatos and his slaves would be upon them. They had heard his flute and knew that he could not be far away; and Pamina in her anxiety and terror thoughtlessly called aloud for him. Papageno hushed her at once, and applied himself to his Pan's pipe as a better means of announcing their presence to Tamino, and one not likely to be suspected by Monostatos. The flute at once answered the tone, and in the next moment they would all have been together and might easily have escaped, but for the unfortunate call of Pamina to her lover, which had betrayed them and brought at this instant the negro and his whole train of slaves upon them. Pamina at once lost all hope, and so for the moment did her companion; but he, arrant coward as he was, had sometimes sense enough to have his thoughts about him, and, at this crisis it suddenly occurred to him that the three women had given him the casket of bells as a protection. How it could be so, what magic power it could have, what were to be the effects produced by his playing upon it, of all this he

In him we find all the marks whereby to recognize the culminating powers of his art; he has been universal. Certain composers excel in the theatre, others in the church; this one in the fugue or the quatuor, that one in the chamber duet or the cantata; but Handel has treated all styles, and has excelled in all, whether the subject be gay or serious, light or solemn, profane or sacred. He would be the Shakespeare of music if he were not the Michael Angelo. Like Bach, Mozart, Haydn, and Beethoven, he composed instrumental music, which is as powerful as his vocal music. The *Suites de Pièces pour le Clavecin* and the *Organ Concertos* would be alone sufficient to place his name in the first rank. To appreciate the value of the *Suites de Pièces*, it is only necessary to quote the few words by M. Fétis: "These compositions are of the most beautiful style, and can be compared only with pieces of the same sort composed by Bach." This comparison with Bach is, in the mouth of Fétis, an enormous compliment. Hawkins had already said: "Without the hazard of contradiction or the necessity of an exception, it may be asserted of these com-

sitions that they are the most masterly productions of the kind that we know in the world." Burney, speaking of the *Organ Concertos*, says: "Public players on keyed instruments, as well as private, totally subsisted on these concertos for nearly thirty years."

The overtures of Handel are extremely short, as was then the custom; they have none of those symphonic dimensions which are now given to that style of composition. "The most elaborate of them never cost him," as Hawkins affirms, "more than a morning's labor." Nevertheless, some of them include marvellous fugues. The celebrated critic, Marpurg, in his *Lettres sur la Musique*, declares that he could never listen without emotion to that one in the second overture to *Admetus*. The celebrity which the *Hauboy Concertos* enjoyed during the last century makes one regret that Handel lived in a time when concerted music had not taken its full development.

Men who have been thus admirable in all the branches of art are rare. It is to be remarked that men like Gluck, Cimarosa, Mehln, and Rossini have not dared to write for instruments; they lack this gem in their glorious diadems. There, in fact, is the rock upon which all those geniuses, upon whom Nature has not lavished all her gifts, make shipwreck. Judges say that Leo, Porpora, Hasse, and Piccini are quite beneath themselves in their instrumental music. They inhabit Olympus, but they are only demi-gods.

In that musical Olympus the most divine masters have given to Handel the place of Jupiter Tonans. "He is the father of us all," exclaimed the patriarchal Haydn. "Handel," said the dramatic Mozart, "knows better than any one of us all what is capable of producing a great effect; when he chooses he can strike like a thunderbolt." The lyrical Beethoven called him "the monarch of the musical kingdom. He was the greatest composer that ever lived," said he to Mr. Moscheles. "I would uncover my head, and kneel before his tomb." Beethoven was on the point of death, when one of his friends sent him, as a present, forty volumes by Handel. He ordered that they should be brought into his chamber, gazed upon them with a reanimated eye, and then pointing to them with his finger, he pronounced these words, "There is the truth."

What a magnificent subject for a picture! David did not select a more inspiring one in the "Death of Socrates," to which he has given a second immortality. Is it not grand to see these noble geniuses standing before each other on the threshold of eternity? Is it not beautiful to see the author of the English oratorios arising, as it were, from the tomb, to present his works to the author of the symphony in D, who greeted him with a sublime death?

Handel was not the less excellent as a performer than as a composer. He played to perfection on the harpsichord, and above all upon the organ, his favorite instrument. As an improviser, there was only Sebastian Bach who could be compared with him. Hawkins, who heard him, says: "Who shall describe its effects on his enraptured auditory? Silence, the truest applause, succeeded the instant that he addressed himself to the instrument, and that so profound that it checked respiration, and seemed to control the functions of nature; while the magic of his touch kept the attention of his hearers awake only to those enchanting sounds to which it gave utterance."

Handel exercised the same power over his hearers from his infancy. At eleven years of age he threw all Berlin into an ecstasy; at twenty, Hamburg declared his voluntaries of fugues and counterpoint to be superior to those of Kuhnau of Leipzig, who had been regarded as a prodigy. Festing and Dr. Arne, who were present in 1733 at the ceremony of the Oxford Public Act, when he played a voluntary upon the organ, told Burney that "neither themselves, nor any one else of their acquaintance, had ever before heard such extempore or such premeditated playing on that or any other instrument." His execution seized every body with amazement from the very first moment. Busby relates the following fact: "One Sunday, having attended

divine worship in a country church, Handel asked the organist to permit him to play the people out, to which he readily consented. Handel accordingly sat down to the organ, and began to play in such a masterly manner as instantly to attract the attention of the whole congregation, who, instead of vacating their seats as usual, remained for a considerable time fixed in silent admiration. The organist began to be impatient (perhaps his wife was waiting dinner), and at length addressed the great performer, telling him he was convinced that he could not play the people out, and advised him to relinquish the attempt, for while he played they would never quit the church."

In like manner, when he was at Venice, he enjoyed a curious triumph. Arriving in the middle of the carnival, he was conducted that very evening to a masked fête, at which he played upon the harpsichord, with his mask upon his face; on hearing which, Domenico Scarlatti, who happened to be present, cried out, "'Tis the devil, or the Saxon of whom every one is talking." Scarlatti was the first player upon the harpsichord in Italy. What took place at Rome between Handel and Corelli still more forcibly proves that our composer was stronger upon the violin than the greatest virtuoso of his time. Mainwaring relates that Arcangelo Corelli had great difficulty in playing certain very bold passages in Handel's overtures, and that the latter, who was unfortunately very violent, once snatched the violin out of his hand and played it himself as it ought to be.

Every musical faculty was carried in him to the highest point. He had an inexhaustible memory. Burney heard him, while giving lessons to Mrs. Cibber, play a jig from the overture of *Siroe*, which he had composed twenty years before. It has been seen that the blindness with which he was attacked in 1753 did not prevent him from playing an organ concerto at every performance up to the termination of his career, and he did not always improvise. He sang also marvellously well. "At a concert, at the house of Lady Rich, he was once prevailed with to sing a slow song, which he did in such a manner, that Farinelli, who was present, could not be persuaded to sing after him."

But let me remind the young, that however prodigious may be the gifts accorded by nature to her elect, they can only be developed and brought to their extreme perfection by labor and study. Michael Angelo was sometimes a week without taking off his clothes. Like him, and like all the other kings of art, Handel was very industrious. He worked immensely and constantly. Hawkins says that "he had a favorite Rucker harpsichord, every key of which, by incessant practice, was hollowed like the bowl of a spoon." He was not only one of the most gifted of musicians, but also one of the most learned. All competent critics admit that his fugues prove that his knowledge was consummate.

It is a singular circumstance in his life that his genius gave him an indirect part in almost all the events of his century. His music was required to celebrate successively the birth-day of Queen Anne, the marriage of the Prince of Wales (George the Third's father), that of the Princess Royal to the Prince of Orange, the coronation of George the Second, the burial of Queen Caroline (all great events in those days), the Peace of Utrecht and that of Aix-la-Chapelle, and the victories of Culloden and Dettingen. To this day there is no great public funeral at which the Dead March in *Saul* is not used for impressing the mind with the solemnity of the occasion.

One may be disposed to say that Handel himself was a great conqueror. Thanks to his indefatigable perseverance, to his moral courage, to his indomitable will, and to his masterpieces, he succeeded, before he died, in dissipating the cabals which had been formed against him, in crushing folly, and in conquering universal admiration. The public was enlightened by the torch which he held constantly in his hand; the impression which he left behind is profound and living. It is ineffaceable. There is no other similar example in the history of art, of the influence which one man can exercise over an entire people. All the music of this country is Handelian, and if the

English love, seek after, and cultivate, more than any other nation, Bach, Mozart, Haydn, and Beethoven, they are indebted to the author of *The Messiah* for it. No man in any country has dominated more generally over men's minds in his sphere of action, no composer ever enjoyed in his native land a more unlimited popularity.

Musical Correspondence.

SKETCH OF PROF. DEHN.—(Concluded.)

BERLIN, SEPT. 26.—The limited number of Dehn's works may easily be accounted for. Men who have so marvellous a talent for accumulating knowledge, find, above all others, as they advance, "hills o'er hills and Alps o'er Alps" rising ever before them. Unless it be in their power to devote themselves to a work or series of works for a long time uninterruptedly, they never feel that they have fully mastered their subjects. The time to begin working up their accumulated materials never comes.

Dehn too was a librarian, a man who, of a small collection, was determined to make one, which should be certainly in some parts unrivalled. His attention was thus drawn from his own studies and writings to a very great extent.

Again, for this daily four hours' attendance at the Library, for all the valuable knowledge, all the zeal and all the extra labor, which he brought and freely gave to the great end of making the Royal Musical Collection complete—for all this he was generously rewarded with the title of Professor and—500 thalers—\$375 per annum!—a sum not quite sufficient to pay his rent and keep his dwelling warm. Hence out of the Library there was little time for the work to which he would have gladly given all his days and nights. He sometimes said to us at the Library; when he saw that we hesitated to trouble him with questions and yet needed assistance, "Come to me, you will find me a living lexicon, you have only to open such or such a page and find what you want". This was indeed so; but he never said it boastingly; nor when any were present save those who he knew would understand it jocosely, as he meant it.

I often heard him urged by musical men to waste no time ere committing to writing his great stores of curious knowledge. One work was particularly mentioned—a treatise upon ancient modes of notation. Dehn would gladly do this, but—but—there was his family to be supported, his catalogues of Bach and other divisions of the Library to finish, his new edition of his *Harmony* and his *Lassus* to be prepared, and the like—so soon as he could find any spare time—then, &c.

Ledebur, writer of one of the notices of Dehn lying before me, says on this point: "It is a great loss to the musical world that Dehn never placed before the public a work containing his method of reading ancient notation. I urged him several times to do this, but he always answered that he had so many other works in progress as for the present not to be able to think of this."

When I first wrought in the Library, eight years ago, his abrupt and sometimes impatient "Well, what will you have?" as I labored in my imperfect German to state my wants and wishes in relation to books, sometimes confused and annoyed me. I soon learned that it was but his manner arising from the pressing nature of his occupation. He thought with the rapidity of lightning. Our acquaintance ran through some years, and during them all, his kindness and willingness to aid me were undeviating. The quartet and trio parties, with but some half dozen auditors—at which he played violoncello, his sister-in-law, Miss Wedel, a splendid artist and a pupil of his, the pianoforte, and other artists, as it happened, the other instruments, which were sometimes at his own house and sometimes at that of the mother-in-law, are among my pleasantest recollections of Berlin.

Here I saw Dehn free from all care and labor, kind, good humored, full of anecdote and wit, the life and soul of the company. How I was touched the other day to learn, that when ill and worn out I left Berlin in April, 1856, he said in a tone indicating real sympathy, "I shall never see T. again!"—His words soon proved true—but not as he feared.

Presumptuous ignorance was that which of all things he could least endure in any person. His sarcasms, which he could not avoid, when a man came to him and talked learnedly about that upon which he knew nothing, made him many enemies; but whoever, he saw, was working steadily with no object other than the truth—to this man he gave all aid and assistance in his power.

"Now Dehn is gone," said a gentleman to me the other day, "these fellows will have it all their own way. So long as he lived there was one whom they feared. They felt that he knew."—No names were called, nor did I ask whom he meant by "these fellows."

He seldom made many words, when he felt called upon to come forward and correct an error.

In one of Marz's book's a figure in the "Beethoven Studien" is adduced to show that very deep knowledge of the science of counterpoint is not absolutely necessary to enable a composer to ascend to the highest place in his art, the fugue in question being pretty severely criticized. Dehn in the "Cæcilia," simply remarked, that this fugue was copied from Fux's *Gradus ad Parnassum*, where it has stood for a century and a quarter as a famous example of the use of a certain chord, to introduce which it was written.

The collection of books left by the professor is by no means so extensive as one might suppose. After his appointment to the Library he ceased to collect for himself to any great extent, having everything there at his command. There are, however, several very valuable works in it, and as a whole it would be a great and valuable addition to any collection upon our side of the Atlantic. Kiesewetter's works are, I believe, complete with one exception. There is a fine copy of Gerbert's "*Scriptores Ecclesiastici de Musica*:" a copy of Fétis, one or two volumes enriched with Dehn's notes and corrections; a number of rare old works; three old Italian works, beautifully copied by Dehn at a time when he was too poor to procure them in any other manner.

Among the small collection of objects of interest left by Prof. Dehn, two are worthy of particular notice—a viola and a manuscript. No visitor at the professor's can fail to notice conspicuously hung upon the wall of the best room, in a case with a glass door, the viola, as remarkable for its size, as for the position it occupies among the pictures and other ornaments of the apartment. The following notice of it has been given me from one of his letters:—"During my travels in Silesia, where I spent November and December of the year 1845, and examined everything, I was so fortunate as to find and purchase a Viola, which surpasses everything in the form of good instruments, which I have thus far met with. This viola is one of the eight large instruments, which the celebrated Stainer (or Steiner) manufactured for the several Electors. These instruments have in part been lost, and only a very few, which are still well preserved, can be found. This one which I possess is wonderful in tone."

Gen. Lwoff, now Imperial Kapellmeister at St. Petersburg, a particular friend of Dehn, was delighted with it and advised him by all means not to part with it for less than £100. Probably even that sum could not have bought it, for its owner used to express his affection for it by jocosely calling it his *bride*. The instrument, as said above, is much larger than other violas, the head is ornamented with fine carving, and it is in all respects in fine condition.

The manuscript was a present to Prof. Dehn from Gen. Lwoff, accompanying his photograph, and moti-

ly beautifully copied by the general's own hand. The title is simply:

CONCERTO GROSSO,
and is by HANDEL. Three copies only exist; the original in possession of Lwoff, a copy given by him to a society in Dresden, and the one in question, which was made in 1857. Since Dehn's death Lwoff has written urging Mrs. D. to offer it for sale in England or America, assuring her that it is well worth £50.

Violin 1. LARGHETTO AFFETUOSO.

BASSO. &c.

Violin 1. *f* &c.

BASSO.

V. 1. LARGO.

BASSO. &c.

V. 1. ALLEGRO. *tr.* *f* &c.

BASSO.

To me certainly it is a very interesting circumstance to have a new work by Handel thus come to light, just at a time when attention is again so loudly called to him and his works.

For the student of Musical History the loss of Professor Dehn is irreparable. He has left us a good example—inde fatigable in his labors, but, and that is better—what he did, he did *well*. A. W. T.

NEW YORK, NOV. 15.—At the opera, *Don Giovanni* had a successful run of over a week—something unusual for our fickle audiences. The work was splendidly produced, and PICCOLOMINI, as Zerlina, has won great and deserved applause; it is by far the best role she has performed in here. The other singers, GAZZANIGA, LORINI, FORMES, and GASSIER, did very well indeed, and especial praise is due to Signora GHIONI, a new arrival. She took the part of Elvira, and raised it at once to prominence, introducing the difficult air which is usually omitted. Signora Ghioni is the best *seconda donna* we have had.

LABORDE appeared as *Norma* at the matinée on Saturday, and though very successful, it is not probable that she will create any *furor*. We have had in Sontag and Lagrange, such superlatively fine *bravura* singers, that it will take a most astonishingly brilliant executant to surprise us.

Mr. Ullman has certainly the most remarkable talent for keeping up an excitement, and though he has exhibited great liberality this season in producing novelties, yet much of his success is owing to the excellent tact he evinces in his managerial system. It is not humbug—that is too broad a word, nor does *tact* rightly express it; so let me call it managerial genius. In the first place there are his advertisements! They are certainly the most attractive and readable that could possibly be made. They are not

merely bold announcements of operatic facts, but they are delicate missives, that appear to be concocted solely for the private use of each individual reader. The manager therein appeals to your pride, to your liberality, almost to your conscience. He argues and reasons with respectful pathos, to prove why you should pay double the usual price. He hints at future novelties; he talks mysteriously of forthcoming wonders. Gazzaniga will appear to-night—Piccolomini the next, and then, oh! unexampled condescension, the two will appear together. Then Mme. Laborde will appear, and Mlle. Poinot will appear, and so, between debuts and revivals and novelties, the poor opera-goer is kept in a constant whirl of excitement. Then when the house is crowded at double prices, what does the incomprehensible Ullman do, but reduce the rates of admission to the old standard—and this too, when there was no apparent necessity for so doing.

On the whole, this speaks well for Mr. Ullman's liberality, and the little man fully deserves his title of the Napoleon of managers.

We are over-run with *prime donne*. In the city are Gazzaniga, Piccolomini, Laborde, and Poinot, Ghioni, and Carlioli. At Philadelphia they have Parodi, Colson and de Wilhorst, while Gassier has but just left us. Mme. d'Angri sailed Saturday for Europe, and Miss Phillips has gone to Havana, so there is no really good contralto in this city. There is also a deficiency in tenor. Steffani has left to join Maretzek. Brignoli is jealously guarded by Strakosch, and Tammaro and Lorinni—both second-rate—are all that are left to us.

Mr. Ullman's triumphal season—the most money-making ever known in this city—closes soon, but not before the production of both *Robert le Diable*, and *Les Huguenots*, in the latter of which, POINOT will appear. The company then go to Boston.

Concerts are beginning to flourish. Mr. WILLIAM SAAR, a young pianist of this city, who has recently been studying in Europe, has returned, and given a concert with success. He performed selections from Bach, Chopin, and Liszt. The Philharmonic Society commences its season next Saturday. The Mendelssohn Union gives Mendelssohn's *St. Paul*, Thursday evening, and the same night, a new *prima donna*, by the name of LANDI, gives a concert. The unfortunate absence of Mr. EISEFELD will oblige us to lose his delightful classical soirées, this season, but this deficiency will be partially atoned for, by MASON and THOMAS' matinees.

I wish the "Shakespeare Sisterhood," the new work by Mrs. T. W. PALMER, were a musical book, that I might be allowed the privilege of speaking of it at length in your columns. It will consist of a series of sketches of Shakespeare's female characters, with such reflections as woman, taking a purely womanly view of the matter, would be apt to make. Nothing pedantic, obtrusive or dry—simply what a living woman of intelligence and refinement, thinks of the women of Shakespeare. And who can be better qualified to judge of women than a woman?

A troubadour is always a wandering, restless creature, and I am not exempt from the erratic failing of the race. Consequently, I am forever visiting new places and making important discoveries. I have, however, several haunts that I hover about periodically, and after prowling therein for a season wander away, seeking what I may devour elsewhere.

Among these places, I know none more snug and attractive than the cosy little office of Mr. Norton, the well-known agent for libraries, whose name will at once be recognized by all interested in books. It is in quite a classic region, directly over Appleton's mammoth bookstore, and in a building that is perfectly overrun with publishing offices of every kind, and is, probably, the most literary in the city. Mr. Norton has a vast number of queer old books—rare antique volumes, that will quite drive a bibliomaniac

wild with delight. I have spent many a pleasant moment in looking over these quaint old works, but few have I examined with greater interest than an illuminated missal of the 14th century, that now lies before me.

It is a remarkable old work, with a title page of big sprawling letters, around which is a neatly ornamented border, all done (as is the entire work) with a pen. The second page is still more striking, the letters being in red, and curiously ornamented with flowers of divers kinds, all traced out with laborious care and patient skill. After a number of pages of Latin prayers, I find the music—a style of music that could not be very intelligible to modern musicians. There are but four lines to the staff—there are no bars—the notes are all of the same length and character, being the now obsolete breve, and the general appearance of a page of this music suggests the idea of a large number of small black cockroaches, walking on the tight rope, or (to the use the happy comparison of a country editor), a parcel of tadpoles trying to climb a four-barred fence.

In these rushing times, it is almost painful to reflect on the long, long days, that some mediæval monk has spent in the preparation of this missal. To be sure, the holy old fogies had little else to do, and that is perhaps the reason they did these things so well. The letters are all printed with pen and ink in the Latin character, about the size of two-line pica type, and the mistakes or corrections are exceedingly rare. In the capital letters, the monkish amanuensis expands into an artist, becomes decoratively imaginative and indulges in floral productions of the most remarkable styles, occasionally varying these refreshing objects with etchings of fat abbots or demure monks. This one book has probably occupied the spare time of the worthy scribe for 10 or 15 months.

You see such books, to this day, in use in the Italian churches, though they do not always possess the venerable age of this specimen. Each of the officiating priests has one, while in the centre of the chancel upon a desk that revolves upon a pivot, is placed a gigantic monster of the species, beside which the most ponderous ledger of the heaviest merchant in Boston will shrink to quite a little pocket edition. The letters in this huge book are suggestive of mercantile signs, while the notes are of a size that is appalling—the cockroaches have been expanded into dancing bears, the tadpoles are metamorphosed into alligators.

What has become of “—t—”, Let “—t—” be exhumed! The welfare of society demands the resurrection of “—t—”! Your interesting correspondent “H” has but anticipated myself, and asked the same question that, I have no doubt hundreds of your readers wish to have answered, when he desired to know the whereabouts of our mysterious “—t—”. It is to be hoped that a communication from his, or her pen, will shortly illuminate the pages of Dwight's Journal, and our eyes be once more gladdened with that mystical combination of quotation marks, dashes and letter, that typifies the great unknown, the immortal “—t—”.

TROVATORE.

PHILADELPHIA, NOV. 11.—The opera is now fairly under way, but is not characterized by the success to which so long an interregnum entitles it. On Monday night of last week, Mme. COLSON opened the ball in *Traviata*; she is a sweet looking person, with cunning ways and a most lovely voice; she sang the brindisi with perfect ease and rendered the rapid movements, which immediately follow, exquisitely. In the second act she exhibited great pathos, singing clearly and with fine execution. In the last act her representation of phthisis was painfully accurate. She was loudly called for at the fall of the curtain, and may be said to have had a very successful debut. BRIGNOLI, whose warm reception must have gratified him, sang splendidly. It seems hypercriticism to al-

lude to his acting—our fashionables go to the opera more to watch the actions of the singers and to examine each other's wearing apparel, than from any real love of music; if half the money spent upon dress were devoted to Art, we should have fine music and the best of performers constantly with us; AMODIO sang as well as he knew how; his voice is a most unmanageable one, he roars away drowning soprano and tenor, beating his breast and shaking his fists at the audience, as if there were necessity for such violent demonstrations; he should be more gentle, and his voice would have a better chance. The chorus sang badly and the orchestra played indifferently—the brass band, usually on the stage, was *non est*, and the noise was wonderful; the scenery was extremely fine; the house was not nearly full.

On Wednesday night we had *Lucia*, with Mme. de WILHORST, Brignoli, and Amodio. The soprano is perhaps the best American artist we have had at the Academy, but she certainly is not equal to the role of Lucia; she is extremely petite, and would look pretty had she not loaded herself with clothing. Her voice is thin but strong, and in some parts, the crazy song, for instance, did very well. Brignoli was ill at ease, but sang finely, particularly the much abused death song; Amodio sang in his usual boisterous manner; the chorus did better, but the orchestra, though better tempered, coöperated badly; there was a very poor audience owing to the weather. On Monday evening, *La Figlia del Reggimento*, with Mme. COLSON, LABOCETTA, and BARILI. This is the style of music to which Mme. Colson seems adapted, and very well she did her part. It was necessary that she should, for without her energy and fine singing, the whole would have been a failure; never was woman more poorly supported. Labocetta cannot sing, and when he attempts it, stretches out his neck and gasps at the throat as if he were choking, he is good in concerted pieces, but should never weary an audience by his incapacity in every other respect. Barili had but a poor chance; he seems to have a good voice, and with a chorus properly trained, would do well enough; the music was too rapid for him. The orchestra played miserably. Every kind of liberty was taken with the score; in fact, with the exception of Mme. Colson, the less said about the performance the better.

On Wednesday night, *Trovatore*, by Parodi, Strakosch, Brignoli, Amodio, and Barili. PARODI sang very well, but with the greatest indifference of manner. STRAKOSCH sang nicely and acted well, yet seemed out of place. She has not nearly so good a voice as Miss Philipps, who is a great favorite here. Brignoli sang admirably and Amodio too noisily and very much out of tune. The orchestra did better but the chorus was unendurable. The *Misere* was well done, receiving an encore. Strakosch and Brignoli sang most satisfactorily in the last act.

A brother of the Mr. THORNECKE, who was lost on the “*Austria*,” is now established here, and bids fair to do well. The pupils of the late Mr. Thorbecke speak of this gentleman in the highest terms, they say he has great general culture and a touch that would please the refined ear of Mr. Dwight. The pupils of Mr. HERMAN THORBECKE felt for him the greatest admiration, not only on account of his excellence as an artist and teacher, but for his kindly nature and gentlemanly deportment.

The Germania rehearsals, with SENTZ as leader, begin next Saturday; the Musical Fund Hall will be well filled with young misses, who can hear much better, and allow others the same privilege, if they will talk less during the performances.

ACCIDENTAL.

PHILADELPHIA, NOV. 16, 1858.—Since the debut of Mme. COLSON in *Traviata*, we have heard this highly accomplished artist in *La Fille du Regiment*, and in Flotow's *Martha*, sung for the first time in

Italian, in this country, last night. Her Marie in *La Fille du Regiment*, was an unequal performance, displaying at one moment sprightliness and vivacity coupled with exquisite vocalism, and at another instant betokening the crushed spirits of a lyric actress, who finds her coadjutors upon the boards inefficient, unrehearsed, nay positively incapable. At times she would rise to greatness, and display those brilliant points in her lyric education, which have constituted her the special pet of the New Orleans connoisseurs; she would flash out momentarily, as though she deemed it best to essay with her own exertions to retrieve the opera from the impending *fiasco*; but the shocking intonation, hollow voice, and stiff perambulations across the stage of the sergeant (Sig. BARILI),—and the sick-canary style of Tonio's (LABOCETTA's) spasmodic attempt at singing, proved too much for the charming Colson. The Opera proved a melancholy *fiasco*; and the 3 or 4000 habitués repaired homeward, with feelings of heartfelt commiseration for the immolation of the Prima Donna.

The Italian version of Flotow's admirable “*Martha*,” last night, evoked a magnificent audience, and proved highly successful. Here is the cast; Martha, (Colson); Nancy, (Mme. Strakosch); Lionel, (Brignoli); Plunkett, (Ettore Barili); was to have been Juncu; Tristram, (F. Barili.) They acquitted themselves as follows:—

Mme. COLSON. Charming; vocalizing the music with singular gaiety, abandon, and with the most affecting tenderness and expression, when incident and style of composition demanded. Her “*Last Rose of Summer*,” was given with a pathos, rarely equalled by any cantatrice we have heard; and affected not a few persons to tears, as did her *Con-vien partir* in *La Fille du Regiment*. Mme. STRAKOSCH played with but slight effect, and from some cause or other, sung falsely in many instances, a defect which proved the more lamentable because of her uniformly correct intonation in other operas. Her shake is very smooth and even.

BRIGNOLI. The handsome tenor vocalized the score of Lionel unequally, now holding the audience spell-bound with the tenderness and inexpressible pathos of his “*How so fair*” romanza, then worrying the nerves of the same persons with his straining attempts to sing clearly and in tune certain notes of an altitude, such as he had never encountered in Verdi, and such as would not readily admit of transposition. Ah! Flotow, how rigidly you kept our hero of the *Trovatore* “to the scratch,” whenever time was called, in spite of the frightful strain upon his voice!—On the whole, however, Brignoli sang deliciously, and even took some degree of interest in the acting of his role.

BARILI, No 1: This gentleman's Plunkett, however not entirely satisfactory, was so much superior to some of his former achievements, as to ensure him considerable applause. His voice is long-drawn; his notes waver like a tremulant organ-stop.

BARILI, No. 2. Emptiness personified.

Mr. Strakosch, last night, very wisely wrested from the inefficient grasp of Sig. Nicolai, the conductor's baton, and swayed it with his own kid gloves. Well timed, indeed!—for, under the Nicolai regime, last week, every individual member of the orchestra seemed, as in a scrub race, to be striving for a certain goal, by a special and private method of his own. Strakosch, however, mended matters, with all the presto! change-like *savoir faire* of a magician.

Mad. de WILHORST has appeared in two operas,—*Lucia* and *Somnambula*; and has caused the critics to marvel at her manifest improvement, since her first appearance here, at the Thalberg Concerts. PARODI, for her part, has made her *entrée* upon the lyric boards, in the character of Leonora, in *Trovatore*, and of *Norma*, in the opera of that name. She still stands forth as a great tragic actress, but her voice has lost so much of its pristine power and freshness, as to cause her to use it in the most guarded manner. She was greeted with the most enthusiastic rounds of applause, on the part of a public, which has idolized her in the concert room for years. In the fourth act

of the *Trovatore*, her exhaustion and failing of voice were painfully apparent. Parodi is no longer young. Mme. Strakosch's *Azucena* in the *Trovatore* was a splendidly natural picture, and also proved an ample evidence of the correctness of her school of vocalization. She sang the music with fine dramatic effect, and faultless intonation,—and indeed her entire rendition of the gipsy role places her, deservedly, along side of D'Angri, Miss Phillips, and others of note.

Next Wednesday night, we are to have a repetition of *Martha*. On Monday night, Gazzaniga in *Fiorita*. What glorious news for the innumerable adorers of the *diva G*!

MANRICO.

BANGOR, ME. OCT. 30.—THE Maine State, and the Penobscot Co. Musical Associations jointly held a four day's session here last week, assisted by Mrs. J. H. LONG, and Messrs. B. F. BAKER and S. B. BALL of Boston. The united efforts of these well organized associations called together a larger and a more efficient body of singers than ever before assembled in the State on a similar occasion.

The choir, comprising some five hundred voices, gave two concerts—on Thursday and Friday evenings—consisting of selections from the Oratorio of the "Creation," "Baker's Church Music," and the "Opera Chorus Book," to full houses, and the last was literally crowded.

The choral performances, as a whole, were quite satisfactory, exhibiting many effects which could only result from hard and careful drilling. The songs, "He was despised," from the "Messiah," "With verdure clad," from the "Creation," and "Consider the lilies," were well sung by members of the association. Mrs. Long sang with her usual effect, and so did Mr. Ball. Messrs. Rice of Bath, and Merrill and Wilder of Bangor gave interest to the concerts in their several solos. The exercises on this occasion were conducted with characteristic propriety, and harmony prevailed among the members.

Dwight's Journal of Music.

BOSTON, NOV. 20, 1858.

MUSIC IN THIS NUMBER. — Continuation of the opera "Lucresia Borgia," arranged for Piano-Forte.

Musical Chit-Chat.

We suspend for a week the discussion of that vague term "Classical Music," to make room for the fresher matters of our Correspondence. In the utter silence of all music here in Boston, we can read with interest of what is doing elsewhere. . . . On Thursday evening, though, the "classical" vibrations of that dear Chickering saloon (not yet abandoned to the Philistines for a Court-house,) were once more awakened; the MENDELSSOHN QUINTETTE CLUB opened their tenth season—just too late, however, for our press this week; but we shall not let so good a theme escape us. . . . It seems to be the general understanding that the Opera is coming soon—perhaps before the month is out. What a Thanksgiving this will be to many! Ullman's opera, with PICCOLOMINI! Of course we are to see and hear the fascinating little Countess in her special role of *Traviata*; expectation is on tip-toe till our own senses realize what we have heard described with such enthusiasm, however poor and trivial a thing we may regard the music of that Opera. And we shall have *La Figlia*, and the other well-worn things which they have had in New York. But let us hope that we shall also hear some of the best things, some of the new things. Shall we not have *Don Giovanni*, in the grand style of which the New York papers tell us, with Piccolomini for the Zerlina, and FOMMES, Leporello; no matter about the chorus of two hundred voices—we can spare that in an opera which has no choruses except those few bars: *Viva la Liberta!* And shall we not have

Il Barbiere, the immortal, ever sparkling? Then is there not *Robert le Diable*, which this company possesses, and which was never given here complete? Likewise the *Huquenots*. And can we not well spare one of the hacknied Verdi things to gratify our curiosity about that pleasant little comedy of an old Italian master, *La Serva Padrona*, by Paisiello? With such materials as Ullman has at his command, such an army of superior singers, and so many operas ready learned, which have not yet grown hacknied here, it certainly is possible to have an interesting season for at least a few weeks. We trust the opera will stay just long enough and not any longer; for since the opera, with us, is always a spasmodic, all-engrossing fever while it lasts, and utterly excludes all chance of any other music for the time, we must either pray that its heyday may be short, or else be content to take Italian Opera in lieu of every other musical enjoyment, which we are not and cannot be at all. . . . And this reminds us of our excellent ZERRAÏN, upon whom we rely for all our prospect of orchestral music for this winter. We are happy to state that the subscription warrants him in going on. It is decided that the four concerts will take place, and subscribers are now notified that they may find their tickets at the music stores. The rehearsals of the orchestra of fifty will commence forthwith, and the first concert will be given just as soon as the Italian Opera excitement shall subside, and leave a quiet field for Beethoven, and Mendelssohn, and Mozart. The Symphony for the first evening will probably be the *Pastorale* of Beethoven, which we have not heard for two years. There will certainly be a good audience, respectable in numbers, and of the most appreciative and earnest; but there ought to be one large enough to fill the Music Hall, and show that that Beethoven statue stands for something truly felt in this community. The subscription lists are still open; let the enterprising conductor, who takes all the risk and pains for our enjoyment and improvement, have plentiful and prompt encouragement!

The friends and pupils of OTTO DRESEL will be glad to know that he is much improved in health and anxious to return here to his work, which surely is an important one and anxiously awaits him. He will sail for Boston in the "Persia" on the 27th inst., and hopes to be ready to meet his pupils by the middle of December. Mr. Dresel played recently, in Halle, at a concert for his friend ROBERT FRANZ, the unrivalled song composer, who is kapellmeister there in Handel's birth-place.

JULLIEN, the great, announces in London his twentieth and last annual series of concerts—"Concerts d'Adieu," previous to his departure on his "Universal Musical Tour", which is to include not only Europe, America, Australia and the colonies, but also the civilized towns of Asia and Africa! In short he has on foot a mighty plan to harmonize the World! He will set out (these are his words) "accompanied by the élite of his orchestra and other artists, savants and hommes de lettres (!), forming the nucleus of a society already constituted under the title of "Société de l'Harmonie Universelle," with the object not only of diffusing the divine and civilizing art of music, but of promoting, through harmony's powerful eloquence, a noble and philanthropic cause." Jullien turned world-reformer! Meanwhile he gives the Londoners a higher class of concerts than he ever did before. He has reduced his orchestra to sixty, making a virtue of the necessity of taking a smaller theatre, because Beethoven considered sixty the right number for his symphonies! The first parts of the concerts are to be purely classical and grand, including the "Choral Symphony", the *Lobegesang*, "Gregory the First's Canto Fermo and Fuga Fugatum", and what not else with a big name. The bagatelles, galops, &c., are thrown into the second part; but one

of the bagatelles contains a bag-full of treason; it is "La Grande Marche des Nations, et Progrès des Civilisations, composed on the authentic National Hymns of every country and descriptive of the convocation and assembly of the Universal Congress, elected by every reigning monarch, every established Government, and every nation of the world, united in one peaceful confederation by the powers of harmony." By the powers of harmony, and of mud too, Jullien is great!

FINE ARTS.—Truly a wonderful painting, the finest of the kind that we have seen, is WINTERHALTER's "Florinde," now on separate exhibition for a few days, at the always attractive store of Williams & Everett, 234 Washington St., where you will see so many other beautiful things *en passant*—among others, Rowse's perfect crayon portrait of EMERSON, pictures by Babcock, &c. "Florinde" stands there, the loveliest of a lovely group of maidens, Spanish beauties, near a dozen, round a fountain, all so beautiful that you are held in equilibrium between their rival charms. The grouping, drapery, scenery, all are exquisite.

Musical Review.

Among the publications of the last few weeks we find the following:

(By Oliver Ditson & Co.)

Posthumous Works of CHOPIN: *Valse in D flat*, (Op. 70, No. 5), and *Eccossaise*, (Op. 72).

The Waltz, a little one of only two pages, is graceful, delicate, sweet, a little pensive, and will repay study, though not one of Chopin's most striking productions—not nearly as much so as the number before published of this little series, the "Last Mazurka." The *Eccossaise*, a sparkling dance, a *deux pas*, is simple enough as well as pretty in design, but demands well-trained hand and fingers.

Piano-Forte Album: No. 24. *Le Cascade*, by E. PAUER. No. 25. *Song without Words*, by A. JAEHL.

The "Cascade" is a pretty difficult piece, one of those highly elaborated conceits of the modern romantic piano-forte music. A pensive theme in G flat, *allegretto moderato*, first sings itself to a full and limpid accompaniment, as if it were one musing by a brook-side; this occupies four pages; and then the theme dissolves into a spray of demi-semiquavers, through which the melody again is presently distinctly heard, and clothed with changes of the continually reiterated spray figure for a dozen pages. Gracefully executed, it must be a pleasing piece.

Jaehl's "Song without Words" is the charming little piece which he contributed to the pages of this Journal some weeks since, and will serve for a very pleasant reminder of the genial and brilliant young pianist with his many friends here.

Favorite Songs, Duets and Trios of MOZART. S. S. Wesley's arrangement. No. 7. *Porgi Amor*, from *Le Nozze di Figaro*.

This sweet and tender melody, so truly Mozartean, has been republished often, as it deserves to be; but it will be pleasant to have it, so well arranged (from Mozart's score), and so beautifully engraved, as one of this choice series of the vocal gems of Mozart. To those who possess a voice and any real gift of song, we cannot too earnestly commend the study of every number of this admirable collection. It will be drinking from the purest fountains.

Germany: new Vocal Gems from eminent German composers.

Five more numbers. One is called "The Three Students," by SPEIER. The German title is *Die drei Liebkens*. An effective sentimental ballad about three youths, sitting by "the noble Rhine" and drinking to the lady-love of each in turn. There is an alternation of three kinds of movement: an *Allegretto*, 2-4, a Waltz, and an *Andante*, 4-4, in each stanza. The last ends tragically; as their glasses touch the third time, Heinrich's bursts in twain, and a "piercing shriek," duly announced, of course, by a diminished seventh, accepts this omen of his true love's death. Quite a pathetic, German romantic sort of song for a baritone voice. Judged by high standards it is but an ordinary song; it has musically no originality; but it owes a certain power to the fascination of its subject and its strange alternation of the convivial, the tender, and the tragic.

"The Maid of Judah," by KUECKEN, is already somewhat well known as an effective and dramatic minor song,—the Jewish maiden's lament at the thought of her country. "Thou lovely angel mine" (*Du lieber Engel du!*) by FISCHER; "How can I leave thee?" (*Ach, wie ist's möglich!*), by CRAMER; and "The Youth by the Brook" (Schiller's *Jüngling am Bache*), by PROCH are each good specimens of the more popular sort of song-writing of the minor tone-poets of Germany.

Music Abroad.

LONDON.—The various metropolitan choral societies are issuing notices of their resumption of "business," calling in choristers that have erst migrated seawards, and inviting vocal aspirants to join their harmonious (or otherwise, as the case may be) ranks.

Firstly, at Exeter Hall the Sacred Harmonic Society is extending its powerful arms to embrace all the efficient assistance which may be offered, and for which it may find room. Mr. Hullah is advertising his classes for singing at St. Martin's Hall for all the singing classes. Mr. Leslie is re-marshalling his forces. The London Polyhymnical Choir is issuing notes of preparation. The Bach Society is making a move. The members of the Vocal Association give weekly evidence in our own columns of an interest in the society's progress. The Surrey Gardens Choral Society is proving itself undismayed by the reverses associated with its name. A host of smaller fry, of various kinds and grades of pretension, are on the alert; and last, and far from least, the ponderous machinery of the Great Handel Commemoration Festival, though its grand feat is yet "dim in the distance," is yielding to the influence of so general a movement, and, though comparatively dormant, it is occasionally set in action to show that it is kept bright and in good order.—*Mus. Gazette.*

LIVERPOOL.—The *conversazione* on Tuesday evening, in St. George's Hall, was a brilliant and highly satisfactory affair. Shortly after eight there were about 1,000 persons present, including the *élite* of the town and neighborhood. The performances on the grand organ afforded much interest and pleasure. During the evening, Mr. W. T. Best played the following compositions:—"The Wedding March," by Mendelssohn. Air, with variations, W. T. Best. Fugue, J. S. Bach. Fantasia, from the opera of *Les Huguenots*, Meyerbeer. Chorus, "The heavens are telling," Haydn.

MILAN.—Mercadante's opera *Pelagio* has been produced here, but without much success. In this work, which is but little known, many beauties are to be found; but on the whole the music appeared labored, and the general effect is not satisfactory. The principal artists were Mlle. Lafont, an excellent *prima donna* newly imported from France; Signor Sarli, tenor; and Signor Orlandi, baritone. The opera was well performed.

NAPLES.—Mr. Chorley writes to the *Athenæum* (Oct. 23):

Music, however, must be given up in Italy,—perhaps for many a generation to come. Fancy five days in Naples, and literally not a sound to be heard! nothing in the theatres; nothing among the fishermen at Sta. Lucia,—not a single *Tarantella* tune twanged out of a guitar by humpbacked man, or blind woman, or brown, dark-eyed child before the hotels!—nothing save a rather sweet choir-organ, which accompanied the plain-song in the *Duomo*. There was an opera given on the sixth night at the *Teatro Nuovo*, 'Maria di Rohan,' by a third-rate troop.—Matter fresher in interest to a Londoner tempted me elsewhere.

ITALY.—A gleaner or two—very famine-bitten, it may be feared, are the ears of corn!—may be given from the Italian musical journals, in addition to what correspondents send. From these we learn that Signor Peri is to write a Carnival opera for *La Scala*, Milan,—that the veteran, Signor Pacini, has just been producing an oratorio, 'Il Trionfo della Religione,' at Lucca; and is about yet another opera, to be called 'Lidia di Bruxelles,'—lastly, that an opera, 'Il Matrimonio per Concorso' (which, if a title tells anything, should be a comic opera), by Signor de Ferrari, has had an immense success at Genoa; the composer having been called for twenty times!—*Athenæum.*

VIENNA.—On the 7th of this month the uncovering of a slab, in memory of Franz Schubert, the musical composer, took place at the "Himmelpfortgrund," one of the suburbs of Vienna. The slab is fixed in the house in which Schubert first saw the light, and has no other inscription but "Franz Schubert's Geburtshaus." On the right of these words a lyre, and on the left a laurel wreath, with the date of Schubert's birth, "31st of January, 1797," are to be seen. The whole has been planned and executed by the Vienna Männergesangsverein.

PARIS.—At the Théâtre-Lyrique, while *Le Nozze di Figaro* produces the most splendid receipts, the off-nights always command good houses with *Preciosa*, the *Médécine*, and *Broscocanno*. The management is carefully preparing Mozart's *Don Juan*; *Les Chevrans de Jeanne*, the virgin score of M. Bellini, the nephew of the composer of *Norma*; *La Fée Carabosse*, by M. Massé, and *Faust*, by M. Gounod. It has also revived *Oberon* and *Der Freischütz*, and there is some talk of submitting Mendelssohn's *Midsummer Night's Dream*

to the judgment of the Parisian *dilletanti*. Mozart's *Don Juan* promises to prove very attractive, as there is a report that M. Carvalho has determined on playing the part of Leporello. After all, this gentleman has, for some time past, enjoyed such success as manager, that he may well rely on his lucky star, and succeed even in a part where he will have to contend against the remembrance of the illustrious Lablache. The revival of *Oberon* was received with unanimous applause. Many pieces were encored; among them were the overture and couplets—"Tra, la, la," so deliciously sung by Mlle. Girard. A new tenor, of the name of Guard, is to make his *début* in M. Gounod's *Faust*. M. Carvalho is taking the greatest care of this gentleman. If it were possible, he would shut him up in a case till the day of his first performance.

HAMBURG.—At the commencement of last June, a number of musicians and amateurs assembled, at the invitation of Herr Ave-Lallement and Herr Graedener, to make arrangements for producing, during the sitting of Convocation in September, Johann Sebastian Bach's grand *Passion*, according to St. Matthew, to a Hamburg audience for the first time. Only persons acquainted with Hamburg can conceive how difficult a task it was to give a performance of Bach's great creation, especially at the period just named, on account of the number of families in the country, of the horse-races, boating clubs, the absence of the vocal associations, etc. Such were the usual obstacles in such a case. In that of Hamburg more especially, we have to take into account the small acquaintance of the inhabitants with Bach's works, and, consequently, the small amount of reverence entertained by them for his name; the dislike felt by many persons for the Convocation; the departure of the troops, taking with them some excellent instrumentalists to the camp at Nordstemmen; and, lastly, business, always business, the Exchange, always the exchange! But still there was a starting-point for the undertaking; the Bach-Verein, founded, in 1856, by Herr von Roda. Incredible, but true! This very association, which had set itself the task of rendering the public acquainted with Bach's music—this very association held aloof, from the outset, and refused to take any part in the proceedings! It based its refusal on reasons which it summed up, in an official notice issued by its own committee, in the two following sentences: "1. The work is too 'great'—according to the experience we have gained—to be studied and 'worthily' performed in the short space of three months; and, 2. The Hamburg Bach Society cannot, as a corporation, co-ordinate with any other association, in a performance of any of Bach's music." But all this, and a great deal more, did not deter him who had undertaken the trouble of getting up and directing the work. With every rehearsal there was an increase in the number, and (for how could it be otherwise?) in the enthusiasm of those who collected to execute the grand production. Madlle. Jenny Meyer, Herr Sabbath, of Berlin, and Herr Schneider, of Frankfort-on-the-Maine, most readily promised their co-operation as solo singers, and when, on the 10th of September, the first of the four rehearsals with full band took place, lo and behold! the staging erected in the Catherine-Kirche for more than 200 vocalists, and about 70 instrumentalists, was scarcely capable of accommodating those present. We may be allowed to add, in a few words: In the whole double chorus of singers and instrumentalists, there was not a single person who was not thoroughly penetrated with the lofty seriousness, and the elevated dignity of the four choruses, with the religious inspiration of the chorales, and with the fanatical fury of the Jewish choruses, and who did not strive, heart and soul, to reproduce the impression made on himself. In all the audience, which filled every nook and corner of the imposing church, there was not a single individual who did not listen with eager attention, for three full hours, to the tender or mighty strains; and who did not leave the church completely satisfied, and with the consciousness that something "great" had passed before his soul. What shall we say about solo singers? All three (who are so well-known that they do not require any lengthened eulogium) performed their difficult task with dignity, piety and inspiration, but we may boldly add that, without such an Evangelist as Herr Carl Schneider (formerly of Leipzig, but now engaged at Berlin), or at any rate, without any one approaching him in recitation, understanding, and feeling, the execution of the work is almost an impossibility. The festival was consecrated musically by the presence of the artist who had undertaken the incalculably difficult task of reducing the score, by unwearied collating, to the form in which it is at present published by the German Bach-Verein—we mean Herr Rietz of Leipzig, to whose complaisance and readiness to give advice, moreover, the directors and committee have owed themselves deeply indebted.

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This is the last and closing number of a series of six four-hand pieces, entitled: "Les deux élèves," (The two pupils). Knowing how often teachers are in want of easy duets, wherein the second player finds, like the first, a melodious, independent part to perform, and not merely a dry accompaniment to a melody, played in octaves in the treble, these duets are recommended as answering just this description.

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Dwight's Journal of Music.

WHOLE No. 347.

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For Dwight's Journal of Music.

The Magic Flute.

(From the Brown papers.)

(Concluded.)

Papageno shook with fear, nor was he encouraged by the words of Pamina, who exclaimed that there was now no hope, for this announced the approach of the chief. The clown's first thought was to wish himself a mouse or a snail to escape observation; his second, what story they could devise to avoid Sarastro's wrath. "Nothing but the truth," said Pamina, be the result as it might.

From the opposite sides of the open space where they were, now drew near the joyful crowd of Sarastro's followers, men and women, old and young, grave priests and young of both sexes, singing the praises of their noble master. Between the long lines in which they arranged themselves came the Priest-Prince, drawn in a chariot, from which he soon descended — a tall, dignified man of majestic presence, on whose brow wisdom and goodness sat enthroned. He drew near the trembling couple. Pamina threw herself at his feet, acknowledged that she had endeavored to escape from his power, but urged as her justification the persecutions to which she had been subjected by the negro, Monostatos.

"Arise, my daughter," said Sarastro mildly, "I know thy heart, and that thou lovest. I desire not to force thy inclinations, and yet I cannot give thee freedom."

"But," said Pamina, "the duty I owe my mother calls me, for my mother —"

"She is in my power," said Sarastro, "and, should I grant your return to her, thy happiness were gone forever."

"But the name of mother sounds sweetly to my ear," pursued Pamina, "and she is mine."

"But, alas! a haughty, arrogant woman!" returned he, "For thee another heart is in store, and thy path of duty and happiness lies in another direction."

At this moment they were interrupted by the entrance of Monostatos and his slaves, bringing Tamino as a captive.

The prince was known to Pamina through the descriptions of Papageno alone, but she knew him as one who was risking everything, even to life itself, for her and her mother; her heart had been touched by his character — now he stood before her in all his youthful beauty, a captive — perhaps destined to death for her sake, and her whole soul yearned toward him in all the strength and fire of oriental passion.

Tamino had known her but through the portrait, yet this had led him to risk all; but now, in the face of death, so far as he yet could know — for how could Sarastro forgive one whose purpose in approaching his castle was to gratify the hate of the Queen of Night in his death, and to tear from him her who perhaps had been elected to share with him his temporal greatness and his spiritual power? — now, she stood before him, among the long train of followers of the great

Priest and Ruler, resplendent above all in beauty — beauty enhanced in his eyes by the danger in which she stood there, like himself a captive.

It was one of those moments, when a sudden feeling overpowers all considerations of time and place. Each lived but for the other — and in the very presence of Sarastro — within reach of his hand, they rushed into each other's arms — their first, perhaps their final embrace. A profound feeling of astonishment at such a liberty pervaded all except the calm and noble chief. Monostatos, doubly enraged with Pamina, rushed up, parted them, and falling upon his knees before his master, besought judgment upon the prince and his servant, and a due reward for his own watchfulness and care.

Sarastro turned to his servants; "He has deserved a reward," said he, "give him —"

"Thy kindness alone makes me rich," broke in the negro.

"Only — seventy-seven blows of the bastinado!" added Sarastro. Then, when the negro had been torn away from the princess, whom he had so outraged with his absurd passion, he turned to two of the chief priests, and commanded them to conduct Tamino and Papageno to the temple of probation and purification. The priests, throwing thick veils over the heads of the neophytes, led them off, while Sarastro, giving his hand to Pamina, led her, through the grand portal, once more into the palace.

The history is silent as to most of the proofs to which the character of Tamino and his servant were put during their period of probation; the Mysteries of Isis are still mysteries.

There was a secret inner court to the temple in which, upon great occasions, the priests assembled, forming two long lines upon the sides of a triangle, Sarastro's place being upon an elevated dais at the point of junction. The history now takes us into this court. The priests have marched in, from either side, to the sound of solemn music, have exchanged silent greetings, and stand each in his place, with a long brazen trumpet before him. Sarastro has followed them, and has also taken his place upon the dais, the two chief priests on either side of him, a little lower.

The business of the convocation was opened by a speech from the chief, in which he explained the motives which had induced him to deprive the Queen of Night of her daughter, and his intention to bestow her upon the new candidate for admission into their holy order, Tamino, in case he proved worthy.

It was the custom in these solemn meetings, in the discussion of important questions, for the priests to make known their concurrence with the views of their chief by joining with him in a long blast upon the trumpet — which, when heard resounding through the halls and courts of palace and temple, announced that some weighty affair had been decided. So now to the question whether they were ready so far to favor Tamino, a king's son — in the conviction that he

had, by his demeanor, thus far, since he had been under probation, proved himself worthy — as to admit him now to the final trials of his courage, steadfastness, self-control, truth, and faith, all raised the trumpets to their lips, and gave their assent in loud and joyful tones. Sarastro then addressed himself particularly to the two high priests, confiding the new pair to their charge and giving them instructions for their guidance in preparing them for their future consecration.

Then, descending from the dais, he raised his hands to the gods, while the choir of priests bowed reverently, occasionally joining in the invocation, and solemnly prayed to Isis and Osiris to grant the spirit of virtue and wisdom to the candidates, to endue them with patience in calamity, steadfastness and courage in danger, and if death in their early years should be the will of the gods, that their virtue might be rewarded in a higher sphere.

From this calm and solemn scene our history takes us to a vast and gloomy apartment of the temple, where the prince and his servant have been confined. The high priests, obeying the orders of their master, came immediately to release the prisoners from their confinement and give them again to the warm air and bright sunshine. As the prince had borne his confinement with courage and patience, he was now to be subjected to a new trial of his faith in Sarastro's wisdom and good will. The priests warned him and his servant to beware of the arts of women, and let what would happen, to answer them not; and with these warnings led them away to one of the beautiful gardens, where they left them. They were not long alone, for suddenly Tamino, looking up from the bank upon which he had thrown himself, saw the three women of the Queen of Night before him. They besought him to fly at once if he held his life dear; assured him that his death was already determined upon; reminded him of his promises to their mistress, who, they informed him, had made her way into the castle in search of Pamina. Tamino heard them in silence; though all his power as master was not sufficient to restrain the tongue of Papageno. All the arts of the women were unavailing to move the prince. He answered them not, trusted them not. At length the approach of the priests put them to flight.

Meantime, in another garden, which extended down to the bank of the river, Pamina, weary and exhausted, had thrown herself upon a seat and fallen asleep. Monostatos, with all evil passions raging in his bosom, entered, determined to steal a kiss from the sleeping girl. His design was frustrated by a peal of thunder — the Queen of Night was there. Here was the time of trial for Pamina. Her mother, unable to take her away from Sarastro, now only desired revenge upon him. Glowing with hatred and rage, she would make Pamina her instrument. She gave her a dagger, and in an awful oath, swore by the gods, that unless Pamina plunged it into the heart of Sarastro, she should forever be cast out of the

mother's heart. With this threat she vanished. Monostatos, returning, seized the dagger, and gaining no consent to his wishes, at length raised it to strike Pamina, unconscious, in the violence of his passions, that Sarastro had drawn near and stood almost at his elbow. As he drew back his hand to strike, it fell into that of his master. "My lord, I am innocent!" he exclaimed, as he sunk to his master's feet. Sarastro, despising his weakness and his falsehood alike, simply waved him off, with a look that told him he was forever banished from his presence; and taking Pamina again gently by the hand, comforted her with the assurance that the probation was over, and that the next day, did Tamino conquer, she should be made happy with him. He sought not for revenge upon the Queen of Night, would not even punish farther his slave, for, said he;

"Here, in these sacred halls, revengeful thoughts are vain,
When one from duty falls, Love leads him back again."

But Tamino's strength was to be put to a still harder test. The temptation to break his vow not to hold intercourse with a woman was to be presented in its strongest form. He had stood firm against all the influence of evil passions as presented by the Queen's women, but now love was to tempt him. The scene changes to the garden in which we left him with Papageno. No stronger test of the patience and long-suffering of the prince could be found, than in compelling him to bear with the continual prating of his servant, and his absurd conduct. Patience under great calamities is oftentimes easier than under the constant annoyance of an absurd and ridiculous companion.

The history here kindly turns aside from the prince and gives us divers adventures of Papageno, particularly one in which he, having made himself merry with a hideous old woman, who hobbled in on crutches and gave him a goblet of water, stands at length aghast at being told by her that she is the veritable Papagena, whom the gods and Sarastro have destined for him at the conclusion of his probation. But we have not time and space to follow the servant instead of the master, who bears and forbears with exemplary patience; for at this point the three spirits in the shape of boys, again appeared, bidding Tamino welcome into the dominions of Sarastro, restoring the flute and casket of bells, renewing the injunction of silence, and closing by calling up from the earth a table spread with delicacies, to partake of which, in preparation for the final trials, they gave full permission. Tamino's mind and heart were too busy to allow him to feel physical wants — not so with Papageno, who, in vain inviting his master to partake, took his place, and feasted to his heart's content. The great test, mentioned before, of Tamino's steadfastness and faith now came. Pamina appeared, seeking her lover. Obedient to his vow he turned from her, and to all her expressions of love, to all her appeals made no reply, though he waved her off with feelings of agony no less heart-breaking than her own. Still he preserved his faith in Sarastro, and broke not his vow. As Pamina retired, the two high priests returned to lead the prince and his servant away. Tamino obeyed at once, but Papageno refused to leave his feast until a noise beside him made him turn, and two huge lions stood beside him.

The priests with Sarastro again assembled in the dark temple, and their solemn chorus of

thanksgiving to Isis and Osiris, for the faith and steadfastness of Tamino, was heard rising and falling in manly tones. The chief ordered the prince and princess to be brought in. She had lost her faith in Sarastro's promise, that when the new day came, she should be united to her beloved, and now this want of trust in him was its own punishment. Sarastro bade the lovers take leave of each other, for the result of the first trial was known only to the gods. He comforted them with the assurance that Tamino could not but endure to the end, and that they would soon meet in joy. The cause of Tamino's apparent coldness at the interview in the garden was explained to Pamina; but her faith was shaken, and when her lover was again led from the assembly, her reason gave way.

The history here again turns to the adventures of that unlucky varlet, Papageno, and relates how he was again attacked by the old woman, and partly by threats, partly through the workings of conscience, was at last brought to such a depth of humiliation, as, with at least a partial resignation to his fate, to give her his hand and receive her for his god-promised Papagena; and, moreover, that when he had done this work meet for repentance, the object of his not very warm affection, as may justly be supposed, threw off her age with her dark garments, and appeared before him, just the neatest, trimmest, jolliest, prettiest, cunningest little maiden, that ever blest the heart of solitary servant. But, alas for Papageno! hardly had he feasted his eyes upon her beauty, and drunk in one full draught of bliss, — when — presto! — she is away, and he sinks into the earth!

Poor Pamina found in her want of faith its own punishment. She wandered in the gardens and groves, seeking her lost lover, and her disordered mind, forgetful of the last interview with him in presence of Sarastro, and of the assurance from the priest that they should meet again, dwelt upon that previous meeting when she in vain had sought tokens of recognition and love from him. The three boys — the genii — hovered about her to guard and protect. In this state she remembered the gift of her mother, and the thought of ending her sorrows and her life together with the dagger arose. The thought took complete possession of her, and she raised the weapon for the fatal blow. Of course the genii prevented her design. But the crisis had passed. The sound of the flute in the distance and the assurance of her protectors that, for reasons they were not yet allowed to explain, the coldness of Tamino was not real, that her love was returned in fullest measure, restored her to herself, and she besought to be brought at once to him to share his fate, whatever it might be. This was granted.

Meantime, two men, in black armor, had taken charge of Tamino to bring him to the last test, that of purification by the elements. A lake of water and flame spread itself before the portals of the mysterious holy of holies of the temple. To its banks Tamino was led. In a solemn choral song, strange and mystical in melody as in harmony, they sung — in much better music than verse,
"He, who the dangers of this awful way shall dare,
Is purified by fire and water, earth and air,
Who finds in Virtue's strength from fears of death release,
Rises from earth and time to realms of heavenly peace.
Enlightened he will be, who conquers in this crisis,
And worthy, then, to share the Mysteries of Isis."

Tamino might still have turned back, but his faith was too strong, his courage too serene; others had crossed the lake, was he less virtuous, less steadfast than they? His determination wavered not for an instant; he gave the command: "Open the terrible portals!" At this moment, guided by the Genii came Pamina. She saw the adventure her beloved was to undertake. She hesitated not, but firm in love and trust besought permission to join him. It was granted. So, leaning upon his arm, they passed through the gates, and the clear and tranquilly joyous notes of the magic flute were heard piercing through the raging and dashing of flame and blood, speaking the unflinching courage of him who bore it, and stilling for the moment as they passed the billows of water and fire. And so they were seen to reach the broad stairs which led up into the Temple, to ascend them slowly, to enter the portals, which flew open to receive them, and to kneel before the altar and Sarastro; and a chorus of triumph and welcome was heard from multitudinous voices, as the portals again closed upon all profane eyes.

The utter inability of Papageno to attain the least command over his tongue and himself, and his positive refusal to be initiated into the mysteries, seem, according to the history, to have given matter for a sort of wise and very sober mirth to the dignitaries of the temple. When he recovered from the terror arising from his sudden translation, he found himself near the entrance of one of the internal courts of the palace. He entered, but its gloom and darkness, for it was night, terrified him, and he sought to retrace his steps. But thunder and fire cut off his retreat; he rushed to the opposite entrance, with no better success. Mortal terror and the loss of his Papagena were too much for him to bear, and after long communing with himself and bewailing his unhappy fate, rather than die there with cold and hunger, he determined upon the last resort of despair. He fixed a cord to a tree, with the intent, if no hope came before he had counted one, two, three, to put an end at once to his life and his sorrows. He called upon Papagena in vain. He slowly counted the fatal three, and there was no one to help him. The three genii, who had watched his proceedings, now became visible, and reminded him of his magic bells! These brought the beloved one. His trials were over, and the history leaves the new pair as happy as the day is long.

The eventful night was now nearly over, and soon the morning would come. But still there was time for a deed of darkness. Through the dark passages of the temple Monostatos and the three women of the Queen of Night steadily made their way towards the grand hall. Amid thunders again the Queen appeared. It was her last desperate effort, and to inflame the negro and secure his aid, she promised him Pamian, should they be successful in destroying Sarastro. A deep and bodeful sound filled them with terror, but their hearts knew no relenting. Hatred and revenge were too powerful. Monostatos, who knew the customs of the place, at length announced that Sarastro and his followers had taken their places in the hall. This was the moment to fall upon the chieftain with fire and sword. He was defenceless save in his wisdom and goodness. The hour of sweet revenge for the Queen of Night had at length come. Thus far had Sarastro given her free scope, that his own power

and mercy might be more fully revealed. But at this moment, at a sign from him, the wall, which alone divided him from his enemies disappeared, and the bright rays of the glorious morning sun dart full upon them. Like obscene birds of night, they fled its rays forever, while Tamino and Pamina joined hands, and received the blessing of the Priest-Ruler, amid the joyous and triumphant chorus of Priests and the grand assembly, hailing the new pair with blessings and uttering praise and thanks to Isis and Osiris, through whom they had gained the victory.

Richard Wagner's Lohengrin.

(From the *Niederrheinische Musik-Zeitung*—translated for the London Musical World.)

1. RICHARD WAGNER endeavors to characterize the heroes and more prominent situations of his operatic dramas by fixed and constantly recurring motives. This endeavor was previously to be found in the operas of C. M. von Weber, especially in his *Euryanthe*. The system is much more consistently and comprehensively carried out in *Lohengrin* than in *Tannhäuser*. There is no objection to the principle, but, in this instance, likewise, everything depends on the way in which it is executed. If the latter is delicate, intellectual and skilful, if the motives are perceptible, merely as bright flashes in the background, an indisputable advantage is gained for the opera, and the musical unity of this complicated Art-form; nay, we should not hesitate long in declaring such a plan to be the sole correct and sufficient one. We must be allowed to remark, however, that the manner in which the principle is employed in *Lohengrin* is an exceedingly clumsy, and, so to speak, sententious one, inasmuch as, to each figure and situation, a placard is, as it were, stuck, which announces, loud and clear, "Now I am coming, and here I am." Should anyone, however, think that the motives which characterize, or, rather, typify Lohengrin, Elsa, Friedrich von Telramund, Ortrud, the King, and the holy *Grail*, are important of themselves, this is a mere matter of taste. We do not consider them so. They are certainly characteristic, but in the ordinary sense; that is to say, their character is such as abstract understanding in combination with a slight degree of education can always produce with little trouble. Their principal importance, too, does not consist in the invention, which, as we have already said, is not particularly great, but in the orchestral coloring. It is not the phrases with which Friedrich von Telramund, the King, and the Holy *Grail*, announce themselves, which play the principal part, but the double-basses, the trumpets, and the flutes. Is there any such very great art in this, or have we not rather an instance of the means by which a mind possessing but little fancy tries to effect its purpose? The manner in which Wagner employs the principle, leads to insupportable monotony and wearisomeness, nay, as far as the trumpets are concerned, to torturing discomfort. By the adoption of such a form, however, the demands made by an opera upon the composer as a musically creative being, are certainly very much modified. Instead of being always new, and displaying his mastery over the fundamental tone and similarity of character, the composer simply repeats what has gone before, with slight variations, and a completely material and increased gradation, etc.

2. Richard Wagner despises Melody and does not care much about her. The feeling appears reciprocal, and it is, perhaps, out of mere spite, that R. Wagner speaks so rudely of the gentle virgin in his books. Melody or no melody is a subject about which we will not quarrel; but what we require from every work of Art, connected with stringed or wind instruments, is well-defined, palpable, nay, we would almost say, plastically perceptible forms, and thoughts which flash before us as if they proceeded from a distant star! We are sorry to say that scarcely the slightest trace of such forms and thoughts was visible to our weak mind, during the four hours *Lohengrin* took in representation. In fact, we will speak our opinion honestly and boldly: this psalmatically-quoted, musically-unmusical declamation wearied us indescribably, and yet shall we not be allowed to confess it? Such a protracted application of this principle was, certainly, never practised by any composer since Lully (and most undoubtedly not in any way by Gluck) before Wagner, and the mere putting such music to paper would have produced a very narcotic effect on Mozart for instance. Whenever R. Wagner steps out of the phrases which are at everyone's command, and only employed by him with more prudence than by many others, and endeavors, in

some degree, to present us with more definite forms, we are immediately reminded of C. M. von Weber, nay, of Mendelssohn and Spohr. In this particular, *Tannhäuser* is more original and less poor than *Lohengrin*. The scene of Venus's grotto in the former opera is the only composition at all comprehensive, as well as decidedly hold and successfully carried out, which Wagner has yet been able to produce.

3. Music is an art free as the birds of the air. It possesses no laws, not even of acoustics, which the artist has to respect. This principle is announced "loud and clear," in Wagner's scores, and his disciples follow him in this particular with wonderful sagacity. There are two laws of organic musical construction which have not the slightest existence for R. Wagner: the laws of the various keys, and of harmonic combinations. With regard to the first, somebody once observed to us, rather wittily and appropriately, in reference to *Tannhäuser*: "The four-and-twenty keys do not afford a good basis for the ear." Now, let any one, bearing this in mind, go through *Lohengrin* or *Tannhäuser*, and he will find it a rare exception when R. Wagner remains for eight, nay, only four bars, in the same key. Thus, for instance, the herald gurgles out his short recitative before the sacred court is held, in six or seven keys, and on account of the unnatural springs taken by the harmony this single piece might in future be given to every singer for the purpose of testing his powers; whoever could get through it would be available at all times, and for all the scores of the Music of the Future for which we may yet hope. The notions, however, which Wagner appears to possess of harmony and the succession of chords, etc., must, to judge by the results, be actually barbarous; at any rate, all our own auricular nerves revolt at them. If the reader will only turn to page 20 of the pianoforte edition, line 3, and realize, "loud and clear," the return from F to A major, or, at page 47, in the first four bars before the fight, the harmonical succession: G, B flat and A major, then G, E, and D major, and, at page 63, the last few bars—especially the fifth, and, lastly, if he will only reflect on the horrible transition from A to B flat major at page 62, he will, perhaps, pardon us, if despite the celebrated name with which our investigations are connected, we exclaim: "This is mere bungling, nay, it is filth, the most despicable violation of the rules of Art!" and if any one should cry out and tell us that we are stupid, because this music does not please us, we appeal to a far more certain organ than the brain, and reply: "You cannot possess ears, if you are fond of revelling in such discord."

4. "When ideas fail, a word is introduced at the right time." Wagner employs everlastingly the same means. If there were no chromatics, no tremolo of the violins, and no trumpets and trombones, Wagner would be obliged to lay down his commander's staff, for we have named the principal forces with which he fights his battles. C major, C sharp major, D major, E flat major, E major, serve to portray passion, affright and excitement, and the reader will be able to open but few pages of the score without finding a climax of this description. In order to express a mysterious feeling on the one hand, and, on the other, a horrible, demoniacal feeling, was not Apollo gracious enough to allow us to discover the tremolo of the violins and basses? What more do we want, since we possess this? The trumpets and trombones, however, are Wagner's pets, and whenever, by way of exception, he soars into the realms of melody, he is fondest of employing the above instruments, especially the latter, to support him. O, it is something magnificent to have a song of joy (that shall, for instance, celebrate a marriage feast) brayed forth by a collection of trumpets and trombones. Who would deny the result? Wagner understands effect, we mean clumsy, material, coarse effect, as well as any one of his predecessors. He frequently approaches closely to Verdi, and is indebted for his best things to Meyerbeer and Berlioz, from whom he takes his treatment of the orchestra, although in some particulars he goes beyond them. Exactly like Meyerbeer, Wagner is fond of letting the gentlest sounds, the "sweet" toying of the violins, and the lisping of the flutes and oboes, sweep over the stage after the most overwhelming outbursts of braying noise. We first have unmeaning tumult, striving to appear like strength, then unmeaning cooling, striving to represent the tenderest sensations; in one place, untruthfulness and unnaturalness, and, in another, the gradations Wagner employs "to carry away" the spectator with him, heaping up, in order to depict a forcible situation, the tone-masses, from imperceptible beginnings, as it were, to colossal proportions; all this is imitated pretty nearly, from the well-known chorus of the conspirators in Meyerbeer's *Huguenots*. Wagner surpasses in all material details his model Meyerbeer, the connection with whom he thought he could not repudiate more effectually than by abusing him to his utmost; but Meyerbeer is far superior to him

in intensity of specifically musical capability; compared to Wagner, he is an absolute Cæsar. It was lately remarked with great justice, that Wagner reverses the natural mode of constituting an orchestra. The wind instruments, especially the brass ones, occupy nearly always the first places, while the violins are generally employed in the highest passages. If people choose to call this kind of music new, the reputation of a great musical discoverer would belong to Richard Wagner, as far as he was really the first to discover all these things; but he found them, one and all, ready to his hand, and merely pushed them to the most extreme, most unlovely and most unharmonious lengths.

But enough of this. We hope we have satisfactorily explained the reason why we cannot enlist ourselves among the admirers of Wagner's muse. But, some one may probably object, if such is the state of the case, to what is the success attributable? Let the reader turn over the history of the immediate as well as of the more remote Past and call to mind what triumphs, by no means transient, it chronicles. Success certainly amounts to proof, which exceeds the authority of any mere individual, however highly placed; but then it is only that success which can look back hundreds, nay, thousands of years, and not the success of ten, or twenty, which is as readily granted to the most preposterous as to the most worthy things. Besides, may not a great portion of the present success be really set down to the unusual nature of Wagner's operatic subjects, to the enormous scenic splendor they require, the colossal masses they set in motion, to the varied interest connected with Wagner personally, as poet, composer, author, agitator, and reformer, and to the excessively active exertions of a party, very devoted to him, and who, by incessant announcements, keep the world in excitement and suspense?—all things which lie far beyond the actual artistic productions. His success, like his works themselves, certainly does prove something for Wagner; it proves that we have to do with no insignificant person, but with one distinguished by varied intelligence, and endowed with energetic mental powers for without these; such success and such works would be impossible. But a man may be still richer in gifts of this description and yet knock in vain for admission at the gates within which eternal Art resides.

While endeavoring to describe R. Wagner's muse generally, we have endeavored to characterize the music of *Lohengrin*, and shall add only a few more observations. In a musical point of view, the third act is the most successful piece of composition. The scene between Lohengrin and Elsa, in the bridal chamber, contains much that is beautiful, and, now and then, is marked by agreeable touches of warm feeling. Wagner sometimes manages the choruses—and large masses generally—in a very skilful manner, and frequently imparts to them, even musically, a certain antique stamp. The first chorus, for instance, in the first act, at Lohengrin's arrival, is admirably carried out, and surprisingly effective, while the effect of the concluding chorus depends on the ordinary common operatic means, and that of the nobles preceding the bridal procession, endeavors to produce an impression, by a coarse imitation of nature, and excels by a constrained and unnatural treatment of the voices. But Wagner uses us worst in the second act. We hope we shall never hear such a braying of trumpets and trombones again till the Day of Judgment, and we confess that, as often as the horrible trumpeters, who always announce the approach of the king, appeared on the stage, we began to tremble in all our limbs, like children, when they know there is to be a volley of musketry, or a discharge of artillery.

The opera was received, on the whole, favorably. The audience welcomed the first and third acts with tolerable warmth, but were somewhat more indifferent about the second. A portion of the success may be fairly attributed to the perfectly exquisite manner in which the opera was produced. The first place belongs to Herr Ander and Madlle. Meyer, who sang and played the parts of Lohengrin and Elsa with nearly ideal perfection. Had we not already long valued Herr Ander as a thinking artist, we should be obliged to do so now, after this admirable performance. Throughout the opera he recollected the part he had to represent, and never assumed a tone or indulged in a look or gesture, which did not befit the "holy knight." Madlle. Meyer has evidently thrown her whole soul into the part of Elsa, and we blame her the less as all the advantage falls to our share. She was rich in the most beautiful and most touching points. Herr Beck (Friedrich von Telramund) possesses in his wonderful voice such a natural gift, that he requires to exert himself but little to captivate us. Mad. Hermann (Ortrud) and Herr Schmid (King Heinrich), were, on the whole, deserving of praise, although we should not say the latter could

be entranced by the ascetic demeanor his part imposes on him. Nor must we forget Herr Hrabanek, who acquitted himself with certainty of the exceedingly difficult part of the herald. Both the chorus and orchestra were admirable, and the wonderful precision which distinguished the opera as a whole reflects the greatest credit on Herr Esser, who, as *Capellmeister*, directed the performance, and Herr Eckert. Lastly, scene-painters, costumiers, stage-managers, etc., honestly contributed their share towards the success, and we think that the management need not fear producing *Tannhäuser* next year, for R. Wagner should be heard. To this he has a right. C. D.

A Piccolomini Matinee.

A correspondent of the *Providence Journal* writes thus from New York:

The success of the Piccolomini *matinée* was a surprise even to Metropolitan opera goers. The darkest, murkiest, most suicidal of November days, the chilliest of November rains, could not damp the musical ardor of the public. An hour before the doors were opened, Irving Place was blocked up with carriages, and the steps of the Academy were swept by dreary, dripping velvets and ermines, brocades, poplins, and "antiques," among which "skeletons" surreptitiously peeped forth, and Bloomers and Balmorals audaciously intruded themselves. When the outer doors were opened, the crush was fearful. Ladies fainted, and frightened children were lifted over the heads of the crowd into the lobbies and corridors. I was fortunate enough to be directly in the wake of Mrs. Potiphar, whose ample ermines furnished a safe and convenient *point d'appui* through the most perilous crisis of the pressure. During the performance of Norma, in which Mde. Laborde made her *debut*, I had almost forgotten the Piccolomini. She was to appear in the character of "the Domineering Housemaid" in Paesiello's comic operetta, "*La Serva Padrona*," played for the first time in America. A descendant of the chivalrous house of Piccolomini, niece to a Cardinal of the Church of Rome, appearing before a New York audience in the part of a saucy *soubrette*! Truly, the world turns round very fast in our day.

At length the grand opera of Norma was ended, and before we had time to recover from our druidical dreams, the little princess tripped upon the stage, looking like a child of fourteen years, in a short petticoat looped up with cherry-colored ribbons, which showed to great advantage her pretty child-like feet and ankles. In five minutes the eyes and hearts of "four thousand spectators" were irrevocably captivated. "Did she pelt them with her kisses, as she did the poet of Idlewild?" Not oppressively. "Was she beautiful?" No. "Was she a great artist?" I cannot tell. She was charming in a way so exclusively her own that it would be quite unavailing to talk about it. She was so young, so innocent, so blooming, so confidently frank and coquettish and piquant, so winning, so arch, so graceful, that her presence was like a beam of morning light or a breath of morning air. My memory of her, should I see her a thousand times, will be always "*A Matinée*."

Marietta Gazzaniga.

MADAME GAZZANIGA MALASPINA, the subject of our sketch, was born at Voghera, a small town in the neighborhood of Pavia, in Lombardy, on the 8th of June, 1826. Her father was a lawyer, in easy circumstances, and it was comparatively long before her inborn love of music was developed into a passion for the stage. At the early age of six, however, Marietta was distinguished by her voice, and in her sixteenth year her talents attracted the attention of Signor Amadeo Cetto, a dilettante of Voghera, who counselled her parents to add the advantage of competent instruction to her natural genius. She was accordingly placed with Alberto Mazzucato, one of the first Italian *maestri*, and after one year's instruction only, her *début* took place at La Scala, in Milan. The part was Sappho, and Marietta's success unequivocal. After several representations of Sappho, each of which added to the admiration excited by her first performance, she performed in two operas by Mazzucato—the "*Due Sargenti*" and "*Luigi V.*," the latter having been composed expressly for her.

After a triumphant season at Milan, Marietta Gazzaniga played triumphant engagements at Turin, Como, and elsewhere, in the "*Capuletti*," "*Templari*," "*Nabucco*," "*Lucrezia*," and other operas, appearing also in the part of Lucrezia at Varese, in Lombardy. At this place her extraordinary genius excited to such a degree the admiration of a wealthy nobleman, that he ordered the company of military which he maintained at his own expense, to escort and serenade the prima donna after her performance.

During the Carnival of 1844, Marietta Gazzaniga performed at Lucca, principally in the operas of "*Linda di Chamounix*" and "*Don Pasquale*," and afterwards appeared at Florence, where, after being engaged in the performance of the unsuccessful opera entitled "*Saul*," by its composer, Speranza, she played in the "*Elisire*" and in "*Il Bravo*," in the last of which she appeared together with Erminia Frezzolini, Poggi, Castellane and Debassini. Frezzolini was at that period in the height of her fame and popularity, and to venture upon the stage simultaneously with one who stood confessedly at the summit of her art, was a bold undertaking for a youthful prima donna; but she triumphed over the difficulties of the situation, and her fame extended with each performance. After a brief interval, she appeared again at Florence, where she sang in "*Giovanna d'Arco*," and in "*Buondelmonte*," which was composed expressly for her by Pacini. In 1844 she sang at Leghorn, and was so successful during her engagement, that it was renewed by the management, nor was it until 1845 that she left Tuscany for Venice. During the years 1845 and 1846 she sang successively in every one of the principal Italian cities. Her repertoire included the large number of forty-two operas. Her remarkable career exhibited no single fiasco. Wherever she appeared she became at once the favorite of the press and the idol of the public. The fame of the rising artiste soon extended beyond the Italian peninsula, and she was called to Madrid, where she became a favorite at once. She sang during several years at the Spanish capital, and in 1855 made a tour of the provinces. In 1855 she returned to Italy, where she gave thirty-eight performances, of which twenty-six were Verdi's "*Traviata*."

In February, 1857, Madame Gazzaniga made her first appearance before an American audience at Philadelphia. Her success there was deservedly great, and she passed from thence to Boston and New York, and after a few additional performances at Philadelphia, she sailed for Havana, where she performed during the last winter. The Cubans exceeded even their brethren of Madrid in the enthusiasm which they manifested at her performances. They recognized in her impulsive and earnest manner that genius which gives lifelike reality to a simulated character, and marks the great from the mediocre artist. They appreciated her for what she did, and forgot the minor blemishes in the resplendent glory of her grand inspirations. They judged her rightly, and the tokens of their enthusiasm were solidly gratifying, and proved the sincerity of their appreciation.

Madame Gazzaniga, who will be one of the bright particular stars of Max Maretzek's season in Havana, is now finishing an honorable and successful engagement at the Academy of Music. Notwithstanding the extraordinary popularity, the almost idolatrous admiration of Piccolomini, Gazzaniga has made her genius acknowledged, and has received a brilliant ovation in the shape of one of the most crowded and fashionable audiences of the season, on the occasion of her performance of Leonora in "*La Favorita*." She was greeted with extraordinary enthusiasm from the moment of her appearance to the close of the opera. Her acting in the last act could hardly be surpassed, and the public and the press acknowledged her glorious talents. Gazzaniga is still young, and has before her a brilliant career. She has the good wishes of all for her prosperity.

On leaving New York, to the regret of thousands of her admirers, Madame Gazzaniga proceeds to Charleston, and will sail thence for Havana on the first of December, in the steamship Isabel. The operative performances to take place during the coming winter in the capital of Cuba promise to excel in brilliancy even those which have been presented during the last five years. The contretemps which has delayed Maretzek's arrival in the Queen of the Antilles has added an eagerness, unusual even among the music-loving Habaneros, to witness his coming; and the theatre which he has at length succeeded in securing will undoubtedly be found scarcely of sufficient size to accommodate his audiences. Opera, in fact, is nothing less than a passion during the Havana winter, and the presence of Madame Gazzaniga, who is idolatrously worshipped there, will contribute not a little towards fanning the already ardent flame. —*Leslie's Illustrated Newspaper*.

For Dwight's Journal of Music.

Mozart and the "Magic Flute."

It is well known that innumerable stories are afloat concerning the origin of the "*Magic Flute*," and the relation of its composer, Mozart, to Schikaneder, the theatre-manager and text-writer. These stories are both true and false, and the latter can hardly any longer be distinguished from the former. Now the

Vienna "*Monatschrift für Theater und Musik*" gives an account of the origin of this opera, which was written by a contemporary of Mozart and Schikaneder, and may therefore be regarded as authentic. We will make some extracts from it. Early on the morning of the 7th of March, 1791, Schikaneder came to Mozart, who was still in bed, and entreated him to assist the tottering Art-temple "*an der Wieden*" and its debt-laden manager by a new opera; he would prove himself not ungrateful. He had written the text to a magic opera, from Wieland's *Lulu in Tschimistan*, and it was nearly finished. Mozart consented conditionally, and Schikaneder left him. On the stairs a spark suddenly crossed his brain, and, almost breathless, and as quick as his corpulence admitted, he flew from the "*Raubeinstein gasse*" to the Wieden suburb, and into the Kapanner gasse, where stood the so-called "*Kopäundl*" (little capon, probably an inn.) Here lived Madame Gerl, who, together with her husband, the Basso Gerl, was in the employ of Schikaneder, and was said to exert great influence over Mozart. The shrewd Schikaneder gained her over to his interest, and already the next evening Mozart came to him on the stage, and said: "Well now, look you that I soon get the book, and I will write the opera. If we have a *malheur* I can't help it, for I have never yet composed a magic opera." In about a week Mozart had the text, which he rather liked, as it really contains some poetical or rather romantic ideas, which, though Schikaneder's total want of intellectual culture prevented them from being adequately worked up, were still obvious. Mozart quickly began his work, which was, however, interrupted before the end of the month, as the States summoned him to Prague, to write the "*Clemenza di Tito*" for the coronation festivities. In a few weeks the latter was finished, and Mozart returned to Vienna, to continue the "*Magic Flute*." This great work he created partly at his residence in the "*Raubeinsteingasse*," partly on a little garden bired of Schikaneder, in the large middle court of the "*Freibans*," and adjoining the theatre. The little half-raised pavilion, with chair and table, where Mozart composed, can still be seen there to this day. During the noonday meal, (it was midsummer) which Mozart mostly shared there with Schikaneder, they diligently worked, laughed, and drank Champagne.

Under these circumstances the *Zauberflöte* saw the light. Mozart had hardly written the first few numbers, when Joseph Schnitzer, who was one of Schikaneder's actors, came to the latter with an unpleasant piece of news. He had accidentally been present at the rehearsal of the new magic opera in the Leopoldstadt, "*Casper*, the Fagottist, or the Magic Cither," by Perinet, with music by Wenzel Müller, and had acquired the sad certainty that Perinet, like Schikaneder, had taken his subject from Wieland's *Lulu*, and that the characters as well as the progress of the intrigue, closely resembled those of the "*Magic Flute*." Nothing remained, therefore, but to destroy what was already accomplished, and give an entirely new tone to the opera. Sarastro, who was originally a tyrant, a villain, was transformed into a wise, noble priest and friend to humanity; the Queen of Night, who was before a Princess of Love, a tender mother, became a monster, an intrigue-monger, an unnatural woman. The three ladies, the companions of the Queen of Night, the moor, as an allegory of the dark workings of villainy, were assigned to her as tools, and in this wise something entirely new had been created, of which the author himself had before no idea. Hence it happened that, on the first appearance of the ladies where they are, the deliverers of Tamino, they direct him to the three young boys, who are to be his guides, and are consequently in the service of the Queen, while, as the opera progresses, they become followers of Sarastro, and the protectors of Tamino and Pamina against the dark plans of the Queen of Night. Schikaneder probably was not

sufficiently aware of these inconsistencies, and the great Mozart, in the consciousness of his musical power, did not trouble himself much about them. Many of the numbers Mozart was obliged to alter on Schickaneder's demand. The part of Papageno the latter had reserved for himself, and as he was unable from his small compass, or rather total want of voice, to sing the Papageno song, as it was first written, it had to be made perfectly simple, and is yet so melodious, so charming! The duet: "With men, who love's sweet pain are feeling," Mozart altered three times; Schickaneder always said: "Brother, it is very fine, but too learned for me." At last, with his hoarse voice, he hummed something to him, and the good Mozart said, quite patiently: "Well, thou shalt have it." It is only to be regretted that Mozart destroyed the first two sketches of the duet. Now the greater part of the opera was finished. Mozart worked untiringly. Süßmayer, Mozart's pupil, helped him to instrument it; he was closely familiar with his master's wishes, and some of the accessories of course, after explicit directions from Mozart, are said to be entirely by him. The Priests' chorus: "O Isis and Osiris," the Papageno songs, and the second Finale were written on the 12th of September, the Priests' March and the Overture only on the 28th, and so late, that the latter was still quite wet when distributed among the orchestra at the rehearsal. At last, on the 30th of September, 1791, after many rehearsals, the first representation took place. It was singular that on this occasion the public, probably by the many great beauties of the music, and the rare wealth of the motives, was so astonished, so taken aback, that the applause could bear no comparison with the subsequent unexampled success of the work. At each repetition the enthusiasm increased, and this master piece of Tone-Art was soon completely understood and entirely appreciated, so that it was given on sixteen successive evenings. The first three times Mozart conducted in person; Süßmayer sat next to him, and turned the leaves; Henneberg, director of the orchestra at the Wieden Freihaus Theatre, played the bells. As a proof of the modesty of Mozart, we may mention the fact that, when, at the close of the first representation, the Composer was vehemently and continuously called out, he hid himself in various places, in order not to appear, until Süßmayer and Schickaneder at last found him, and dragged him upon the stage by main force. During the month of October, 1791, the opera was given 24 times, and brought, in spite of the limited accommodations for an audience, and the low prices of admission common at that time, the sum of \$8,443 florins up to Nov. 1st, which seemed almost fabulous. It continued to be given very frequently, but the master, who, since his journey to Prague, had been often ailing, and whom unceasing mental exertion (he wrote *La Clemenza di Tito*, the "Magic Flute," and his *Requiem* almost simultaneously,) was rapidly wearing out, enjoyed his triumph only from hearsay. He already left his bed but rarely, but never his room. Mozart himself gained but little by the "Magic Flute," as Schickaneder paid him badly, and, besides, sold the score to many theatres without allowing its great creator the smallest share of the profits. If any one spoke to Mozart of this wrong, which was all the greater, as he had saved Schickaneder from ruin, the good, noble man would only say: "What shall I do with him, he is a shabby fellow"; and that would end the matter. The day before his death he said to his wife, afterwards Frau von Nissen (from whose lips the writer of this has himself heard it: "I should like to hear my *Magic Flute* once more," and hummed with hardly audible voice: "The merry bird catcher I. The late chapelmaster Rosen, who sat by his bedside, arose, went to the piano and sang the song, which seemed to cheer Mozart greatly. The next morning he died; it was on the 5th of December, 1791. The funeral took place

on the 7th of December, in a terrible snowstorm. The only followers of his remains were chapelmaster Rosen, the violoncellist Orsles, of the Royal Orchestra, and Süßmayer. His wife was seriously ill; Schickaneder was not present.

Musical Correspondence.

BERLIN, OCT.—In the beginning of the past three months, while it was vacation at the opera-house, the interest of that portion of our Art-loving public, who were confined to the drought and almost intolerably bad air of Berlin, turned to the "*Bouffes Parisiens*" at Kroll's little theatre. The sphere in which this quaint and interesting troupe of artists are especially at home is that of one-act musical farces, which are made up, after the manner of vanderilles, of droll songs, complets & ensemble pieces; noteworthy among which is the thoroughly melodious and flowing operetta by Offenbach, *Le Mariage aux lanternes*, which contains a fund of natural merriment and humor. Unluckily the troupe aspired above this level in two works demanding higher dramatic power and higher musical culture, namely, Rossini's *Bruschino* and Mozart's *Impresario*. The former piece proved far beyond the powers of this troupe; and yet on the other hand so nonsensical, that it could hardly be expected to succeed even upon a larger stage. To the little ariettas and ensemble-pieces of the *Impresario* of Mozart, a text has been put by Batty and Halevy, which is in open discord with the character of the music. Mozart's music is graceful, arch and playful, altogether finely formed and of a noble style; the text, on the contrary, contains motives and presuppositions which degrade the piece to silliness. As to the performance, Mozart requires, even in the smallest aria, above all, fresh voices and fine musical culture; just these two things were lacking in these French buffo singers. Mlle. CHABERT was not equal to the charm and graceful neatness of the Mozart melodies, and fell into important variations and impure interpolations. On the contrary in *La Charmeuse*, the players felt themselves at home in their own element, and Mlle. GÉOFFROY, as Nette, both by her personal attractiveness, and by her arch, coquettish play, made it easy to believe that all the young men of the village could regard her as a charmer.

In the one-act operetta, "*Le 66*," Offenbach has sought to smuggle a specific German element into the French opera; but the attempt has failed. German strains are heard frequently enough in the piece, but they are so opposed to the character of the French music, that the composer was obliged to Frenchify them thoroughly. Before his Parisian audience this may be all very well; but to us Germans, this disagreement in the character of the music is repugnant. A second difficulty was, that this German element was entirely foreign to the singers, especially in the acting and conception of their roles. They gave you Frenchmen, but no Tyrolese; their comedy was at times striking and enlivening, but it was comedy of the Parisian precinct. The second novelty, *Le Financier et le Surtout*, was the most nonsensical thing given by this company. The plot of the opera moves in a sphere, where one no longer has to ask if what is given can be reconciled with sound humor understandingly or not. Yet, with all its *bêtises*, poor jokes and adventurous situations, it preserves a certain elegance; it is often trivial, but it understands how to be graceful even in triviality. Offenbach's music, with all its carelessness, is melodious and ornate.

The Royal Opera began, after the summer intermission, with the "*Barber*," "*Prophet*," "*Robert*" and "*Tannhäuser*," the principal parts in each being taken by "stars" (*Gästen*). If Frailein GUENTHER, who was called here to a second round, fell short of the mark as Rosina in the "*Barber*," she was all the

more decidedly successful as Fides in the "*Prophet*," and we are persuaded that her talent, in this kind of field—say as Leonora in *La Favorita*, Azucena in *Il Trovatore*, &c.,—will yield abundant fruit. Especially refreshing was the intelligence with which she gave the mother of the prophet, and her expression of the tenderest stirrings of maternal love, which gave a peculiar charm to the Arioso of the 2nd, and the duets of the 4th and 5th acts, while the voice was not sufficient for the bursts of passion. Yet the curse and the fiery Aria in A flat major in the last act, which she rendered after the best models, received much applause. The intelligence which we have praised so decidedly in the delivery of Frä. Guenther, was very moderately manifested in the Bertha of Frä. BUERY. So far as her worn voice permitted, she sung her part with technical facility, and here and there in passages in the highest register produced a *sotto voce* of unexpected smoothness. Frä. WIPPERN sung the Alice in *Robert le Diable* with a most youthful freshness and a lovely charm that will not be forgotten. Robert was represented by Herr GRILL, of Munich, a heroic tenor, to whom, take him as he now is, without gentler polish, we cannot accord any unqualified approbation. He might have profited in this also by the example of Roger, which in many respects he happily followed. In action, to be sure, he showed a certain freedom and certainty, and even nobleness, without going much beyond the limits of the traditional gestures and movements. One Herr HUMESER, who appeared on the following evening as Tannhäuser, was not allowed to appear again; by his bad singing he compromised essentially the warm reception of the excellent Elizabeth of Frä. Günther.

Von Flotow's opera "*Stradella*" acquired unusual interest through the farewell of Herr Grill in the title-rôle, and the re-appearance of our esteemed Frau HERRENBURG. Two, and only two, of all the operas of Flotow have acquired a certain capacity of living. He had the good fortune to have to exercise his routine upon two pretty, piquant texts; he brought to the task a pleasing talent, considerable taste in the arranging of comical and lively situations, as well as a sense for the *piquanteries* of a comic humor which, if not always fine, is not offensively broad. Flotow had a happy faculty for working up foreign, especially French popular melodies; and so this work, made up of French polka and quadrille motives, sentimental phrases and rocket-like cadenzas, is actually pervaded by a certain originality, especially for those who let themselves be dazzled by the surprising rhythms, upon the garnishing of which all his ingenuity is expended. The general public and the great majority of the press were full of the praises of Herr Grill, and we too should have joined in it, if had not been on the Royal stage. This same public, this same press, once fought zealously for R. Hoffmann, now departed, but only—to let him drop. Herr Grill's tenor is not great in compass, and has no body in the lower notes. The tone is seldom quite pure, being almost always accompanied by a fatty *timbre*; his notes are not attacked with certainty, they form themselves in a *crescendo* fashion; his intonation often wavers. His delivery is on the whole expressive, but frequently accompanied by too declamatory a manner, which is much opposed to the dramatic, and is characteristic of second-rate singers.

Frau KOESTER appeared for the first time again in the "*Huguenots*," in her splendid part of Valentine. She was received with unmixed delight, and showed anew how valuable she is in the present ebb of tolerable singers on our stage; although her voice sounded somewhat worn and even excited serious apprehensions in the second act, yet she succeeded in the duet of the third act, and still more in that of the fourth act, in coming near the height of her earlier achievements. Herr FORMES in the third act was betrayed into a too great forcing of his voice, followed by a pardonable exhaustion in the last act.

Fraulein BAUR for the first time played the queen, a part which the composer has equipped with all the charms of fresh, sensuous galantry and French vivacity, for which reason it runs out almost exclusively into the boldest and most coquettish *floriture*. It was rather the aim of the composer here to excite in the hearer light, agreeable and fresh sensations, by way of contrast with the part of Valentine; and for this end he requires a singer quite at home in all the finesses and *nuances* of a facile, ornamental vocalization. Such a singer Fräulein Baur is not; the restraint with which she first came on, made her intonation very uncertain, and she was sadly at odds with the orchestra, who must use more discretion. The choruses in the third act did not take hold with sufficient energy and freshness. But the soldier's chorus, the mocking and the conspiracy chorus were very successful.

The "*Bouffes Parisiens*", after several unsuccessful efforts, partly owing to their selection of the coarsest pieces, were succeeded at Kroll's theatre by the Königsherg Opera Company of Director Woltersdorf, who gained more and more upon the sympathy of our public. Their repertoire consists of musical melodramas and farces, and they had the merit of seeking out and producing good old pieces, those especially by Schenk, Dittersdorf, Boieldieu, Fioravanti and Paer. Particularly worthy of mention is Dittersdorf's *Doctor und Apotheker*, a comic opera, occupying about the same place in German opera that Rossini's "*Barber*" does in the Italian. In spite of their superficiality both breathe a genuine nationality, which keeps them still alive. The comic characters, the doctor and the apothecary, those town-life copies of a Capulet and a Montague, — the house-plague of the former, Claudia, — the barber, who knows how to advise in all cases, and pull the strings of intrigue, and whom Figaro would not be ashamed to have for a colleague — these all belong to those German types which thrive so luxuriantly on German soil, and whose counterparts we meet upon the streets and market-places of our little German towns. While Rossini's work is a creation of unbridled carnival fun, filled from beginning to end with uproarious mirth and overflowing humor, in the music of Dittersdorf, with all its roguery, an intellectual element predominates. This runs as a groundstone through the whole opera and rings out clearly and intelligibly in the first number; it is a masterpiece of *genre* painting, of an idyllic character, full of the most genial festive evening mood. The *Doctor und Apotheker* also resembles the "*Barber of Seville*" in the fact that it surpasses all the later works of its composer in freshness and wealth of invention. The execution showed that the performers did not feel quite sure in their parts. The whole enterprise is as yet too young, and in the rapid change of repertoire may justly claim indulgence. One obstacle was found in the acoustic qualities of the otherwise unsurpassed royal hall, which is particularly unfavorable for dialogue.

As for the other musical enjoyments of a Berlin summer, in which, strange to say, it has already begun to rain twelve Sundays in succession, they have been almost altogether programmes *à la* Musard, and have offered an abundance of quadrilles, polkas, and especially pot-pourris, battle music with fireworks and salvos of cannons, &c., better suited to the *Zaun-güste* (population outside of the gates), than to the cultivated concert public. *JF.*

NEW YORK, NOV. 23. — We have been enjoying a very *piquant* newspaper war between Mr. Ullman and the editors of the French paper, the *Courier des Etats Unis*, in which the other city journals have taken a part — like the boys who stand around a couple of juvenile combatants and cheer them with shouts and bravos, and mysterious phrases of dread import, as who should say, "Go in, lemons!"

It seems that Mr. Masseras, one of the French ed-

itors, was on a visit lately to Philadelphia, and met some gossiping old friend, who told him that PICCOLOMINI had no right to that name, and was of the family of Clementini. Mr. Masseras publishes this startling information in his paper; whereupon Mr. Ullman publishes an amusing manifesto, wherein he takes occasion to stigmatize the editors of the *Courrier* as being "Three hungry Frenchmen" — to accuse them of ungovernable appetite for free tickets — and to state the amount of salary paid to their musical critic, and charge the said critic with giving sugar and water soirées!

To this the Frenchmen respond. They say they never demand free tickets — they disclaim the heinous charge of being peculiarly hungry, and they republish certain articles, which, according to Mr. Ullman, had been written merely to insult Piccolomini.

Ullman again to the rescue. He reiterates his charges and is so delighted with the happy phrase, "Three hungry Frenchmen," that he repeats it again and again, with infinite gusto. It takes. The newspapers quote it, and already an up-town stereoscopic company have got up a picture, representing three foreign-looking men, in an opera-box, with their mouths wide open, like so many ravenous little robins in a nest, and their hands at work clapping *à la claque*; and under the picture is the inscription:

YE THREE HUNGRY FRENCHMEN.

The French editors then become quite grand and dignified, and give the lie direct to Ullman. "Some way or other public opinion begins to side with them, and Mr. Ullman to-day publishes a grand farewell card, which amounts to nothing. So the affair ends in smoke, and the result is that Piccolomini turns out to be really a Piccolomini, and will, on the death of a relative, be also a Clementini — her father being heir to the estates and title of an individual of the latter name.

In the meantime, the opera has been progressing, and a successful *pasticcio* performance has taken place in Brooklyn, it being Mr. Ullman's intention to give a weakly performance there during his next season. To-morrow night he produces Mozart's "*Marriage of Figaro*," with Piccolomini as Susanna. Then she is to appear in *Lucresia*, and the season will close with the *Huguenots*, in which Poinson will make her debut.

Mr. Ullman's company is very unequal. With a splendid list of prime donne, he is actually without a presentable tenor, and has no contralto at all. His repertoire is consequently limited, and for the past few weeks he has had to depend upon some of the artists of Marcetzk's troupe — STEFFANI, GASSIER, and GAZZANIGA having been called in to his aid. He goes to Boston next week, and if Piccolomini should first appear there in *Don Giovanni*, your fidgitty, capitious musical writers will be charmed at once, and the Cerberus of criticism placated — nay, fascinated — by the voice of the siren. (I was going to say "lulled to sleep" — that would have sounded prettier, but if any one could go to sleep while Piccolomini is singing Zerlina, he is fit only to be a Turk and take opium, and I verily believe that even Mr. Piekwick's Fat Boy himself would gloriously triumph over his somniferous propensities, could he but be present to hear the *Batti, batti*.)

I found it, however, hard work to triumph over my somniferous propensities at the Philharmonic Concert Saturday evening. The programme, vastly inferior to those usually offered, was as follows:

PART. I.

Symphony, No. 5. in D minor, Op. 25, (first time), 1. Allegro con Fuoco; 2. Andante Sostenuto; 3. Scherzo — Allegro Molto Vivace; 4. Finale — Andante con Moto and Allegro Vivace: Niels W. Gade. Piano Obligato, Mr. Henry C. Timm. Aria, from the opera "*La Clemenza di Tito*," Mozart; "*Parto parto, ma tu ben mio*," Miss Hattie Andem. Recitative and Aria, from the opera "*Guttenberg*," Fuchs; Mr. Philip Mayer.

PART II.

Quartet-Concerto, Op. 131, (first time); Louis Spohr: Quar-

ter-Obligato — Messrs. E. Mollenhauer, J. Noll, G. Matzka, and F. Bergner. Lied, "*Überall du*," ("Thou everywhere.") J. Lachner; Mr. Philip Mayer: Corno-Obligato — Mr. C. Brannes. Fantasiestück, for Cornet & piston, (first movement), L. Schreiber: Herr Louis Schreiber. Aria from "*Maritana*," "*The Harp in the Air*," W. V. Wallace: Miss Hattie Andem. Overture, *L'Assedio di Corinto* (Siege of Corinth), first time; G. Rossini.

Gade's symphony contains a delicious movement — the scherzo — in which the piano part is brilliantly prominent. Spohr's fine Quartet seems out of place in a large building like Niblo's. Nobody appreciated it, few listened, and the majority chattered. The vocalists of the evening were inferior, though Mr. MAYER sang a German *Lied* exquisitely, and was encored. Rossini's overture seemed to wake up the sleepers, and quiet the chatters, and it was generally conceded the concert was below the mark.

Item. It has struck me, by the way, whether half the adverse criticisms ever written do not come from sleepy heads? How can a being enjoy a symphony, when his head is bobbing like a Chinese mandarin in a tea shop?

The "Mendelssohn Union" gave a fine performance the other night, of "St. Paul." Mr. ADAMS (from Boston) was the tenor, and sang with taste and expression. The wife of CARL ANSCHUTZ, whose name was given on the bills as Madame ZIMMERMANN, sang most of the soprano solos well, and Miss HAWLEY did the one piece allotted to her, excellently. Mr. GUILMETTE interpreted the bass solos. This Society will next produce Rossini's "*Moses in Egypt*." TROVATOR.

BOSTON, NOV. 23. — Mr. Editor: Overwhelmed with confusion though I am by the loud and clamorous calls for my "littleness" which have graced your last two numbers, I yet feel it incumbent upon me to reply to the kind inquiries of my worthy colleagues. After stating that my long silence has been caused entirely by lack of material during several months of "rusticating," I must say that, during a temporary visit to your city, I am enjoying musical advantages sufficient to compensate amply both for the summer's dearth, and for what I lose in New York. At the house of an amateur friend, music is the order of the day, and several times a week, the snite of lofty, spacious, well-lighted rooms, set apart for the purpose, resounds with the best of compositions, ably executed by both dilettanti and professional artists. Then we are frequent visitors of the weekly meetings of the Amateur Orchestra, and though the performances are not always what might be wished for in point of execution, they give us an opportunity of hearing many new works. Besides all this, private concerts at other houses, and those of the Mendelssohn Quintet Club, serve to make me acquainted with much of your musical talent, and afford me occasions of listening to music, and just the music that I love, to my heart's content. I will not, of course, enter into details, of which you can treat so much better than myself, but I must say that I was exceedingly gratified with the performance of the Mendelssohn Club, and that I never heard Beethoven's B flat Trio more beautifully played than, at a private concert, by Messrs. TRENKLE, SCHULTZE and FRIES. I had for the first time the pleasure of hearing the first named gentleman, of whom I have read much in your journal, and my expectations were more than fulfilled. There is a depth and earnestness, a power and dignity in his playing, which I have seldom heard equalled. I hope I shall hear him again, and often.

Having now accounted for myself, and, I hope, satisfactorily so, I must tell you how much I was interested in A. W. T's account of the history of the "Magic Flute." Particularly so, as I had for some time had in my possession an article on the same subject, cut from a German paper a few months ago, which gives another side of the story. I have been waiting for an opportunity to send it to you, and do

so now, certain that it will interest some of your readers. You may not be aware that Mozart's little Operetta of "the Schauspiel-director" is founded on the same subject. I had the good fortune to hear it in Berlin some years ago, admirably given, with a singer named Hasse, I believe, from Vienna, in the character of Schickaneder. He was said to bear a strong resemblance to the old "Schauspiel director", and, having known him personally, to imitate to perfection all his oddities. The very scenes which are described in the article I send you, were enacted in the operetta—for instance, that relating to the duet—besides many other similar ones, which made a *tout-ensemble* of the most charming, humorous character.

One thing more; before I affix the unlucky signature which has so provoked the sarcasm of friend Guage of words. In the string Quartets, Quintets, "Trovator," and the curiosity of all my friends, I will give them and myself the satisfaction of explaining that this same signature: "—t—", represents my whole name, minus eighteen letters, and this declaration will in future, I hope, spare me the indignity of being called "little" —t—.

Dwight's Journal of Music.

BOSTON, NOV. 27, 1858.

MUSIC IN THIS NUMBER.—Continuation of the Cantata: "Miriam's Song of Triumph," by FRANZ SCHUBERT.

Mendelssohn Quintette Club.

With eager appetite, after six or seven months' privation of what may be called the *quintessence* of musical enjoyment—that of listening in a small room, quietly, with a select company of sincere lovers, to the violin quartets and *quintets* of Mozart, Beethoven, and the like—did we, with hardly a couple of hundreds of others, wend our way, on Thursday evening, last week, to the beautiful saloon of the Messrs. Chickering, long hallowed by such influences, but, soon alas! to be abandoned to more vulgar uses. It was a goodly company; yet we missed quite a number of the most familiar faces, that had become inseparably identified in past years with the concerts of the Club; their absence,—doubtless accidental and only for an evening,—seemed to chill the atmosphere of the room to a degree hardly counteracted by the welcome accession of many new and earnest listeners. But soon the music made all warm and genial and bright again; a few magic strains of Beethoven and all "the winter of our discontent" was summer!

Music in Boston owes a great debt to the Mendelssohn Quintet Club, if only for the one rare merit—singularly rare in these degenerate times and hereabouts—of having persevered through nine continuous winters in giving us the true thing, music that is music, intrinsically beautiful and noble, the finest inspirations of the great tone-poets, who are such consummate masters of their language—a language far more delicate and perfect, more of the soul and universal, and yet far more difficult, complex and quick to elude the grasp of any but true genius, than any language of words. In the string Quartets, Quintets, Trios, Sonatas, &c.,—what we call the "chamber music"—of Mozart, Beethoven, Mendelssohn, Schubert, and other kindred spirits, is sealed up much of the finest wine of pure poetic inspiration—the happiest and heavenliest thoughts with which mortal brain was ever blessed, and lifted to a kindred sense of the divine. Sealed up, we say, because it takes skilful artists, of fine culture, to set free these delicate spirits locked up and preserved in written characters, so that they may become real and alive to us; and because at best they must be sealed to all ex-

cept the few, the hundreds, perhaps only tens, of those who have an earnest, cultivated love of music. It is not that to which the thousands rush, that necessarily exerts the deepest influence upon the mind and taste of a community. Quality in the long run goes as far as quantity. A string quartet speaks to a hundred or two hearers only; but that hundred is composed of those who lead in musical culture, who exert an influence in society around them, who necessarily are referred to in their own circles more or less as standards of true taste, and who set the tone according as they take it. Moreover the example is copied; the wholesome infection spreads; chamber concerts spring up at various points about the neighborhood, kindling the true fire in many circles; the charm works, too, in private life, not the less really and beneficially, because noiseless and unseen; quartet parties have become a somewhat common thing in private houses. A real, refined love of music, naturally, just in proportion as it is that, seeks the shade and the protection of the congenial social sphere for its enjoyment. We complain of the falling off of large and showy public concerts here in Boston, which was wont to boast so many; but silently and slowly music, in its purest forms, has crept into our private life during these past years, and so domesticated itself as to have to become quite an essential element in the internal culture of not a few homes, and thus prove that in the best sense we are really making progress. Is it going too far to suggest that to the persistent influence of the Quintet Club, not forgetting others, belongs a very large share of our thanks for this result.

Of the original members who composed the Club nine years ago, two only, Messrs. RYAN, and WULF FRIES remain; yet its identity seems well preserved, and never was the Club, upon the whole, in so good a condition to present a quintet or a quartet as at present. It now consists of Messrs. WILLIAM SCHULTZE (successor to AUGUST FRIES), first violin; CARL MEISEL, second violin; GUSTAV KREBS, tenor, and occasionally flute; THOMAS RYAN, tenor, and occasionally clarinet; and WULF FRIES, violoncello. The first taste of their quality, on Thursday night, was highly encouraging. The opening piece was Beethoven's second Quartet, the No. 2 (in G) of the six composing Op. 18, and we do not know that we have before heard so fine a blending of the strings, so pure and musical an ensemble of tone, together with such clear individuality of parts, especially the middle parts, which were often the weak point of the quartet. The new leader played with admirable purity, delicacy, finish, and expression, very rarely swerving in the least from perfect intonation even in the acutest sounds. There was more warmth and spirit in his playing than we have credited him with before.

The "Sylvester Song," arranged from Schumann's "Album" by Mr. Ryan, made a sweet little piece, and was nicely played; only the clarinet melody, against the quartet accompaniment, stood in *too* bold relief. We would rather hear such things well played on the piano-forte, for which they were intended. Mr. B. J. LANG, who assists the Club this season, is one of the most promising of our young pianists, already at home in a pretty large repertoire of difficult classical and modern music, and evincing a facility of technical acquisition in which perhaps there lies some danger. His selection was unfortunate.

This "*Benediction de Dieu Dans la Solitude*," from the "*Harmonies Poétiques*" of Liszt, proved but a repetition of all our experience with these high sounding titles of Liszt, who doubtless has executive, but not creative genius. It was a wearisomely elaborate concatenation of difficulties, wandering on without aim, like an uninspired improvisation, spell-bound to keep on and come to nothing. We wonder how a man like Liszt could have the patience to write down such things. That it labored somewhat in the rendering, in spite of Mr. Lang's evident command of execution, was only to be expected; if there is any charm in such things, it must lie in Liszt's own playing of them.

Part II, consisted of an Andante and Scherzo from the Posthumous Quartet in E, op. 81, by Mendelssohn,—a good illustration of his serious and his fairy vein; Rode's ninth Violin Concerto, a clear, elegant and spirited composition, capably played by Mr. Schultze; and for a delicious conclusion, Mozart's Quintet No. 5, in E flat, full of all Mozartean qualities, and finely played.

Musical Chit-Chat.

We go to press a day earlier than usual this week, that the printers may enjoy Thanksgiving:—too early therefore for certain correspondence, announcements, &c. . . . Next in order, in the musical doings of our own city, comes the annual run of Operatic fever, during which, whether it last two weeks or two months, there will be small chance for Symphony, Quartet, Oratorio, or any of the more quiet forms of musical enjoyment. Our Societies must stand all in abeyance, even before they have got well started for the season, which makes the interruption especially ill-timed. Our musicians, even the members of the Quintette Club, will very likely be absorbed into the Operatic orchestra. We are sorry for the loss upon the one hand, but hope, since the Italian Opera is coming, that its short reign will be as brilliant as possible, and such as shall be worthy the allegiance for the time being of true music-lovers as well as of the fashionable and fickle crowd. We trust that Mr. Uman will not give us Verdi and Donizetti altogether; that we shall also have *Don Juan* with the best cast that his grand troupe will afford; that we shall have *Robert* and the *Huguenots*, at least once or twice each; that the immortal "Barber" will not fail us, nor be put off into a Saturday afternoon; also the *Servant of Two Masters*, for a curiosity for once; and above all, since the famous *Nozze di Figaro* of Mozart has come at last so near to us as New York, let him not tantalize us with the mere rumor of that long delayed gratification; it were a cruel insult to Boston to come here and not give us Mozart's *Figaro*! Let us have him right along side of Rossini's Barber, that we may mark the features that betray relationship. By last reports, the Opera will close in New York on Monday, and open at the Boston Theatre either on the 1st or 6th of December.

We had great pleasure in listening a few days since to a very superior Organ built by Messrs. E. and G. G. Hook for the Unitarian Church at Portsmouth, N. H. In a very chastely modelled case of black walnut, the gilt pipes seeming almost the only and the most appropriate ornament, are embraced a great organ of 10 stops, each extending through the whole compass; a swell of 10 stops, through the whole compass; and a pedal of over two octaves, with 3 stops;—in all, 1233 pipes. The wind arrangements and all the mechanism seem to work to a charm. The sound of the full organ, in fugues, choruses of Handel, &c. is remarkably rich and nobly bleeded. The diapasons, particularly, struck us by their freshness and lustiness of tone, as well as roundness and sweetness,—an effect due in a great measure, we doubt not, to the fact that the pipe metal (for almost the first time in this country) is composed of a sufficiently large proportion of pure tin, after the German method. The donor of this organ sets a good example, too long needed, in thus expending freely upon solid, honest excellences, rather than upon mere show, fancy-stops, &c., in an organ. The solo stops are voiced with all the taste and skill for which these builders are so justly celebrated.

The French Opera in New Orleans was to open on the 16th, at the Theatre d'Orleans, with *La Favorita*. M. Boudinque's company is thus composed: *Tenors*—Messrs. Lomault and Lagrave, *prime*; and Beutgeois, Debrinay and Metzler, *sec-onde*.

Baritone—Beauce.
Bass—Taste, Vila and Jolly
Prime Donne—M^{lle} Dordier, (first chanteuse legere.) Lafranche, (soprano); Bourgeois, contralto; Paola, (soprano,) and Uadi (dugazon.)

Besides twelve female and the same number of male choristers.

The Mozart Society, in Worcester Mass, numbering 140 voices, performed Mozart's 12th Mass last week, under the direction of EDWARD HAMILTON, Esq.

Fine Arts.

Ruskin On Education In Art.

A paper read before the Educational Department of the British Association for the promotion of Social Science.

I will not attempt in this paper, to enter into any general consideration of the possible influence of Art on the masses of the people. The inquiry is one of great complexity, involved with that into the uses and dangers of luxury; nor have we as yet data enough to justify us in conjecturing how far the practice of Art may be compatible with rude or mechanical employments. But the question, however difficult, lies in the same light, as that of the uses of reading or writing; for drawing, so far as it is possible to the multitude, is mainly to be considered as a means of obtaining and communicating knowledge. He, who can accurately represent the form of an object, and match its color, has unquestionably a power of notation and description greater, in most instances, than that of words; and this science of notation ought to be simply regarded as that which is concerned with the record of form, just as arithmetic is concerned with the record of number. Of course, abuses and dangers attend the acquirement of every power. We have all of us probably known persons, who, without being able to read or write, discharged the important duties of life, wisely and faithfully; as we have also, without doubt, known others able to read and write, whose reading did little good to themselves, and whose writing little to any one else. But we do not, therefore, doubt the expediency of acquiring those arts, neither ought we to doubt the expediency of acquiring the art of drawing, if we admit that it may indeed become practically useful. Nor should we long hesitate in admitting this, if we were not in the habit of considering instructions in the arts chiefly as a means of promoting what we call "taste," a dilettantism, and other habits of mind, which, in their more modern developments in Europe, have certainly not been advantageous to nations, nor indicative of worthiness in them. Nevertheless, true taste, or the instantaneous preference of the noble thing to the ignoble, is a necessary accompaniment of high worthiness in nations or men; only it is not to be acquired by seeking it as our chief object, since the first question, alike for man, and for multitude, is not at all what they are to like, but what they are to do; and fortunately so, since true taste, so far as it depends on original instinct, is not equally communicable to all men; and so far as it depends on extended comparison, is unattainable by men employed in narrow fields of life.

We shall not succeed in making a peasant's opinion good evidence on the merits of Elgin and Lycian marbles; nor is it necessary to dictate to him in his garden the preference of gillyflower or of rose; yet I believe we may make Art a means of giving him helpful and healthful pleasure, and of gaining for him serviceable knowledge. Thus, in our simplest codes of school instruction, I hope some day to see local natural history assume a principal place, so that our peasant children may be taught the nature and uses of the herbs that grow in their meadows, and may take interest in observing and cherishing, rather than in hunting or killing, the harmless animals of their country. Supposing it determined that this local natural history should be taught, drawing ought to be used to fix the attention, and test, while it aided the memory. "Draw such and such a flower in outline, with its bell toward you. Draw its side toward you. Paint the spots upon it. Draw a duck's head—her foot. Now a robin's—a thrush's—now the spots upon the thrush's breast." These are the kinds of tasks which it seems to me should be set to the young peasant student. Surely the occupation would no more be thought contemptible which was thus subservient to knowledge and to compassion; and perhaps we should find in process of time, that the Italian connection of Art with *diletto*, or delight, was both consistent with, and even mainly consequent upon, a pure Greek connection of Art with *arete* or virtue.

It may perhaps be thought that the power of representing in any sufficient manner natural objects, such as those above instanced, would be of too difficult acquirement to be aimed at in elementary instruction. But I have had practical proof that it is not so. From workmen who had little time to spare, and that only after they were jaded by the day's labor, I have obtained, in the course of three or four months from their first taking a pencil in hand, perfectly useful, and in many respects, admirable drawings of natural objects. It is, however, necessary, in order to secure this result, that the student's aim should be absolutely restricted to the representation of visible fact. All more varied or elevated practice must be deferred

until the powers of true sight and just representation, are acquired in simplicity; nor, in the case of children belonging to the lower classes, does it seem to me often advisable to aim at anything more. At all events, their drawing lesson should be made as recreative as possible. Undergoing due discipline of hard labor in other directions, such children should be painlessly initiated into employments calculated for the relief of toil. It is of little consequence that they should know the principles of Art, but of much that their attention should be pleasurably excited. In our higher public schools, on the contrary, drawing should be taught rightly; that is to say, with due succession and security of preliminary steps, it being here of little consequence whether the student attains great or little skill, but of much that he should perceive distinctly what degrees of skill he has attained, reverence that which surpasses it, and know the principles of right in what he has been able to accomplish.

It is impossible to make every boy an artist or a connoisseur, but quite possible to make him understand the meaning of Art in its rudiments, and to make him modest enough to forbear expressing, in after life, judgments which he has not knowledge enough to render just. There is however, at present, this great difficulty in the way of such systematic teaching—that the public do not believe the principles of Art are determinable, and in no wise matters of opinion. They do not believe that good drawing is good, and bad drawing bad, whatever any number of persons may think or declare to the contrary—that there is a right or best way of laying colors to produce a given effect, just as there is a right or a best way of dyeing cloth of a given color, and that Titian and Veronese are not merely accidentally admirable, but eternally right. The public, of course, cannot be convinced of this unity and stability of principle until clear assertion of it is made to them by painters whom they respect, and the printers whom they respect, are generally too modest, and sometimes too proud, to make it. I believe the chief reason for their not having yet declared at least the fundamental laws of labor, as connected with Art study, is a kind of feeling on their part, that "*cela va sans dire*." Every great painter knows so well the necessity of hard and systematized work, in order to attain the lower degrees of skill, that he naturally supposes if people use no diligence in drawing they do not care to acquire the power of it, and that the toil involved in wholesome study being greater than they would ever be willing to give. Feeling, also, as every real painter feels, that his own excellence is a gift no less than the reward of toil, perhaps slightly disliking to confess the labor it has cost him to perfect it, and wholly despairing of doing any good by the confession, he contemptuously leaves the drawing-master to do the best he can in twelve lessons, and with courteous unkindness permits the young women of England to remain under the impression that they can learn to draw with less pains than they can learn to dance. I have had practical experience enough, however, to convince me that this treatment of the amateur student is unjust. Young girls will work with steadiest perseverance, when once they understand the need of labor, and are convinced that drawing is a kind of language which may, for ordinary purposes, be learned as easily as French or German, but not more easily, nor on any other terms; this language, also, having its grammar and its pronunciation, to be conquered or acquired only by persistence in irksome exercise—an error in a form being as entirely and simply an error as a mistake in a tense, and an ill drawn line as reprehensible as a vulgar accent. And I attach great importance to the sound education of our younger females in Art, thinking that in England the nursery and the drawing-room are perhaps the most influential of academies.

We address ourselves in vain to the education of the artist while the demand for his work is uncertain and unintelligent; nor can Art be considered as having any serious influence on a nation while gilded papers form the principal splendor of the reception-room, and ill-wrought, though costly, trinkets the principal entertainment of the boudoir. It is surely, therefore, to be regretted that the Art-education of our Government schools is addressed so definitely to the guidance of the artisan, and is therefore so little acknowledged hitherto by the general public, especially by its upper classes. I have not acquaintance enough with the practical working of that system to venture any expression of opinion respecting its general expediency; but it is my conviction that, so far as references are involved in it to the designing of patterns capable of being produced by machinery, such references must materially diminish its utility considered as a general system of instruction. We are still, therefore, driven to the same point—the need of an authoritative recommendation of some method of study to the public; a method determined upon by

the concurrence of some of our best painters, and avowedly sanctioned by them, so as to leave no room for hesitation in its acceptance. Nor need it be thought that, because the ultimate methods of work employed by painters vary according to the particular effects proposed by each, there would be any difficulty in obtaining their collective assent to a system of elementary precepts.

(Conclusion next week.)

Special Notices.

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Longfellow has given us the sparkling, genial poem, and Dempster has wedded to it a melody as beautifully musical as the most imaginative fancy can conceive of. Not even a "Brindisi" from Verdi's pen, imbued with all the dazzling brilliancy of this master's genius, can vie with the irresistible strain of this "Catawba-Wine Song." We do not know but this is the first poetical and musical tribute of America to the ancient deity of the Grapes. Never, however, has the praise of Bacchus been better sung.

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One of the quaintest and prettiest little poems written in the Scotch dialect. The air is not less pleasing. There is a genuineness and heartiness in the inspirations of the Scotch muse, which will always attract all truly musical minds, the learned as well as the unlearned.

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This is the well known Romanza from "L'Éclair." Bright Star of Hope, made familiar by the Germanians, in a new form, viz: with an ad libitum accompaniment for the Flute. This additional Flute part increases the charm of the whole materially. It is easy of performance.

Instrumental Music.

MASTERWORKS FOR THE VIOLIN, with Piano-accompaniment.

Rode's celebrated Air with Variations. 30
Seventh Air varié. C. de Bériot. 75
Le Carnaval de Venise, varié. N. Paganini. 75

All of these pieces are well known to Violin players as standard pieces of the concert-room, each one representing the highest perfection of a particular style of composition. "Rode's air" is the easiest of the three pieces. It has all the winning smoothness, the tender, soft melodies of Haydn's period. Moderate skill combined with a little musical tact, suffice to render it well. Bériot's Air, though in form hardly different from the one by Rode, and distinguished likewise for its elegant and highly refined appearance, demands a good deal more of the player. It is not exactly difficult, technically speaking, but demands a well-defined style for its satisfactory delivery. Among the twelve airs which Bériot has written, this one is the favorite with players and the public. Paganini's Carnival, which is the original Carnival, from which those hundreds of imitations are derived, which have for years been the delight of great and small players, is sufficiently known as an unapproachable creation of genius. This first American edition of the above works has been prepared with great care, and will compare favorably with the foreign editions. Especial care has been taken to insure correctness.

Books.

THE AMATEUR ORGANIST.—A collection of Opening and Closing Voluntaries, selected and arranged from the works of Handel, Haydn, Beethoven, Mozart, Rink, Pleyel, Mendelssohn, Von Weber, Andre, Schmidt, Hesse, &c., together with original compositions by the editor. The whole prepared with especial reference to the wants of beginners, and forming an excellent course of study for the Organ or Melodeon. By John Zundel. 1.50

This work is eminently a book for beginners. It is by the author of "Two Hundred and Fifty Voluntaries," and was produced in answer to numerous requests to furnish more and still easier pieces of that class. As its title imports it has been the aim of the author to present easy and pleasing compositions of a desirable length, and suitable for organs of the smallest, as well as the largest class, and even for melodeons. One or two more pieces of a scientific character have, however, been inserted; and even a fugue will be found from Handel, though a very easy one. The few voluntaries by Rink here first appear in print in this country.

Dwight's Journal of Music.

WHOLE No. 348.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 4, 1858.

VOL. XIV. No. 10.

For Dwight's Journal of Music.

The Diarist Abroad, No. 11.

NOTES AND A QUERY.

I. In relation to HANDEL.

Every person, who cares enough about music to have paid some attention to its history, knows the difficulty of following Haudel's course of study and musical experience, so as to form a clear conception of the manner in which the young Saxon organ and fugue student became the giant of his age in Dramatic Music. This difficulty is not more owing to our want of biographical material than to the confusion into which the chronology of his early years has fallen. In Dwight's Journal of Music, of Nov. 14, 1857, there is an article upon a passage in Hawkins' History, in which it is suggested, and, as I still think, rendered very probable, that the young composer was in Hanover and made the acquaintance of Steffani, the Kapellmeister there, before the great Italian journey of 1707—10, and not first upon his return from Italy, as is generally accepted. I hoped that on this point we should have light when Chrysander's book should appear. But the first volume of his Biography is out, and he adopts the usual date—making Handel's first visit to Hanover in 1710. My present notes are not to Chrysander's book, but to the article in Dwight's Journal, and are corrections drawn from Chrysander and from other new sources of information.

"Of these six years," (1697—1703) says the writer in Dwight's Journal, "we know absolutely nothing beyond his having studied with Zachau, and given lessons, except what Telemann has recorded." In addition to this, Chrysander has discovered "that Handel followed his father's wishes for five years after the old doctor's death, and entered the new University at Halle in 1702, as student of law; and 2d, that the "Studiosus Georg Friedrich Hendel," who had often filled the place of a drunken fellow, Leporin, as organist in the Schloss and Dom Church at Halle, was appointed to his place for a year upon trial, March 13th, 1702. I cannot find that Chrysander shows Handel to have served after his year was out, although he shows that Handel's successor, Kohlhardt, was appointed Sept. 12th. We know that Handel did not fill the place up to that date, for on the 9th of June, or July, he met Mattheson at the Organ in Hamburg. There is nothing in Chrysander's book, so far as I have seen, that disproves the suggestion that he spent a month or two in Hanover in the Spring of 1703, where Hawkins alone sends him at that date.

Again, "Mainwaring originates the story of Handel's having made the acquaintance of Steffani in Venice." (*Dwight's Journal*.)

Chrysander seems to take every opportunity of expressing his contempt of Hawkins, but gives a great deal of weight to Mainwaring, and in this matter follows the latter. I do not find, however, that he has added any circumstance to strengthen

the statement which he adopts. As between Hawkins and Mainwaring in this matter I prefer the former.

Once more. As to the opera, "Agrippina," at Venice, Mattheson and Marpurge date it, Carnival 1710; Burney and Arnold, 1709; Schoecheher, 1707; Chrysander, 1708. The writer in Dwight's Journal followed an Italian work and made it with Mattheson, 1710. Chrysander proves to his own satisfaction, from internal evidence, and by comparing the opera with the oratorio, "Resurrezione," that the Italian authority is wrong. The oratorio was written in 1708 at Rome; in the oratorio is much taken from the opera: Ergo, the opera was composed first. q. e. d.

Why not reason that passages in "Agrippina" are from the "Resurrezione"? Chrysander argues the matter, but his examples are not convincing to me. I however give up the date 1710, and admit the error in the "Le Glorie della Poesia e della Musica," but happily am able to bring forward a new witness, who confirms Burney in his date of 1709. In 1666, Lione Alocci published at Rome a catalogue of printed dramatic works in the Italian language, with the title "Drammaturgia." In 1755 this, revised, corrected and continued, was again printed in quarto in Venice. It is a strictly bibliographical work, in some cases giving the various editions of a work to a wide extent. For instance, Guarini's "Il Pastor Fido," occupies over a page, containing even a London edition of 1714. Query—an error for 1712? for in that year it was produced in London with Handel's music.

Here follow the two notices—the first from "Le Glorie, &c.," Venice 1730, the other from the "Drammaturgia."

1. Anno 1710. D' Inverno. Agrippina 441. Teatro S. Gio. Grisostomo, 56. Poesia d' Incerto. Musica di Giorgio, Fed. Hendel. Questo Drama, come pure l'Elmiro Re di Corinto, e l'Orazio rappresentati piu di venti anni sono, su l'istesso Teatro, vantano commune l'origine da una Fonte sublime."

2. "Agrippina. Damma recitato l'anno, 1709 in Venezia, nel Teatro di S. Gio. Grisostomo,—in Venezia, appresso Marino Rosetti, 1709, in 12—Poesia di Vincenzo Grimani, Patrizid Veneto, poi Cardinale di Santa Chiesa e Viceré di Napoli,—Musica di Georgio Federigo Hendel, Tedesco."

The "Drammaturgia" is better informed than "Le Glorie," for it states that the "Elmiro" was performed in 1686, at Venice, written by the same Grimani, and printed the same year, "*benche non porti il suo nome*"—(but does not bear his name). Music by Carlo Pallavicino. The "Orazio" it states also as performed and printed in 1688. "Poesia" by Grimani, "Musica" by Giuseppe Felice Tosi. The entire work is so distinguished by accuracy, so far as I can judge by comparing its statements with such as I find in other sources, that a mistake in a London edition—if indeed there be one, which is doubtful—of "Il Re Pastore" is of little importance. Although

that part of the argument in the article upon Handel's visit to Hanover, founded upon "Le Glorie," falls, it certainly seems to confirm fully Burney's date of the "Agrippina."

Be this as it may, Chrysander has not, to my mind, shown any reason to doubt that the great composer visited the court of George I in Hanover, as a young virtuoso, in 1703, on his way to Hamburg.

II. THE PIANOFORTE.

Dwight's Journal of Oct. 16, brings me a thoroughly Frenchy piece of history upon the first Pianoforte! One dislikes to speak soberly upon a point so ridiculous—but as the story is just of the kind to run through five hundred country and literary (!) papers, it needs a note or two.

Erard was born at Strasburg April 5, 1752—one century to a day before the date of the first number of Dwight's Journal of Music—and about 1768, says Fétis, came to Paris. Now let us translate from Fétis, and see how his history compares with that in question.

"Sebastian Erard was not yet 25 years of age, and yet his reputation was already so well established that whoever wished to have any remarkable piece of mechanism executed, applied to him. He was esteemed by men of the highest rank. One of them introduced him to the Duchess of Villeroy, who loved art, protected artists, and who above all, had a passionate taste for music. She requested Erard to reside with her, and offered him an advantageous engagement. But he had already conceived the idea of a journey to England, and burned with the desire of executing it. He therefore only consented to remain so long with the Duchess as would be necessary to execute some projects of that lady, and an apartment was granted to him in the Hotel de Villeroy, suitable for his work, and where he enjoyed the most perfect freedom. In his old age Erard found pleasure in paying due honor to the bounty of Mad. Villeroy, and in speaking of the gratitude with which she inspired him.

"It was in the hotel de Villeroy that he constructed his first Piano. This instrument, which had been known already in Germany and England for many years, was but little used in France, and the small number of Pianos in Paris had been imported from Ratisbon, Augsburg or London. It was the fashion in the great houses to have one of these imported instruments. Mad. de Villeroy one day asked Erard if he could construct a piano? His reply was in the affirmative, and quick as thought. The piano was already in his head. Like all his works, his first piano proved him a man of invention and taste. It was heard in the Saloon of Mad. de Villeroy by all that Paris at that time possessed of amateurs and distinguished artists, and produced a lively impression. Many of the great lords urgently demanded instruments of the same kind of him; they were not however so prompt in paying for them; most of them never paid."

Fétis goes on to tell us how Sebastian's brother

came also to Paris, and how they moved off to the Rue de Bourbon and established a great manufactory, &c. Years afterward Sebastian invented an Organ-Piano, with two key-boards, and this so delighted Queen Marie Antoinette, that she ordered one. "The voice of the Queen," continues Fétis, "was of small compass, and all her music, as she thought, was written too high. Erard conceived of the plan of making the key-board movable by means of a pedal, which would carry the key down a half tone, a tone, or a tone and a half at will, and without trouble on the part of the person playing the accompaniment."

It is clear, that the wiseacre, who wrote the story of "The First Pianoforte," supposed that this name was derived from the movable key-board, which is found in many European grand pianofortes, and by means of which a touch of the pedal causes the hammer to strike but one of the double or triple strings to each note. An arrangement which probably by far the greater number of readers of Dwight's Journal never heard of before, although they think they have seen pianofortes! The name Pianoforte was given in 1725-7, to the first instrument in which the tones, instead of being caused by a point of a quill, leather, or some other substance, snapping the string, were produced by being struck by a hammer, as in all our modern instruments. With the hammer the string may be struck hardly or softly, and the tone will correspond; but the string, as it slips off a point, will always vibrate with nearly the same intensity, and the player can hardly make any difference of forte or piano.

The invention of the hammer was nearly simultaneous in Germany, France and Italy. Fétis says that Marins, a harpsichord maker, made three models of instruments, and presented them to the Academy of Science as early as 1716. No doubt, but they never came to anything.

In 1720, Bartolo Cristofolo at Florence conceived the idea of using hammers, and I suppose worked it out.

But the man who really carried out the invention into practice, was Christoph Gottlieb Schröter. He was born at Hohenstein—I suppose the village in the so-called Saxon Switzerland, which many of my readers have visited,—they will remember the huge precipices, the deep lovely valley, and the old castle on the opposite side.—Aug. 10, 1699. In his seventh year he became a singing boy in a Dresden choir, and finally member of a principal school there. His parents intended him for the Church, and in 1717 he entered the University at Leipzig. During this year both parents died, and he at once exchanged Theology for music. While in the school, he had prepared models of the pianoforte—i. e. had invented the hammer, and in 1717 presented them to the Dresden Court. He was too poor to have an instrument manufactured; but Silbermann, harpsichord maker at Freiberg in Saxony, took up the matter, and about 1726 made the first pianoforte.

So much for the Frenchman's fantasy piece. What is the old saying about drawing upon your fancy for facts, and your imagination for arguments? I do not remember it exactly.

III. A Correction.

In a semi-weekly *Tribune* which came last week, I find extracts from Longfellow's new Poem. By the way, I could wish that paper had

more such book notices and less of long serial novels; it is a little hard to pay 14 to 18 cents postage upon each number, and so often find one to two pages filled with Thackeray and Bulwer, which I can buy much cheaper in Tauchnitz's editions. I fear Prof. L. has not read Dwight's Journal carefully enough; or he would have seen full proof that Luther knew nothing of the Old Hundredth psalm tune, which was first adapted to Beza's translation some seven years after Luther's death. The name Beza in the line would be equally rhythmical, though perhaps with more of truth than poetry.

Query. Alden leaves Plymouth on Standish's errand, and his way leads through the forest, "where robins and bluebirds are building towns in the trees." Do robins and bluebirds build in the forest? I cannot affirm that they do not—but according to my observation, never.

What says T. H. thereto? What Audubon?

A Permanent Diapason.

The following letter from the Paris Correspondent of the New Orleans *Picayune*, throws more light than we have yet had upon the attempt of the French Government to establish a uniform standard of musical pitch.

PARIS, Oct. 18, 1858.

You know the French Government is engaged in an attempt to fix in a permanent manner, by some standard, the musical diapason. I confess I did not exactly know the evil sought to be cured, nor the mode likely to be proposed. I have sought some information on the subject, and as I dare say it is not impossible some of your readers may be nearly as ignorant as I was. I condense, in as few lines as possible, all I have gathered relating to the diapason.

It seems to be proved that the rise of the diapason, or musical pitch, is to be imputed solely to the manufacturers of musical instruments. They, to give more *éclat* to the flutes, hautbois and clarinets, they manufactured, have clandestinely raised the tone. Now, when these instruments were introduced into concertos with other instruments, their masters were obliged to draw the "slip" or "slide" a little, to put them in accord with the other instruments. But as this lengthening of the tube (especially in flutes) disordered the proportions and consequently the precision of the instruments, the masters, by degrees, ceased to meddle with the slip; so the stringed instruments tightened their strings a little more than was usual, and attained a higher pitch. Then the brass (the bassoon, the second hautbois, &c.) instrument performers, finding themselves unable to rise to the dominant note, carried their instruments to the makers and had them "cut," that is, shortened until they gave the new pitch. In this way the diapason was raised in orchestras, and it soon affected pianos, which are always tuned by steel musical forks, whose prongs were filed down until they gave the new pitch.

There is no question that the pitch has risen within the last hundred years, and has risen almost equally every where, as the musical festivals of England and Germany prove. How could the orchestras of so many different places as are collected on these occasions be tuned together, were there a great dissimilarity between the pitch of Birmingham and London, or Liverpool and Durham? The differences of pitch between different cities and countries is scarcely sensible, and the largest orchestras may be "put in tune" if the "slip" of the wind instruments, whose pitch proves too high, be drawn. The musical or tuning forks, made in 1799 and 1806, &c., and the old organs of some churches show that the pitch has risen, for they are all a full tone lower than the pitch of the present day. Hence these organs are commonly called "*si* flat organs," because their *ut*, being a tone lower than the present *ut* is in unison with the present *si* flat. These

organs are less than a hundred years old. As the pitch has risen a tone in a hundred years, if it continues to rise as it has done it will rise through the twelve demi-tones of the gamut in six hundred years, and be a whole octave higher in 2458.

The ruin of the finest voices and the brief career of singers are not the only pernicious effects produced by the rise of the pitch. In the days of Lulli, that is, at the period of time when composers began to write dramatic music and operas in France, no singer found it difficult to sing the parts written in the limits then adopted for the voice. And, although subsequent composers failed to note the rise of the diapason and to write a little lower (as they should have done,) the parts written by Rameau, Monsigny, Gretry, Gluck, Piccini and Sacchini, when the pitch was nearly a tone lower than it is now, long remained easy to singers, and most of them are so still, except some passages in Monsigny's scores which were a little high for that day, and are a great deal too high for ours. Spontini, in "La Vestale," "Cortes," and in "Olympia," wrote tenor's parts which singers now-a-days find too low for them to sing. Twenty-five years afterwards, during which the pitch had risen rapidly, composers increased the upper notes for soprani and tenors. Then shrill, natural *uts*, as head and breast voice, and shrill *uts* sharp (it is true, as a head voice, but old composers never used them,) began to appear. Tenors were more and more frequently required to give the shrill, natural *si*, with great force as a breast voice, which would have been for the old pitch an *ut* sharp, of which no trace can be found in scores of the last century. The soprani were forced to give and sustain shrill *uts*, and the bass's part was loaded with high, natural *mi*-s. This last note, although too often used by the old composers as *fa* sharp, at the period when the low diapason was in use, was nevertheless much less used than it is now as *mi* natural. Achille, in Gluck's "Iphigénie en Aulide," (one of the highest tenor's parts in all Gluck's scores,) did not go up above *si* natural, which *si* was then the note our *la* is, and was consequently a whole tone lower than our *si*. He placed one single shrill *ré* in his "Orphée," but this note which was the same sound as the *ut* used three times in "Guillaume Tell," appears in a slow *vocalisé* in a head voice, so as to be rather hinted than hallooed, and offers neither danger nor fatigue to the singer. One of Gluck's great feminine parts contains the *si* flat given shrilly and sustained with force, (*Alceste*), which *si* flat is equivalent to our *la* flat. No composer at present thinks of hesitating to write in the prima donna's score the *la* flat and the *la* natural and the *si* flat, nay, even the *si* natural and even the *ut*. The highest pitched feminine part composed by Gluck is *Daphné* in "Cythère Assiégée." An air of *Daphné*, "Ah! quel bonheur d'aimer!" rises rapidly as high as *ut*, [our *si* flat] and the whole part bears evident marks of having been written for one of those extraordinary songstresses, found at every epoch and called "light singers," women whose voices possess an extraordinary compass in high notes. M^{mes}. Lagrange, Marie Cabel, Miolan-Carvalho, Zerr and some others, are contemporary artists of this class. Now this shrill *ut* found in *Daphné*'s part is equivalent to our *si* flat found every where at present. M^{me}. Cabel and M^{lle}. Zerr give the shrill counter *fa*; M^{me}. Miolan-Carvalho gives the counter *mi*, and M^{me}. Lagrange gives the flute's counter *sol*. How brief is the period of time during which voices which attain these notes, last! How many voices break in attempting to imitate these songstresses! How many tenors have destroyed their voice by breast *uts* and natural *sis*! And this rise of the pitch prevents performers on the horn, and the trumpet, and the cornet, from executing notes which formerly were executed by every horn player and trumpeter; as, for instance, the shrill *sol* of the Re trumpet, and the *mi* of the Fa trumpet (these notes together produce *la* to the ear); the shrill *sol* and the shrill *ut* of the sol horn (the latter note was used by Handel and by Gluck; it is considered now as absolutely impracticable); and the high *ut* of the La cornet. Hence it has been said: "Now-a-days trumpeters and cornists have no

mouth," for at every performance miscarried, broken sounds frequently annoy the ear. The fault is not with the men, but lies on the change of diapason.

It is probable the Government will not attempt to lower the present pitch, (although such a measure would unquestionably prove a substantial benefit to the whole musical world), since to effect such a revolution it would be necessary to buy new wind instruments for all of the theatres and for all the bands of the army, to say nothing of organs for the churches. All the Government deems feasible is to ascertain the present pitch and to secure it in a permanent manner. The means of doing this are simple enough. The instrument of acoustics, found in every laboratory, called "siren," enables us to count with mathematical precision the number of vibrations a sonorous body executes per second. If the *la* of the French Grand Opera be selected for the standard, (a *la* of 898 vibrations per second,) nothing would remain to be done but to place the pipe of an organ giving precisely a *la* of 898 vibrations per second in the greenroom of the orchestra of all the theatres and concert rooms. And hereafter the orchestra will no longer be tuned by the hautbois or flute, as is now the rule, but by the *la* organ pipe, and no musician will be allowed to carry his instrument away from the theatre; and any piano, wind instrument or organ offered for sale, which may be tuned above the official tone will be liable to fine; and, lastly, the Government will forbid all composers writing for the Grand, Opera, Opera Comique, Theatre Lyrique and Italian Opera, from using the notes which have destroyed so many fine voices. You see, nothing less than a musical revolution is about to be attempted, if not effected in France.

GAMMA.

A NEW ORLEANS PRIMA DONNA.—We are informed by letter from New York, that Miss Emma Oakley Wilkinson, a native of our city, and daughter of one of our late and prominent merchants, is to make her debut, during the coming year, in New York, in Italian opera. She is at present a pupil of Signorina Spinola, prima donna of the Jullien and Ole Bull opera troupes.

Miss Wilkinson was educated here at M^{me}. Desrayaux' well known academy on Burgundy street, where she was a favorite pupil of that very capable and experienced music master, Mr. Engèle Prévost, leader of the orchestra at the Orleans theatre. We have often heard her sing at the frequent musical examinations given at M^{me}. Desrayaux', and her sweet and powerful mezzo-soprano voice, and cultivated style of singing, even then attracted much attention.

We learn that this young lady intends visiting our city professionally ere going to Europe, where she intends studying in the best schools of art.—*N. O. Picayune.*

Another Opinion on "Lohengrin" in Vienna.

(From the Niederrheinische Musik-Zeitung.)

In the case of new works, which, in accordance with the intention of this author, are meant to effect a reformation, and embody a complete system, to effect which a constant agitation is kept up by an active party, as speedy a production of them as possible, as, indeed, of every other Art-production of any value, is not only an act of justice, since an honourable judgment is due to every honourable aspiration, but it is, at the same time, an act of wisdom, because, through the ready production of a work of this description, the deceptive nimbus, which surrounds everything system actually kept from us, disappears of its own accord. In the domain of Art, just as in that of religion or politics, persecution assists pretended as well as real error, while the freedom of regular propagation and undisturbed investigation causes everything to appear in its true light.

Following out this principle, we have advocated, when addressing all our musical institutions, the production of new works generally, even when we did not agree with the artistic tendencies of their composers. The principal consideration will always be to act justly towards every vital effort, without making any exception on account of the special form under which that effort may be

exhibited. But if this first duty is fulfilled towards the composers of the present day, we must be allowed the greatest freedom in judging their efforts, and we must sternly defend those healthy principles, on which every work of Art, if it deserves the name, must be unconditionally based.

Regarded in this light, the production of Wagner's *Lohengrin*, at the Imperial Operahouse, Vienna, strikes us as a very significant and satisfactory event, not as being a victory achieved by the so-called "Music of the Future," but as a first guarantee of, at least, a partial change in the system pursued at our Imperial Operahouse, where, it would seem, the repugnance hitherto evinced for everything new and unusual has, at last, given way to a reasonable mode of looking at matters of Art.

The divided and partially brilliant success of the first representation of *Lohengrin*, on the 19th August, has been unanimously acknowledged by all the Viennese critics, competent and not competent.

What a welcome opportunity for the organs of the Weimar-Leipzig party to indulge in a "Te Deum landamus!" Vienna, which has hitherto been branded as heretical, will now probably rise in value, that is to say, in the estimation of the above party, and, by the applause it has bestowed on Wagner, have earned the recognition of its right to possess a "Future!" All assertions to the contrary, adverse criticisms, and objections will wisely be passed over in silence by the organs of Wagner's party; the applause bestowed on certain passages will be claimed for the whole work, and the success of the whole work will be claimed for the "Opera of the Future."

But we, who, perhaps, look at the matter with somewhat harmless partiality, and, at all events, are better acquainted with things here than our colleagues in Leipzig and Weimar, can only perceive, if not an intentional deception of the public, at least only a gross piece of self-deception. That *Lohengrin* was produced is a proof of the artistic feeling of the new management, a feeling which, we trust, will be extended not to the "Music of the Future" alone, but to every effort of real talent of the Present. In the fact of the public having readily come forward to welcome this praiseworthy step, we see a new proof of the susceptibility of the Viennese, and their yearning for fresh and better things. With regard, lastly, to the success of *Lohengrin*, we consider it as the merited recognition of Wagner's talent; recognition which he has achieved not through his system, but in spite of it, recognition, therefore, which is in no wise to be attributed to the new operatic system, or to the so-called party of the "Future." We will at once clearly explain ourselves on this point.

(To be continued.)

Madame Bosio in Russia.

(From the Gazette Russe de l'Académie St. Petersburg, Oct. 5, 1858.)

It is truly delightful to hear Madame Bosio sing. Our incomparable prima donna appeared last week, for the first time this season, in Verdi's opera of *Rigoletto*. The part of Gilda was performed by her with that artistic perfection, both vocal and dramatic, so highly appreciated by the exceedingly exacting public of St. Petersburg. We will not speak of the manner in which she was received. The enthusiastic shouts of applause of the audience lasted a quarter of an hour. It was a perfect ovation. She sang as only Madame Bosio and the nightingale can sing.

The public seemed inclined to make her repeat every piece, but was contented with encores the quartet of the last act, where the poor girl's bitter tears and her outraged father's despair are accompanied by the strident laugh of the courtesan, and the joyous song of the seducer.

Madame Bosio made her second appearance in *La Traviata*, one of the favorite operas of the St. Petersburg public. The large theatre was filled to the roof, and there was not the smallest place left unoccupied. The performance resembled a perfect artistic festival, at which all the lovers and amateurs of music, in fact, the cream of the public, had agreed to meet.

Madame Bosio appeared, and the shouts and applause, after lasting twenty minutes, were succeeded by a religious silence. The fair singer appeared as if she wished to surpass herself. Her silvery voice

resounded through the house with indescribable sweetness. Her admirable notes entered the soul and seized hold of the heart. First we had the gay creature, *sventata*, spoilt and mocking, who says, laughingly: "La vita è nel tripudio." Then, when a new sentiment has stolen into her heart, she becomes pensive. "Estraro in cor scolpito loquer accenti; saria per mia sventura un sero amore?" Yes! it is that true and pure love which ennobles and elevates every woman. In vain does she endeavor to subdue this "delirio vano." Her efforts are useless; in vain does she try, in the admirable *cabaletta*, "Sempre libera deggio io," to recover her self-possession. She must accomplish her destiny; she sacrifices everything to her lover, and expires in his arms, exclaiming: "Ah! io ritor-no a vivere!"

Madame Bosio's acting and singing are beyond praise. She has now no rival in all Europe; this is a fact of which we had no opportunity of convincing ourselves last year, when we visited the principal theatres on both sides of the Appenines. In Italy, there was nothing but mediocrity; one lady is past her prime, and the other puffs away like an old clarinet. Miolan-Carvalho, Nautier-Didié, and even Piccolomini, who is so celebrated, are but poor singers compared with Madame Bosio, who is the queen of contemporary cantatrices.

Calzolari is quite worthy of singing with her. The performance was a complete success, and every person present left the theatre with that sort of sweet impression which men remember for a long period, especially if fate compels them to quit the capital and banishes them to the extremity of some distant province.

A NEW MUSICAL INSTRUMENT.—Some time ago the director of the Conservatoire appointed a commission to examine into the merits of a new instrument, called the Baryton. The members of the commission, M^{ms}. Auber, Halévy, Panzeron, and Meifred, expressed high satisfaction with the invention, which was by M. Lacomme du Harve. The Baryton is an instrument of the violin tribe, midway in size and compass between the viola and the violoncello. Its four strings are tuned octaves to the corresponding strings of the violin; and its compass is thus lower by a fourth than the viola, higher by a fifth than the violoncello. It is held and played like the latter instrument, so that the violoncello performers can easily play upon it. Its tone has a special *timbre*, which strikes the ear, and is perfectly distinct from that of the viola or the violoncello; and thus (said the reporters) instrumental music has acquired a new organ, which, in the quintet and the quartet, will vary the effects and add a new speaker to the dialogue of instruments. It is evident, too, from what was said, that to the violoncellist it will be an addition to his own instrument; for, from its being struck exactly an octave below the violin, it will throw open to the player all the beautiful music, written for the piano-forte and violin, by Mozart, Beethoven, Weber, and other great masters.

[What has become of this new invention?—Ed.]

A Paris correspondent of the *Transcript* relates the following anecdote of M^{me}. CABEL, of the Opera Comique. It occurred at the little town of Le Mans, where she had gone to sing at a charity concert. There is no mistake, it seems, about that Cabel:

Shortly after she had alighted at the hotel, she saw an elderly gentleman carried into a room adjoining that which she occupied, and who had just been seized with a violent nervous attack. After she had recovered from the emotion caused by the sight, M^{me}. Cabel turned her thoughts to the object of her visit to Le Mans, and began practising the pieces which she was to sing the next morning at a public concert. When she had gone over them once or twice, some one knocked at her door. It was the chambermaid of the hotel, who came to say that her singing had produced the most singular effect on the sick person, and that the medical man began to hope that music would produce a cure. M^{me}. Cabel, on hearing this, did not hesitate a moment, and, notwithstanding the fatigue of her journey, continued singing for a part of the night to alleviate the sufferings of the temporary neighbor. Not content with this, on her day after, having sung at the concert, she returned and sang for the sick man five or six times as much as she had done before the public.

Musical Correspondence.

NEW YORK, NOV. 29.—The opera season is approaching its termination. The production of Mozart's *Nozze di Figaro* was moderately successful, but the work has created no sensation. How anybody

can place it by the side of *Don Giovanni* is perfectly incredible. It is, however, replete with beautiful, flowing melodies, and is pleasing and interesting, if only from its quaintness, and its illustrious composer. FORMES has a capital part as Figaro, and PICCOLOMINI and GIUONI sing a sweet duet that is nightly encored—or was for the two nights the opera was given. *Robert le Diable* has also been given twice, GAZZANIGA being really sublime in the last act. Piccolomini will go to Philadelphia this week to sing with Strakosch's troupe, and she will return to New York in time for her benefit, which takes place Monday next. Mlle. POINSOT appears this week in the *Huguenots*.

MESSRS MASON and THOMAS commenced last Tuesday a series of classical *matinées*, the chief feature of which was Mr. Thomas's fine performance of a *Chaconne*, by Bach—a very difficult piece, and the performance reflected great credit upon this studious and careful young violinist. Mr. Thomas is now considered one of the very best violin players in the city, and deserves his reputation.

The Mendelssohn Union repeat this week their performance of "St. Paul." The Harmonic Society will give us the "Messiah" on Christmas night.

ARTHUR NAPOLEON, a boy of fifteen, is the greatest, the most astonishing pianist we have in New York. He has already given one concert, and will give others. His style is more like Gottschalk's than that of any other pianist that has been here, and he plays with true feeling as well as surpassing execution. We are over-run with pianists—MASON, NAPOLEON, GOLDBECK, and Mesdames GRAEVER—JOHNSON and ABEL, (a new arrival) all threaten us with piano-forte recitals.

Taking up a newspaper a short time since, I read an item headed "Tragic occurrence in Milan," and as it relates to musical people whose talents have afforded me great enjoyment, I make note of it here.

For the last year or so, the sisters FERNI, two young girls, each an accomplished violinist, have been travelling around the cities of Italy, giving concerts, which were always successful. I had the pleasure of hearing them at *La Pergola*, Florence, where they performed some of their duets, between the acts of the opera, and the enthusiasm they created quite eclipsed that aroused by the prima donna of the evening. The girls are modest and intellectual in appearance—they are blondes, and though attractive possess none of that traditional beauty of Italian women; they look rather like a couple of English young ladies. The speciality of their performance is their duet-playing, which I have never heard surpassed, though they also appear as soloists, and their popularity is very great all over Italy. It now appears that some two years ago "a young and rich Sicilian fell in love with one of these sisters, and one day asked their father whether he would give his daughter to a young man possessing an income of 20,000 fr. a year. Ferni replied that he would do so with pleasure, provided the suitor obtained her consent. The young man went away without saying anything further, but a short time ago Ferni received a letter from him, asking him whether he was still of the same mind. This letter remained unanswered; Ferni repaired to Milan with his two daughters to give concerts at *La Scala*; but they had not been long there when the Sicilian called upon them at the Hotel della Bella Venesia, and repeated his suit.

"Mlle. VIRGINIA, who was the object of his passion, told him frankly that she was resolved not to marry. "Is that your fixed resolution?" asked the Sicilian. "It is," replied the young lady; on which the Sicilian rose, cast three letters into Virginia's lap and then stabbed himself with a poignard. The consternation of the Ferni family may be imagined; surgical aid was instantly procured, but there are no hopes of saving the young man's life. One of the letters, above-mentioned, was addressed to the police

of Milan, informing it of his intention to commit suicide, in order to prevent any suspicion of murder; the second contained his will, leaving half his fortune to Virginia, and the other half to one of the public institutions of Naples; the third letter was addressed to his mother, announcing that he could no longer live without her he loved." Should the frantic lover survive, it is probable he will after all obtain the lady's hand, for few ladies could withstand such a proof of disinterested, though rather silly, devotedness.

TROVATOR.

PHILADELPHIA, NOV. 23. — After three successful representations of *Martha*, and a grand miscellaneous concert for the sanctimoniously straight-laced, at the Musical Fund Hall, last week, the town has gone Gazzaniga-mad. The ovation which greeted Napoleon Bonaparte at the Tuilleries, upon his return from Elba, could scarcely have been more enthusiastic than the reception extended, last night, to GAZZANIGA, when she made her first obeisance before her legion of adorers, since her voluntary exile to the small island of Manhattan. The American success of this intensely dramatic vocalist has been of Philadelphia creation. Unheralded, unpuffed, and unknown, dropped she in upon us two years ago, at the completion of our noble Academy; and when her name appeared amid the list of daily arrivals at the Girard House,—*Mad. Gazzaniga de Malespina*—the city was by no means convulsed to its centre. Then, when she had thoroughly recruited from the fatigues of a protracted voyage, the first rehearsal took place, in the presence of a chosen circle of critics, and on the following day the accredited reviewers of the daily papers laid before the half-million population their first impressions of the new cantatrice. The majority of these Doctors spoke guardedly, and disagreed to a remarkable extent. Conscious of their inability to criticize a new candidate by the just criterions of Art, they hesitated and faltered, for fear of compromising themselves eventually. Only two of the journals wrote unhesitatingly, and claimed for her in advance the position as a dramatic singer which she now holds; I allude to the *Evening Bulletin*, and if I err not, the *Pennsylvanian*, which at that time comprised in its editorial corps a highly accomplished musician, Mr. Albert G. Emerick. Soon thereafter followed the grand opening night,—the inauguration of the Academy for operatic purposes.

Circumstances, it cannot be denied, of the most propitious nature surrounded the debut of Gazzaniga in this country. Like Spurgeon, the famous divine, whose talents were first placed strikingly before the English public by dint of his privilege to preach at the newly built and just opened Exeter Hall, in advance of all other public speakers, so Gazzaniga at the Philadelphia Academy. But for the eclat attending the completion of this magnificent temple, and the pride which, on its account, swelled the bosom of every Philadelphian from that blasé individual, the oldest inhabitant, downward, the peerless G. might never have howed before even a corporal's guard. As it was, however, five thousand elegantly attired persons waited breathlessly for the rising of the curtain on that night. The Opera was Verdi's *Trovatore*, and in it the subject under present notice "came, saw, and conquered." She swept the stage with all the intensely dramatic energy of a Rachel, and sang,—well, she sang just sufficiently well to manoeuvre her sympathetic voice to the enhancing of her splendid histrionic abilities. From that time onward, Gazzaniga made a footstool of the Philadelphia public. Thousands hung breathlessly upon her slightest movements, during the entire brilliant season which followed. What though she took the most unwarrantable liberties with the time, metamorphosing positive allegro movements into languishing *ad libitum* passages; what though she transports soaring cavatinas into a lower-world contralto compass;—the

many headed public for the most part sat in blissful ignorance thereof, and those few who did know it, cared not a tinker's excretion about it, so long as they wept with her in *Traviata*, or thrilled with horror at the flashing of her eyes in *Lucrezia*.

In view of all these things, little wonder then that, despite the merciless storm of last night, Gazzaniga should have excited a tumultuous furore. When, after the introductory chorus, and the solo of Orsini, the gondola, freighted with the hateful Borgia, slowly glided into view, the assembled thousands greeted their adored Prima Donna with a prolonged round of applause, which I have rarely heard equalled, and which so thrilled the recipient with affecting emotions, as to suffuse her eyes with tears. Then at the end of the first act, when BRIGNOLI led her before the curtain, the waves of popular enthusiasm surged higher than ever, and hundreds arose from their seats to pay homage to her, standing. Bouquets of the most expensive texture, (and *bona fide*, this time) fell in showers upon the stage; sufficient to have filled a donkey-cart, and plenty to spare for chorus, orchestra, &c. Old men stood up on tottering knees, and stamped their canes, until their silvery hairs vibrated again: and their wives and daughters stood by them, glowing with admiration. Lobby dandies clapped, until their kids ripped into dangerous rents, and the corns on their feet grew red-hot from stamping in pinching patent-leathers. Little Letherhead, whom I introduced to you in a former letter, and who picks his teeth between the acts, standing in the parquette, exclaimed near me: "Hey! Hey! Gathaneegath's the gal for us!"

Let me remark in conclusion, that the Opera passed off tolerably well. Gazzaniga acted the part of *Lucrezia* splendidly, but her voice seemed slightly hoarse. Brignoli sang well; Amodio, tolerably; chorus and orchestra, as usual, badly. MANRICO.

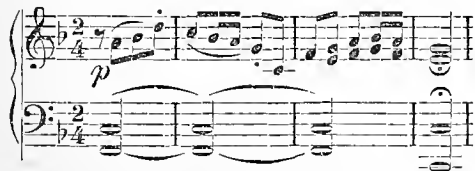
HARTFORD, CONN. NOV. 27.—I have no concert to write about this time, excepting the one of the KATE DEAN troupe, which was about to be given when I last wrote, and which turned out to be a fine success. I do not know when I have been so much pleased with a company of concert-givers as I was with them—not only in their performances, but in their whole deportment. They had a most enthusiastic reception here, and gained a heap of friends. I trust that should they ever visit Boston, for the purpose of giving a concert, they may be greeted with a large audience. Somebody told me yesterday that Mrs. E(A)STCOTT and SQUIRES were to give a concert this week. I hope it is so. They were fine singers before they went to Italy—they should be far better now that they have returned. I am sure they will draw a good house if they do come. Thus we hail everything in the musical horizon with delight, from this isolated spot,—waiting patiently to be transported.

Oh ye that live in the great pent-up cities of New York, Boston and Philadelphia, that breathe the whole winter long the delicious atmosphere of fine and classical music,—that swallow during the season a heap of splendid Beethoven Symphonies, stacks of magnificent operas—spiced with Piccolominis, Gazzanigas, &c., &c., what think ye of us poor dogs, who are content to partake of the musical crumbs which fall from your tables,—hearing now and then a great performer of note(s)—hardly daring to criticize on our "own hook," but thinking just what the "New York papers" say must be true,—although some one having the audacity, may put out his head and publicly state, that "the singer has a fine voice, but it needs cultivation!" (How harrowing to an artist's feelings.) I say; what do you think of us—of our few opportunities of listening to good music? *Sans* oratorios, *sans* operas, *sans* symphonies, *sans* string-quintets or quartets, *sans* anything,—a wonder that we have even a slight taste for the refined and beautiful in music.

Music, music everywhere,
And not a note to hear.

And there you sit, Mr. Editor, and tell us country readers, with the most vexing complacency, in your "chit-chat," how you are on tip-toe at PICCOLINI's advent in Boston; of the splendid operas which are to be given, &c., &c.! and how Carl Zerrahn has completed his orchestral arrangement for his series of Symphony Concerts; and then nearly drive us mad by coolly informing us that the "PASTORAL SYMPHONY" would be brought out at the first concert! Oh the delightful sensation of being in the country!—"Erwachen heiterer Empfindungen bei der Ankunft auf dem Lande." Vide the 1st movement:

All. ma non troppo.



Since writing the foregoing, "something has turned up," and I hasten to give you the important information that Hartford has been blessed with an opera,—not a full-fledged Academy-of-Music one, but a twenty-by-nine opera (somewhere near the dimension of the stage at Tourro Hall,) given by the LUCY EASTCOTT troupe. To be sure, the "orchestra" was only in keeping with the stage, for it consisted of Mr. JAMES G. MAEDER, who acted as conductor and orchestra combined—playing the accompaniments on a fine-toned "Hallett and Davis Grand." Still the performance was evidently quite pleasing. All ideas of a curtain were dropped; and scene-shifters, prompters, call-boys, choruses and chorus masters, &c., were entirely done away with, as being totally unnecessary in the existing exigencies of the representation. The whole thing, excepting the admission, was "free, open and above ground." The opera, the first evening, was Wallace's "Maritana," produced in full costume by Mrs. Estcott, Miss Heywood, Messrs. Squires, Durand and Bowler. Of course it was not fully brought out, and might be more appropriately called, on the occasion, a "drawing-room opera;" but it gave a few of our citizens an idea of what an "opera" is, and therefore, did all that it was intended to do.

I was a good deal disappointed in Mrs. ESTCOTT's voice,—(why doesn't she spell her name as she used to with an "a" in the first syllable?)—most of her tones, in the middle register, being quite husky and unpleasant. Her execution, however, was brilliant and florid. Miss HEYWOOD has a very rich contralto voice, but is an inferior actress. Mr. HENRY SQUIRES must have had a most shocking bad cold, or he has lost the fine organ he possessed before he went to Italy. His performances were unsatisfactory. Of Mr. BOWLER I have nothing to say as regards his singing; he acted creditably. Mr. DURAND has a rich barytone of great power. He sang magnificently. "Sonnambula" was given the second evening, and an act or two of "Lucrezia Borgia" the third. Poor Mr. Maeder put the heroine, Lucrezia into an extremely sorrowful plight just after her "dear son" had expired from the effects of the "pizen," by losing his place and presence of mind just at that critical period, and not being able to recover either of them; and there she stood, with her face deep buried in sorrow and her hands, waiting for the "orchestra" to strike up, that she might sing of her affliction. But the "orchestra" could not find the proper key for her to give vent to her "pheelinks," not even after the "prompter" had sung out from behind the—platform: "E flat minor!" Meantime, all that was mortal of her son "Elvino" had quietly "departed and went;" and peeping out from her hands, and seeing no chance for "E flat minor" to come to her assistance, Lucrezia precipitately rushed from the stage, quickly followed by the disconcerted "orchestra!" You may well imagine the effect upon the audience of such a *denouement*.

Upon the whole, we have to thank Mrs. Estcott for giving us so good a taste of opera in Hartford, but if she visits us again, we would much rather hear her in a straight out-and-out concert.

A new music association, called the "BEETHOVEN SOCIETY" has lately been organized here, with Prof. E. G. DAVES, of Trinity College, as President; Mr. JAMES G. BARNETT, as conductor; Mr. GEORGE WHITING, organist; Mr. F. C. STERNBERG, pianist; and W. H. D. CALLENDER, Esq., Treasurer. I trust it will be a permanent thing. We have musical talent enough, if that's all, to ensure its success.

H.

BERLIN, Nov. 8. — Dear Dwight, — Among the constant attendants at all the best concerts here is a gentleman from Baltimore, who, for the second time (the third?) has come over just to spend the winter in this city and hear the music. When spring comes and the season is over, he steps aboard a steamship and returns home.

Another is an old friend of yours — who, by the way, complains of your long silence — a pioneer in the good cause of chamber music and the Music Hall in Boston, who is also here, with his family, for the music. He tells me that he can live cheaper in the very excellent hotel, where he is, than in his own house in Boston. Now why should there not be fifty just such cases from the musical circles of our cities? People come over in crowds every year to Paris, Florence, and Rome, to spend the winter in the indulgence of their peculiar tastes, at a far greater expense, if I am correctly informed, than it would be for the lover of music to come here and gratify his. You see I go upon the assumption that Berlin is for music what Paris is for fashion, and Florence and Rome are for painting and sculpture. I will show you that it is so. During the last three weeks — in which I have been prevented from writing to you by the Boston Library business — the musical season has fairly opened, and that, too, most richly. Let me take things somewhat in order.

Opera. — Your regular Berlin correspondent has at times complained of want of enterprise on the part of the directors, for continually reproducing so many of the old operas. This is very natural for a man whose home is here, and to whom such works have been familiar from childhood. But for us, who have never seen any opera adequately put upon the stage, even the most flimsy work of the weakest school, and whose whole experience is confined to a range of some dozen or fourteen, the fact that the Berlin Opera gives us standard works of all schools, all produced with equal care, even to the smallest details, is just that which renders it for an American the most interesting and valuable operatic institution in the world. The directors, it seems to me, are wise in this, as the crowd of strangers, which one always sees at the performance of a standard work, shows. To show how catholic the direction is in this regard, and what an opportunity it gives us to compare schools and styles, see this list of performances during the last few weeks.

Oct. 5. Sophie Catherina; Flotow.

" 7. Zauberflöte; Mozart.

" 8. Lucrezia Borgia; Donizetti.

" 10. Macbeth, by Taubert; which, I am told, contains much really fine music, and is a success, for which I am heartily glad, tho Kapellmeister's efforts hitherto not having been successful with the public. I have not heard it.

" 12. Martha; Flotow.

" 15. Vestal; Spontini. (Magnificent!)

" 19. Figaro's Marriage; Mozart.

" 21. Robert the Devil; Meyerbeer.

" 24. Don Juan; Mozart.

" 26. Merry Wives of Windsor; Otto Nicolai.

" 28. Tell; Rossini.

" 29. Belmont and Constanza; Mozart.

" 31. Merry Wives of Windsor.

Nov. 2. Troubadour; Verdi.

" 4. Barber of Seville; Rossini.

" 5. Tannhäuser; Wagner.

" 7. Masaniello; Auber.

How does it strike you? The trouble is that it is a superfluity of richness; one is so often in doubt whether to go to opera or a concert. Three or four times a week, on off nights, a new ballet, "Flick and Flock's Adventures," which is having an immense success, has been given all this time and seems likely to last the winter.

Out at Kroll's a company from Königsberg, which has a delightful soprano, has for many weeks been giving a series of light operas, many of them being translations of the favorite works of Auber, Mehul, and others of the French school, to full houses.

Oratorio. — The usual series of three concerts by the Singakademie offers Handel's "Joshua," Bach's great Mass in B minor, and Haydn's "Seasons." The first of these has been given, and caused me great delight, both by the excellent chorus singing and by the opportunity afforded of enlarging my acquaintance with Handel, of whom the work, though not a "Samson," or a "Messiah," is worthy. The Society has no organ, and as additional parts were not added for the orchestra (Liebig's), at times the accompaniments were thin. Handel always made up for the small extent of the orchestra of his time by playing the organ — and where this instrument is not at hand there is a necessity of adding modern wind instruments, or we do not get his full idea.

Besides the regular series, the Akademie announce an extra concert, at which Bach's "Gottes Zeit ist die allerbeste Zeit," and Cherubini's *Requiem* will be sung.

The Schneider Singing Society has given Mendelssohn's "St. Paul" in the Garrison church, and now advertises "The Resurrection of Lazarus," as I am told; the advertisement has not yet appeared in my paper.

I am sorry to see that Stern advertises as yet no oratorios by his singing society, for from no other source have we any hope of hearing Beethoven's great Mass in D, and Ninth Symphony entire. The Society gave on Saturday evening a private concert in honor of Mendelssohn, singing the *Lobgesang*, but no ticket was sent me, and none were for sale; of course I did not hear it.

The Dom-chor, that extraordinary choir of men and boys, announce their series of three concerts, at which one has opportunity of hearing the works of the older Italian masters, Palestrina, Lotti, Allegri and the like, — works of which you will soon have correct copies in the Public Library — thanks to the wisdom of the directors.

Three or four years since I wrote you much and very eulogistically of the fine mixed concerts, arranged and conducted by that enterprising man, STERN, in which orchestral, vocal, and virtuoso music were so admirably mingled. These we shall miss this winter, but as a substitute to some degree, a series of three, of which two have already been given, has been brought to performance by ROBERT RADECKE. The first of these had the following excellent programme;

Overture to *Meeresstille*, by Mendelssohn.

Concerto for Pianoforte, Violin, and Violoncello with orchestra, Op. 56, by Beethoven.

LAUB played the violin, GRÜTZMACHER, of Leipzig, the 'cello, RADECKE the pianoforte, and LIENIO's orchestra the accompaniment. Of the work it is sufficient to say it was by Beethoven. The solo playing was of the very first order. I hope hereafter to make you better acquainted with Laub and Grützacher; of Radecke I will say now that he is a young man, I should judge not yet thirty; a Silesian by birth; received his musical education at Leipzig, passing his examination in 1850, and being in 1852-3, for one year, at the head of the music of the Leipzig theatre, after which he came and settled here. When I

was here three winters since, he gave with Grunwald, a young violinist, a series of concerts of chamber music which I did not hear.

What he is as a musician, the following extraordinary fact will give an idea. At the *Prüfung* of the Conservatorium of Leipzig, in October, 1850, Radecke, in one evening, played the solo parts in Schumann's pianoforte, and Mendelssohn's violin concertos, and then directed the performance of a symphony of his own! Since his residence in Berlin, Kapellmeister has produced another by him at the great Sinfonie Soirées. There is a probability that you will yet know the name of Robert Radecke better. But I am far away from my concert!

The third number on the programme was an air by Bach, sung by Herr SANNATH, a noble bass of the Dom-chor, with obligato violin, played admirably by Laub—who is indeed one of the great violinists. After this followed a virtuoso performance on the violoncello with orchestra by Grützmacher. I think him the finest 'cellist I ever heard.

The second part of the concert was occupied by a cantata—"dramatic poem"—after Ossian, for solo, chorus and orchestra, composed by—as a matter of course almost—by Gade. The argument, as printed in the text book, is as follows: Comala, the daughter of Sarno, king of Innistore, so goes the legend, had conceived a consuming passion for Fingal, king of Morven. Fingal returned her love, and Comala, disguised as a warrior, followed him in an expedition against Caracul, king of Lochlin. On the day of the battle, Fingal parted from Comala, left her upon the mountain behind, whence she could behold the battle, and promised in the evening, after the victory, to return to her. Comala waited with gloomy foreboding the return of Fingal; the storm arose and swept around the mountain, and upon it rode the ghosts of former generations, on their way to the battle-field to lead the souls of the slain to their new abode; she mistakes the purport of their appearance, and supposes the battle lost and Fingal slain. The shock is too great and she dies. But Fingal had conquered, and when evening came, returned amid songs of triumph from his warriors; but the victors were met by the damsels of Comala singing lamentations over the death of the beloved one. In sadness and sorrow the king called upon the bards to praise her in their songs, and the choruses of the virgins and bards went with the soul of the deceased to the home of her fathers.

I liked it very much, and should the project ever be fulfilled of giving a series of united orchestral and vocal concerts in Boston, I should expect to hear this. There is great opportunity for orchestral painting, which Gade has well taken advantage of. The effect of the whole is somewhat sad, but one hears it and feels the charm of the old Ossian passion, which at some period of our literary lives we have almost all passed through.

Radecke's second concert was given last Friday evening, and was one of very high interest. Three numbers were new on the programme to nearly the entire audience, and the other as good as new. The three were, 1st. The Serenade composed in 1780, for 2 oboes, 2 clarinets, 2 bass horns, 2 bassoons, 4 horns, violoncello and contrabass—a delicious work and finely played by members of Liebig's band. 2d. "*An die ferne Geliebte*," a set of six songs which belong together, and are expressive of varied emotion—a work full of feeling, and very well sung by Herr SCHNEIDER, who has lately played in several performances of the opera-house. CLARA SCHUMANN played the accompaniment. 3d. Symphony No. 2, in C, by Schumann—on the whole, the most interesting symphony I have heard from him—and one which many who hear it, call one of the very richest works since Beethoven. The other—good as new—was Mendelssohn's Concerto in G minor, for piano forte and orchestra, the solo played by Clara Schu-

mann. Quite a delegation of Americans was present and all agreed as to the perfection of the performance. For my part, her playing on the whole gives me more real musical enjoyment than that of any other pianist I have heard. Our friend A, referred to above, thinks the same, and he, you know, is a better judge than I. The enthusiasm with which I wrote of her three years ago in your paper, was not misplaced. Could you but make it pay her to visit Boston!

A. W. T.

Dwight's Journal of Music.

BOSTON, DEC. 4, 1858.

MUSIC IN THIS NUMBER.—Continuation of the Cantata: "Miriam's Song of Triumph," by FRANZ SCHUBERT.

What is "Classical" Music?

II.

We endeavored a few weeks since (see Journal of Nov. 13) to break ground a little towards furnishing an answer to this question. We own to having made but little progress. The further one proceeds, the clearer it becomes that such a question defies definite solution; that there is an essential vagueness in the phrase "Classical Music," by which even the most intelligent use of it is not entirely unencumbered. Be it understood, however, that our task is not to show what music should and what should not be accounted classical; nor what *ought* to be meant by "Classical Music"; but simply to define, if possible, what *is* meant; to note the various uses of the term in common parlance, and try to drag to light the notions and distinctions more or less implied or latent in the various applications of the word.

We hear "classical" music opposed to "light" music, as if it were a thing more solid, serious, earnest, of deeper import, dealing with greater subjects, stirring deeper feelings, taxing higher powers of appreciation, than the mere music of an hour's amusement, the waltzes, polkas, variations, trifling or weakly sentimental songs, light operas, &c. So it is, for the most part, but not invariably; for many operas, which are light in subject, in dramatic contents, are yet classical by virtue of the genius, the imaginative faculty, the exquisite beauty and consummate mastery of Art evinced in them; such, for instance, as the "*Marriage of Figaro*," the "*Barber of Seville*," and other *jeux d'esprit* by masters so superior that every thing they do acquires a certain odor of this same classicality. And is not the lightest, playfullest Scherzo in a Beethoven Symphony as classical as any part of it?

Again, we hear classical opposed to *popular* music, as if it were something not meant for the many, but for the few—for cultivated tastes—for "the appreciative"—for those in whose life-plan music holds so serious a place that they have deemed it worth their while to *learn* to love what there is best in it, and not remain content with what is easiest, or what it is the fashion of the day to like and be amused with. For the most part it is so. And yet much of the most learned, complex and artistic music;—much that does not cease to be a study with the earnest music-lover and musician while he lives, is also popular, inspiring and delightful to the masses, when given a fair hearing. What shall we say of Handel's "Messiah," of the 12th Mass of Mozart, of the "Creation" by Haydn, of the opera "Don

Juan," where it has once got tolerably well known, and does not suffer in the representation? Nay, even the C minor Symphony, played by a noble orchestra, has held the largest audience breathless with delight, exalted above common life, above themselves, as certainly as standing face to face with the great mountains or Niagara. Many a time it needs no learning to appreciate the beautiful and grand results of learning. What the scholar alone can write, if it be true, if there be *life* in it, we all of us can feel. And so of much of this fine music, which we hear coupled with the bugbear epithet of "classical"; give it a fair chance, offer a fair exposure to its sunshine, and all of us, who have a sense and soul for music, whether we understand it learnedly or not, are pretty sure to feel its warmth, and find it "meets our case" by rendering back to us a portion of our best life, that daily ebbs away amid the sands and shoals of miserable routine.

"Classical" music in the sense of *learned*, elaborately complex, highly artificial, as opposed to *simple*; of *pedantic*, as opposed to *natural*, spontaneous, captivating; of music in certain *forms*, cast in certain moulds, or woven into certain textures, as the contrapuntal and fugue structure in choral or concerted pieces, organ music, &c., and the Sonata or Symphony form in instrumental composition, as opposed to the *free fantasia* style, so common in these days of *virtuoso* exhibition, scarcely recognizing any principle of form; and finally in the sense of *old*, time-sanctioned, as opposed to modern, has already been considered. Perhaps if we consider what has made the music that is old "still live," what has made the fugues and the Sonatas that are so learned and so difficult, and so beyond the comprehension of the many, still the more valued the more truly musical one's taste becomes, we shall get at the essential meaning and intention of the term "classical," as used in all of the above senses. Meanwhile, before summing up, we venture to recall some hints upon this topic written by us a long time ago.

In Music the "classics," the cherished models and text-books of the classes, are of comparatively modern date. Yet music, like literature, has its classics, its established models of form and method in the art of composition. It finds them in those brave, inspired old geniuses, in whose hands the rude music of nature gradually grew into the wonderful forms of the music of Art: the men, whose musical creations were a practical unfolding of the germs of music, according to their innate divine laws of proportion, combination, harmony, into full and perfect forms of Art. In them natural music became scientific, learned; that is, in their works we find the *principles*, the eternal laws of music best illustrated. It is no longer a vague, wild, æolian harp-like phenomenon, floating about the world in mysterious snatches of melody; but its principle of order has been found and logically developed; and now a piece of music is a connected discourse, in which a melodic theme is unfolded, treated, brought into relation with kindred themes, and woven as a *motive* or primitive fibre into a complex organic texture. Those who first did this (working of course in an ascending series of greater and greater successes, from Orlando Lasso, through Palestrina, through Bach and Handel, up to Mozart and Beethoven) of course wrought earnestly. They had got hold of the genuine thing.

Mere fashions, weak aspirations after novelties and specious effects, had no part, or at least a very small part in their labors. Hence they could always be appealed to as genuine: *Das ist das wahre!* (that is the true thing!) said Beethoven of Handel. And all the more modern music, however various in form and spirit, however antic and fantastic in its attempts at novelty, even to the Paganinis and De Meyers, rests on this classic ground-work of culture. To make musicians, the works of the great contrapuntists must be studied. Counterpoint—*Punctum contra punctum*, point against point,—is the derivation of the word. It describes a composition in several parts or voices, note answering to note, each part having its distinct individual movement, yet all together intertwined into a beautiful, complex, harmonious whole. Canon and Fugue followed by the logical necessity of things; for this very logic of nature is itself a fugue; and the fugue principle, variously modified and more or less distinct, runs through all nature and all Art. Fugue is the form of free, harmonious motion, type of the infinite everywhere in the finite; set water in motion and you have wave chasing wave, which is a fugue. These old masters got hold of this principle of nature and wrought it out gloriously into their works, their fugues and choruses, their masses and oratorios, their sonatas and symphonies.

Those of them who adhered most strictly to the principle, and were least drawn off by tempting fashions and popularities of the day, naturally became the classic models for musical students—Palestrina, Bach and Handel especially so.

Now some are narrow and pedantic enough to limit the term classical to these, and to think nothing sound which wanders far from them. They forget that genuine Art must have two attributes; one is learning, but the other is inspiration, genius; one may be acquired, the other cannot. Bach, and Handel, and the later names whom we call classical, were all men of genius; if they have all met in certain common principles of Art, because all so profoundly true to nature, which is one in all its infinite variety, still they have each wrought from a decided individuality of genius. Mere imitation of their form and manner cannot make one classical; for what makes the models themselves classical, is that they imitated no one, but sought the real laws of Art, whether in the labors of their predecessors and masters, or in new experiments of their own. They made nature, Art, the soul, God, their master.

This element of genius admitted, together with the perpetual change of circumstances, local and historical, and we see that the term "classical," to preserve any good and worthy meaning, must constantly extend its arms and take in wider and wider varieties. It is absurd to limit it to a certain number of old masters, and to later copyists of them. Thus we approximate by a negative process to a clear and sensible use of the term.

Musical Libraries.

Dear Dwight.—The experience which I had as a sort of under-librarian, with the late Dr. Harris, at Cambridge, together with the observations I have made in, and what I have learned from various sources of the great libraries of Europe—all this has impressed me with the conviction that the two greatest objects of a public library are: the collection of books which are too costly for private persons to own,

and the preservation of such as are not worth owning by a private person. There are so many, many books, which once in half a century for some one person have an immense value, and through him for the public, but which are not otherwise worth the room they would occupy on the shelf, that I consider among the best institutions of Utopia—when that land shall at last be discovered, that which has for its object the preservation of worthless books. Hence I wish devoutly to see somewhere preserved (in our own line) a complete collection of all the collections of psalmody, which, like leaves of autumn, are continually falling.

But more important for us is it, that some public library should have a collection of the old classics upon the theory, history, and practice of music. No private person with us can well afford to own them, nor are there many who would find much inducement to use them—but here and there one will appear whose tastes and studies will lead him to make such a use of them as shall make them of public advantage.

As a matter of personal profit all that tends to awaken and increase the public interest in music is of advantage to the practical musician. The writer upon music creates a demand for the composer and performer; the latter opens a way for the writer—all are equally interested in having a good musical library in the city.

The conductors of the Public Library in Boston have made quite a handsome appropriation for the basis of a musical collection, but in the multitude of branches of learning, literature, and art, which they must see to it are represented in this collection, the means fail for an extensive expenditure at once. A comparatively small sum annually will add the more modern music and musical books to those they already have. But unless the rare opportunities can be embraced, when old collections happen to come up, no money or pains will enable us to acquire the ancient classics. Such I call the Italian and German writers—nay, the English also—of the period from 1475 to 1725. Since 1845 I have examined London Antiquarian catalogues for certain works on music in vain.

Just now there is a collection for sale in this city, of which, I am sorry to say, the possessor knows the value, and his prices will be for many of the numbers high. But the great libraries of London, Edinburgh, Paris, and several of the German princes want many of the books, and will pay immense prices for single ones. The opportunity of purchasing many of them—old Italian, Latin, and German works, such as occasionally are of the highest value to the student, but not directly of use to the public—is the first I have known since I began to interest myself in this matter. Now is there any way in which the musicians of Boston can be brought to see that it is for their interest in the long run to have such a basis for a musical library? If so, why can they not arrange a concert to raise funds for its purchase, and establish an annual concert for the increase of the collection? In Europe government collects pictures, statuary, books, everything that the people can ask as a means of studying science, history and Art. In our country almost all must be done by the voluntary act of the people. Can the musical people be depended upon to do anything for their Art? I have good reason to think that a handsome offer for the whole would not be refused. One library only needs the whole.

Berlin, Nov. 9, 1858.

A. W. T.

Musical Chit-Chat.

A tribute to the memory of the late JOHN LANGE, one of our best musicians, and very highly esteemed as a teacher and as a man, who died Nov. 8, in this city, shall appear in our next.

OPERA! The Opera is coming. The great ULLMAN TROUPE, with PICCOLOMINI, and LABORDE and POINSET and GIUONI,—with FORMES, BRIGNOLI, FLORENZA, and other tenors, baritones and basses,—with an orchestra of from forty to fifty instruments, according to the requirements of the piece,—with the same large and well-trained chorus as in New York,—with a repertoire including all the famous operas there given,—and with most *piquant* fashionable prices, which we suppose everybody will be fashionable enough to pay, by way of "treating

resolution" after valiantly confessing poverty and not subscribing to cheap orchestral and other concerts;—for all this the manager pledges himself in his grand manifesto in our advertising columns, omitting however, some of its gems of eloquence which will be found in the daily newspapers. Next Wednesday is the opening night, the first of the "Piccolomini nights," when the fascinating little Countess will appear in *La Traviata*. On Friday we plunge into the thick of the business with the grand opera, the "Huguenots," for the first time in Boston, when the three other prime donne will appear, with FORMES in his great part of Marcel. Of course we shall have the "Marriage of Figaro" and "Don Giovanni," and "Robert le Diable," and more famous things as long as purses shall hold out. We believe there never has been in this country such an operatic success as that of this same company this past month in New York. . . . CARL ZERRAHN commences his rehearsals this week, and we suppose the evening of the first Orchestral Concert will soon be announced. . . . Dropping in at the Museum the other evening to see a portion of the new and brilliant spectacle of "Sinbad the Sailor," we were struck by the originality and beauty of much of the music, composed for it by Mr. EICHENBERG, the conductor, who gives some exquisite violin solo passages in the course of a moving panorama.

CARL MOZART, the second and only surviving son of the great Mozart, died at Milan, on the 30th of October, in his 80th year. He left the bulk of his property to a religious society, after distributing valuable mementoes among his friends, and providing almost munificently for the future comfort of a faithful servant. For the last forty representations of "The Marriage of Figaro" in Paris, he had received the sum of 8,000 francs. . . . VERDI is at Naples, directing in person the rehearsals of his opera, *Simon Boccanegra*. . . . The foreign papers are not yet weary of reporting or of manufacturing ROSSINI anecdotes and bonmots; among the latest this is good enough, whether it be true or not. The composer, being asked by a friend why he never went to any lyrical theatre, gave, amongst other reasons, the following: "I am embarrassed," said he, "at listening to music with Frenchmen; in Italy or Germany I am sitting in the pit, and on either side of me is a man shabbily dressed, but who feels the music as I do; in Paris I have on each side of me a fine gentleman in straw-colored gloves, who explains to me all I feel, but who feels nothing! All he says is very clever indeed, and it is often very true, but it takes the gloss off my own impression—if I happen to have any."

A German paper (the *Regensburger Zeitung*,) speaks in glowing terms of a new musical work by a valued contributor to our Journal, Dr. ZOPFF, of Berlin. We translate a few sentences: "No recent event in the world of Art here has excited such an interest among cultivated people, as the performance of the final scene of Märcker's *Alexandrea*, set to music by Dr. Zopff. Our large and beautiful Arnim's Hall was filled with a rare audience, composed of honored statesmen, artists, and men of science, such as no work has brought together since the days of Mendelssohn. There was our venerable Nestor, Humboldt, with other learned men, attracted by the antique theme and execution of the work; there, two, were Meyerbeer, Grell, Schneider, and other musical celebrities; the leading members of the stage, the diplomatic corps, &c., who also listened nearly three hours with singular attention to the work as performed by our best court opera singers and players. Great as was the impression produced by this work in the concert-room, where it was given as a 'Requiem on the death of a hero,' with the title, 'Funeral solemnities of Alexander the Great,' especially by its large polyphonic features, it is still better suited for scenic representation on the stage; its grand military processions, its dramatic fire, its extremely animated recitative, and dreamy southern melodies make Dr. Zopff's work a highly effective stage piece."

New Music.

(By Russell & Tolman.)

Ave Maria, composed by A. BENDELARI, pp. 5.

The common Latin words of the Catholic prayer to the Virgin, with English version, are here set to music of a chaste, religious character. There is much power and beauty in the melody, with due abstinence from those cheap common-places of Italian opera which singers so delight in. After a few solemn church chords, the words *Ave Maria* are twice intoned slowly in the plain old *canto fermo* style; and then the melody flows forth naturally upon a well-contrived accompaniment. We leave it to the singers to compare it with the *Ave Maria* by Cherubini and by Robert Franz.

The Echo: Waltz for Soprano Voice. A. BENDELARI. pp. 9.

This is the brilliant piece of concert vocalization composed by Sig. Bendelari for the remarkably flexible and bird-like voice of his pupil, Miss ABBY FAX, a very good likeness of whom adorns the title-page. Yet while the aim is vocalization the piece being full of echoes, trills, runs, arpeggios, &c, there is a little poetic song-thought running through it,—a pretty melodic subject, taking the form of a waltz, with suggestions of mountain air and distances in the accompaniment. It will be good exercise for bird-like sopranos.

Fine Arts.

Ruskin On Education In Art.

(Concluded from last week.)

The facts of which it is necessary that the student should be assured in his early efforts are so simple, so few, and so well known to able draughtsmen, that, as I have just said, it would be rather doubt of the need of stating what seemed to them self-evident, than reluctance to speak authoritatively on points capable of dispute, that would stand in their way of giving form to a code of general instruction. To take merely two instances: It will perhaps appear hardly credible that among amateur students, however far advanced in more showy accomplishments, there will not be found one in a hundred who can make an accurate drawing to scale. It is much if they can copy anything with approximate fidelity of its real size. Now, the inaccuracy of eye which prevents a student from drawing to scale is, in fact, nothing else than an entire want of appreciation of proportion, and therefore of composition. He who alters the relations of dimensions to each other in his copy, shows that he does not enjoy those relations in the original; that is to say, that all appreciation of noble design (which is based on the most exquisite relations of magnitude) is impossible to him. To give him habits of mathematical accuracy in transference of the outline of complex form is, therefore, among the first, and even among the most important means of educating his taste. A student who can fix with precision the cardinal points of a bird's wing extended in any fixed position, and can then draw the curves of its individual plumes, without measurable error, has advanced further towards a power of understanding the design of the great masters than he could by reading many volumes of criticisms, or passing many months in undisciplined examination of works of art.

Again, it will be found that among amateur students there is almost universal deficiency in the power of expressing the roundness of a surface. They frequently draw with considerable dexterity and vigor, but never attain the slightest sense of those modulations in form which can only be expressed by gradations in shade. They leave sharp edges to their blots of color, sharp angles in their contours of line, and conceal from themselves their incapacity of completion by redundancy of subject. The assurance to such persons that no object could be rightly seen or drawn until the draughtsman had acquired the power of modulating surface by gradations wrought with some pointed instrument (whether pen, pencil, or chalk) would at once prevent much vain labor, and put an end to many errors of that worst kind which not only retard the student, but blind him;

which prevent him from either attaining excellence himself or understanding it in others.

It would be easy, did time permit it, to give instances of other principles which it is equally essential that the student should know, and certain that all painters of eminence would sanction; while even those respecting which some doubt may exist in their application to consummate practice are yet perfectly determinable, so far as they are needed to guide a beginner. It may, for instance, be a question how far local color should be treated as an element of chiaroscuro in a master's drawing of the human form. But there can be no question that it must be so treated in a boy's study of a tulip or a trout. A still more important point would be gained if authoritative testimony of the same kind could be given to the merit and exclusive sufficiency of any series of examples of works of art, such as could at once be put within the reach of masters and schools. For the modern student labors under heavy disadvantages in what at first sight might appear an assistance to him, namely, the number of examples of many different styles which surround him in galleries or museums. His mind is disturbed by the inconsistencies of various excellence and by his own predilections for false beauties in second or third-rate works. He is thus prevented from observing any one example long enough to understand its merit, or following any one method long enough to obtain facility in its practice.

It seems, therefore, very desirable that some standard of Art should be fixed for all our schools; a standard which it must be remembered, need not necessarily be the highest possible, provided only it is the rightest possible. It is not to be hoped that the student should imitate works of the most exalted merit; but much to be desired that he should be guided by those which have the fewest faults. Perhaps, therefore, the most serviceable example which could be set before youth might be found in the studies or drawings rather than in the pictures of first-rate masters; and the art of photography enables us to put renderings of such studies, which for most practical purposes are as good as the originals, on the walls of every school in the kingdom. Supposing (I merely name these examples of what I mean) the standard of manner in light-and-shade drawing fixed by Leonardo's study, No. 19 in the collection of photographs lately published from drawings in the Florence gallery; the standard of pen drawing with a wash, fixed by Titian's sketch, No. 30 in the same collection; that of etching, fixed by Rembrandt's spotted shell; and that of point work, with the pure line, by Durer's crest with the cock; every effort of the pupil, whatever the instrument in his hand, would infallibly tend in a right direction, and the perception of the merits of those four works, or of any others like them, once attained thoroughly by efforts, however distant or despairing, to copy portions of them, would lead securely, in due time, to the appreciation of other modes of excellence. I cannot, of course, within the limits of this paper, proceed to any statement of the present requirements of the English operative as regards Art-education. But I do not regret this, for it seems to me very desirable that our attention should for the present be concentrated on the more immediate object of general instruction. Whatever the public demand, the artist will soon produce, and the best education which the operative can receive is the refusal of bad work and acknowledgement of good. There is no want of genius among us; still less of industry. The least that we do is laborious, and the worst is wonderful. But there is a want among us, deep and wide, of discretion in directing toil, and of delight in being led by imagination. In past time, though the masses of the nation were less informed than they are now, they were for that very reason simpler judges and happier gazers; it must be ours to substitute the gracious sympathy of the understanding for the bright gratitude of innocence. An artist can always paint well for those who are lightly pleased or wisely displeased but he cannot paint for those who are dull in applause and false in condemnation.

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The first work of this promising young composer after returning from his studies in Germany. Easy and pleasing.

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Another of Knight's bright, cheering songs: a rushing, impetuous mariners' lay, with wave-like, six-eighth rhythm.

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Fort Washington Schottisch. *Imogene Hart.* 25Julia Polka. *L. C. Weld.* 25L'Eclipse Polka Mazurka. *G. Smith.* 25Bengal Tiger Polka. *W. Range.* 40

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Les deux amis. Nocturne. " 30

Reverie sur l'océan. " 30

Schottisch de Salon. " 30

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This series of original compositions by the well known, talented author well deserves the attention of all piano players of taste and skill. The first piece is a pompous march of great brilliancy, demands a clever player, but is sure of a fine effect when played well. The Nocturne is a neat, amiable little tale, with the melody principally moving in the middle part. "Reverie sur l'océan" is the name very appropriately given to a really charming, dreamy tone-poem, with a melody moving along fairy-like upon lightly heaving billows, which rapid arpeggios in the left hand cleverly imitate. The two last named pieces are comparatively easy, and of a lighter cast than the rest.

Books.

ZUNDEL'S MELODEON INSTRUCTOR.—The complete Melodeon Instructor, in seven parts. Part I. Elements of Music. II. Progressive Finger Exercises. III. Airs, Marches, Waltzes, Dances, Variations, &c. IV. Favorite Movements from Operas. V. Voluntaries and Interludes. VI. Selections from Oratorios. VII. Modulations. Designed as a thorough instruction book for the Melodeon, Seraphine, Eolian, Melopean, Organ, or any similar instrument. By John Zundel. 2,00

This work is not only an "Instructor" but in every sense a "complete" instructor for the melodeon and instruments of like nature. Its contents may be judged of by its title page, above given, from which also, an idea may be had of their variety, embracing all that can possibly be looked for in the form of instructions, examples and exercises. It is universally pronounced the most thorough instruction book of the kind, and is recommended by Lowell Mason, Emilius Girac, Wm. B. Bradbury, and every one who has examined it.

Dwight's Journal of Music.

WHOLE No. 348.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 11, 1858.

VOL. XIV. No. 11.

For Dwight's Journal of Music.

The Legend of the Rose Tree of Santa Maria degli Angeli.

By TROVATOR.

The famous church of *Santa Maria degli Angeli*, one of the most magnificent in Italy, is situated near the Convent of St. Francis at Assisi, and covers the spot formerly occupied by the little hut of the holy saint — the rude walls of the hut yet remaining under the dome of the church. St. Francis occupied this little hovel at the period of the legend, related in the following ballad —

St Francis was kneeling before the cross
In lonely and silent prayer,
When he heard the sound of a heavenly voice
Ring sweetly through the air.

St Francis looked up, and a holy light
Dazzled his saintly eye,
And he felt that it was our blessed Lord,
Who had died on Calvary.

And he heard a voice that thrilled his soul,
The voice of that blessed Lord;
The voice of Him whom the hosts of Heaven
For ages have all adored.

It was not the voice of an angry Judge,
But the voice of a Saviour dear,
And its tones of mercy, its tones of love,
Banished his rising fear.

It told him his pious prayers had been heard,
And, like Solomon of old,
To him would be granted whatever he asked,
Were it wisdom or earthly gold.

St Francis prayed that each pilgrim, who
From afar this place should win,
Might by that toilsome pilgrimage
Be pardoned from every sin.

His prayer was granted; the holy saint
Then turned from his humble home,
And joyfully travelled alone and afoot
On the road that leads to Rome.

The Pope was before the High Altar,
And the holy mass he read;
And St Francis, after the vesper hour,
Told him what Christ had said.

"Away! away!" said the faithless Pope,
"I cannot believe this tale."
St Francis wearily turned from Rome,
And he travelled o'er hill and dale,

Till he came again to his humble cell;
Then mournfully he sighed
And, lifting up his voice to heaven,
To Our Lady dear he cried.

Then again he kneeled before the cross
In lonely and silent prayer,
And again he heard that heavenly voice
Ring sweetly through the air.

And he looked, and again a holy light
Dazzled his saintly eye,
And again he was near our blessed Lord,
Who had died on Calvary.

And again that dear voice spoke, and said
That a miracle would prove,
To the world abroad and the Pope at Rome,
The strength of a Saviour's love.

It said to him that the rose-tree fair,
That grew by his cottage door,
Should suddenly bloom at the touch of his hand,
Though the summer time was o'er.

And then the voice to sweet music changed
And slowly it floated away;
And the holy light, that had filled the room,
Withdrew its celestial ray;

But it seemed to have left a halo bright
Round the head of the holy saint;
When alone in his cell it was brilliant and clear,
When away from the cross it was faint.

Yet many a time when the mass he read, ---
When he preached the holy word,
That light was seen, and the people said:
'Twas the shadow of Our Lord.

St Francis stood up from before the Cross,
And he went to the rose-tree fair —
It was only the first month of the year,
And bitter and cold was the air.

And the frost lay glistening bright on the ground,
And the mountains with snow were white;
The rose-tree had lost all its flowers and leaves —
It was but a piteous sight.

Then the people gathered around to ask
What the holy man wanted there.
He gave them his blessing — he looked towards
Heaven,
Then he touched the rose-tree fair.

I would that we all had been there to see
The miracle wrought in their sight,
For quickly there bloomed on the withered tree
Roses, both red and white.

The roses so red, St Francis said,
Were tinged with the blood of His dying love;
The roses so white were the garments bright
That we all shall wear in His kingdom above.

The news soon spread o'er the Christian world,
To the Pope on his papal chair;
And the miracle that St. Francis wrought
Was quickly known everywhere.

And pilgrims flocked to St. Francis' shrine,
As had been ordained by Heaven,
And as many as made this pilgrimage,
Were of all their sins forgiven.

Long ages have past, and the holy saint
Has gone: — and now joyfully
He sits at the feet of Our Blessed Lord,
Who had died on Calvary.

But the rose-tree lives to this very day,
And even now, it is said,
That every year, on this same rose-tree,
Bloom roses, both white and red.

And a stately church with its frescoed dome,
Covers St Francis' shrine,
And the Pope, in his papal chair at Rome,
Still honors the saint as divine.

Thus when we, like St Francis, from earth are
called,
Like him may we upward fly,
And meet at the feet of that blessed Lord,
Who has died on Calvary.

Assisi, Italy. April 1858.

The Third "Mittelrheinisches" Musical Festival.

(From the Niederrheinische Musik-Zeitung.)

The concert on the second day (the 27th September), took place at two o'clock P.M., under the direction of Herr Hagen, *Capellmeister* of the Ducal theatre at Wiesbaden. It opened with a very fine performance of Gluck's overture to *Iphigenia in Aulis*. We cannot, however, approve of the choice of the conclusion which R. Wagner has appended to it, instead of that by Mozart, which is far better adapted for a concert. The orchestra, however, proved what it could do with a correct tempo.

The choruses *a capella*, the choral by Johann Eccard: "Es ist das Heil uns'kommen her," with alterations in the text, and Johann Christoph Bach's motet: "Ich lasse dich nicht," were given, it is true, with precision, and without sinking, but the execution was far beneath what we are entitled to expect in such choruses without accompaniments. The notes were intoned rather than sung. Due significance was not given to them, so that it was seldom we heard the tone properly, or swell and die away as it should have done. We confess that proper expression of this description, and, especially, perfect equality of the same in all the voices, is difficult to achieve with only one general repetition of a number of different associations, and, for this reason, we consider that choruses *a capella* are not at all suited for musical festivals. They can only be sung after a course of persevering study by particular associations, which have dedicated themselves exclusively to this description of music; and even then such an effect as that produced by the Berlin Dom-Chor will be difficult of attainment.

Herr Dionys Pruckner, of Munich, played Beethoven's pianoforte concerto, in E flat major, like an accomplished artist. It was greatly to be regretted that the excellently toned grand piano he used was not tuned to the pitch of the orchestra. This circumstance naturally weakened very much the effect of his playing. The orchestra, also, took matters too easily, and was not always exact. The kettle-drums completely marred the conclusion of the last movement, and the impression it produced could not be effaced by the brilliant manner in which the solo performer gave the final cadence. Altogether, Herr Pruckner succeeded best in the last movement; his execution of the *adagio* left the audience rather cold, while, despite all the purity and certainty of his performance, he did not always impart the requisite breadth and dignity to the magnificent first *allegro*. Concerning the proper mode of executing this concerto we entertain ideas completely different to those held by most pianoforte virtuosi of modern times, with the exception of Franz Liszt, who plays it with a classic repose, which in no way excludes heroic expression, but, on the contrary, heightens it. At the very introduction of the first movement we nearly always meet with an instance of false conception; the passages in it are not cadences in the ordinary sense of the word; they are integral component parts of the whole movement, as is sufficiently proved by their recurrence in the tempo of the second part. It is true that the execution of them is left by the composer to the performer, but only in so far as the latter conceives and renders them in conformity with the character and spirit of the whole movement, and not as the mere means of displaying technical skill.

Mendelssohn's setting of the 114th Psalm brought the first part of the concert to a close. It was better executed than any other piece in the whole programme. The chorus and orchestra worked well together; the tempo was always correct and

appropriate, and the effect produced by several detached passages—such for instance, as, "Was war dir, o Meer;" "Vor dem Herrn bebte die Erde;" and the repetition of the first theme, "Da Israel aus Aegypten zog"—was grand and magnificent. The "Hallelujah" at the conclusion would, perhaps, have been improved by a little more fire and dash in the expression, though not in the tempo.

The second part commenced with Franz Schubert's grand symphony in C major. We cannot abstain from saying that the performance was an utter failure from beginning to end. We never met with such exaggeration of all the tempi. The grounds on which this fact was justified by a zealous friend of, and coöperator in, the festivals, who resides in the neighborhood, are too curious to be withheld from our readers. "There is no art required," he said, "to find fault with the false tempi; in the present instance, the conductors were perfectly right; the proper tempo should be observed with artists and amateurs; but, if we would introduce Art among the people, everything must be taken more quickly." Who can successfully resist arguments of this kind?

It is impossible to say to what music will be reduced, if such a scampering through the notes is received as an artistic execution? The piano-forte virtuosi of the last ten years have got to answer for a great deal. They were the first to take the tempi too quickly, for the purpose of displaying their digital skill, and I recollect perfectly well that one of the favorite phrases of admiration was, "And what a mad tempo!" Ay, mad, indeed, in the true sense of the word, even as regards that contagious principle inherent in every kind of folly. French criticism invented for it a word, "*enlever*," and was delighted if the pianist (another Parisian invention) rattled a piece off the keys in such a manner that nothing of it was left either in the ear or the heart. The mania gradually seized orchestral conductors, and when, in addition to this, literary men and democrats began, without possessing musical knowledge, to take the lead in music, we heard such observations as: "Our age is the age of rapid progress—the rate at which our blood rolls is quicker than its sluggish pace in the veins of our predecessors—we live more quickly!" As a natural result we were told that we must completely change walking (*andante*) into running; gaiety (*allegro*) into unbridled noise; and quickness (*presto*) into racing. To this we must add contempt for all that was old and had been handed down to us, ridicule of all traditions, and, therefore, of musical tradition; and, lastly, theory advocating the right of the subjective conception of a classical work by the player or conductor.

In this manner we have gradually arrived at such monstrosities, as the manner in which Schubert's symphony was executed by Herr Hagen in Wiesbaden. We can only repeat what we have already said about it. In the very first *allegro*, the warning inscription "ma non troppo" was written in vain on the finger-post pointing to the correct time; the pert strength of the dotted crotchet, and, with it, the entire character of the movement was lost, since the grace quaver could never come out with sufficient force. The rapidity, moreover, which transformed the wonderful *andante con moto* into a regular jig, was really revolting to every one who treasured in his heart the heavenly melodies of this piece. Similarly, the *allegro vivace* of the scherzo became a *presto*, rendering a *staccato* of the quaver figures almost impossible. The worst treated, however, was the trio, in which, moreover, very little attention was paid to the expression, the piano being usually almost entirely ignored in the forte piano, which is here so frequently marked. But the *ne plus ultra* of insipid conception was furnished by the finale, *allegro vivace*, that is to say, according to the theory invariably followed by the conductor of the symphony, "as quickly as possible." It seems as if Herr Hagen wished to prove that rapidity is, after all, witchcraft. In our opinion, music ceases when such mad speed begins.

After the symphony, the chorus of priests from *Die Zauberflöte* fortunately restored our musical equanimity, while Handel's grand "Hallelujah,"

from the *Messiah*, concluded, in an imposing manner, and, strange to say, in correct tempo, the second festival-concert.

Concerning the proceedings of the third day, we append the account furnished by our esteemed Wiesbaden correspondent.

The festival on the Neroberg, one of the most charming spots in the lovely country round Wiesbaden, was something never witnessed here before. From two o'clock in the afternoon, the crowd flocked towards the hill. Numbers of carriages conveyed the fashionable world thither, while the other part of the community moved forward in various manners, on foot, on horseback, or mounted on donkeys. An inscription on a kind of triumphal arch, bade the singers "Welcome under roof." It was a people's festival, and, consequently, a popular tone predominated. All ranks were represented. Even the old master Spohr came. Wherever he set his foot, he was greeted by triple huzzas. On this occasion he became a "man of the people." About seven o'clock, the procession of the visitors, with music at their head, again reached the town, which was up and stirring.

At seven o'clock, the performance of Spontini's *Festeln* commenced in the theatre. Herr Tichatschek (Licinius) was the only artist who rendered the performance a "festival" one. His voice is still fresh, strong, and equal; his style as bold and sure as ever; while his dramatic fire is still the same that for years has charmed the public. We are all acquainted with his peculiar declamation, which we overlook in favour of the genial singer. He has gone too far in this, ever to divest himself of his custom of dividing syllables, shortening notes instead, as Bader, Mantius, as well as Schneider, who was once here, and all great tenors have done, of connecting them a little more. He pulls and pushes them, and is not fond of submitting to the composer. (Subjective conception.)

In spite of this artist's fiery performance, the public was not particularly enthusiastic. Whether this fact was to be attributed to the increased prices of admission, the house decorated in a festive manner in honor of the third Middle-Rhenish Festival (as the bills announced), or the performance of the other articles, Heaven alone knows.

Mdlle. Lehmann, who played and sang Julia, Mdlle. Schönnchen (First Priestess of Vesta), and Herr Simon, evidently took pains to prove themselves "talented;" but the audience bestowed some faint applause only on a few of Julia's sighs.

Herr Lipp (Pontifex Maximus) did full justice to his part, both as regarded the music and the declamation. The constant *tremolo*, the chuckling shakes, and the disagreeable notes in the upper register of Mdlle. Lehmann's voice, her unpleasant screaming, her marble-like face, which is always the same, and her running backwards and forwards, without any object, on the stage, are truths which we will defend against this young lady, and of which we are obliged to remind her. That, as a native of Denmark, she does not speak better German, could not be urged as a reproach against her, were she singing in Rendsburg, Flensburg, or Kiel; but it is not every one here who knows she is a foreigner, and, therefore, this defect produces a disagreeable impression. Mdlle. Schönnchen does not always sing in tune. She is too uncertain, and speaks rather with her hands and eyes than sings. To master such a part as that confided to her, she is deficient in power. Her voice may be well enough for unpretending songs, but not for dramatic singing. Herr Simon competes with Mdlle. Lehmann in the *tremolo*. He possesses good vocal powers, but he should learn to employ them in a more worthy manner. This would be attended by profit and honor both to art and himself. The dances, introduced by Mdlle. and Herr Opfermann, were, as usual, applauded.

Characters of the Keys in Music.

(Continued from page 267.)

NEW YORK, DEC. 7.

Mr. Editor,—I concluded my last letter by proposing to examine a few facts in connection

with the production of greater or less velocity of vibration, for the purpose of drawing such inferences as the facts may warrant. I will now briefly do so.

If we take several strings of equal length, but of various thickness, and place an equal strain upon them, we find that, when set in motion, the velocity of the vibration of the thinner strings is greater than that of the thicker.

Again, if we take several strings of equal thickness, but of unequal length, and place an equal strain upon them, we find the velocity of vibration of the shorter greater than that of the longer.

The same inference results from both facts, viz: that, all things else being equal, in proportion as the quantity of matter brought into vibratory motion is greater the velocity will be less; and, *vice versa*, as the amount of matter is less the velocity is greater.

The velocity of the vibration, then, is nothing more than the effect, perceived by the ear, of a certain amount of matter set in vibratory motion; and its action upon the ear is like the action of size upon the eye or the pressure of weight upon the hand or any other part of the body.

Now, as an increase of matter gives an increase of weight and size, if the proposition that the proportions (or interval ratios) of one scale should be the same as in another, be admitted, which would give a like form or figure, we might, perhaps not inappropriately, liken the twelve keys in use to twelve metal balls, and represent

C natural by a metal ball of 12 pounds.

C sharp " " " " 11½ "

D natural " " " " 11 "

D sharp " " " " 10½ "

E natural " " " " 10 "

F natural " " " " 9½ "

F sharp " " " " 9 "

G natural " " " " 8½ "

G sharp " " " " 8 "

A natural " " " " 7½ "

A sharp " " " " 7 "

B natural " " " " 6½ "

Now let these balls be rolled across a floor above our heads, and let the impetus given be such that their relative velocity shall be as their relative weight, and they will exhibit just that proportionate difference which, to my mind, exists in the keys in music.

If an experiment of this kind were made, although the only means of perception were by the organ of the ear, yet we should, by associate knowledge, be able to state the positive form, relative size, weight and velocity; and, possibly, that the balls were of metal!

In relation to musical sound, the Musical Scale is the form, and the Pitch is the size, weight and velocity; and that which it is produced from, the material. Will any one pretend to say that the ball of 8 pounds, when rolled as before specified, will convey to the ear the impression of greater size and weight and less velocity, than the ball of twelve pounds?

Now, as associate knowledge enabled us to determine several points beside the one actually communicated to the ear, so in musical sound, the same idea of weight, &c., is associated; and as the difference between one range of tones and another is the result of an actual difference of quantity of matter brought into operation, so the difference of weight, &c. will be in proportion to

such difference of quantity, all things else being equal.

As the amount of matter brought into play, with its size, weight, &c., would, separately considered, exhibit no sentimental quality, it only remains to examine the associate impressions that these properties make, and whether the impressions and properties are in proportion the one to the other. If, then, a musical sound of 200 vibrations to a second of time be a consequent of double the amount of the same material brought into action for a sound of 400 vibrations, will not whatever associate impression results from the ratio 2:4, be likewise exhibited in the ratio 3:4, if we use such an amount of matter as shall produce a sound of 300 vibrations? If the difference between one sound and another be the result of a difference in the quantity of material used, then the effect of such difference must be in proportion to such difference.

That which is true of a single sound, is also true of a musical scale; a single sound has associated with it a certain amount of weight, size, form, material, and velocity of motion; and, when compared with another sound, possesses these qualities in a greater or lesser degree, according to the sound with which it is compared. A musical scale is a certain proportioned series of sounds, commencing on some given sound, and carries with it, in all its members, greater or less weight, &c. than some other scale, according as the fundamental sound of that other scale is produced from more or less material.

One very important association, then, of a scale formed upon a sound whose velocity is less than in some other scale, is, that more weight, size, &c. is represented; hence the idea of grandeur, vastness, &c. presents itself to the mind.

There is, however, another very important association connected with velocity of vibration. When motion is very rapid, we consider there is much motion, when it is slow, we consider there is but little. The evidence of life is motion, and we judge of the liveliness of a person by the rapidity of his motions. Every person ordinarily exhibits a certain amount of motion, according to temperament, constitution, &c., and whenever more than this average amount is exhibited, the individual is laboring under some more than ordinary exciting cause; when less than average is exhibited, ordinary causes fail to produce their usual effect, and a tendency to cessation of motion, or death, is exhibited; or the usual velocity of motion is lessened by the weight of some mental or physical impediment. Less motion, then, in an individual, indicates a pressure upon the mind of great importance, and associates the idea of large size, weight, &c., or it shows a failing of power, and points to cessation, either partial or entire! Greater motion indicates lightness, buoyancy, &c., and points to an increase of life, power, and its enjoyments!

J. J. CLARKE.

Another Opinion on "Lohengrin" in Vienna.

(From the Niederrheinische Musik-Zeitung.)

(Concluded from last week.)

Musical Vienna has troubled itself but very little with the factions existing in musical matters, for a considerable period, in the North of Germany. The Viennese public are not conversant with the subjects of dispute, and the warfare carried on in consequence by the various musical papers, and, above all, does not think of them, when streaming into the theatre to hear a new opera. A Viennese is, on the one hand, too uneducated, in many particulars, and, on the other, too reasonable, and possessed of too sound

a judgment in musical matters, to look for anything else at the theatre but the unbiassed, undisturbed enjoyment of the work of art he goes to see, and of its representation. The reader perceives, we by no means wish to depreciate the success of *Lohengrin*, which strikes us as all the more satisfactory and natural, for the very reason that Wagner has to share it only with the artists who represented, and the gentleman who directed his work, while we must decidedly refuse to acknowledge, and, in doing so, we think we truly render the opinion of the Viennese public—that the so-called "Music of the Future"; the ideas which Wagner enunciates with such passionate pathos in his writings; the tendency which Herr Brendel advocates so cleverly in his paper, have achieved, with *Lohengrin*, that triumph, about which the members of Wagner's party are so enthusiastic. In reply to this, we shall be told: "The public was not, perhaps, quite conscious of what it felt; but the applause bestowed on *Lohengrin* involved the recognition of those principles which Wagner wishes to introduce into opera." To our mind, however, the direct contrary is the case. Whatever produces a satisfactory and elevating impression in Wagner's opera is precisely that which is not the practical realization of his theories of reform, or that on which he and his adherents lay the greatest stress in their arguments—but that which, in every opera of the Past or Present, would be considered good and appropriate, dramatically true, and musically beautiful.

Wagner's talent strikes us as indisputable, but his system as by no means so. We invariably perceive the greatest development of his talent in the very instances where he is unfaithful to his own system.

Wagner's polemical and reformatory writings are distinguished for their clever and soaring, although frequently superabundant and verbose, exposition of the defects and excrecences clinging to modern operas. But, from the very outset, Wagner confounds the abuse with the right employment of allowable means, and erroneously portrays every abuse as an incurable and fundamental evil, and all that the greatest masters have produced in the shape of operas as a failure. This is a crying act of injustice, which is an evident contradiction to the well-known respect entertained by Wagner, as a musician, for these self-same masters. But his rhetorical mode of exposition always becomes darker, more unintelligible, and more superabundant, whenever he has to set up a picture of the future to guide us, instead of the past, which, according to him is languishing in its last death-struggle. His ideal of the true, and only possible opera, is, as far as we can comprehend what he means, either a highly impracticable step backwards, to times long since past, or an intended completion and perfecting of that which has been done, in the same style, by the masters of the Past and of the Present—of that which, therefore, in both cases, according to his principle, has already existed, without the slightest intention of really re-modelling it. If opera is indeed to be only a succession of recitatives, without a resting point—a mere musical inoning of the dramatic dialogue, without any specific musical aim and substance—such unhappy eagerness to exaggerate Gluck's strict theory, and to return to the infancy of opera, can only end in a very deplorable result. If this is the case, Wagner is no reformer, but the most violent reactionary in the domains of Art, who despises the progress made since Rameau and Lully, and, most impracticably, would, instead of developed dramatic music, such as we have possessed for eighty years, restore the recitative, which, if solely and wholly supreme, would constitute the essence of monotony. Directly the dramatic action and dialogue are regarded as the principal things, as the "aim," and the music as the "means" only, the latter runs a risk of being justly discarded as completely useless, nay, as an impracticable adjunct, even interrupting the dialogue, and impeding the action. Music is effective and agreeable only when it appropriates the meaning of the words, and imparts to them a heightened effect, possessing, at the same time, dramatic truth and musical substance. If this, however, is Wagner's purpose, if his only intention was to restore to opera dramatic truth, in which, from various errors, it is occasionally deficient, then he ought to have said so; then, instead of stepping forward as a reformer, he ought, as a true disciple of honored and great men, to acknowledge that he, in his way, wished to effect nothing but what Gluck and Mozart, Cimarosa and Paisiello, Méhul and Boieldieu, Cherubini and Spontini, Beethoven and Weber, Spohr and Weigl, Meyerbeer and Lortzing, also tried to effect, and which they succeeded more or less in doing. The above masters have, each in his own way and in proportion to his powers, produced effects that are extraordinarily beautiful and great, precisely in musically-dramatic characterization, and not, in order to be characteristically true, by descending to absolute recitative, and banishing the cantilena; no, they enjoyed

the privilege of uniting beauty and variety with truth, of blending melody and dramatic expression, of retaining the form of the aria, the duet, etc., and, at the same time, of being so true, that Wagner cannot be more so, although he sacrifices everything, even beauty, to truth. What becomes, then, under these circumstances, and the crushing weight of these facts and examples, of Wagner's system of the "Opera of the Future"?

For these reasons nothing has yet been gained for the system itself by this success of *Lohengrin*, at least not with us in Vienna, where, from the force of habit, we are, in musical matters, usually accustomed to call things by their right names. We do not exactly know how the new philologists on the banks of the Plesse may choose to express themselves, but, among us, a melody is still always a melody, and an opera an opera, while simple, impressive vocal music which penetrates to the heart, is still always considered as the greatest triumph a heaven-inspired composer can achieve, so old fashioned are our views. Little is to be effected by us with phrases concerning the difference between the "tone-melody," and the "word-melody," of the "harmonically-poetical complex," of the "architectonic treatment of the subject," of the "union of all the arts in one whole work of Art," &c. If Wagner succeeds in Vienna, it will be in spite of what he has written about himself and what others have written about him. He will owe his success solely to his unusual natural talent, which, although not free from error, is powerful enough to captivate the mind of an impartial auditor, to elevate his heart, to fix his attention, and, in many instances, to satisfy his musical taste. But we must receive the composer with unbiassed opinions, and the less the public listens to the effusions of party papers, and the less the educated amateur troubles himself about them, the easier will it be for both to pronounce a just decision.

In the choice of his dramatic subjects, Wagner manifests an especial partiality for those of the middle ages, the period of myths and legends. In this again he is a warm friend of the dusky Past; his dramas are not rooted in the struggles and efforts of the Present, or in the yearning for a better Future, unless, under their obscure, mysterious surface, we are presented with allegories, or unless the "light temple, more precious than anght known on earth, and in it a vessel of wondrous and blessed power," has a deep concealed meaning, which we must not dare to particularize more nearly, since "of so sacred a nature is the blessing of the Grail, that, concealed, it must escape a layman's eye." But however this may be, Wagner's operatic librettos are universally and justly praised for richness of matter and dramatic effect. A strain of true poetry pervades even *Lohengrin*. It is *Every-anthe*, with greater inspiration, with purer and more vigorous expression, but, otherwise, in a tolerably similar shape. The cursory and almost incomplete manner in which certain points are architected—in the repeated endeavors of Telramund and Ortrud to separate the lovers, and especially in the bewitching of Gottfried, &c.—does not materially injure the attractive and moving effect of the whole. Those persons, indeed, who apply to the libretto of an opera the standard which belongs to the drama alone, can hardly be satisfied with the mere outlines of character they will find in the work. But we who stand upon the so-called "surmounted point," must be content with the operatic libretto, considered as such, because, from a composition of this description we expect only outlines, intended not to receive real life until united with music.

This real life is in *Lohengrin* something very pithy, and inwardly rich, although not outwardly varied enough. No one will call Wagner's music trivial. It is pervaded by snatches of truth, grandeur, and real genuine depth of feeling, which, unfortunately, being disfigured by a great many peculiarities and weaknesses, do not always produce the same powerful effect. Wagner's scoring is distinguished for originality, the dazzling charm of unexpected combinations, and many detached genial touches; but, on the other hand, it is deficient, at times, in simplicity, nature, and correct measure. The introduction, before the curtain is raised for the first time, is very original, but much too long, and is rendered repulsive to many persons by the long continued high fingering of the violins. Many, too, of the orchestral introductory and after pieces, are spun out a great deal too much, and the tremolo on the violins is too frequently employed, while the wind instruments are playing the melody. Lastly, the *finale* of the first act, as well as that of the second, is, in certain passages, too noisy, and strikes us, here and there, as an effective but coarse exaggeration of the means at the composer's command, in Verdi's style. Very nearly the same qualities may be proved to exist in the vocal music of *Lohengrin*. Of course we are still speaking of the "opera" of *Lo*

hengenrin, as an *opera*, that is to say, we are judging it by the old standard, according to which we look upon *vocal music*, musically beautiful, and at the same time dramatically effective, as the greatest triumph of Art. Musical inventive power is, therefore, for the operatic composer, the first and most indispensable quality, as it is for the writer of the smallest song and of the greatest instrumental work. To investigate how far Wagner is, in this respect, inferior to the old masters, would be here a superfluous task. Whether he sometimes avoids melody on purpose, or does so only when his imaginative power comes to a standstill, is difficult to determine. The musical auditor will always be loth to believe in such an intentional renunciation of this most lofty and heavenly gift, and, whenever he hears no melody, his first and last idea will be: "The composer could not think of anything here." These remarks apply partly to *Ortrud* and *Telramund*, both of whom are, musically speaking, neglected. Weber's principal fault in *Euryanthe*, namely, the disagreeable expression, which deprives his *Lysiart* and his *Eglantine* of all musical effect, is here, if not surpassed, at least repeated in Wagner's peculiar manner. We do not require that the "out-and-out villain" * should always indulge in the most dulcet of strains, but we still do not perceive why villainy should be marked by the composer's condemning the criminal to set at naught the rules of rhythm and good music. Can the feelings which quiver through *Ortrud* and *Telramund* in the beginning of the second act be portrayed only by dissonances which reduce the singer to despair and offend the ear of the public? Are not melodies of a gloomy character more appropriate for rendering such situations, than a gloomy absence of all melody whatever? The concluding unisonal passages of this scene are a sufficient proof of the correctness of our views, since these few bars, from the fact of their forming a definite melody, produce a far more powerful effect upon the minds of the audience than all the preceding detached recitative passages. It is for this reason that the character of *Elsa* stands out so brilliantly from the rest. We there find the greatest number of complete melodious passages, while spread over the part is that enthusiastically quick and poetically refulgent expression, which Wagner succeeded in imparting to his *Elizabeth*, although in a different degree, corresponding to the nature of the latter work, an expression which, being, both in a musical as well as a dramatic point of view, as beautiful as it is true, fills the soul of the hearer with profound delight, and of itself is a testimony of Wagner's great ability. *Lohengrin* himself excites in certain passages a similar sentiment of satisfaction, but suffers, like almost all the personages in the opera—not even excepting *Elsa*—from the systematic employment of the recitative form, on which Wagner's system, if we understand it correctly, is founded. It strikes us, however, that only a tolerable dose of sound judgment is requisite to perceive that when recitative is adopted, partly in its most simple, and partly in an *obligato* form, as a permanent standard, and only extended, now and then, into *ariosos*, but never into a regular air, duet, etc., the impression produced must be pre-eminently wearisome. In the drama when sung as well as in the drama when spoken, one of the most powerful means of heightening the effect is to give a scene an unexpected turn by the arrival of a fresh personage, or the addition of new motives. If, however, this expedient is employed two, three, and four times in succession, so that, in the course of the act the situation is not definitely brought to a close after any one scene, and no interval of natural repose supervenes, the expedient then becomes a fault, because the performers are no longer able to express without exaggeration the increased effect, because they are disappointed in the just claims they have to the applause of the public, applause which is procured for them by the definite conclusion of a situation; because such a conclusion of the separate portions of a work is one of the first rules of composition in art; because the repetition of this dramatic lever, however effective it may be, betrays a partiality for exaggeration and an ignorance of the stage; and because, lastly, the spectator and auditor require occasional periods of repose, and can only experience the consciousness of such a period by the formal rounding-off of a situation naturally complete in itself. This requirement which is, at least, quite as necessary for a musical as for a spoken drama, is mostly unfulfilled in *Lohengrin*, and hence arises the more or less wearisome impression produced by the work even on those who feel that, while their attention is captivated by the composition as a whole, their mind is delighted by detached beauties.

These beauties, however, consist precisely in those (melodic) portions which Wagner's system possesses in common with the opera of the Past, and the interest felt is paid to the poetical whole, the work of individual talent, while all which, in this "Opera of the Past," belongs to the "System of the Future," is to

be reckoned among the defects and weak points of both the opera and the system.

That which turns the scale in matters of Art is true, fresh, and original talent, and not the dry, hollow theories of arrogant system hunters. What the latter spoil, the former make good again, and the sooner talent of this kind frees itself from systematic errors and a useless hankering after novelty, and returns to truly liberal, that is to say, sound and reasonable views, the sooner will it clear for itself a sure and honorable path through the Present to the Future; a Future of merited recognition and undying fame.

W. M. S.

* "Patentirter Bösewicht."

The Poetry of the Puritans.

BY CHARLES KINGSLEY.*

Was there no poetry in the Puritans, because they wrote no poetry? We do not mean now the unwritten tragedy of the battle-psalm and the charge; but simple Idyllic poetry and quiet home dreams, love-poetry of the heart and hearth, and the beauties of everyday human life. Take the most common-place of them. Was *Zeal-for-Truth* Thoresby, of Thoresby's Rise in Deepening Fen, because his father had thought fit to give him an ugly and silly name, the less of a noble lad? Did his name prevent him being six feet high? Were his shoulders the less broad for it? his cheek the less ruddy for it? He wore his flaxen hair the same length that every one now wears theirs, instead of letting it hang half way to his waist in essence and curls; but was he the less a true Viking's son, bold-hearted as his sea-roving ancestors, who won the Danelagh by Canute's side, and settled there on Thoresby Rise to grow wheat and breed horses, generation succeeding generation, in the old moated grange? He carried a Bible in his jack-boots; but did that prevent him, as *Oliver* rode past him with an approving smile on Naseby field, thinking himself a very handsome fellow, with his moustache and imperial, and bright red coat, cuirass well polished, in spite of many a dint, as he sat his father's great black horse as gracefully and firmly as any long-locked and essenced cavalier in front of him? Or did it prevent him thinking too, for a moment, with a throb of the heart, that sweet cousin *Patience*, far, far away at home, could she but see him, might have the same opinion of him as he had of himself? Was he the worse for the thought? He was certainly not the worse for checking it the next instant, with manly shame for letting such "carnal vanities" rise in his heart while he was "doing the Lord's work," in the teeth of death and hell; but was there no poetry in him five minutes after, as the long rapier swung round his head, redder and redder at every sweep? We are befuddled by names. Call him *Crusader* instead of *Roundhead*, and he seems at once—granting him only sincerity, which he had, and that of a right awful kind—as complete a knight errant as ever watched and prayed ere putting on his spurs, in fantastic Gothic chapel, beneath "storied windows richly dight." Was there no poetry in him, either, half an hour afterwards, as he lay bleeding across the corpse of his gallant horse, waiting for his turn with the surgeon, and fumbled for his Bible in his boot, and he tried to tune a psalm, and thought of Cousin *Patience* and his father and his mother? and they would hear at least that he had played the man in Israel that day, and resisted unto blood, striving against sin and the man of sin?

And was there no poetry in him, too, as he came wearied along Thoresbydyke, in the quiet autumn eve, home to the house of his forefathers, and saw afar off the knot of tall poplars rising off the broad misty flat, and the great eagle tossing its sheets of silver in the dying gusts, and knew that they stood before his father's door? Who can tell all the pretty child memories which flitted across his brain at that sight, and made him forget that he was a wounded cripple?

Fair *Patience*, too, though she was a Puritan, yet did not her cheeks flush, her eye grow dim, like any other girl's, as she saw afar the red coat, like a sliding spark of fire, coming slowly along the straight fen bank, and fled up stairs into her chamber to pray, half that it might not be he? Was there no happy storm of human tears and human laughter when he entered the court-yard gate? Did not the old dog lick his Puritan hand as lovingly as if it had been a Cavalier's? Did not lads and lasses run out shouting? Did not the old yeoman father hug him, weep over him at arm's length, and hug him again, as heartily as any other John Bull, even though the next moment he called all to kneel down and thank Him who had sent his boy home again, after bestowing on him the grace to bind kings in chains and nobles with links of iron, and contend to death for the faith delivered to the saints?

And did not *Zeal-for-Truth* look about as wistfully for *Patience* as any other man would have done, longing to see her, yet not daring to ask for her? And when she came down at last, was she less lovely in his eyes because she came, not flaunting with bare bosom, in tawdry finery and paint, but shrouded close in coil and pinner, hiding from all the world beauty which was there still, but was meant for one alone, and that only if God willed, in God's good time? And was there no faltering of their voices, no light in their eyes, no trembling pressure of their hands, which said more, and was more, ay, and more beautiful in the sight of Him who made them, than all Herck's, Waller's *Sacharrissas*, flames, darts, posies, love-knots, anagrams, and the rest of the insincere cant of the court? What if *Zeal-for-Truth* had never strung two rhymes together in his life? Did not his heart go for inspiration to a loftier Helicon, when it whispered to itself, "My love, my dove, my undefiled is but one," than if he had filled pages with sonnets about *Venneses* and *Cupids*, love-sick shepherds and aerial nymphs?

* See "Sir Walter Raleigh and other Miscellanies," published by Ticknor & Fields, Boston.

FORMES ON LEPORELLO.—Some of the New Yorkers do not like Karl Formes's performance of *Leporello* in *Don Giovanni*, which was regarded in Philadelphia as one of his best parts. Formes undertakes to teach them what the character is, by publishing a letter, from which the following is an extract:

"For ten years I have been playing the part of *Leporello*, and everywhere with unequivocal success. I saw it played by the greatest European artists, such as Lablache and others. I have been studying as a conscientious artist this part, and in conformity with the idea of the great composer and to the best conceived characteristic features of *Leporello*—immensely different from those ideas which a superficial critic is too apt to adopt. *Leporello* is not the sneaking, crafty servant which critics would like to have him represented; he is neither a *Tartuffe* nor a *Mephistopheles*—he is, above all, the Spanish servant of his master. Had the reporter of the *Staats Zeitung*, like Lablache and myself, travelled in Spain and Seville, or Vittoria, and procured for himself a true specimen of a Spanish *servidor*, he would have the opportunity of being enabled to judge a *Leporello* as he is—a *Leporello* immensely different from the German valet de chambre of a German count or petty prince.

"*Leporello* is the servant of a Spanish grandee, treated by him less as a servant, than as his confidant. He is overflowing with insolence and wantonness—ever fickle; when in good luck, bold and reckless; when in danger, craven and trembling; in his conversation, coarse; in his movements, partly rude, partly polished. Add to this his southern vivacity, which, in a German valet de chambre, into whom the critic of the *Staats Zeitung* would like to see him transformed, would no doubt appear unnatural and exaggerated. Lastly, *Leporello*, who certainly is superior to his master, is so cunning as to still exaggerate these natural qualities in order to deceive his own master with regard to his own shrewdness and craftiness. The great opera public in Paris, London, and also New York, well know how to appreciate this conception of character, such as Lablache and myself regard as the right one, and in spite of increased prices of admission, rewarded us with a numerous attendance and much applause.

PATRIOTIC TUNES IN SCHOOLS.—A letter-writer from Boston, in the *New York Courier and Enquirer*, who has been listening to the songs of Young America, reports the following.

Musie in the public schools may be an improvement, though it would be a pity to allow a child that had an ear and voice to spoil both at an age when they ought to be cultivated with great care. The mention of music reminds me of an incident which I happened to witness this summer. Where I was visiting, there was, near by, a large primary school, in which the children, every Wednesday afternoon, spent an hour or two in singing, chiefly patriotic tunes, accompanied by spitting hands and stamping. The windows being open, we heard "Hail Columbia" regularly about four o'clock. One day as I was passing, some twenty of the boys were out and at play on the meeting-house steps near the school house. They were shouting, singing, riding on the balusters, etc. One little fellow, of about eight or nine, was astride one of the rails, drumming and singing with all his might, "Firm, united let us be, rallying round our liberty tree!" etc. In the middle of his song, a smaller boy who was below him, trying to clamber up, fell off; whereupon

the singer interrupted his song with a parenthesis, but only for an exclamation, thus: "Firm, united let us be, rally—(G—d—you, don't you know no better than that!)"—rallying round our liberties," etc., the parenthesis being thrown in boldly, in a good mouth-filling style, as if it were almost a part of the tune.

I could not but moralize on the spectacle, and say to myself, "Have I not beheld a too common specimen of YOUNG AMERICA?"

For Dwight's Journal of Music.

In Memoriam.

Died in this city, Nov. 8th. JOHN LANGE.

Talents and virtues like those Mr. Lange possessed should not pass away from among us without some tribute of grateful recollection. We are sure there are many of his pupils who now feel that they owe to their faithful master a purity and refinement of musical taste, and a love of what is best in Art, which were among his own marked characteristics.

And however their ripened judgment may differ from his, they will never forget the impression produced by his character. In that most arduous and trying occupation of teaching music, his unexampled and unfailing patience, his gentle method of correction, his rare yet satisfying praise, and the enthusiasm which was not concealed by a quiet manner, all combined to stimulate to industry and to inspire respect and attachment. He had, to a remarkable degree, two qualities which young people are quick to recognize and admire—modesty and simplicity. His scholars knew that he was never thinking of himself. Though he was not much disposed to talk to them even about musical matters, the few sentences he did utter, gave insight into a most delicate and appreciative mind. Holding decided opinions, he was yet cautious not to censure, or allow his scholars to condemn hastily even those works which he could not admire. He would sometimes patiently point out the merits of a composition of the "new school," with which it was impossible for him to sympathize. But the greatest pleasure came when a pupil was sufficiently advanced to study Beethoven's works with Mr. Lange; to that great Master he gave the most respectful admiration and the most entire sympathy—he called attention to the less prominent beauties, and taught one to appreciate his music both with the intellect and the heart.

Though we have had among us more distinguished and brilliant pianists since Mr. Lange first came to Boston, there must be some persons who still remember with pleasure the strength and delicacy of his touch (which had a clearness, a ring quite peculiar) and the expression of his playing. He was very unwilling to appear at concerts, partly from shyness, and partly from the labor of preparation which he deemed necessary, but his brother artists received from him in more private ways the aid which he refused on public occasions.

It is pleasant to recollect that he came back to Boston last year because he had more friends here than anywhere else. He spent his time rather in composition than in teaching, and it is to be wished that his publishers would now let us know what he has written.

His solitary life on earth is ended, and as we add his name to the lengthening list of those whom we shall see here no more, there rises before us the vision of truth, uprightness, purity, kindness, and above all, Fidelity.

"How can we wonder when we see him go
To join the Dead found faithful to the end?"

Musical Correspondence.

BERLIN, NOV. 10. — In his third concert Radecke has some idea of producing Mendelssohn's "Lorely" music.

For Symphony music the opportunities this winter are no fewer than usual. The Royal Orchestra have

begun their usual series of six, in a hall in the opera house, hardly large enough, by my estimate, to hold 800 auditors. Practically the Germans know nothing of ventilation—how much this has to do with the enormous number of deaths by apoplexy, I do not know, but think it must be one cause of them. Neither the opera-house, theatre, nor any one of the concert halls of the city, would be endured in Boston, without some further provision for the renewing of the air of the room. The seats on the main floor of the small hall of the opera house having been all taken, nearly all of us Americans were forced into a narrow gallery, which is nearly up to the ceiling, where the heat and foul air were almost insupportable. The Germans, however, seemed to take it as a matter of course, and when I found my way at last into a deep hole of a recess, where there was a window, and opened it a few inches for a breath, they soon called upon me to close it again. One of the papers suggests that these concerts be given in the opera-house itself. Ah, if they would but do it! They would get many a thaler from the Americans here for their widows' and orphans' fund. The principal pieces were a queer old symphony by Haydn, and Beethoven's first. Tanbert led, and how wonderfully he makes them play. Liebig, too, with enlarged orchestra, has begun his extra series of symphony soirées, now given in the Singakademie. House full, performance very fine. His, like those of the Royal Orchestra, will consist of a series of six and another of three.

His ordinary concerts are not, as formerly, all given out at Hennig's Garden. He plays there Sunday afternoon, from 4 to 7, Tuesday and Friday afternoons at 112 Friedrich St., and Wednesday evenings at Sommers' saloon, outside the Potsdam Gate. He has increased his orchestra to 40 members, and naturally has raised his prices—formerly we got six tickets, and now only five, for 371-2 cents of our money. That his orchestra is by no means a contemptible one you may judge from the fact that it is employed now by all the oratorio societies, where formerly the royal orchestra played.

For chamber music, we have first, the old established Zimmermann Quartet; secondly, a new one consisting of Laub, Radecke, Wuerst and Bruns; thirdly, the cheaper one, of which Oertling is at the head; fourthly; the Trio, Hans von Bülow, Laub and Wohlers; and fifthly, the soirées of chamber music of the brothers Ganz.

I have not heard the Zimmermann Quartet since 1856—then I was struck by the perfect union of their playing. I am told that in this respect it surpasses the other, which has not had so much practice, but that Laub surpasses Zimmermann as a first violin.

Laub has made great progress since I first wrote about him three or four years since; as I never heard Joachim in a quartet, I can say with many others, who have heard much more chamber music than I, that L. stands ahead of all players in that department of music, which we have heard. It is truly exquisite.

Their series is to consist of four concerts; at each three quartets; of the twelve, Haydn, Mendelssohn, Mozart, Cherubini, Schubert, Veit, furnish one each, Beethoven the rest. 1st evening, his Opus 130; 2d, Opus 95; 3d, Opus 132; and on the fourth, op. 131, 18 and 59. There are some quartet concerts for you worth having. They are given in a nice little hall in the hotel known as the English house, and are attended by some 150 to 200 persons,—among them enough from our side of the water to prove that we possess some feeling for the best music.

At the von Bülow Trio, we have old and new; Bach and Beethoven, Liszt and his school. Bülow is held here to be Liszt's best pupil—as he is his son-in-law. He does play wonderfully—only a little too apt to cover the bowed instruments with the tones of his grand pianoforte. Of him, and Laub, and oth-

ers of the rising artists here I hope to write more at length hereafter.

The Gauz concerts are of a different order; more of the ordinary salon music is given, and the room at the English house is crowded in consequence—as is the hall in the hotel de Russie on von Bülow's evenings. These are the regular concerts of the season as now announced. Those for chamber music will probably be doubled in number before the winter is over, as the series consist of only three or four performances each. Besides them others of all sorts take place, as among us, so that not an evening passes in which the music-lover may not somewhere indulge his appetite.

The regular prices at such performances here are—in our money—half a dollar to subscribers, 75 cents for a single ticket.

There are hopes that before the winter is past, we shall hear Joachim and Clara Schumann together again, but nothing decisive is yet known. Speaking of Joachim—have I mentioned that the ridiculous story of his marriage to Giesele von Arnim, which passed into circulation in the spring of 1856, has no foundation whatever? Poor Bettina, since the renewed attack of apoplexy, is lying very low, and must soon pass away. What she wrote in her letters to Goethe on music should keep her memory alive with all lovers of the art. A. W. T.

BERLIN, NOV. 15. — I cannot remember what I have written about the LAUB-RADECKE Quartet here. I hope I have been sufficiently enthusiastic, for really their third concert, last week, gave as great delight as any one I ever attended in my life. The three quartets played were, Schubert, Op. 41, A minor—exquisite beyond description, and, by me, heard for the first time; Veit, Op. 15, G minor, also an exceedingly interesting and pleasing work, one you must have at the Quintette Club; Beethoven, Op. 132, A minor—that wonderful work containing the Hymn of Thanksgiving of a Convalescent, "in modo Lidico"—one of those Galitzin works, which occupied him so much during his last three years. The effect of this quartet, heard for the first time and probably not half understood, upon me was indescribable, and shall pass without any attempt at description.

LAUB has so pleased me by his great execution and evident feeling and enjoyment of all this great music in which he takes the most prominent part, that I have taken pains to procure some particulars of his life—and a mere accident has thrown into my hands a Prague newspaper, which contains just the outline that I need and which I can easily fill up from other sources.

If you will turn to the *Leipziger Mus. Zeitung*, vol. 47, p. 362, you will find a notice of the Prague Conservatorium concerts for the winter '44-'5, towards the close of which is this passage:

"The most extraordinary talent, however, which these concerts have brought to our notice, we save for the close of our article;—namely, the little violinist, Ferdinand Laub, who played the *Polonaise* by Ernst. This boy, now about twelve years of age, is the son of a poor musician, from whom he received just the absolutely necessary elements of instruction, and by whom he was then carried from hotel to hotel as an infant prodigy. Some three years since, he gave a concert, but hardly anybody took notice of it; happily Prof. Mildner was struck by his talent and he was received into the Conservatorium. Now his talents developed astonishingly. No one, who hears him now, and sees with what unfailing certainty, ease and elegance he overcomes the greatest difficulties, with what grandeur of tone and depth of expression he produces cantabile passages, can help asking what remains for the adult, when the boy is capable of so much? A brilliant future certainly awaits this boy."

There is a saying, which I have often found in musical works, attributed to Mozart or Beethoven, that

"the Bohemian is a born musician" — certainly that country has produced an immense number of the best musicians during the last two centuries. Laub is one of them.

"Ferdinand Laub," says the Prague newspaper, "was born on the 19th of January, 1832, in Prague, and when but six years of age, played in private concerts. When Ole Bull gave his concerts in Prague, in 1841, Laub played variations by Mayseder to him, and the Norwegian virtuoso was delighted with his playing. In 1843 the boy entered the higher course in the Conservatorium and received a stipend of 80 florins, [some \$40]. When Hector Berlioz was in Prague [1846?] the boy played a violin piece by Ernst with such expression that the Frenchman threw his arms around him and invited him to Paris. Archduke Stephen made him a present of a real Amati violin; after which the boy, now fourteen years of age, went upon a concert tour, playing in Vienna, Salzburg, Augsburg, Munich, Stuttgart. He then returned to Vienna, where he remained until 1850. The next year he gave concerts with great applause in London. In the same year Prince Fürstenberg made him a present of a violin worth 1500 florins [over \$700]. In 1853 he came to Weimar to Liszt, and was appointed chamber virtuoso to the court, which position he retained two years, and then made another concert tour to Cologne, Aix la Chapelle, Frankfurt, Heidelberg, Leipzig."

In the winter 1855-6, he came to Berlin. I remember well the impression he made. In spite of the overwhelming greatness of Joachim's playing, who in largeness and grandeur of style stands above all others, Laub's extraordinary abilities were at once acknowledged, and after playing before the king he was appointed chamber virtuoso here, as he had been previously at Weimar. Last winter he went to Copenhagen, gave there seventeen concerts, and among the marks of attention received there, none is more highly valued by him than a presentation copy of one of his last books and his portrait, both with autographs, from Hans Christian Andersen. Returning from Denmark he went to Vienna, where Ole Bull arranged a banquet in honor of him.

This winter I have only heard him in quartets; but judging from them, I have no doubt that the general remark here is true that, since 1856, he has made "giant progress." He goes soon with Wehle to Russia, to spend six or eight months. Not having heard Joachim in quartet, I can say, conscientiously, that Laub surpasses any one I ever heard in that department of his art. If it were only possible for him to visit Boston!

He is a small man and no one could judge from his appearance that he is so great an artist. His eyes are very full and prominent — he is near-sighted; his forehead not very high nor wide, but very full.

In 1850 he spent some time in an old castle in Bohemia — Schloss Nischburg — and one Sunday was invited to play a solo at high mass in the village church. He told me the story the other day after dinner, and I see no impropriety in repeating it. It was upon some occasion when the musical talent of the place was combined for the production of the service with great village splendor. Laub was told that a very pretty girl was to sing the solos. He went to the church, played his solo to general satisfaction, heard a delicious voice singing hers, but could get no sight of the singer, to his great disappointment, as the tones of the voice had made sad work in the feelings of the boy of eighteen as he then was.

However, after all was over, a rosy-cheeked, dark-eyed beauty of sixteen approached him, all blushing and beautiful, and placed a wreath of oak leaves and wild flowers upon his head! She was the vocal soloist doing homage to the instrumental.

"Yes," said Frau Laub, with a smile, "Madame So and So" — I forget the name — "told me I must do this, and so I went out and collected the leaves

and wild flowers, and made the wreath all with my own hands. I did not think when I crowned him I should ever be his wife!"

A. W. T.

NEW YORK, DEC. 6.—Before the receipt of this, you will have PICCOLOMINI in your city, and the Hartford folks, headed by your correspondent "H." will be howling with rage and envy at your good luck — for in spite of disparaging critics, Piccolomini is a treasure.

I have a theory that the opera is not a purely musical entertainment — that besides hearing the singing and orchestration, we go there to see a pretty prima donna, and to look at the dresses of the ladies in the audience, and to make witheringly satirical remarks upon the foppishness of the young men who dress a little nicer than we can afford to do, and to admire the effects of the scenery, and to laugh at the awkwardness of the chorus singers — and to get a little posted up in operative affairs, so as to be able to talk — and to do ever so many things that are but remotely connected with the music that is the ostensible attraction. And viewing it in this light, I think that when a bewitchingly beautiful little creature like Piccolomini, comes and delights us with her actions and her touching singing, and her grace and her thousand and one prettinesses — why I think that we can very well spare the execution of a Laborde or the intensity of a Gazzaniga. To be sure we *might* get tired of Piccolomini after a while — but then for a few weeks at a time she is perfectly enjoyable.

She sings better than the critics are willing to allow. To be sure, for a difficult chromatic passage or a high note she will substitute a pretty toss of her head, but yet she is not so wholly destitute of vocal execution as some people say. The first act of *Lucrezia Borgia* she sings well. But unluckily the poor little thing has a thin little voice, and all the genius in the world cannot change it. If she were only a little larger and stronger in her physical frame, and if she had a powerful voice, she would become to posterity a great traditional name, like Pasta and Malibran to us.

Gossips say she has a cherished superstition on the shoe topic. When she first appeared on the stage she wore a certain pair of slippers; and she preserved them, using them the first night of her appearance in any new place, and then placing them away until she again met a new audience. Is not that a pretty, girlish, silly superstition?

She is so good, they say, to her family, and they are all so fond of her, as they ought to be. Indeed I have noted down in my Owl-Book, (a valuable collection of axioms deduced from the result of my patriarchal experience) the following sage remark: "The mutual regard of kinsfolk, though primarily dependent upon the natural ties of consanguinity, is incredibly enhanced by the pecuniary opulence of the object of such regard, inasmuch that they who were in vulgar parlance snubbed, while in a state of pecuniary depletion, are not unfrequently the recipients of lavish affection, when the cornucopia of fortune may have been emptied into their hitherto vacant coffers." So I don't wonder that the Piccolomini tribe are devoted to Maria Pic. Why, I recall at this moment, another striking proof of the truth of my Owl Book extract. Steffanuci — of course you remember Steffanoni, — went upon the stage in direct contrariety to the wishes of her family. Her inclination for lyric triumphs was too great to be resisted and her severely proper relatives disinherited her, and said they never wanted to see her again, and did the usual heavy father business of melo-dramas. Balbina Steffanoni, they said, was no more a relative of theirs. Balbina, however, was not appalled at this domestic excommunication, but commenced her operative career, and gained fame, and what is a good deal better, money. After an extended tour in North and South America, she returned to Europe with a fortune. And lo! her family

magnanimously resolved to bury the past, and to receive dear Balbina with open arms, and they did so, and their love for their only lost Balbina was like that of Jonathan for David. Does not this support the theory propounded in my Owl Book?

Mr. Piccolomini, and the Dowager Piccolomini, and Master Piccolomini, (who will one day be Clementini) and Miss Piccolomini, Junior, are visible every night at our Academy. They occupy a private proscenium box. Miss Pic. Junior is a very elegant and beautiful girl, and like her sister possesses musical talent. On the nights when Maria Piccolomini herself is not on the stage, she is in the box with her parents, and seems to take as hearty an interest in the performance as any of the audience, liberally applauding the cavatinas of Gazzaniga and Laborde. She is a charming actress, a lovely woman, and a good domestic little soul, the best of daughters and sisters — so everybody tells me that enjoys the acquaintance of herself and family.

ARTHUR NAPOLEON continues to give weekly concerts here. He is more than a prodigy. It is wonderful to hear this delicate boy playing the most difficult fantasias of Thalberg, with almost as much effect as the composer himself. How he has found time in his short life to gain such command over the instrument it is difficult to tell. His brains have not all run to his fingers either, for he is a good linguist and better informed on general topics than most boys of his age.

MR. ROBERT GOLDBECK gave a concert here a few nights ago. He is a delicate, finished player, though not as astonishing an executant as several we have had here of late. Mr. Goldbeck produced a trio of his own composition, of more than average merit. But I trust that the re-discovered "—t—" will leave the provinces and return to New York, and assist my feeble pen in reporting the classical department of music for your Journal. Mr. Goldbeck's concert was one that "—t—" would be more competent than myself, to do justice to.

The Mendelssohn Union gave a second performance of *St. Paul* Thursday evening. Mlle POINSSOR made her debut Saturday night in the *Huguenots* with great success. She is as fine an artist as Ullman has in his company.

TROVATOR.

Dwight's Journal of Music.

BOSTON, DEC. 11, 1858.

MUSIC IN THIS NUMBER. — Continuation of the opera "*Lucrezia Borgia*," arranged for the piano-forte.

Mendelssohn Quintette Club.

The second Chamber Concert fell upon not the luckiest of nights. The weather was in no sense inspiring; what with mizzling and freezing, the sidewalks were as glass, and with not a few the musical appetite was hardly up to venturing upon the *glissando* movement, by which, with many a *fiasco*, a brave minority of us reached the hall — the, soon to be no longer musical, Masonic Temple. Yet not a bad audience for such a night, and here is what they had for their reward:

PART I.—1. Quartet No. 4, in E flat. Allegro—Andante con moto—Minuetto—Finale, Allegro vivace: Mozart. 2. Air from the *Lauda Sion*, "Caro Cibus," Mrs. E. A. Wentworth: Mendelssohn. 3. Larghetto and Finale from the Quintet in G, op. 171, (first time): F. Ries.

PART II.—4. Adagio for Violoncello; Wulf Fries: Kummer. 5. English Song, "The green trees whispered," Poetry by Longfellow: Mrs. E. A. Wentworth. 6. Quintet, No. 2, in B flat, op. 87. (Posthumous work.) Allegro vivace—Allegretto Scherzando—Adagio—Finale, Allegro: Mendelssohn.

A programme without Beethoven! The more the pity, seeing that his chamber compositions, as well as his Symphonies, are the most interesting and inspiring of all instrumental music, and that our opportunities at the best are not over-frequent

for widening and deepening our acquaintance with them. Yet, on the other hand, a programme nobly true to the name borne upon the banner of the Club, since it contains that noble Quintet one of the three or four greatest instrumental works of Mendelssohn. And what a luxury it is, always, to hear Mozart, and just that one especially among his Quartets, that perfect one in E flat, fourth of the set which he inscribed to Haydn (composed in 1784). Do you remember what his Russian commentator says about it? No? Then turn back to volume VI, page 130, of this Journal, and read it. Certainly in the Allegro and other quick movements, it is grace and spontaneity itself; consummate art, and yet the most delicious, genial, natural expression of pure music; the language of a life freely, blissfully permeating an atmosphere of music, which is world enough in itself, and needs not to be translated into, nor even to borrow a subject from this world of colder thought and speech. And of the divine reverie of the *Andante con moto*, Onlibieff has certainly not said too much. We love the naïve and childlike ecstacy and beauty of Mozart; but all the more after it should we have liked the depth and earnestness of Beethoven. The quartet was smoothly and beautifully played, but the *Andante* would have borne a little more intensity of feeling on the part of the leading violin, which left nothing else to be desired.

The movements from Ferdinand Ries, Beethoven's pupil, were, to say the least, interesting; very dramatic in their structure, with recitative and sudden turns and contrasts, and richly colored; but we should prefer to hear the entire Quintet before saying more. That grand old B flat Quintet of Mendelssohn—we say *old*, because it has ever been a prime favorite in the repertoire of the Quintette Club, and indeed, if we mistake not, it furnished years ago the corner stone to the foundation of the Club, and suggested its name—was most admirably played, and lacked neither fire nor fineness. How bold and animating the theme with which the Allegro opens! and with what breadth and grandeur of effect, what never disappointing growth and climax, sweeping a world of incidental beauties along with its rushing, swelling flood, it is wrought up! What a quaint air of old times, as if it were some ancient ballad, in the second movement! And the Adagio, profoundly tender and at the same time wildly imaginative,—is it not part and parcel of the same inspiration, equally rich, with the Adagio of the "Scotch" Symphony?

Mrs. WENTWORTH met warm welcome. By her tour in Europe, the past summer, she has (to say the least) lost nothing either of that silvery purity of voice, or of that purity of style, which made her admired. On the contrary, she has gained something in ease and finish. And the air from *Lauda Sion* was one finely suited for the exhibition of these qualities; a strain of chaste, ethereal melody. The anonymous setting of Longfellow's verses did not particularly impress us; it sounded like scores of songs which English composers are so fond of setting to Tennyson's and Longfellow's poems. Mr. FRIES displayed a rare mastery in his violoncello solo; and a still finer power in those exquisite *obligato* passages his instrument has in the Quintet by Mendelssohn.

"The Household Book of Poetry."

We hardly know a book—at all events no new book—which has better claims to enter every home where poetry is cherished and our English tongue is spoken, than this "Household Book," collected and edited by CHARLES A. DANA, and published by Appleton & Co., New York. It will make the most beautiful, significant and sterling of all the new Christmas and New Year's presents. Truly a splendid volume,

whether we regard the outer casket, (an elegant large octavo of near 800 pages), or the imperishable jewels, happiest products of the mine of thought and feeling and imagination, it contains. The name is singularly appropriate. What is home without poetry? What house is furnished and complete, which has not all those poems, which make themselves known almost by heart, by the truth and tenderness with which they sing of all the best experiences of life, as readily at hand as any of the luxuries and comforts of the outward man? We think this is just the book that we all wanted. It is incomparably the best of all the specimen collections, or selections of English poetry yet published. It is better in its plan. It does not offer *specimens*, either of famous poems, or of noted poets. Literary history was not the purpose of the editor; he has not aimed to show how every poet writes, thereby including with what is good, a vast deal that is dull, that exists only in libraries, that does not live in the heart and life of to-day, and that is only interesting to those possessed of literary curiosity, or engaged in the study and appreciation of an author. He has made a *live* book, by collecting in one volume "whatever is truly beautiful and admirable among the minor poems of the English language." This claim, made in his preface, is perhaps over-confident. It were hardly possible that any one collection, made by whomsoever, should contain all the short poems one would like to keep near by him. But one who carefully explores these 800 pages will be astonished and charmed to find how very few of the poems which he loves are wanting, and how invariably excellent are all of the selections in their way.

The "Household Book," presents a line of poetry from Chaucer to our living English and American bards. It embraces all those cherished pieces of such length as Milton's "Comus," Chaucer's "Flower and the Leaf," Burns's "Cotter's Saturday night," Shakespeare's Sonnets (a liberal selection), Pope's "Rape of the Lock," Wordsworth's "Ode to Immortality," Shelley's "Ode to the West Wind," &c., &c., together with nearly all of those genuine little lyrics of well-known bards which humanity has taken to its heart, and a large number of those waifs of song of unknown parentage. Of course hosts of injured bards, and friends of bards, will complain that they, or their favorites, are left out. This was inevitable to the plan of such a book, which was not to do justice to the poets, but to English poetry,—and to that chiefly as it is received and as it lives in human hearts, really mingling with our vital culture.

The arrangement of the poems, too, is excellent as novel. Instead of a dry historical or personal order, they are classed under several rubrics of sentiment or sphere of life to which they belong and out of whose inspiration they have sprung. Thus we have poems of Nature, poems of Childhood, of Friendship, of Love, of Ambition, of Comedy, of Tragedy and Sorrow, of the Imagination, of Sentiment and Reflection, and of Religion: some authors of course appearing in several or all of these and some in only one. An index of authors, with date and place of birth, &c., adds to the convenience and completeness of the book.

Musical Chit-Chat.

The musical season here in Boston being suspended for a while in favor of the "tulip" exhibition at the Boston Theatre, (see manager Ullman's Tuesday's manifesto in the daily papers), we gather our material this week chiefly from abroad. The intelligent music-lover will not be deterred from reading the account of the Middle-Rhine Festival, and the criticism from Vienna upon Richard Wagner's opera, by their length or the remoteness of the subjects. Both contain musical criticism of value. The remarks in the former about the modern trick of playing everything too fast, are truly to the point, while our readers will be interested if not altogether pleased with its reference to one of our whilome vocal favorites, CAROLINE LEHMANN. The criticism upon WAGNER strikes us as eminently fair and just, recognizing the real talent of the musician, but pointing out the fallacy of his system. At all events, its reasonings are worth considering by those who are impatient for a revolution in the forms of music. . . . Mr. J. J. CLARKE continues his discussion of the alleged characteristic expression of the Keys in music; it strikes us that he

has got hold of something worth considering, although he is not altogether clear and fortunate in the expression of it; our only criticism would be, that he tries the case entirely in the literal court of mathematics, when perhaps it does not altogether belong there. . . . Herr FORMES writes well about Leporello. . . . The tribute, by a lady and a pupil, to the late JOHN LANGE, is appreciative and discriminating; Mr. Lange, it will be remembered, played the piano part, and like an artist too, in the first classical Chamber Concerts ever instituted in this city (under the direction of the Harvard Musical Association). . . . Read our "A. W. T.'s three or four last letters from Berlin, if you would know what can be called "a musical city." There opera goes on in several places every night, yet interferes not in the least with Symphonies, Quartets, Oratorios, and regular concerts by all sorts of societies. You can have your choice any night between several Symphonies, several Chamber Concerts, or several Operas, as you can in New York or Boston between several theatres or minor shows. When will that good time come for any of our cities? When shall we have Opera as a regular, wholesome institution, instead of the consuming fever of a few weeks that it now is, fatal to all other music, such as one may enjoy quietly?

The opera-opening at the Boston Theatre was changed to Thursday night; we go to press by that time, and cannot therefore say how we like the PICCOLOMINI. This afternoon she sings in *La Fille de Regiment*, and Mme. LABORDE, one of the most finished of florid vocalists, will follow in the first act of *Norma*. . . . If there are no concerts, there is plenty of good music to be bought in a more permanent form, destined to give the sweetest kind of musical enjoyment in many a home circle. And in this gift-giving season what can be a more appropriate memento to a musical friend, than a beautiful edition of some noble oratorio or opera; or a complete set of the Sonatas of some master, like Beethoven or Mozart, or the "Songs without Words" of Mendelssohn; or Thalberg's "Art du chant;" or for the earnest student, who would go to the bottom of what is most artistic in the divine art, the "Well-tempered Clavichord" (48 Preludes and Fugues) of old Sebastian Bach, all of which good things, with many others, Messrs. DITSON & Co. have published in the finest style, and will be happy to furnish at most reasonable prices. See their advertisement of Christmas presents.

MADAME ANNA BISHOP has arrived in London and announces a grand concert in Exeter Hall for the 13th of next month. It will be her first appearance for a number of years before an English public, and it is said that she is in full possession of her powers. . . . The STRAKOSCH company performed *Don Giovanni* at the Philadelphia Academy last Monday week, with GAZZANIGA as Donna Anna, COLSON as Zerlina, PATTI-STRAKOSCH as Elvira, AMODIO the big in the small part of Masetto, and the two BARILIS to give a faint impression of the Don and Leporello. The season closed on Tuesday night with the "gem acts" of *Favorita*, *Puritani*, *Martha*, and *Il Trovatore*: the four prime donne, Mmes. Colson, de Wilhorst, Strakosch, and Gazzaniga, with the rest of the singers, making their adieux. BRIGNOLI is announced to sing with Ullman's troupe in Boston. . . . Several new books of the fine pianoforte *Studies* of STEPHEN HELLER have lately been published in London, under the absurd publishers' title of "*Ecole essentielle des Pianistes—études progressives, pour servir d'introduction aux ouvrages des grands maîtres*." Books 12, 13, 14, and 15, op. 90." To which title—not to the of course interesting compositions—a critic raises two good objections; to wit; "The *Studies* of M. Stephen Heller, agreeable as they are to practice, by no means form an *essential* school, for pianists; nor do they contain everything that, properly speaking, can serve as 'introduction to the works of the great masters.' It is quite enough to insist that they are in themselves charming, that they rank among the most original contributions to the pianoforte which the present not very prolific age can boast, &c."

PICCOLOMINI. Now that the machinery of *clat* has been exhausted—writes a New York correspondent, in regard to this fascinating little *cantatrice*—you may wish to know to what conclusion the judicious have settled down. It is briefly this,—that Pic. is a capital rustic coquette and does the sancy, the wheeling and the hoydenish most cleverly; that she pouts and uses her arms with effect,—but that her rôle is very limited, that her voice lacks power, and that she is very like a canary-bird in action, trill, pettishness and prettiness—a sweet, taking, shrewd, capricious, graceful little woman, but no *prima donna assoluta*.

Music Abroad.

PARIS. At the Grand Opera it is proposed to revive one of the operas of Gluck — either *Iphigenia in Tauris*, or *Alceste*, or *Armida*. A new opera by Felicien David, "The Last Day of Herclaneum," is in rehearsal; it contains a "Hymn to Venus" which is said to be very beautiful.

At the Théâtre Lyrique a two-act comic opera, *Broskavano*, by Louis Deffès, has been produced for the first time, and with great success. The music is said to be "full of grace and freshness, abounding in charming melodies, while the instrumentation shows the hand of a master."

All the important singing societies in France are to combine in a great festival to be held in Paris, next March, 3500 singers have already signified their intention to take part in it. Prizes are to be distributed.

The rehearsals of Meyerbeer's new opera in three acts have already commenced at the Opera Comique. The principal characters are entrusted to Mme Cabel, M. Faure, and M. St. Foix. — A grand opera by M. Lebean, the author of *Esmeralda*, will be produced in January at the Théâtre de la Monnaie. It is entitled *Le Sanglier des Ardennes*; the libretto, taken from Sir Walter Scott, is by the brother of the composer.

The Emperor has resolved to build a new opera house. A year ago, when the pretty Hotel d' Osmond, opposite the Rue de la Paix, was pulled down, a report that the new opera house was to be built on the site was indignantly denied by authority. Nevertheless, there was much foundation for the report, and the scheme for establishing the new opera there is even yet on the tapis. A rival project is, however, under consideration for building an opera house on the south side of the Place de la Concorde, which would harmonize in point of architecture with the Ministry of Marine on the opposite side. Such a building would spoil the fine view of the river and the quays from the place de la Concorde and the Champs Elysées, and would be otherwise an eye-sore, beside being an encroachment on a principal public promenade. Wherever the house may ultimately be, it will, I believe, be made to hold a much larger audience than the present one. The house in the Rue Lepelletier will scarcely hold more than 7,000f., and it is proposed, with a slight rise in prices, to bring the nightly receipts up to 15,000f. The architect has an ingenious plan for warming the lobbies, so as to prevent ladies from taking cold whilst waiting for their carriages; and it is intended to insist upon evening dress for gentlemen, as is done, or at least supposed to be done, in London.

The event of last week at the Italian Opera was the reproduction of *Il Barbiere*, with Mario and Alboni, Corsi, Zucchini, and Angelini. Mario is congratulated on the admirable condition of his voice. "Repulse at his villa near Florence has done wonders," says a letter from Paris, "if we may judge from his admirable singing the other night. All the rare and charming qualities of his voice were displayed with that natural perception of how to use it, which belongs, one often thinks, to the inspiration of the moment rather than premeditated study."

BRUNSWICK. The Maenner-Gesang-Verein, under the direction of Herr Abt, and aided by the principal singers of the court theatre, gave lately a vocal concert, the proceeds of which are to form a fund for compensating the composers, whose songs are admitted into their repertoire.

RIO JANEIRO. All the organs of the Brazilian capital speak of the great success of Mme. de La-grange. She first excited great enthusiasm by a concert; which reached the highest pitch when she sang Norma and Rosina in the theatre. Prices rose to more than double the usual rates.

TRIESTE.—Mr. Lumley's popular tenor, Giuglini, has been creating a *furor*. Previous to his arrival the opera had been twice reduced to the brink of ruin. Signor Giuglini brought back its *prestige* in one night, and gave the direction a new vitality. The public have been in raptures with the great tenor's Edgardo in *Lucia*, Fernando in *La Favorita*, Manrico in *Il Trovatore* and Arturo in *I Puritani*. Some of the local journals state that the terms he received are altogether unprecedented.

MUNICH.—King Maximilian of Bavaria intends to erect a monument to Wolfram von Eschenbach, the Minnesänger, and author of the epic poem of *Parzival*. The sculptor, Herr C. Knoll, has been intrusted with the modelling of the life-size statue; and we hear that he has nearly finished his task. Leaning with the left hand on his sword, the harp in his right, and the helmet surrounded by a laurel-wreath, the poet steps forth, as it were, to meet us. In his noble face, gentleness and dignity, it is said, are happily combined. The statue is to form the central ornament of a fountain at the birth-place of the poet, the little town of Eschenbach, in Franconia.

LUGANO.—The correspondent of the *Cosmorama Pittorico* writes in enthusiastic terms of a new tenor who appeared a short time since at the Lugano theatre in a petite opera, entitled *Il Pipolet*, the music by the maestro De Ferrari. After speaking of the *prima donna*, Signora Benvenuti, and the *buffo*, Signor Carlo Rocca, in terms by no means eulogistic, the writer continues: "But that which above all produced the greatest impression and created the greatest astonishment was the young tenor, Signor Giovanni Romano, pupil of Signor Prati. Handsome in person and gifted with a powerful and extensive voice, he sings with intense feeling and animation, and absolutely rose superior to the scene. He sang the aria in the prison with so much suavity in the *adagio* and so much energy in the *cabaletta*, as to create a real *furor*." The writer goes on to state, that Signor Romano achieved a triumphant success at the fall of the curtain; that *Roberto Devereux* is to be produced for him; and that the public await with curiosity and great interest the first night of the performance.—Query? is not Signor Giovanni Romano identical with Mr. Cavallani, a promising tenor, some time since pupil of the Royal Academy of Music?—*London Musical World*.

LONDON. English Opera, by the PYNE and HARRISON troupe, who sing "Maritana," "Rose of Castille," "Crown Diamonds," &c., is all the music we see noticed, except JULIEN's grand farewell concerts on the eve of his starting off upon his universal tour to convert the world. His old friend Mr. Punch seems to feel badly at parting with the Mons., and thus gives utterance to his "pheelinx:"

ODE TO M. JULIEN.

And must you leave us, Julien? Must we wander,
Through life's hard pathway tuneless and alone
Whilst you are gone your magic notes to squander
Midst savages in regions little known?

What shall we have to cheer us when November,
Oppresses us with fogs and spleen and gloom,
Whilst you are playing tunes we well remember
On Timbuctoo's inhospitable shore?

Sure we shall cut most melancholy figures
When in your concert-room in far Penang,
Fair Jetty Treffz is singing to the niggers
The songs that once in Drury lane she sang.

And will you go as far as Madagascar,
And take the *Trovatore* even there;
And will each pigtailed Chinaman and Lascar,
Think you, for Verdi's *Miserere* care?

And do you think the notes of great Beethoven
Will feast the soul of greasy Quashyboo?
Take care he doesn't pop you in an oven,
And make another kind of feast of you.

Why have you taken up these strange vagaries
Of wandering off to foreign parts abroad;
Of visiting Azores and Canaries,
And leaving us by whom you are adored?

If, as we hope, your scheme is only puffing,
Be warned, dear Mons. your *Punch* sincerely begs,
By him who over-greedy for the stuffing,
Destroyed the goose that laid the golden eggs.

As a specimen of the Julien concerts we give one report from the *Musical Gazette* (Nov. 13.):

We were almost afraid the *Trovatore* selection was to last forever; the performances, however, at the Lyceum have been agreeably varied during the past week by a selection from the opera of *Der Freischütz*, which was produced on Monday evening last, and was highly successful. It is, in truth, very effective, and displays considerable judgement in the arrangement of the various solos; and the introduction of the "Huntsman's Chorus," capitolly sung by Mr. Land's choir, makes an excellent *finale* to it. The selection commences with the entire overture, and includes Rodolph's song "Thro' the forest," "Softly sighs," Caspar's Drinking Song, the Waltz, and Hunting Chorus. The solos are finely played by Messrs. Praten (flute), Duham (cornet), and Hughes (ophicleide). The houses have been well attended throughout the week.

For Monday, Nov. 15, M. Julien has announced a "Mendelssohn night," with Miss Arabella Goddard as solo pianist.

Special Notices.

DESCRIPTIVE LIST OF THE LATEST MUSIC, Published by O. Ditson & Co.

MUSIC BY MAIL.—Quantities of Music are now sent by mail, the expense being only about one cent apiece, while the care and rapidity of transportation are remarkable. Those at a great distance will find the mode of conveyance not only a convenience, but a saving of expense in obtaining supplies. Books can also be sent by mail, at the rate of one cent per ounce. This applies to any distance under three thousand miles; beyond that, double the above rates.

Instrumental Music.

Skating Polka.

50

A spirited piece of dance-music, easy of performance. The title-page has a vignette, executed in colors, representing a group of skaters in full enjoyment of this delightful winter-sport.

Papageno Polka.

Ludwig Stasny. 25

Most of the visitors of the afternoon concerts last summer, and many of the last season's guests at Newport will recollect this charming Polka on airs in the "Magic Flute," introducing especially those performed by Papageno on Bells and Fifes. It will become a great favorite with piano players.

Muscantine Light Guards Grand March. Atkins. 50

A pleasing march, with a military frontispiece, drawn true to life, and printed in colors.

Wanderer, by Schubert. Transc. by Franz Liszt. 35

This is a celebrated arrangement of Schubert's favorite song. It is superior to every other arrangement, but, like most of Liszt's pieces, it demands a smart player.

Souvenir de l'Amérique. Mazurka. Schulhoff. 30

A very pretty, coquettish Mazurka of medium difficulty in the key of D, Schulhoff's 18th work, which has hitherto been comparatively unknown in this country.

Vocal, with Piano Accompaniment.

SONGS AND BALLADS. W. R. Dempster.

Dempster holds a distinguished position among the song-composers of America. His claims for the first place are eminently paramount to those of all other parties. In looking over his numerous works one cannot fail to notice the delicate taste and refined mind which display themselves in the selection of the text, which is invariably made from among the choicest poems of modern authors. A composer who is inspired by that which is truly beautiful in poetry deserves our considerations, even if his labors should but furnish a dress of inferior value to the refined gold of the original. But Dempster has done much more. It is well known that it was Dempster's genius which has contributed largely to the popularity of Tennyson's beautiful ballad of the "May Queen"; and likewise portrayed in tones of striking fidelity the pater and clatter of the rain, so ably pictured in Longfellow's characteristic stanzas on the "Rainy Day," thus carrying out the intentions of the poet. None who have listened to the song of "The Blind Boy" will ever forget its touching simplicity and beauty, and many a one will recall both melody and sentiment of "I'm alone" and numerous other of Dempster's songs and ballads. Dempster's compositions are popular, but in no degree partake of that odious popularity which is fostered into quick bloom by the exertions of wandering minstrels, and brought to an early end by the doleful screechings of street organs. They are addressed to minds of a well cultivated musical taste, and deserve unlimited recommendation as the most pure and refined fruits of American musical literature.

A List of Dempster's Songs will be found elsewhere in the present number.

Books.

LANLACHE'S COMPLETE METHOD OF SINGING.

With examples for illustration and progressive vocalizing exercises. By Louis Lablache. Translated from the French, and improved from all former issues, by the addition of new Exercises for Sustaining the Voice and an engraving representing all the parts of the month and throat brought into action in the cultivation and development of the human voice. Complete, \$2.50. Abridged, \$1.50. For Bass voice, 3.00

This is a very clear, philosophical and comprehensive analysis of the true method of developing and forming the voice, and rendering it flexible. It begins at the beginning, describing the organs of voice, giving explicit directions how to produce and vary the vocal sounds, and how to cultivate the powers till the matchless instrument has attained its full excellence.

Dwight's Journal of Music.

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The Story of Don Juan.

(From the Brown Papers.)

A great many years ago, in those days when nobles were looked upon by the common people as almost of a higher order of beings, and the nobles looked down upon the common people as born to do them service, and created but for their amusement and pleasure; when the power of Spain was felt all over Europe, and the Spanish nobleman was as much at home on the banks of the Danube or the Rhine as upon the Tagus or Guadalquivir; when simple cavaliers were as wealthy as princes now, and it was a point of honor to cultivate themselves mentally in all the learning of the time, and physically in all the exercises of chivalry and knighthood; when, however, the deepest darkness and bigotry ruled in the religious world, and people believed in the actual appearance of devils and spirits of hell to carry off to their doom extraordinary sinners—in those days lived a Spanish nobleman called Don Juan. He was distinguished not more for his wealth, and intellectual and physical culture, than for his personal beauty, fascination of manners, nobleness of mien, and for an undaunted courage, which never quailed, let what would oppose him in the prosecution of his designs. Morally this splendid hero was a monster, the whole aim and object of whose existence was to employ all the means of fascination with which he was so lavishly endowed, in the destruction of female innocence, and in the satisfaction of his depraved and lascivious appetites. He had travelled in Italy, France, and Germany, as well as throughout his native Spain, and wherever he had been he had left victims to weep over their folly in trusting his smooth words and confiding in his honor.

In all his travels and intrigues, Don Juan had one confidant and inseparable companion, his servant, Leporello—a cowardly, cunning, humorous, droll knave, who seems to have been born but to serve his master, and who, faithless and a rascal to all the world beside, followed the Don like a faithful hound, ever ready to do his bidding, and executing his commands, when too much courage was not involved, with an alacrity that showed how congenial such a service was to his depraved nature. He was in fact so proud of his master's success in destroying female innocence, as to have kept a regular register of all whom he had ruined—a sort of album in which, as he himself said, were to be found

High-born dame and chambermaid,

High and low, and all degrees,
Country girls and duchesses,
Countesses and marchionesses,
City madams and princesses,
Every size and every shape, etc.

With the previous history of Don Juan we have nothing to do farther than was necessary to give an idea of his character, and prepare us for the close of his dissolute career. It is the circumstances attending this which form the subject of our tale, or rather opera.

In the same city where Don Juan dwelt, lived

a noble lady of severe and dignified beauty, whose lofty mind had been cultivated with the utmost care, and whose accomplishment in all that was womanly rendered her peerless among women as was Don Juan among men. Morally she was, however, the highest possible contrast to him—as reserved and severe in virtue as he was abandoned. Her father was commander or general of an order of knighthood, and a man venerable for his years and virtues. She had been wooed and won by Don Ottavio, a rich and noble knight, and Donna Anna was now looking forward impatiently to the day of her marriage, when Don Juan in an evil hour cast his lascivious eye upon her. The attempt to undermine her virtue was one which he instinctively felt would be fruitless, and he determined to try some other means. Late one evening, taking Leporello with him, he made his way secretly into the garden of the palace, where, leaving him to watch, he entered the dwelling of Donna Anna, which was distinct from the official palace, in which at the time her father was engaged. He found the Donna alone, sitting in the darkness, and thinking of her lover. Partially concealing his face in his cloak, he drew near her; she, never dreaming that a stranger could find entrance into the garden, supposed him to be Ottavio. In a few moments she was undeceived, and, shocked and outraged by the insult, she seized and held him with almost superhuman strength, at the same time crying for help. The Don, startled by such an unexpected resistance, struggled to free himself from her, and make his escape without being recognized. Though he by his superior strength made his way again into the garden, the necessity of keeping his face concealed—a face so well known in the city that even he dared not brave the consequences, should this insult to Donna Anna, her lover, and her family become known—prevented him escaping from her grasp. All the woman was aroused, and the strength of a man imbued her muscles. Her cries in the garden were heard in the palace, and her aged father, drawing his sword, rushed to her aid. Loosing her hold, Donna Anna ran to the room of her lover to hasten him to the spot, and take vengeance upon the outrager of their mutual honor.

This was the moment for Don Juan to escape, but for the wrath of the venerable commander. He saw in an instant the danger of his situation. If he dropped his cloak to defend himself, he would be recognized; if he tried to escape, still retaining his disguise, the old man's sword was drawn to prevent him; in open conflict the old man would be but a child in his hands; he could with the utmost ease defend himself and escape without injuring him; but this involved making himself known. He threatened in vain. The Commander, jealous of his honor, attacked him, and Don Juan was at last compelled to drop his cloak and draw in defence. Having shown his face, the preservation of his secret involved the necessity of murder, and his sword in an instant pierced the old man's heart. He fell. His assassin

waited a moment to be sure that life was extinct, placed his hand upon the faintly-beating pulse and heart, and finding that he could never be betrayed by that poor old father, made his escape from the garden just before Donna Anna and Don Ottavio rushed in from the door of the palace—she to find her father dead, he to see his beloved and betrothed thus suddenly and cruelly overwhelmed with sorrow. For a time her grief was inconsiderable, and the tenderest expressions of love seeking to comfort her seemed but cold and cruel. He besought her to hear him, her affianced, and promised to be father, husband, and all to her. After the first emotions had subsided, Donna Anna arose from the body upon which she had thrown herself, and turning to her lover, made him swear never to rest until he had sought out the murderer and avenged his victim. There was as yet no suspicion that he who had so tragically interrupted their happiness, and the polished, courtly, noble Don Juan were one and the same person.

Time passed away. The commander was entombed, and a noble equestrian statue in marble was erected to his memory. The efforts of Don Ottavio had been unavailing to discover the murderer, and a settled sorrow filled the bosom of Donna Anna. In the mean time Don Juan and his servant had pursued their old way of life, but the murder of Don Pedro seems to have rendered them both at times a little uneasy; for upon a certain occasion, some months after that adventure, the Don, seeing an expression of uneasiness upon the face of Leporello, inquired what it was that troubled him? The knave, after much hesitation, and after extorting a promise from his master not to fly into a passion—in case Don Pedro was not mentioned—finally confessed that even he was becoming shocked at the life they led, and began to lecture the Don upon his dissolute conduct. A significant touch of the sword, however, soon put an end to the sermon of Leporello, and the sincerity of these, his better feelings, was immediately shown. The conversation took place in a by-street, and the master followed up his threat by informing the servant that he had another love adventure in view there. This changed the whole current of Leporello's feelings, and he forgot his lecture in his desire to get the lady's name to add to his list.

But the end of Don Juan's career is approaching. Henceforth his designs upon the innocent are baffled. Each new attempt but adds to the number of such as seek vengeance upon him. But though the number of his enemies increases, his shrewdness and daring courage are sufficient to render their efforts fruitless. One old Spanish history of the Don represents him as having made a compact with the evil one, by which he was made safe from all human enemies. But this idea is hardly necessary in the progress of the story and its final catastrophe. The idea, which both Da Ponte and Mozart seem to have had, is that of wickedness triumphant over all human power, but doomed the moment the crime of blood was

added to that of ruined innocence. This doom, in spite of all the jesting and comicality which follow—in spite of the boundless animal spirits and good humor of the Don, we feel impends from the moment the commander falls; though why we feel this I know not, unless it be intimated to us in the wonderful strains of Mozart.

We left the Don and his servant in a by-street, whither he had come bent upon adding a new victim to Leporello's list. Their conversation was interrupted by the approach of a woman, whom the Don pronounced at once young and handsome, and stepping aside they overheard her in soliloquy mourning the loss of honor and the baseness of her deceiver. Don Juan, struck with her appearance, suddenly approached her with pretended offers of friendship, when she, turning to him, removed her veil, striking him dumb as he saw the face of Donna Elvira, a lady whom in a distant city he had ruined; but who, taking a servant-girl alone with her, had followed him hither in the hope of recovering the love which she foolishly believed he had once really felt for her.

To her upbraidings Juan replied in the kindest tones, and offered to explain satisfactorily his desertion, or if she doubted his word he referred her to Leporello, whom she might certainly trust. She had hardly turned to the servant, when the Don, taking advantage of the darkness, hastened away. The only explanation Leporello could give her was that his master was an abandoned *roué*, and that as he had served her, so had he served the vast number of women of all grades and classes, whose names and miniatures he had in the book which he produced and showed to her. This insult stung poor Elvira to madness—her love was turned to hate, and she vowed revenge.

Don Juan, upon leaving her, went out of the city to his palace, on his way thither being joined again by Leporello. As they approached, they found the villagers assembled, making merry and dancing before the village inn, which lay not far from the gates of the palace, and upon inquiry learned that the festival was in honor of the pretty village maiden, Zerlina, who was to be married to a peasant named Masetto. The Don was at once struck by the beauty and artless simplicity of Zerlina, and determined to make her his victim. He at once approached her, asked her name, the name of her bridegroom, and offered her, as lord of the manor, his protection. To clear the way for the success of his scheme, he invited all to enter his palace and gardens, and ordered Leporello to show them all hospitality, with a hint to him not to lose sight for a moment of Masetto. With some difficulty the bridegroom was forced away from Zerlina, and into the palace, leaving the simple girl alone with her destroyer. Don Juan began with flattering speeches, assuring her that Masetto was no suitable husband for one like her, and succeeded at length, by offers of his own hand, and promises to make her mistress of his chateau, to get her in an evil moment to consent to desert her lover, and unite her fate to his.

His triumph, however, was but short. Leporello had hardly left Elvira, after his edifying discourse to her upon his master's character, when she suddenly, moved either by a return of tender feeling or by rage, determined also to go out to Don Juan's country residence, and fortunately for poor Zerlina, she arrived before the little inn just at the moment when the simple girl,

overcome by the fascinations of the cavalier, and the prospect of exchanging a cottage for a palace, gave her consent to follow her betrayer. Elvira hastened at once to rescue her. She declared the true character of the Don, who in reply could only assure Zerlina that she, Elvira, was an insane girl in love with him. Elvira, however, prevailed, and Zerlina hastened to join Masetto, Elvira following her to relate what had happened.

Don Juan had hardly time to recover himself before a new interruption to his schemes, and not a very pleasant one, occurred.

The ill-success which had attended the efforts of Don Ottavio to discover the murderer of Don Pedro, had led him and Donna Anna to seek assistance, and to whom should they apply, if not to the noble and brilliant cavalier, Don Juan? With this object in view, they went out of the city to his palace, and had already reached the village-green, when in the midst of his efforts to cheer his companion, he suddenly beheld the very person they sought. Donna Anna instantly appealed to him as a knight for his assistance in her distress. He perceived that she had no suspicion of him as the guilty one, and replied by profuse offers of service, and went on to ask her the cause of her grief and distress. He might perhaps have succeeded in his hypocrisy, had not his ill-fortune—which, as he complained, made every thing that day go wrong—brought a fourth person into the interview. This was Donna Elvira, who, as Leporello afterward related, came in with Zerlina in the midst of the festivity, when some were half-intoxicated, and all given up to the influence of the hour, and related all that had passed, and excited the peasants to vengeance. Leporello had waited until she had nearly exhausted herself in her denunciations, and then artfully contrived to lead her out of the garden-gate, where he shut the door and locked it upon her. At this moment she came upon the Don in conversation with his visitors, and instantly informed them as to his true character. Donna Anna was greatly struck with the appearance of the stranger, and could hardly believe Don Juan's protestations, that she was disordered in her mind. Each word spoken by them only bewildered her the more; but when the Don became angry, and forced Elvira away, something appeared in his words, the tones of his voice, and his manner, which shed a horrible light into her mind, and showed her in the person of the polished cavalier, him who had attempted her own honor, and followed up the insult by the murder of her father. As soon as the Don left them, her horror and detestation of the monster found words, and now for the first time she made known to her lover his entry into her apartments, the attempt upon her which led to the murder. Some proof beyond the mere conviction of Donna Anna, however, was necessary before Don Ottavio could charge the rich and high-born Don Juan with crimes so despicable as well as revolting—crimes which touched his honor as a Spanish noble so nearly. The truth of Donna Elvira's words seemed now made manifest, and they determined to seek her out, and devise some plan of unmasking the Don, and bringing him to punishment.

Day was already waning when Leporello came out to seek his master. Things had not gone to suit him in the chateau, and the old idea of leaving his service had come up again. He found his master in high spirits at his supposed success in preventing Elvira from working his ruin, and in this frame of mind Leporello's lugubrious account of his treatment of the peasant, especially of Masetto, and of the appearance of Elvira with Zerlina, was but a subject of laughter for him. The thought of so many pretty village maidens in his palace at that moment somewhat consoled him for the disappointments he had met with during this unlucky day, and he determined upon the impulse of the moment to detain the company until

night, and put all thoughts of leaving him out of Leporello's head, by sending him to prepare for a grand supper and ball.

Savage with jealousy and anger, Masetto had left the company and gone out into the garden. Here poor little Zerlina, now thoroughly repentant of her momentary folly, sought him out, and endeavored to win from him a smile of reconciliation. At first the young husband would hear no excuse, and upbraided her with leaving him, a man of such consequence, allured by the arts of a villain. She begged forgiveness, assured him that the Don had not touched her with the tip of his finger, and finally entreated him to punish her in any manner he pleased—beat her, kill her, only forgive. Such tender entreaty was too much for him, and peace was made. At this moment the voice of the Don was heard in the garden giving orders to the servants. Zerlina, overcome with fear, entreated Masetto to fly with her, but he misinterpreting her agitation, ordered her to remain and meet the Don, while he secreted himself in an arbor. Don Juan, delighted at finding Zerlina again, and alone, upon his entrance with a band of peasants, who passed into the banquet, called her from a hiding-place which she had vainly sought among the trees, and seizing her by the hand, drew her towards the arbor. Though baffled by meeting there Masetto, the last person he expected to see, he concealed his disappointment, and shielded Zerlina by placing her hand in that of her lover, and inviting him in to dance with the rest. Masetto was easily persuaded. Perhaps he hoped that he and his friends might be able to punish the Don for the insult he had suffered at his hands; if so, he was mistaken, for Don Juan had assembled several persons of rank, and the peasantry found themselves powerless to carry out any such project, if indeed they had formed it.

In the mean time, Don Ottavio, Donna Anna, and Elvira had determined to be present at the banquet, which they could easily do without being known, by joining the masks. As they approached the chateau, the Don saw them from the window, and ordered Leporello to invite them in, little dreaming who were concealed behind the dominoes—an invitation of course willingly accepted, notwithstanding the anxiety and forebodings of Donna Anna.

The grand saloon presented a splendid spectacle. Three bands of musicians were stationed in the three several divisions of the saloon, each playing music appropriate to the movements of the different ranks of the guests. In the front apartment the nobility and friends of the Don, engaged in the stately minuet, in those days the mode among the high-born. In the next the guests of the rank of citizens moved more lively in the mazes of the contra-dance; while, still beyond, the peasants whirled, intoxicated with the fire of the giddy waltz. Coffee, chocolate, and sherbet were handed about to the guests of distinction, while more fiery liquids were distributed among the peasants and the village maidens.

Don Ottavio and his companions did not join the dance; but sitting apart, they followed with jealous eyes every movement of the Don. They saw his renewed attentions to Zerlina. They noted the efforts of Leporello to draw Masetto away from her. Don Juan at length claimed her hand in a dance—a request which she could not refuse. There was a small apartment opening out from the saloon, towards the door of which the Don gradually brought his partner in the progress of the dance; and at a moment when Masetto had been carried away to a distance by Leporello, and when he thought no one was observing, by a sudden movement he forced her in, Leporello rushing thither to stand by his master. But Zerlina was no longer a willing victim. Her scream rang through the saloon high above the sounds of music and the shuffling of feet. All was confusion. The guests in the front saloon, save Don Ottavio and his companions, knew not what to think. Not so Masetto and the peasants. They had been forbidden by Elvira, and were prepared with sticks and clubs. To seize these and burst open the door was the work of a moment. Zerlina was rescued, and Don Juan was forced to confront his

enraged guests. For a moment, he endeavored to turn their suspicions upon Leporello, and drew his sword, as if to punish him for his audacity; but Don Ottavio, to whom now the guilt of Juan was clear, assured him that this was too shallow a device. Unmasking themselves, Don Juan saw before him those very persons whom of all men he had most reason to fear. The guests of his own rank who were present, with the instinct of caste, drew their swords and protected him from the assaults of the peasants, while Don Ottavio made known his crimes and infamy. For a moment, his bold spirit quailed; but recovering himself, he gave Leporello a secret charge. Keeping his assailants at bay, and braving the scorn and indignation which were heaped upon him from all sides, he stood his ground until his servant returned and secretly conveyed a pair of loaded pistols into his master's hand. Whether Don Ottavio, with the aid of the cavaliers then present would have inflicted deserved punishment on the spot, is not clear. If this was the intention, it was defeated by Don Juan, who suddenly dropped his sword, and forgetting all the dictates of chivalry, fired his pistols among his guests, and in the consequent confusion rushed through the crowd and escaped.

[Conclusion next week.]

Conference on Singing in Schools.

(From the London Musical Gazette, Oct. 30.)

The conference, called together by the Tonic Sol-fa Association, was very well attended, the lecture theatre of the Young Men's Christian Association, Aldersgate street, being crowded. Not less than six hundred persons could have been present, comprising the teachers of many of the training colleges and schools of London and its vicinity.

Mr. Curwen, the president of the association, explained the object of the conference to be the promotion and diffusion of singing in schools. He believed that, however various the methods employed, there would be no difference of opinion as to the importance of the end in view. In order to promote free discussion, teachers generally had been invited, regardless of denominational distinction. He ended by proposing Mr. Hickson, whom he called the "Father of School-music in England," as chairman. The motion having been seconded, and carried by acclamation, Mr. W. E. Hickson, of Fairseat, Kent, took the chair.

To facilitate the business of the meeting a series of four resolutions had been previously prepared, and were now submitted to the meeting. The first of these, referring to the fitness of vocal music to promote the healthy development of the organs of voice, and to supply a brief recreation in the course of school studies, was moved by Mr. White, of Spitalfields, who observed that he had during the last twenty years tried four or five systems, and now, in the Tonic Sol-fa, was glad to say he had got hold of one which answered his purpose.

Mr. Crampton, in a very sensible speech, moved the second resolution, affirming that an important advantage to be derived from singing in schools was the fixing just sentiments on the memory, by the combination of good poetry with good music. He observed that he was glad the notion was losing ground that children should sing nothing but hymns. He thought there was little danger that in avoiding the Scylla of excessive religious singing they would fall into the Charybdis of excessive secular singing. He wished to see a good ballad literature for boys. They could not always be singing moral essays, or such words as "Deeper, deeper, let us delve," the delving being carried on in the mines of knowledge. (Laughter.) Songs for boys, similar to nursery rhymes for infants, were at present a great desideratum.

In order to show his idea of a combination of good poetry with good music, Mr. Crampton exhibited a small volume of school songs which he had published. He was not alone, however, in taking advantage of this cheap method of advertising.

The third resolution was moved by Mr. Langton, of the Model Schools, Borough-road. It

referred merely to the attainments that (irrespective of any particular system) should be required from all students leaving training colleges.

These three resolutions having been respectively seconded by Messrs. Curwen, Daintree (of Highbury College), and Murby (of the Normal College, Borough-road), were put to the meeting and unanimously carried. Our readers will perceive from the nature of these resolutions that little opportunity was given to would-be disputants, though ample latitude for speech-makers. Thus it was fully half-past nine before Mr. Tilleard (of the Council-office) proposed the fourth resolution, which was the real question of the evening, being upon the method best calculated to produce the desired end. He observed, that in every method that was scientifically truthful there must be a recognition of the fundamental truth, that all major scales are formed upon the same type. Any system which took scale after scale and repeated the same course of training on each was erroneous, and entirely opposed to the Pestalozzian principle, that every successive step should be in reality a generalization. Mr. Tilleard was proceeding still further when Mr. Curwen proposed the adjournment of the meeting till that day fortnight. The motion, being put, was carried by a considerable majority, and the meeting was about to separate, when Mr. G. W. Martin (conductor of the National School Choral Festival) rose and said he could not let that meeting carry away with them the idea that he had been tacitly consenting to what had been said in favor of the Tonic Sol-fa system. As he could not possibly attend the adjourned meeting, he wished to say a few words then. He disapproved of the Tonic Sol-fa notation. They must in time come to the old notation. (Cries of "No, no!") In fact, he understood Mr. Curwen to say that he regarded the new notation as an introduction to the old. (Hear, hear!" from Mr. Curwen.) He (Mr. Martin) maintained that the former was not so easy as the latter. Syllables were not intended originally as methods of distinguishing sounds, and the adoption of them for that purpose only created confusion. Sounds were represented simply by lines and spaces, not by notes. He then gave a practical illustration of this, by getting the audience to sing an octave, which he pointed out, using one of his hands as a staff. He concluded by strongly recommending the old notation.

After thanks had been voted to the chairman, the conference adjourned.

We had forgotten to state that between the second and third resolutions a dozen boys and girls (instructed on the Tonic Sol-fa system), assisted by two or three gentlemen, sang one or two pieces for the amusement of the audience.

The performance, however, was far from being good. The Mountain Boys' Song, of which they only sang one verse, commenced on F and ended on E flat. We are glad to see that in some of their later publications the Tonic Sol-fa Association are rendering tardy justice to Miss Glover, of whose system theirs is but a modification.

This conference reassembled on Wednesday evening, Nov. 3d, at the rooms of the Young Men's Christian Association, 165 Aldersgate street. The attendance was very similar to that on the previous occasion. Mr. Hickson again took the chair. Before the discussion was resumed, a class, consisting of about thirty boys and girls, was subjected to tests of sight-singing from the tonic sol-fa modulator, in addition to which Mr. J. T. Tilleard wrote, on a blackboard, an easy tune in B natural, modulating into F sharp, which they sang very satisfactorily. The chairman then opened the business of the evening by reminding the conference that the adjournment had taken place upon the discussion of the fourth resolution, viz.:

"That, in the opinion of this conference, all methods which aim at usefulness in schools should possess the following qualifications:

"They should be scientifically truthful. They should be progressive: always proceeding from the less to the more difficult,—introducing new topics in such a manner as to sustain a freshness of interest,—

and enabling the teacher to take one truth at a time, and to assist his pupils in discovering it. The lessons and exercises should be in themselves attractive; such as will, for their own sake, be loved and remembered by a child. Such methods should also be easy to teach,—making small demands upon either the physical powers of the teacher or the invaluable time of the schools."

Mr. Tilleard then renewed the debate by restating upon what principles, in his opinion, the teaching of music should be conducted. There should be a well-known and recognized terminology, and one universal musical language or notation; so that musical persons of the most opposite systems might thoroughly understand each other on musical subjects. The resolution, having been seconded by Mr. Myers, was put to the meeting and carried unanimously. Mr. Curwen then (having previously stated his intention) moved the following series of resolutions:

"1. That, in accordance with the opinions just approved by the conference, no system of teaching to sing can be a good one which does not accustom its pupils to measure intervals from the tonic or key-note. Hence the failure of Mr. Hullah's method.

"2. That the chief difficulty of carrying out this tonic principle arises from the frequency of modulation, or change of key, in the higher styles of music; that this difficulty appears almost insuperable when the pupil of such methods as Mr. Hatley's of Edinburgh, Mr. Jackson's of Bradford, or Mr. Turner's of London (which are all confined to the established notation) wishes to sing classic music at first sight—such a pupil being obliged, then, to leave tonic sol-fa and have recourse to what may be called chromatic sol-fa. That the tonic sol-fa system of interpreting the keys (in this kind of music), and expressing them in a new notation, is to be regarded, at present, only as an experiment; but that this difficulty of the tonic method is confined to the higher style of music, and need not give any anxiety to the school teacher.

"3. That, as in all good teaching the sign should be regarded as entirely subordinate to that which it signifies (the object of the instructor being to teach the thing itself, and only subordinately the marks or names by which it is known), it is not 'teacher-like' to object to the methods of Nægeli, Natorp, Waldmann, Müller, Schade, Anberlin, Gall, Byrce, Jcu de Berneval, Chévé, or Miss Glover, that they have employed some new notation (of figures, symbols, or letters) in order to attract the exclusive attention of their pupils to the great principle of key relationship in their early lessons on intervals; if it can be shown that the pupils do learn the thing music more truthfully or more quickly, or obtain music at a very much cheaper rate, and therefore more abundantly, by the help of these new notations than without them. This conference, however, recommends that those school teachers who adopt new notations for this purpose should not neglect to introduce the pupils of their higher classes to that notation of music which is now established in general use throughout the world."

After expressing an opinion, founded on his own personal observation, that the advocates of the old principle of sol-fa were becoming less numerous every day, Mr. Curwen observed that Mr. Hullah's system did not flourish in schools. There, generally, it assumed the shape of certain unused sheets, in certain dusty cupboards. In his (Mr. Curwen's) resolutions, reference was made to the methods of Mr. Turner, Mr. Hatley, and Mr. Jackson. These gentlemen, though they sol-fa'd from the key-note, seemed afraid to leave the old notation, and consequently, in classical music, became involved in great difficulties. To give an idea of these, he would state that in *Israel in Egypt*, which contained 1,752 bars of music, there were about 230 changes of key, or, on an average, one change to $7\frac{1}{2}$ bars. The average in Bach's Motet, No. 5, was one change to every 7 bars. Was there any musician in the world who could read off such modulations at first sight? (Cries of "Yes.") Well, suppose there were a hundred, that would not answer his purpose—he must have thousands upon thousands—he wanted the people to sing. He regretted that Mr. Martin, at their former meeting, spoke of the tonic sol-fa as his (Mr. Curwen's) invention. It was entirely due to the genius and energy of Miss Glover. (Cheers.) Mr. Martin had stated that they taught by ear alone. He (Mr.

Curwen) contended that no man could be taught to sing in the first instance except through his ears; after which, signs of some kind would be indispensable. He allowed, with Mr. Martin, that syllables would not teach differences of sound, but when the pupil became acquainted with these differences, syllables were of use in naming them. He had tried many plans before he adopted the present one. It was the only one that answered. It was like loosing the tongue of a dumb man. In speaking of the old notation he stated that it could be acquired in a day by any one acquainted with the tonic sol-fa system. In addition to these advantages, cheapness should not be forgotten. The nineteen numbers of Mr. Martin's "Two-a-Penny Part-songs" cost 1s. 7d., but in the tonic sol-fa notation, 4½d. would cover the expense, and "Eight-a-Penny Part-songs" would become the title. The publisher would enjoy the same profit, and the purchasers four times as much music.

Mr. Goodchild having seconded the resolutions, Mr. G. W. Martin rose to reply to Mr. Curwen. He stated that the advocates of the tonic sol-fa system seemed to take great credit for the teaching of key-relationship, as though it were peculiar to their system, whereas it was generally allowed to be the foundation of all good teaching. He agreed with Mr. Curwen that this relationship should be cultivated, and also that the first note of the scale was the principal one; but he would maintain that the new systems of notation introduced into this and other countries had decidedly a dangerous tendency. They were calculated to destroy that universality of musical language, which was so desirable. The difference in the cost of music became insignificant when placed side by side with community of language. Mr. Martin concluded by comparing most elaborately and scientifically the merits of the old and new notations, showing the former to be greatly superior when properly taught. In doing this he made considerable use of a blackboard and the voices of his audience.

Mr. Crampton considered that the key was not established by note but by the accompanying harmony of that note. He thought the tonic sol-fa system was a good introduction to harmony, but when harmony came in, that system could not be too quickly abandoned.

Mr. Roberts thought the tonic sol-fa notation had not been treated fairly. They should look at the results. After three lessons a boy with an ordinary ear could make out a simple tune by himself.

Paisiello and His Works.

GIOVANNI PAISELLO, son of François and of Grazzio Foggiale, was born at Tarento in the year 1741. His father was a veterinary surgeon, particularly distinguished in his art; and the reputation he had acquired, not only in the province of Lucca, but in the whole kingdom, procured him the honor of being employed by the King of Naples, Charles III., during the war of Velletri. His father determined, as soon as his son had attained his fifth year, that he should study till he was thirteen, with the Jesuits, who had a college at Tarento; and as it was the custom of these fathers to have the service to the virgin sung in all their festivals, they remarked, when their young pupil sang the hours of matins, that he had a fine contralto voice and an excellent ear. Upon this observation, the Chevalier D. Girolamo Carducci, of the same city, and who superintended the music for the holy week in the church of the Capuchins, endeavored to make young Paisiello sing some pieces from memory. The boy, who was then under thirteen years of age, acquitted himself in such a manner, that it might have been imagined he had studied music for a length of time. This was in March, 1754. The Chevalier Carducci, perceiving the promising genius of Paisiello, advised his father to send him to Naples, in order that he might study music, and for this purpose, instantly to place him with some good chapel-master; but his parents would not consent to this, for, being their only son, they could not resolve to part with him. The reiterated entreaties of the chevalier began at last to prevail, and they promised to give an answer, after having reflected more maturely. In short, after some time had elapsed, they determined on sending him to Naples; his departure was fixed for the month of May following, and in the meantime he employed all his time in learning the first elements of music, under an

ecclesiastic, a secular priest, named Carlo Resta, of Tarento, an excellent tenor, who played very well on the arch-lute, an instrument which Paisiello made use of during the two or three months allotted to him for acquiring the first instructions. He afterwards set out for Naples with his father, and in June, 1754, was received into the conservatorio of St. Onofrio, where he had the happiness of finding, as a master, the celebrated Durante. It was under him that he studied, and at the end of five years became first master among the pupils of the conservatorio. During the next four years he composed there some masses, psalms, motets, oratorios, and a comic interlude, which was performed in the same institution. This interlude procured him the advantage of being employed to compose, in 1763, an opera for the theatre at Bologna.

Here begins the first epoch of his works. At the theatre of the Marsigli, at Bologna, appeared "*La Pupilla*," "*I Francesi brillanti*," "*Il Mondo a Rovescio*," at Modena, "*La Madama Unorista*," at Parma, "*Le Virtuose Ridicole*," "*Il Sogno d'Abano*," at Venice, "*Il Ciarlone*," "*Le Pescatrice*," at Rome, "*Il Marchese Tulipano*," &c., &c.

On the 28th of July, 1766, Paisiello departed for Russia, and entered the service of Catharine II., with an appointment of four thousand rubles. As music master to the grand duchess, he had the further sum of nine hundred rubles; and his country house, which was allowed him during five or six months in the year, procured him two thousand rubles. With these and some other advantages, he had an annual income of nine thousand rubles.

Second Epoch.—Paisiello remained in Russia nine years, during which time he composed "*La Serva Padrona*," "*Il Matrimonio Inaspettato*," "*Il Barbiere di Siviglia*," "*I Filosofi Imaginari*," "*La Finta Amante*," &c., &c.

Third Epoch.—At Vienna he wrote for the Emperor Joseph II. the opera of "*Il Re Teodoro*," and twelve concerted symphonies. From thence he returned to Naples. On his arrival in this city, Ferdinand IV. took him into his service, in quality of master of the chapel, with a salary of twelve hundred ducats. He then directly composed his opera "*Antigono*," at Rome, "*L'Amore Ingegnoso*," "*La Molinara*," at Naples, "*La Grotta di Trofonio*," "*Le Gare Generose*," "*L'Olympiade*," "*Il Pirro*." This work was the first, of the serious kind, in which introductions and finales were employed. It also contains a scene where the principal person, executing a monologue, is surprised by soldiers, who arrive at the sound of a military march, and which agrees with the song of the actor; a scene which has served as a model to many composers.

The French revolution having extended to Naples in 1789, the government assumed the republican form. The court abandoning Naples and returning into Sicily, the rulers of the state named Paisiello composer to the nation. But the Bourbon family, being re-established, made it a crime in him to have accepted this employment, and for some time his appointments were suspended. At last, after two years had elapsed, he was restored to his situation. He was afterwards demanded at Paris by the First Consul of France, Napoleon Bonaparte; when Ferdinand, King of Naples, gave him a despatch, with an order to go to Paris, and place himself at the disposal of the first consul. Alquier, the minister of France, resident at Naples, pressed him on the occasion to declare his intentions respecting the fees and the treatment he desired. Paisiello replied, that the honor of serving the first consul he considered as a sufficient recompense. On arriving at Paris, he was provided with a furnished apartment, and one of the court carriages; he was assigned a salary of twelve thousand francs, and a present of eighteen thousand francs for the expenses of his stay, besides those of his journey. He was offered at Paris several employments; such as those of director of the Imperial Academy and of the Conservatorio; he refused them all, and contented himself with that of director of the chapel, which he filled with excellent artists. He composed for this chapel sixteen sacred services, consisting of masses, motets, prayers, &c., and besides these he set the opera of "*Proserpine*," for the Academy of Music, and a "*Grand Mass*" for two choirs, a "*Te Deum*," and prayers for the coronation of the emperor. Finding that the climate of Paris did not agree with his wife, he quitted the city, after residing in it two years and a half, and returned to Italy; he still, however, continued to send every year to Napoleon a sacred composition for the anniversary of his birth, the 15th of August. A year after his departure, the emperor proposed to him to return to Paris, but the bad state of his health prevented him from accepting the invitation. The Bourbon family being obliged to quit Na-

ples, King Joseph Napoleon confirmed to him the place of master of the chapel, of composer and director of the music of his chamber and of his chapel, with an appointment of one thousand eight hundred ducats. He wrote for this chapel twenty-four services, consisting of masses, motets, and prayers. At the same time, Napoleon sent him the cross of the legion of honor, which Joseph himself presented to him, with an additional pension of one thousand francs.

Besides the offices already spoken of, Paisiello was chapel-master of the cathedral of Naples, for which he composed several services *alla Palestrina*; he was also chapel-master to the municipality. He likewise composed for different religious houses, now destroyed, a great number of offices; such as three masses for two choirs, two masses for five voices, *alla Palestrina*, with an accompaniment for the violoncello and tenor, and a *Christus*; and besides these, three cantatas for a single voice, for amateurs; four nocturnes for two voices; six concertos for the pianoforte written expressly for the infantia, Princess of Parma, afterwards Queen of Spain, wife of Charles IV.

Paisiello died at Naples, in the year 1816, aged seventy-six. That city rendered him funeral honors, in causing to be executed a mass for the dead, found among his papers. The same evening his "*Nina*" was performed at the opera, when the King of Naples and the whole court attended.

Among the numerous works of which we have given the list, there are many which have had general success, and which have been often performed in the principal theatres of Europe. The following are among the most favorite of his comic operas: "*La Fiescantana*," "*Le Due Contesse*," "*Il Re Teodoro*," "*Il Barbiere di Siviglia*," "*Il Furbo mal accorto*," "*D'Anchise Compagnone*," "*Le Medeste raggiratrice*," "*I Zingari in Fiera*," "*Dal Finto il Vero*," "*L'Inganno Felice*," "*L'Arabo Cortese*," "*L'Amor contrastato*," "*Il Tamburro Notturmo*," "*La Pazzo per Amore*," "*L'Innocente Fortunata*," "*Il Matrimonio Inaspettato*," "*La Serva Padrona*," "*I Filosofi Imaginari*," "*Le Gare Generose*," and "*La Grotta di Trofonio*." Among the serious operas: "*La Disfatta di Dario*," "*L'Elfrida*," "*Il Pirro*," "*La Nitteti*," "*L'Antigono*," "*Lucinda ed Armadoro*," "*L'Olympiade*," "*Il Demetrio*," "*L'Andromaca*," "*La Fedra*," "*Catone in Utica*," and "*I Giuochi d'Agrigento*." Among the works for the church: "*La Passione*," the mass for two choirs, the "*Te Deum*," the motets and funeral symphonies.

Mozart's "Nozze di Figaro."

From Holmes's Life of Mozart.

The all-engrossing subject of Mozart's thoughts during the spring of the year (1786) was "*Le Nozze di Figaro*," an opera likewise undertaken at the suggestion of the Emperor Joseph. This work, which has maintained its place on the stage and in the drawing-room for nearly sixty years in continuation, is justly considered, for its extraordinary wealth of melody, the variety of its style, and the perfection of its concerted music, as one of the most wonderful trophies of human skill.

The *libretto*, adapted by Da Ponte from the well-known comedy of Beaumarchais, seems to have satisfied Mozart, and the subject to have possessed unusual charms for him, if we may judge by the rate at which he worked. The whole opera was written in the course of April. The marvelous finale of the second act, consisting of six grand pieces, occupied him for two nights and a day, during which he wrote without intermission. In the course of the second night he was seized with an illness which compelled him to stop; but there remained a few pages only of the last piece to instrument.

Salieri and Righini being at this time ready with operas, were both competitors with Mozart for preference; and the contest between the composers was so warm that the emperor was obliged to interpose and he decided for "*Figaro*." Some eagerness of rivalry seems to have been pardonable on an occasion which is rendered memorable by the unequalled talent of the singers, and the extraordinary congress of composers assembled at Vienna. Rarely, if ever, has it happened to a musician to submit his composition to such an ordeal as Mozart did "*Figaro*," and few have been the instances in dramatic annals in which men of such renown as Haydn, Mozart, Gluck, Paisiello, Storace, Salieri, Righini, Anfossi, &c., have been collected under one roof to witness the first performance of an opera, as it is no im-

probable surmise that they were on this occasion.

What the lyric drama gained by this opera in elegance of melody, in models of love songs in rich concerted music, and varied finales, is the question at present, and that we are well able to determine. While all the popular melodies of the comic operas coeval with "Figaro" (tunes which were regularly transferred from the theatre to the street musicians) are lost, not a note of that composition has faded; and when reproduced, it still finds as many enthusiastic admirers as a comedy of Shakespeare. The combination of playfulness and grace which predominates in it imparts to "Figaro," according to some critics, a more decided Mozartean character than any other of his works. Every one may certainly find in it something to please. The musician, for instance, listens with delight to the bass of the first duet, or to the admirable instrumentation of the song in which the page is trying on the cap. What wealth of beauty in places comparatively unnoticed! Those who like to combine delightful music with a laugh may find both in the duet in which Susanna describes the behavior of the count when her bridegroom is gone on his travels. The deprecatory interjections of poor Figaro, "*Susanna pian, pian!*" call up the most pleasant recollections. It were endless to pursue this opera through all its materials for pleasure.

The favorite piece of the composer was the sestetto: *Riconosci in questo amplesso*.

Kelly, who claims to have sung "Crudel perchè" with the composer, just as it had fallen fresh from the pen, gives a lively account of the first rehearsal. Alluding to this occasion, he observes: "I remember Mozart was on the stage with his crimson pelisse and gold-laced cocked hat, giving the time of the music to the orchestra. Figaro's song: 'Non più andrai, farfallone amoroso.' Benucci gave with the greatest animation and power of voice. I was standing close to Mozart, who, *sotto voce*, was repeating 'Bravo! bravo! Benucci;' and when Benucci came to the fine passage: 'Cherubino, alla vittoria, alla gloria militar,' which he gave out with stentorian lungs, the effect was electricity itself, for the whole of the performers on the stage, and those in the orchestra, as if actuated by one feeling of delight, vociferated, 'Bravo! bravo! maestro; viva! grande Mozart!' Those in the orchestra I thought, would never have ceased applauding, by beating the bows of the violins against the music desks. The little man acknowledged, by repeated obeisances, his thanks for the distinguished mark of enthusiastic applause bestowed upon him." What a transition this, from the midnight solitudes in which, animated by a great idea, he could not rest till he had delivered himself of it! Had it been the acclamation of a crowded house at a performance, instead of a spirited scene at a rehearsal, it might have been better; still, it was the voice of truth, which he seldom heard save in his own music.

"The Huguenots" in New Orleans.

One of the best operatic critics of New York, where they think they know "what's what" in these matters, says that "no sagacious opera manager in America will often attempt to place Meyerbeer on the stage. His operas are written for rare voices, and without such they are miserable failures. Bassos profundissimos, like Formes, can alone sing *Marcel* in 'Les Huguenots,' and *Bertram* in 'Robert le Diable.' Besides, it costs (and impresarios well know what we mean by this word) a plum to mount properly one of his operas. The orchestra and chorus must be doubled. Scene painters, scene shifters, and supernumeraries innumerable must be called into requisition."

This is true enough of opera management in those cities where the opera is only an occasional affair, and not, as it is with us, in New Orleans, a fixed institution. Here, all the requisites described by the critic we quote are to be found, every season. We have the "hasso profundissimos," to sing the *Marcel*s and the *Bertram*s, tenori robnstissimi to sing the *Roberts* and the *Raouls*, soprani altissimi to sing the *Marquerites*, the *Valentines* and the *Isabelles*, and all the rest. As to the question of "cost" in the getting up, it is not a troublesome one at the Orleans, for these operas have been handsomely "mounted" on our stage for many years, being regular stock pieces of the theatre. We have no need to "double" the orchestra, for it is al-

ways sufficiently large, numerous and capable. And so is the chorus. To enjoy Meyerbeer, he should be seen and heard as he is presented at our French theatre, under French management, by French artists, and in the French language. *Picayune, Nov. 30.*

ORLEANS THEATRE.—A full house—including but few ladies, however—greeted the first performance, last evening, at the above theatre, of Meyerbeer's *chef d'oeuvre*, "The Huguenots." It is a test-piece at all times for tenor, prima donna and basso, and the severity of the trial was the greatest, as it included also the first appearance of a new prima donna, M^{lle} Lafranche, and the real debut of the new basso, Mr. Taste. With some slight hitches here and there in the piece—to be expected in a first performance, under the circumstances—the opera was excellently given. The choruses and grand concerted pieces, in particular, evinced manifest improvement—the "Rataplan" and "Ponard Benediction" being particularly well done.

M^{lle} Cordier's *Marquerite* was a delightful personation, in looks, graceful acting and brilliant vocalization. Her appearance at the opening of the second act was the very picture of youth and gaiety, and one might well imagine the fascinating effect on the young Huguenot noble, Raoul, of so charming an apparition of coquettish beauty, in all the splendor of royal costume. The "*Ah! si j'étais coquette!*" was given with bird-like lightness and a gushing richness of pearly notes that fairly enraptured the audience.

M^{me}. Vadé's *Page* was a pleasing and successful personation.

Delagrave, early in the evening, showed evident signs of hoarseness and weakness, but in the impassioned fourth act he rose to all his former strength, and sang with a mingled power and sympathetic expression that surprised the audience.

It is unfair to judge a performer on his first appearance, where it is evident he labors under the paralyzing influences usually attendant on such an appearance. We will merely say that Mr. Taste has a full, clear, flexible basso voice, well cultivated, whose volume could not be judged of—although now and then the singer gave proof of sufficient capability of expression and dramatic power. He will undoubtedly improve on a better acquaintance.

The prominent feature of the evening was the complete and unexpected success of M^{lle}. Lafranche. As she quietly came down the stage, in the second act, she was received with chilling coldness. Her personal appearance is somewhat against her; she is thin, and has a pale, sickly look, and her dress at first was disadvantageous. Her unceremonious reception was soon changed into astonished admiration, when her clear, full, powerful voice was heard, and in the grand scenes between her and *Marcel* and *Raoul*, in the third and fourth acts, the frail form and pallid countenance of the performer showed themselves imbued with that glow and energy which seize upon the listener and bind him fast to every note and look and gesture of the singer. M^{lle}. Lafranche forgets the audience, and gives herself up to the spirit of her part, exaggerating nothing, however, and casting over her presentation, in its most passionate moments, the charms of feminine grace and delicacy. *Picayune, Dec. 2.*

Letter about Robert Franz.

A correspondent of the New York *Musical World*, fresh home from Germany, writes:

AS ROBERT FRANZ'S name as a composer ranges now among the highest in Germany, and his compositions having received already in Boston a hearty welcome, your readers will receive, perhaps with interest, a few extracts from my journal in relation to that excellent man.

Robert Franz is the son of a "Halore," a tribe of Wendish origin, who, centuries ago, owned the Salt Springs at Halle, and work them to this day. Peculiar dress, customs, and certain privileges distinguish them from the German race. He must be about 40 years old, but loves the society of young men of talent and spirit, and although odd to the last degree in mien and manner, he is highly esteemed and warmly loved by the refined and intelligent portions of Halle. His tall, loose limbs find it difficult to follow his head, which is always in advance of the perpendicular line, and which bears, to counterbalance this abnormal position, a high stove-pipe hat of unbrushed texture, far back on the neck. He lisps most unmusically, sings with contorted features and a strange Shanghai-voice, and is equally famous in discussing the merits of a musical performance and a glass of genuine Bavarian beer of the "Aulmbach" denomination; and yet, within the rough shell reigns a soul of poetry and a highly cultured mind. As director of the "Sing Academic," he is noted for his good-natured rough-

ness; when ladies complain of it he tells them in a cool manner: "Ladieth, I thscold your voiceth, not you."

After the appearance of opus 8, he sat at the piano, JULIUS SCHAFFER, now Music Director at Schwerin, my brother Theodore, and several other friends around him, singing to them with that remarkable voice, his glorious song, "*Die Gewitternacht*," which combines the raging of the storm with the wild passion of an unhappy love, dissolving the one into a gentle rain, the other in tranquilizing tears. When he came to this point he turned around and exclaimed in an undertone, unconscious of the ludicrous prosaic effect: "*Hear je! how it dripsst!*"

In conclusion of this already too-long letter, a few words in regard to the above mentioned Julius Schaffer. It was my good fortune to be invited to a private musical matinée at Halle, where he played, among other pices, some numbers from his opus 1, *Fantasie Stucke*, which I would heartily recommend, together with opus 3 and 4, to all pianists who have heart, ears, eyes and hands for the "music of the future."

Dwight's Journal of Music.

BOSTON, DEC. 18, 1858.

Italian Opera.

We have had a week of it, and on the whole a rich one. From Thursday evening of last week, there have been six performances in seven days, in the course of which the most sceptical person must have been satisfied of the rare resources of Mr. ULLMAN'S large and splendid company. In amount, variety and average excellence of personal talent; in wealth of accessories, in completeness of orchestra and chorus, and in the variety and interest of its repertoire, it certainly surpasses any troupe that we have had before.

The opening night was, of course, M^{lle}. PICCOLLOMINI'S, — that bewitching natural little charmer having been all along put forward, in the plan of the campaign, as the manager's best card, the one sure to win. She has been most extravagantly praised, no doubt, in advertisements and libretto prefaces; grouped with the great stars, as Grisi, Sontag, Bosio, and even Malibran and Jenny Lind! pronounced not only a charming little singer and actress, but the lyric *genius* of the age, — simply because the general public is always ready enough to mistake a pleasing talent for genius; and by all the arts of *reclame* has she been magnified in a way that would be quite fatal to her successful debut in any intelligent community, were it not that she decidedly has certain charms of her own, not necessarily of the highest kind, in rare perfection. Take her for just what she is, she is a remarkably fine specimen of that. It is simply absurd to name her with the great prima donnas — at least now; but she may be, she is, for all that, a charming singer and a delightful actress in her way. This every one acknowledged at her debut in *La Traviata*. Criticism was disarmed. Criticism could but smile at the idea of having anything to do there; to pull out its nice scales, with a grave face, were a joke. For anything so simply childlike, so naive, fresh, spontaneous, so pretty and fascinating in its way; anything done with such entire unreserve and passionate love of the occupation, one sees very seldom in these days of ours. It is perhaps rash to gauge the depth of nature of an artist and predict all her possibilities, from one performance or one season of performances; but we cannot help suspecting that, were the nature greater, were the talent of a deeper, rarer kind, something more akin to genius and imagination,

there would perhaps be less completeness of expression, less of the charm of unreserve, and far less of that "infinite assurance"—charming as it was, and never overstepping bounds of modesty and grace, we cheerfully admit—by which this *piccolo* of a prima donna, setting her own standard, in spite of all our memories and results of critical reflection, renewed with us the triumph she has enjoyed everywhere.

We cannot enter the lists with the glib writers who have turned over the whole vocabulary of delicate phrases and fancies to describe Piccolomini; we should surely be beaten if we attempted it. Her description has been for a month in all the newspapers, and we need not to alter or to add to it. The charm is in the first place that of youth—an incalculable advantage, adding many ciphers to the right side of any unit of positive talent. Then that sunshiny vivacity and good nature, animating the petite prettiness and plumpitude of person, so delighted to act itself out, so fond of the full sunshine of applauding publics, rushing to the foot-lights by a childlike attraction, singing and gesticulating right into you, acting personally to every one of her audience—all genuine as possible so far as it goes. Then a delightful voice, remarkably sweet and musical, clear and pure and liquid, highly sympathetic, lending itself to each emotion that she would portray, so truly that she even *cries* in music; but withal a small, fine voice, limited in compass, limited in power, which obviously precludes anything like lyrical grandeur; and yet one wonders that the little voice makes itself heard and felt so palpably, even more than he does at its sweetness and its flexibility. Then she is a good singer; she has the art of using her voice in a much higher degree than critics told us. She sings always true, with grace of style and just expression; with plenty of execution for all the best purposes, although wisely avoiding difficult bravura passages, as in this very *Traviata*, which we confess we do not consider any loss, so long as what she does give is consistent, graceful and complete. Were it an air of Mozart, we should be sticklers for a literal fidelity to text.

Then she is a born actress—at least within a certain native range of character; and if she has not genius, she has talent, a plentiful deal of what is called *smartness*; a good head; quickness of perception, at least of the external kind, ready power of imitation, extending (as we shall see) even to a clever rendering of intense and somewhat complex tragic parts—added to all which a very resolute little will of her own, an unfailing zest in all that interests and actuates her, and an intensity in such passion as she knows,—an intensity at any rate in her prime key-note passion, that for *representing* passions—so that her faculties are ever strung for action, and it is no wonder that she captivates an audience. But she is an artist; there is a rare harmony of song and action in her, as in Mme. Colson, though her conceptions are by no means of so high and so refined a stamp.

Of her impersonation of Violetta, the *Traviata*, we must say that it showed amazing cleverness, although by no means the best that we have seen and heard. In the first scene she takes the character into her own element; she makes it playful, arch, coquettish; *plays* at love, in an extremely pretty, sprightly, but yet rather common-place way; pert, and smart, and much at home in cer-

tain pretty tricks, the common-places of a coquette,—tossing the little head, flirting the little handkerchief, and all the little et ceteras that common audiences delight in,—singing it, too, most charmingly;—but evidencing no depth, no such intrinsic superiority of nature to the false sphere in which she moves, as to at all justify the subsequent development of real love and the high moral interest of the last scenes. Yet we could only wonder at her cleverness, her really expressive singing and action throughout all that serious sequel.

Our old friend BRIGNOLI, with his delicious tenor, sang the lover's music touchingly, with more of earnestness than usual. The part of Ger-mont *Père* was sustained by Sig. FLORENZA (his first appearance here) who has a rich and powerful baritone, and sings like a superior artist; but his gesticulation and his make-up were grotesque. Among the secondary characters were Herr MUELLER (as Physician), Herr QUINT (or Sig. QUINTO), and various other Germans as well as Italians, who, with the remarkably fine chorus (more numerous, enphionous and well-trained than we have ever had before) made up a capital vocal ensemble. The orchestra was by far the best we ever had in opera; numbering about fifty instruments, and comprising our best local talent with additions from New York. There was a noble body of strings; the reed instruments blended with uncommon beauty, and the brass (a generous allowance) was well subdued. Sig. MUZZO, the conductor, showed a quiet, sure, intelligent mastery of the whole combination. With such an orchestra we had hoped to discover more of musical idea and substance in the *Traviata*, than we had done before. But the music still seemed empty, scarcely justifying such an orchestra.

On Friday evening another large and brilliant audience were assembled eager for "the Huguenots." But Mlle. PONSSET was ill, and at the eleventh hour the play was changed to Donizetti's *Figlia del Reggimento*, with more of the *piccolo* to console our disappointed hopes of the colossal. The announcement was taken in good part, when it was found that Mlle. PICCOLOMINI, with characteristic kindness had come to the rescue of the manager in this dilemma, and, better still, that the great basso of the world, CARL FORMES, had consented to appear for once in so subordinate a rôle as that of the old sergeant. The first sight of Formes, with a few ringing notes of his voice, and his brisk military salute, electrified the house. It was clear in an instant that the man was thoroughly alive, that Formes was in the most complete sense *there*. He acted the old soldier to the life, and put life and spirits into all about him. The music of the part is not much, but he gave that little admirably, and was perfect in all the recitative and musical declamation, and in such concerted pieces as that rapid trio in the last scene, which is a very palpable and clever imitation of Rossini's *Zitti, zitti, piano*. It was incomparably the best Sulpizio we ever had upon our stage. And then the *Figlia* herself, pert, playful, smart, vivacious, joyous little PICCOLOMINI, now all alive before you in her own proper character. What a witch of a child she seemed! so full of dashing confidence and talent. How running over with sunshiny good nature and frankness! How she glories in the regiment, in the general

sympathy, and above all in that of the audience, rushing to the foot-lights with a child's delight, innocently charmed with the sense of her own power in occupying general attention! The gay and brilliant melodies were nicely sung, and altogether it was a unique and charming piece of musical comedy, dashed with some true touches of sentiment. The spoiled child's roguery with the old pedant aunt in the music lesson was the cleverest and truest part of it.

For Tonio we had a new tenor, Sig. TAMARO, physically of the same type with Labocetta, but young, with a much fresher voice, sweet and telling, and fair execution. The part suited him well. The chorus of soldiers was capital. Altogether, it was the best performance we have yet had of this sparkling opera.

On Saturday afternoon *La Figlia* was repeated, followed by the first act of *Norma*, in which Mme. LABORDE astonished everybody by the marvelous perfection of her rendering of *Casta diva*.

Monday evening. Another disappointment. For Piccolomini in *Lucia*, and in the little comic opera, *La Serva Padrona*, by Paisiello, was substituted *Lucrezia Borgia*—probably for reasons beyond the manager's control. There were marked signs of discontent, which soon yielded before the rich music of that favorite opera, illustrated by such an orchestra and chorus; with the curiosity to witness how her little ladyship would make out, leaving her native element of the coquettish *soubrette*, to assume the tragic, proud airs of the Borgia, and with the certainty of something splendid and commanding in the duke Alfonso of Herr FORMES. The *Lucrezia* of PICCOLOMINI was certainly, in its way, an astonishing triumph.

You could not forget the child all the while, but you wondered to see how admirably the child caught and reflected in that limpid mirror of her imitative nature, in miniature, most of the traditional points and features of that part as portrayed by the great prima donnas. Some points, too, were original and striking—arts of effect, cleverly conceived and executed, but not to be accounted flashes of imaginative treatment. Such was the wicked glow of triumph on her face with which she met the Duke, as she covered the escape of her son. But there was an intensity and a variety of passionate expression in her whole impersonation, voice finely corresponding, especially in the great Trio scene, by which she grew immensely in the faith of her audience in her lyric possibilities. Formes was majestic, grandly declamatory, but perhaps hardly enough polished in his impersonation of the Duke. Both were superbly dressed. BRIGNOLI sang well as GENARO. Mme. GHIONI made but a tame, phlegmatic Orsini, with a mezzo soprano voice, which she used indifferently well.

On Tuesday evening the Boston Theatre was crowded with a brilliant and cultivated audience. Meyerbeer's colossal opera, "The Huguenots," came this time without fail, and more than answered every expectation. For though it was the first hearing of the "Huguenots" in Boston, few were unfamiliar with the Meyerbeerian characteristics, and we had heard Meyerbeer discussed and his position among great composers long since settled, as being that of a musician of most energetic talent, a wonderful master of effects and mighty combinations, one who crowds more thought and study, more audacious novelty into

a work, than would suffice for twenty of the current Italian operas; but yet not gifted with spontaneous inspiration, not in the high imaginative sense a great creative genius; as opposite as possible in that respect to Mozart, Weber or Rossini; astonishing, but not in the long run edifying like the Beethovens, the Shakspeares of the art; the dazzling and overruling master of the moment, but not a living influence in the soul forever. Such is the conclusion which the world has reached regarding Meyerbeer, and it would be absurd now so apply critical tests to such a masterpiece of its kind as "The Huguenots," as if it were an Art phenomenon just newly risen on the world. It was an immense thing to construct; it is an immense task to perform it, and it is no small task to hear it through, albeit with unqualified delight. Abridged as it was that evening, it occupied four hours,—four hours fraught with the most dazzling and bewildering combinations of every thing to tax ear and eye and apprehension and anticipation to the utmost. The success was complete. Musically and dramatically, we think most persons found more to interest them in "The Huguenots" than they had dared to hope. It was a splendid subject for a lyric drama, and Meyerbeer in his peculiar way had made the most of it.

Nothing here was ever put upon the stage with so much splendor. It was all on a magnificent scale, for any theatre this side of Paris. The principal rôles were mostly in good hands, forming a great concentration of variety of talent. The orchestra was very large, and under the control of Herr Conductor ANSCHUTZ, brought out the rich and gorgeous instrumentation with fine effect. Only the harp was wanting. The choruses, both male and female, Catholic and Protestant, noble and gipsy, religious and bacchanalian and warlike, came out in fresh clear colors. The ballet of bathing dampsels, with but a dainty bit of Soto's grace, was unexceptionable; and the military band upon the stage made spirit-stirring music. But where to begin, and when to leave off! It were folly to attempt here to go deeply into so vast a subject. Suffice it to recall mere hints.

The first act gave us the banquet in the castle of Count de Nevers (COLETTI,) with the smart and tingling "orgy" chorus; the tenor romance in which the Protestant hero of the piece, Raoul (TAMARO,) relates his love adventure; the grand old Lutheran choral, as rolled forth in the stentorian tones of Marcell, the old Huguenot soldier, who is something like a positive creation in the way of character, and lifted up to satisfying grandeur the masterly impersonation of FORMES; the Huguenot battle song, *Piff-Paff*, sung by the same, as no other man probably can sing it; and the salutatory flourish of the page, Urbain, in which part, M^{me}. GIRONI appeared to better advantage than in *Lucresia*. The dresses of this feasting conclave of French nobles were superb, and so was the scene.

Act second introduced to us M^{me}. LABORDE, in the character of the Queen, Margaret of Valois, surrounded by her ladies, in the gardens of Turaine. Her music, a series of rhapsodical bird-flights of song—not melodies, for the most part, but exquisitely florid passages—tells of the joy of living, the sweet sense of life, in such peaceful scenes, and deprecates the religious rancor of the times. Never, with the exception of Jenny Lind, and perhaps some of the best moments of Lagrange, have we listened to such perfect singing of high florid music. M^{me}. Laborde's voice was sweet and fresh and liquid, compared with our recollections of her visit here some years ago, and her execution is the finished perfection of all ease and grace; in sustained crescendo tones, the voice would seem to grow as if renewed and fed from hidden fountains. Her look and manner, too, were charming, and entirely suited to the part. These bird warblings were beautifully relieved by snatches of female chorus. Then came the duets with Raoul, and her

exquisitely tripping staccato in the lines commencing *Ah! si j'étais coquette*. Coquette she is not at all, kind noble soul; not, however, for the want of plenty of vivacity.

Act Third is a marvellous combination of contrasts. Quaint, grotesque, suggestive of the middle-ages—Victor Hugo-like is all this music. The scene is an out-door festival in the *Prés aux clercs*. Choruses of catholic students; choruses of women; the loud ringing *Rataplan* of the Huguenot soldiers; then a solemn catholic marriage procession, women chanting in thirds, a wild antique, primitive religious strain in no settled key, fluctuating between major and minor like a strain heard in the fitful pauses of the wind; then with this the loud *Rataplan* again; then gipsy songs; then the curfew bells and watchman's call, and all sounds die out to a murmur in the orchestra as night broods over the deserted streets. Then comes the anxious scene between Marcell and Valentine (M^{lle}. POINSET), and the duel, and general quarrel, and the sudden entrance by torchlight of the Queen and cortège on horseback, with an illuminated barge, bearing a band of music in the background, &c., &c. All is now ominous of the coming danger.

Act Fourth. The catholic leaders lay out the dark plan of the night's work (the massacre of St. Bartholomew's night). Valentine and Raoul, who have overheard it, have a duet scene, intensely exciting of course, in which the clear, powerful and eminently dramatic quality of M^{lle}. POINSET's soprano made itself felt beyond a question. She made a fine impression by her powers as a tragic singer, which grew upon the audience through this and the last act.

Sig. TAMARO sang with earnestness, and as much power as his light style of tenor would permit. The part requires a great tenor. But we are forgetting the great feature of this fourth act,—the one musical effect in the whole opera which rises to something like the sublime, and that is where the priests enter to take the oath of the conspirators and bless the poniards. This is appallingly wild and grand. Parts of the music hereabouts, especially where St. Bris (FLORENZA) leads off with so much fire, are essentially in the same spirit with many of Verdi's characteristic finales; one could not but suspect that the Italian found much of his inspiration in this German. (Charge us, then, no longer with disliking Verdi on the ground of his music being Italian!)

The fifth and last act is the massacre, of which we have no room to speak. On Monday we shall have the "Huguenots" again, after which it will be more reasonable to judge of it. After a first hearing one can only wonder, and begin but slowly to collect his thoughts.

Musical Chit-Chat.

THE HANDEL AND HAYDN SOCIETY, taking advantage of the presence of the Italian Opera, will give a concert in the Music Hall to-morrow (Sunday) evening, assisted by the principal artists of Mr. Ullman's troupe. The Society will sing some fine choruses from "Israel in Egypt," "Solomon," the "Creation," and "Elijah"; and famous oratorio solos will be sung in English by LABORDE, POINSET, PICCOLOMINI, FORMES and the rest. On the following Sunday, the same artists will aid the Society in their annual Christmas performance of the "Messiah."

The Opera Company gave on Wednesday evening a concert in the theatre; last night (for the first time in Boston) Mozart's *Nozze di Figaro*! This afternoon PICCOLOMINI will sing in *Lucia* and in *La Serva Padrona* or the Servant Mistress. Monday night, a repetition of the *Huguenots*. And in immediate prospect beyond rise up *Robert le Diable*, *Il Barbiere di Siviglia*, and *Don Giovanni* on a grand scale. Certainly with all his queer ways, musical Boston is largely indebted just now to Mr. Ullman. Who else has had the courage or the managerial genius to give us these grand operas, thus realizing to us hopes that have been long deferred. The addition to our repertoire in half a month of *Robert*, the *Huguenots*, "Figaro's Marriage," and *Servant Padrona*, and with such artists, such an orchestra and all, is a rare windfall in these dry places.

THE SALARIES OF MUSICAL ARTISTS.—The French papers give some curious statistics in regard to the salaries paid to great musical artists. We learn that Milbrlan received in London, for every performance at Drury Lane, \$750. Lablache, for singing twice, \$750, and for a single lesson to Queen Victoria, \$200. At a soirée in London, Grisi received \$1,200. Paganini charged \$400 a lesson. Hummel left a fortune of \$75,000, and twenty six diamond rings, thirty-four snuff boxes and one hundred and fourteen watches, which had been presented to him at various times.

In modern days musicians are quite as extravagant as ever: paid: Alboni and Mario get \$400 every night they sing; Tamberlik every time he sings a certain high note demands \$500. Madame Gazzaniga was paid \$500 a night recently in Philadelphia. Herz and Thalberg each made about 60,000 in this country. Lagrange, at Rio Janeiro, is now receiving a princely salary; and Piccolomini costs her manager over \$5,000 a month.

At the Italian Opera in Paris, for the present season, M. Calzando, the manager, pays as follows: To Tamberlik, for seventeen representations, \$8,000; Alboni, \$2,200 for seven representations; Mario, 15,000 for a season of five months; Grisi, \$5,000 for two months; Madame Penco, \$14,000 for the season; the Graziani Brothers, \$15,400; Corsi, a baritone, \$4,000; Galvani, \$3,600; Nantier Didiée, \$4,000; Zecchini, \$3,500; M^{lle}. de Ruda, \$3,400. The chorus and orchestra cost for the season \$17,600.

Musical Correspondence.

HARTFORD, CONN., DEC. 13.—Mrs. ESTCOTT, assisted by Messrs. DURAND and ESTCOTT, and MAX MAYO, of this city, gave a concert here, last Tuesday evening, which was quite fully attended, considering the unpleasant state of the weather. Everything went off finely.—Mrs. Estcott singing with her usual spirit—and executing some most difficult passages with brilliancy and ease. Mr. Durand sang in the same magnificent manner which I spoke of in my last. Max Mayo played Thalberg's difficult fantasia on the "Huguenots" with splendid effect; and made his audience feel proud that they possessed such a performer. The "Estcott Troupe" were induced to come to this country in a most unfortunate time—just when Piccolomini was captivating the New Yorkers;—what company in the world, I should like to know, could compete with the fascinating little witch? Mr. Burton brought them over here, and when he found, after a few performances in New York, that he would make a "losing thing" of it, closed up his theatre and threw up his engagement, leaving them *sans amis* in the opera-going world. Mr. Burton may have greater reasons, and be justified in doing as he did, but it seems a little too bad that the misfortune should come upon Mrs. ESTCOTT and her troupe, because a manager unwittingly makes a *faux pas*. I understand that she has sued Mr. Burton for breach of contract, and will undoubtedly receive full justice from the hands of the court.

The "Beethoven Society" is in full blast, and hard at work on Dr. Löwe's (pronounced *Leroy*, I suppose) oratorio of the "Seven Sleepers." Stepping into Messrs. Barker & Co.'s music rooms the other evening, I found two gentlemen performing Schubert's delightful symphony in C., for four hands. Didn't it bring up delicious associations of the old "*Gewandhaus Concerts*" in Leipzig,—when KELLY and PRATT (peace to his ashes) and CLAPP and one or two others of us used to sit together facing that long row of *Deutsche Damen*, and see JULIUS RIETZ conduct that superb body of musicians through the different movements of the above-mentioned symphony, as well as those never-to-be-forgotten tone-poems and pictures of Beethoven and of Mendelssohn? There was wont to sit white-haired MOSCHLES, with his down-dropped and protruding under lip, and who knew Beethoven personally,—couldn't we watch the expression of his face and learn to know where all the great points lay in those immortal works? And there, too, sat dear old HAUPTMANN, with his quiet manner and good, pleasant countenance,—didn't we feel that he knew by heart all the intricacies of counterpoint which were being thrown before us, by his wonderful knowledge of harmony?

And then, sometimes, there would be FERDINAND HILLER, and RUBENSTEIN, and DREYSCHOCK, and CLARA SCHUMANN, and JOACHIM, and ARABELLA GODDARD, appearing as soloists! What a glorious atmosphere was that to be in! And where RIETZ stood, with DAVID immediately before him leading the violins, once moved the beloved form of MENDELSSOHN! Happy reminiscences are all these; but I must leave them for the present, and write you more anon.

II.

BERLIN, NOV. 22. — Part of the music of the last eight days I have heard. Four symphony concerts I have missed! What should we say to this at home? The grand one by the Royal Orchestra was of the number, and I remained at home because I did not dare risk the intolerable heat and want of ventilation in the gallery of the opera-house concert room; Liebig's extra concert in the Sing-Akademie was another, because on that evening the Laub-Radecke Quartet called several of us in that direction. Two of Liebig's usual concerts, because of the smoking on Friday and of the crowd on Wednesday evening.

What I have attended during this time were:

1. Opera. Gluck's "Orpheus and Eurydice." I have nothing new to add to my account of it three years since. I was just as much struck now as then with the wonderful beauty of the opening chorus, where the Greek men and women surrounding the tomb of Eurydice lament the loss of the beautiful one and call upon her shade to hear them if it be in her power, with the voice of Orpheus occasionally heard through the current of tones, calling in the saddest accents simply her name. Indeed through the whole I was as much struck as before with the wonderful adaptation of the music to the dramatic situation and to the gradual changes of feeling from sorrow to despair, from hope to the fullness of bliss when the lost one is finally restored. Now, as then, my appreciation of Gluck's art rises to astonishment at the manner in which he has made the pleading tones of Orpheus, when he descends into Tartarus, gradually overcome the opposition of the subterranean powers, and by the force of his singing open a way through that dark region to the Elysium beyond. The myth is, that by the force of music he conquered. The task of Gluck was to write such music that we can feel the result a probable one — and this the composer has done! And magnificent Johanna Wagner! As I listened the question came up, why not bring this out in Boston as it was first brought out here, in oratorio style? How divinely would Adelaide Philipps sing the Orpheus! How deliciously Mrs. Long or Mrs. Harwood the Eurydice! The part of Amor is unimportant comparatively. And if the Handel and Haydn Society would give one or two Saturday evenings to it, what a body of voices for the few but noble choruses! Let it be translated into English, and let the programmes give hints of the action. The Sing-Akademie produced it in this way here first and that led to its revival, nay, to its permanent place, upon the stage of the grand opera. Excepting from an air or two our Boston musical public knows nothing of Gluck. Could not an audience of two thousand be found who would gladly hear it twice or three times each year? I cannot but think, if Adelaide Philipps could have such an opportunity, that she at last would be duly appreciated. She would have no opportunity here for mere vocal gymnastics, unless she abused the music, but would have, what is better, one to show the very depths of tenderness and the higher passions. The way she sung last year in the "Messiah" proves to me that she could feel and then sing Gluck.

2. The LAUB-RADECKE Quartet — the last of the four, of which, as I wrote before, three of Beethoven's works constituted the programme. To us Americans the execution was wonderful, and I find the impression was general that this quartet is supe-

rior to the other great one. Of Laub and Radecke I have written you. The viola is played by Richard WUERST, of whom I only know that he is a music-teacher and composer here — and of so much talent that I once heard a symphony — Frühling's (Spring) symphony? — of his played at a Royal Orchestra soirée. He has hardly yet reached middle life.

The violoncellist is Dr. BRUNS, an amateur, one of the officers in the Royal Library, to whom I was indebted three years since for much politeness when studying the history of our Calvinistic psalmody.

I mentioned WENLE in my last. As his pianoforte compositions are becoming so well known in America, it may interest many readers of the Journal if I translate the notice of him, which is also in the Prague paper — in an article upon the fiftieth anniversary of the Conservatorium.

Karl Wenle was born March 17, 1825, studied music with J. Prosch, but afterwards entered upon a mercantile life. In 1848, being in London, he became acquainted with Thalberg, by whose advice he came back to Germany and entered upon a regular course of musical study at Leipzig. He studied composition with Richter, pianoforte with Moscheles until 1850, when he went to Berlin to perfect himself as a pianist under Kullak. Since then he has travelled, giving concerts, in France, Spain, England and North Germany. His pianoforte compositions have already reached Op. 46, and are very popular. His "Marche Cossaque" is known everywhere. He makes Paris his home, and is now, as I said above, on the point of going with Laub to Russia. I have not heard him play.

3. Tuesday afternoon Liebig's concert, at which an Overture, by C. C. CONVERSE (a young American) was played. It is in fact a "pupil" work and no criterion to judge of his powers in this department of music. It was well received and repeated upon Friday — when I could not hear it as it was a "smoking" day — one of those days when the smoke is carried out in carts after the concerts — I suppose — for else I cannot conceive how the building is cleared.

As to the overture, I prefer to give the opinion of one of the first musicians in the city to my own — with which, however, I agree fully. It exhibits musical talent, especially a natural turn for melody, but a want of command of orchestration, and a lack of fundamental contrapuntal study, both of which branches of the art he is now pursuing under Haupt.

The young German composers can often, with a tithe of the melodic power here shown, produce a more effective orchestral work, simply from the fact that they have been hearing this kind of music all their lives and have learned to use the orchestra as they have learned their mother tongue. Still, under all disadvantages, we were not ashamed of this American work.

Latterly, at most of Liebig's concerts, some one new piece has been played, and in nearly all, if not in every case, has been received with mingled applause and hisses. In this case, from my point of observation, the applause was predominant. No audience, of which the majority has been educated by years of acquaintance with the great masters of orchestral writing, will be satisfied with a succession of tone pictures any more than a really literary audience will applaud a speaker who can merely string together eloquent passages. In both cases there would be a subject — a theme — and this must be wrought out with logical sequence. In music this can only be attained by conquering the groundwork of harmony — canon and fugue. Moreover, this implies something more than the ability to make canons and fugues merely by rule — the spirit of the Sonata form must be thus made our own. It is the spirit of logic — not alone syllogistic rules — which the profound reasoner must acquire. I see nothing to prevent Mr. C., under such a man as Haupt, from making this spirit his own.

A. W. T.

Special Notices.

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Dwight's Journal of Music.

WHOLE No. 351. BOSTON, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 25, 1858. VOL. XIV. No. 13.

For Dwight's Journal of Music.

The Story of Don Juan.

(From the Brown Papers.)

(Concluded from last week.)

The scene has again changed to the city. Some time has elapsed, and the Don is again pursuing his love-adventures. Whatever impression the scenes at his chateau had made upon him, it had now worn off. Impunity had made him still more reckless and daring. Scoffing at the warnings which Don Ottavio had given him of impending ruin, he had come into the city now to push an intrigue with the very girl whom Elvira had brought with her as an attendant. It is the last night of his career, but, as if in defiance of fate and of all warnings of danger, it is a night in which the character of the Don exhibits itself as never before. As he and Leporello approached the house in which Elvira had taken up her abode, she was sitting at the window chiding her too fond heart for its pleadings in favor of him who had inflicted the greatest of all injuries upon her, and followed up his cruel desertion by insults no less biting. So far from being repelled from his design by finding the mistress where he sought the maid, Juan, ever fertile in expedients, saw at once a means of turning her presence to his advantage. He took Leporello aside, and exchanged hat and cloak with him—a disguise sufficient in the darkness for his purpose. Approaching the window with his servant, in a voice of deepest sorrow and repentance he confessed his evil treatment of her, and besought her pardon. She, still brooding over her desire for revenge, hesitated long; but the fond memories he recalled, the deep sorrow each tone of his voice breathed, at length overcame her: she yielded to his entreaty to come down and meet him again as her lover, her husband. In the tumult of her emotions, it was easy in the darkness for Leporello to play his master's part undiscovered. All her fond and foolish love returned. All that she could ask, her feigned lover promised. But the Don grew impatient. Suddenly rushing upon them with his drawn sword, she fled, taking Leporello with her to the inner court of the house. The coast being clear, the Don, after a hearty laugh at the success of his scheme, took his guitar, and sang a serenade to Elvira's fair companion; but though he heard some one at the window, his ill-fortune again defeated his wishes.

But we must turn to Masetto.

After the grand attempt upon Zerlina at the banquet, a settled determination to be revenged seized him. He found no difficulty in arming a band of his fellow-villagers, and had followed the Don upon that evening into the city to carry out his determination. They passed through the silent streets one after another in vain, until the patience of his friends began to wane. They had not the same spur to urge them on. Masetto, armed with a musket and a pair of pistols, was full of confidence, and urged his friends to persevere a little longer; they would soon find him. It

was their approach in the next street which had driven the Don from Elvira's window. Masetto heard his foot-fall. "Who goes there?" No answer. "Speak, or we fire!"

Again a dilemma for Don Juan. As usual, his presence of mind did not forsake him. He recognized the voice of Masetto, and saved himself in the darkness by feigning to be he whose clothes he wore. He sympathized in all that Masetto could say against the Don; he had become weary of the service of that bold, bad man, and nothing could give him a more sincere pleasure than to assist in bringing him to punishment. The Don was at that moment in company with a young lady, and they might easily surprise him by dividing into two bands, one passing down the street on either hand. He and Masetto would wait there. The advice seemed good, and the two were soon left alone.

"But you would not kill the Don, Masetto? Would it not be enough to break his bones or wound him severely?"

"No, no; I will kill him. I will hew him into a thousand pieces."

"But are you well armed?"

"Yes; here is my musket, and here a pair of pistols."

Under pretense of wishing to examine the arms, the Don got possession of them, and, the street being clear, beat the poor fool until he left him half senseless upon the ground, and escaped. Zerlina had followed her betrothed to the city, and, hearing him crying for help, came to his assistance. She had warned him not to "try conclusions" with the Don, and her anxious, loving little heart had foretold her that nothing but ill-luck could follow his mad attempt upon a cavalier. As this history is represented upon the stage, the scene in which Zerlina comforts her unlucky Masetto is one of the most delicate episodes that can be imagined.

In the mean time, Leporello, by saying little himself and listening much to Elvira, had succeeded in keeping up his assumed character so as to excite no suspicion on her part. But as the hours passed away, he became anxious to depart. The difficulty in the darkness was to find the door, with its thick hanging curtains, by which he had entered. But what added to his fear of detection and to his anxiety was the gleam of torches apparently approaching the house. Elvira's entreaties to him not to leave her were now of no avail. He rushed from door to door, and at length came to that which led to the street. A moment too late; for the curtains divided, and by the light of torches borne by their attendants, lo! Don Ottavio and Donna Anna appeared, while Leporello, baffled in his attempt to escape, rushed for refuge through the nearest door, followed by Elvira.

Don Ottavio and his betrothed had come to consult with Elvira upon their great and common object, the punishment of Don Juan. All goes well; and before seeking out the apartments of Elvira, he stops to console and encourage his

companion by this assurance, and to persuade her to look hopefully into the future, to believe that her father's spirit would grieve to hear her longer sigh.

The moment seemed favorable to both Leporello and Elvira to escape into the street—he, to avoid detection and find his master: she, because her feelings had undergone such a change that she wished to avoid Ottavio and Anna, and follow the fortunes of her restored Juan. But a new impediment! Hardly has Leporello once more reached the curtains, when they are again thrown open, and Masetto and Zerlina come in, eager to join in whatever plan may be devised to secure the grand object. The utter astonishment of all present as the glare of the torches shows them the well-known dress of their enemy, is not to be described. Nor was their astonishment lessened to see the Don muffle his face in his cloak, and at their threats of vengeance fall upon his knees, while Elvira, the outraged, the deserted, the insulted, threw herself upon him to shield him from their swords, and besought mercy for her husband!

"Is it Donna Elvira that asks this? No, no; the murderer must die!"

Trembling like an aspen leaf, pale with fear, Leporello threw off his master's bat and cloak, and showed them his cowardly, roguish face, and besought their compassion. Outraged and insulted anew, so rudely awakened from her new dream of love and happiness, poor Elvira stood for a moment confounded, and then a cry for vengeance burst from her breaking heart. A cowardly knave like Leporello was beneath the dignity of Don Ottavio's sword, and he found no great difficulty in eluding the feeble arm of Masetto and making his escape. When the others had somewhat recovered from their astonishment at this new proof of the audacity of Don Juan and his servant, Don Ottavio turned to Elvira, assured her of his conviction that he had discovered the murderer of Don Pedro, adding that if she would still remain in the house for a short time, he would have recourse to the officers of justice, and she should see her betrayer punished. Before leaving on this mission, after the rest had retired within the house, he burst into an apostrophe to his absent mistress, (the well-known *Il mio tesoro*,) which for true and perfect expression of the most heart-felt affection and love was probably never equalled.

Meantime, Don Juan and Leporello have met once more. At no great distance from the scenes of these last adventures, probably just outside the city-gate, as is usual in Europe, and on the way to Don Juan's country chateau, lay the churchyard in which Donna Anna had had the monument and statue raised to her father's memory.

The Don, after his rencontre with Masetto, had spent some time, if his own word is to be trusted, in adventures more successful than that with Elvira's maid. He met one young girl, he said, who mistook him for Leporello at first, but soon recognizing him, began screaming for help, which

forced him to hurry away, and clamber over the church-yard walls for refuge, as Leporello himself had done. All this, and more to the same purpose, the Don related in great glee while assuming his own cloak again. His adventure with the lady-love of Leporello was not so much to the taste of that highly respectable personage.

"And you tell me this so coolly?" said he.

"Why not?"

"Suppose she had been my wife?"

"All the better," said the Don, laughing violently.

His laugh was interrupted by a solemn voice chanting in measured tones, while a burst of awful music came resounding from the tombs:

"This mirth will end before the morning dawns!"

The Don, not awed in the least by what he heard, and supposing that some one was attempting to play with his fears, demanded: "Who goes there?"

Again that awful voice from the statue:

"Blasphemer bold! let the dead in peace repose?"

Don Juan, true to his character as one who feared neither man nor God, looked up with perfect indifference, and, seeing whose statue it was, ordered Leporello to read the inscription. The servant, though half-dead with fright, still feared his master more, and, approaching, read:

"For him, whose impious hand cut short my life, Vengeance surely waits."

The Don heard this with the coolest contempt, and, as if to testify this in the most ridiculous manner possible, ordered Leporello to approach the monument and invite the statue to supper. The fear the poor slave exhibited was but fun for his master, who amused himself for a time in attempting to force him to deliver the invitation. Leporello finally ventured to approach; but seeing the statue nod his head, he retreated to his master in a very paroxysm of fear. The Don, becoming interested in the matter, and wishing to know if in fact there was any foundation for Leporello's assertions, approached himself, and addressed him thus:

"Speak, if you can speak; will you join me at supper?" To which the marble head distinctly replied: "Yes!"

For an instant, he himself seemed somewhat staggered; but his usual hardihood was not lightly to be disturbed, and, after a moment's musing, he exclaimed to his servant, as he left the place: "An odd adventure this, the old man coming to supper! Well, let us go and make ready to receive him." The next moment all was forgotten.

Don Ottavio, having returned from his mission, assured Donna Anna of the certainty of Don Juan's punishment, though he little knew that that punishment was to be inflicted by no mortal hand. But a strange feeling, a sort of presentiment of some unheard-of event, seemed to have taken possession of Donna Anna. She confessed her deep and abiding love for him, but still was unable, as yet, to forget her father and seek happiness and consolation in the arms of a husband; and though he pressed her to reward his long service and constancy of affection on the morrow, when, at the farthest, the murder of her father would be avenged, she still persisted in deferring their marriage to some future time.

Don Juan, in the highest spirits, having entirely forgotten the adventure in the church-yard and the guest he had bidden to supper, reached his chateau with Leporello without farther ad-

venture. The table was spread, his band of musicians were in their places, and to the sound of music he turned, with an appetite whetted by long fasting, to the well-spread board. Wine flowed and champagne sparkled. "As I spend my money freely," said he, "I am determined to enjoy myself." Amusing himself with the music and the drolleries of Leporello, praising his cook and his wines, and doing them full justice, the Don sat at his own board, the very picture of careless epicurianism, if not of innocent happiness, when a woman, without a note of warning, threw herself at his feet. It was Elvira. As the night passed away, and the day approached in which, as she knew from Don Ottavio, the career of her once so beloved Juan would be rudely cut short by the officers of justice, something of her old love returned, and, forgetting all her recent desire of revenge, she had at length given way to the tumult of her feelings, and rushed out, through the night and darkness, to urge upon him repentance. She no longer asked aught of him for herself; she thought not of herself, but oh! she begged of him to repent. The Don, true to himself, made of all this but a new subject for mirth. He invited her to sup with him, told her that, if she persisted in kneeling, he would have to fall upon his knees too; and when she finally, again stung by his treatment, closed her remonstrances by a denunciation, he raised another glass, filled to the brim, and quaffed it as a toast to woman. He had hardly drained his glass, when a shriek from Elvira, who had reached the door on her way out, rang through the saloon, and she was seen flying in terror across the hall to another door, which led from the house. Don Juan, surprised by her shriek of horror, sent his servant to the door. Leporello returned immediately, pale and trembling, scarcely able to inform his master that his marble guest was there, and knocking for admittance. Juan, unable to believe him, and equally unable to force Leporello again to the door, seized the light, and, unmoved as ever, went thither himself. The marble Don Pedro was there. As he looked upon the white, stony face of him whom he had murdered, and heard his footsteps echoing through the hall, he was for a few minutes unmanned. He dropped his light, and staggered, like a drunken man, back into the saloon, the marble guest following with his heavy tread. Don Juan's confusion, however, lasted but a moment; he recovered himself, and when the statue alluded to the invitation he had received, he replied in his usual daring tones that, though he had not supposed he should in fact have such a guest, he would do the best to entertain him, and turning to Leporello, who had in his fear crawled beneath the table, ordered him to set the table anew. The statue replied that mortal food was not for such as he, that he had accepted the invitation, not to eat, but to warn him that his hour was come, and to entreat him to repentance, and, as he had accepted Don Juan's invitation, to ask if he, in return, had courage to accept one from him. Don Juan returned that he had courage for any thing, and would accept. The statue extended his hand, and demanded the hand of the Don as a pledge. Recklessly the hand was clasped. An icy chill ran through the body of Don Juan, freezing the very blood in his veins; he writhed in his agony, but that icy hand still held him fast. Alone in his mortal horror—for all his musicians and at-

tendants had fled—and unable to withdraw his hand from the deadly grasp of the marble guest, still the impious audacity of the Don was unconquered. The awful voice of the statue urged him to repentance in vain. The statue repeated his exhortation: "Repent, perfidious!"

"Dotard, never!"

"'Tis past! thy hope has passed for ever!"

And with these words he loosed his grasp from the hand of the Don, and disappeared. Don Juan, in the darkness and gloom, felt that indeed his hour had come. A mortal terror seized him, and a trembling "which caused all his bones to shake." It seemed to him that his very brain was on fire. He cowered as in mortal agony, and covered his eyes with his hands. As he raised his head again, he saw gathering about him, and illuming the night with hideous glare of unearthly torches, troops of demons and spirits of the abyss. They surrounded him, seizing him with their burning talons, and, as the earth opened beneath his feet, drew him down, his agonizing cry hardly piercing the fearful chorus in which they threatened him with tortures and sufferings below, far, far beyond even those of that fearful hour.

It was hardly yet day when the various parties, so justly incensed against Don Juan, again entered his chateau—Don Ottavio and Donna Anna, Donna Elvira, and Masetto, with his Zerlina. We must imagine the officers spoken of by Ottavio remaining without, while they enter to meet and upbraid the master of the house. They sought him in vain. From Leporello, who still trembled at the awful scene of his master's fate, they learned what had taken place, and saw that the Don had found his punishment at the hand of him he had murdered, and whose shadowy form they had seen flitting by them in the gray twilight of dawn. The great work was accomplished, though by no human hands. Don Ottavio now spoke with confidence of his long and faithful affection, and again besought the long-wished reward. The lofty Anna, feeling that now the *manes* of her father were appeased, and that she could again enjoy the bliss of loving, gave him her word at the end of the year of mourning to bestow upon him her hand.

Elvira, without hope on earth, declared her intention of taking the veil, while Zerlina and Masetto, happy that no longer any cause of jealousy remained, and that their persecutor was suffering a just recompense at last, left the company of the high-born cavalier and lady for a quiet little meal together. What became of Leporello does not appear, though in his last words he expresses his solemn determination to be a pattern of godliness.

NOTE.—The story of Don Juan as I have given it will, perhaps, by a few readers, be found not exactly to conform to the librettos of the opera as they may have seen it given. Indeed, on one or two points, it differs from the plot as discussed by Oulibichef. My authority has been a text which the Russian writer never saw, a text which Da Ponte, the original author of Mozart's libretto, himself prepared. This text alone, of all the various copies of the opera, and the different text-books which I have seen, has made the progress of the plot and the connection of the various scenes clear. As all is now clear to myself, I hope to have made it so also to the reader.

Mozart's "Figaro"—The Impression it made here.

(From the Atlas and Bee, Dec. 18.)

"Le Nozze di Figaro" was performed for the first time in this city in Italian last evening. The house was completely filled, and the audience was decidedly the most fashionable we have seen thus far. No stronger contrast could well be imagined than that

between "The Huguenots" and this delightful opera. In the one you admire the skill in construction; in the other you admire the work without thought of analysis. Meyerbeer pumps laboriously for his melodies; in Mozart's music they gush forth as from living springs. Meyerbeer shows you a mosaic of exquisite pattern, and you wonder at the art displayed in its form and color. Mozart presents you with a living flower, dewy and fragrant, and you do not think of it except as a creation beyond the reach of art.

Equally striking is the contrast between this dear old fashioned music of Mozart and the nerve-shaking, fiercely beautiful strains of more modern times. In Verdi's music, for instance, you seem to come into contact with people whose susceptibilities are intense, who take exaggerated views of life, and who totally lack the sense and the idea of repose. They love and they hate with a superhuman ferocity; they are jealous, and they take vengeance like fiends. A crimson coloring, as of an aurora borealis upon snow, hovers over every scene. The orchestra sympathizes in this excited mood; the violins wail, the trombones roar, the drums beat sullenly, until the hearer comes into such relations with this fascinating but unnatural mood that he accepts the conditions as actual and proper, and is borne on as upon a torrent to the end.

Mozart, on the other hand, with all his divine genius, is the most healthy of composers. Though he aspires to the clouds, he has always a firm foothold upon the earth. In listening to an opera like "Le Nozze di Figaro," (throwing aside all attempts to follow its intricate and dissolute plot,) one could fancy himself in the country on some morning in June, when "every clod feels a stir of might" and "climbs to a soul in grass and flowers;"—when brooks leap down the hill-sides, and birds fill the air with melody,—when the soul finds itself face to face with nature and, filled with an inward sense of the Divine, acknowledges the perfect beauty which the Maker of all pronounced "good."

We shall attempt in vain to convey our impression of this music to those who have not felt it. Every movement is brim-full of melody; still one feels that it cost Mozart nothing to create these airs; they sang themselves in his brain. And on the stage everything sings; the *prime donne* have nothing but delicious strains to rehearse; and as they sing, flutes and hautboys warble back to them; ponderous bass voices move in graceful measures, while the instruments crown them with delicate festoons of flowers; choruses sing, and every heart answers as though called to dance by pastoral pipes at a rural festival.

(From the Transcript.)

From Meyerbeer to Mozart—"Les Huguenots" to "Le Nozze di Figaro"—was a long reach. From massiveness, grandeur and pageantry to gay romance and quiet domesticity—from ambitious intellectuality of music to the warm outgush of an inspired muse—and from fitful, gusty and sullen complications of harmony into the happy and picturesque sunlight of melody.

The audience, the largest of the season—a genuine compliment to true genius—revelled in the change, and bestowed their appreciation and commendation in all sorts of demonstrative forms. The opera is humorous not so much in its situations as in the investment of character, and in its lack of incident requires performers thoroughly charged with the spirit of comedy to animate it with what is modernly known as stage vitality. The music is of the most felicitous kind, bright, buoyant and graceful,—full of exquisite conceits, imaginative and fanciful.

The instrumentation is Mozartean to a fault, and has that winning tenderness, that kaleidoscopic variety of hue that make his musical pictures so unclinging and unwearisome to the ear. The unity of song and story, the comedy that overflows in air and melody, and the subtle coloring of intrigue and passion that charge its musical dialogue, are master strokes of a man of genius, infusing his happiest mood into a work.

The opera received the closest attention, and was followed throughout with hearty and mirthful appreciation.

(From the Courier.)

Mr. Ullman showers his riches in embarrassing profusion. Close upon Meyerbeer's "Huguenots"—a splendid novelty—comes Mozart's "Figaro's Marriage," as a calm succeeds a storm. Both operas are among the greatest of their kind, but Meyerbeer's ponderous masses of sound and intricate harmonies are in such direct contrast with the silvery melodies and flowing grace of Mozart's muse, that comparisons can hardly be instituted. Vigorous dramatic effect, now so popular, is wanting in "Figaro's Marriage,"

while the more modern work is wholly destitute of such enchanting strains as are continually springing up in the former. Mozart's opera touches the heart; Meyerbeer's excites and dazzles the imagination.

The performance last night was not good enough. The music is not essentially comic, and the acting should for this reason be especially animated, to supply the deficiency. The story is as gay as a carnival; the performance, some parts of it at least, was as solemn as if proceedings were to terminate in a funeral instead of a marriage. Mr. Formes was the particular star of the evening, but we have seen him do better on many occasions. We cannot admire Piccolomini's acting, as Susanna; her singing was much the best she has offered. Ghioni was passionless and proper. Florenza much the same. Madame Berkel was prettier than any picture, and sung the best she could. The other characters may be dismissed without particular mention.

The audience was magnificent in numbers and appearance. The enthusiasm was not overwhelming, and most of the applause was bestowed in recognition of the exceeding beauty of the music, rather than in compliment to the performers. Mr. Formes received and deserved the greater share of the applause. His "Non più andrai" was encoored, and he repeated it with German words, a game not worth the candle.

"Figaro's Marriage" is not entirely unfamiliar to the public of Boston. An English version, introducing much of the music, was often played at the Tremont Theatre, and it was in the character of the Countess Almaviva, we believe, that Miss Charlotte Cushman made her first appearance upon the stage. We hope to hear it often. It is a work that will not die. Seventy years have passed since its composition, leaving its beauties untouched by time, blooming as ever.

(From the Saturday Evening Express.)

"Le Nozze di Figaro" was the feast for Friday evening, and a feast it was. The gems of the Opera are well known to every one who can boast of even a moderate acquaintance with, and love of the sterling classic music of the past, and when they were, as on last night, set in the composer's own setting—for the cast was admirably adapted to give a correct interpretation of the real meaning of the score—backed up by an orchestral accompaniment, which instead of concealing them, only added to their brilliancy, it is difficult to see the point of the New York Albion's criticism that "all the slow movements are enjoyable, and scarcely show age. But the ripe ones are unmistakably antiquated; anything quicker than an andante is dull. We say this with a full recollection of the concerted pieces, which abound in the opera, and which, in their day, were considered the perfection of rapid brilliancy. Anything duller than these pieces we do not now desire to hear." It was curious to note the difference of effect between this and the Huguenots' in exhausting the strength and attention in following the plot and listening to the music. It was but little shorter than the latter in point of time occupied in its performance, but while on Tuesday evening the feeling when the curtain finally fell, was one of excessive fatigue of body, brain and eye, last night none of these was observed and one could easily realize what is reported of its performance at Prague on its first being there brought out, that the excitement and emotion of the band in accompanying this work was such, that there was not a man among them who would not have cheerfully recommenced and played the whole through again. There was a deeply satisfied feeling evident in the audience, both as to the music and the performance, and in many instances this broke out into hearty and persistent calls for repetition which were often acceded to, but at other times respectfully but firmly declined. Could this opera be performed here frequently enough to make it entirely familiar we think it would rank second to no other as a favorite. But from the great number and peculiar character of the principal parts, we can only hope to enjoy its delicious harmonies under the management of such bold and experienced impresarios as Mr. Ullman. Had he given us no other novelty than this, we should have been deeply in his debt.

Statues and Piano-fortes.

A Philadelphian, describing his visit to Boston, in the *Evening Bulletin*, of Dec. 16, pays the following tribute to institutions whereof we are proud:

Apologues of statues, as the subject is agitating of a statue of Washington, to be placed in Independence Square, in your city, I would suggest to, and advise, any Committee who may eventually be delegated to procure such a statue, to see a model of an Equestrian Statue by THOS. BALL, Esq., of Boston. For

boldness and originality of conception, and detail of exquisite finish, he is justly ranked among the first living sculptors. A gem of his art is a bust of the late Mr. JONAS CHICKERING, a beautiful work, and said to be a most perfect likeness. This reminds me of another prominent building—the Piano-Forte Manufactory of Chickering & Sons—the successors of him I have just mentioned—located on Tremont street. It is, undoubtedly, the largest building in the United States, excepting the National Capitol and Patent Office, at Washington, and, without question, the largest, by more than one half, and the most perfect and complete establishment, devoted exclusively to the manufacture of pianos, in the world. I had the pleasure of being introduced to Mr. T. E. Chickering, the senior member of the firm, who most kindly furnished me every facility for inspecting every part of this vast concern, and the gratification which I experienced from the visit must be my apology for inflicting on you a short detail. The premises comprise an entire square of 206,000 feet, or five acres. The plan of the building forms a hollow-square. The principal front is on Tremont street, 245 feet by 52 deep, besides a projection in the centre for the base of an octagonal tower, 21 feet in diameter, reaching an altitude of 110 feet. The north front, on Northampton street, 262 feet by 50 feet, and the south front, on Camden street, 250 feet by 50 feet, all five stories high on the fronts, and six from the hollow-square. The west side of the square is formed by an engine and boiler house, and wings two stories high. All the stories are 11 feet in the clear. So much for the building. To attempt to describe the whole routine of manufacture would take too much time and too much of your paper, but more perfect arrangements and conveniences for making Piano Fortes cannot be imagined. It is no wonder that they are said to make the most perfect work—the wonder would be for them to make a *poor* instrument, with their immense facilities.

The gentlemen who accompanied me through the works, informed me that *everything* pertaining to a piano is made under this one roof, excepting the strings, which are made expressly for them. That their pianos are so uniformly good, is accounted for (in respect to their not being affected by any climate) by the fact that Messrs. C. & Sons take great pains to use none but the best and most thoroughly seasoned lumber, a stock of which is kept on hand, never falling below \$15,000 in value, and is seasoned by being "stuck" up one year in the open air, one year under cover, and six months in a drying-room, with a temperature of 95° Fahr., before it is used. I had always heard that the "Chickering" Piano was the best, and now that I had an opportunity of judging to some extent of the foundation for such common reports, and at the same time afford myself much gratification in sight-seeing, I took particular pains to see every part of the manufacture; and it must be seen to be appreciated. I can only compare it to a huge machine, perfect and systematic, and necessarily producing perfect work.

A great secret of their success is, I am credibly informed, that the Chickeringers are *practical* mechanics; each one to-day, being a *first class* workman, capable of constructing a piano from first to last. Having this actual, practical knowledge and skill, and untiring energy, it is clear to understand how they maintain so high a reputation, and why their instruments have so wide a popularity. The character and extent of their works can be pretty accurately judged, when I inform you that they are finishing *fifty* Pianos weekly, employing over four hundred *first class* workmen, and orders pouring in from their agents in all parts of North and South America. They have already made about 21,000. Truly, they have a name,—one in which the whole country ought to, as the Bostonians do, feel a just pride.

Musical Correspondence.

NEW YORK, DEC. 13.—On my return to New York, I find that I have missed much that was worth hearing. Among other things, the "St. Paul" was given twice by the Mendelssohn Union. If I am not mistaken, this great work has never been brought out here before, and its first performance attracted so crowded an audience, that a repetition was deemed necessary. Never having heard it entire, I cannot judge of its merits in comparison to "Elijah." Of pianists "there is no end" this season. GOLDNECK, the diligent and energetic, is upon the *taps* again, with new compositions, the fruit of the past summer, which manifest a steady improvement. At a concert given last Thursday, he brought out a second Trio, and several smaller compositions. But as he never,

like many other artists, confines himself to his own works, he also gave us a sonata of Beethoven and some Nocturnes and the *Bergeuse* of Chopin, which he rendered with his usual excellence. Madame GRAEVER-JOHNSON, too, appeared before the public on Friday. She is decidedly one of the finest female pianists (if not the finest) that we have ever had here, and every one must be glad that the concert last week was only the first of a series. She was assisted by Miss ANNIE KEMP, whose contralto, of very unusual timbre, we heard last winter several times, and a Mr. HUDSON, of whom the *Evening Post* says (and I can imagine no better criticism), that he had "a still, small voice." A Madame ABEL made her *début* during my absence, who is very highly spoken of, and of whom I hope to give you a favorable account soon. Another *débutant* has been Master ARTHUR NAPOLEON, a small lad not yet in his teens, whose performance is said to be quite wonderful.

We have much good music in prospect. The next Philharmonic, with the Seventh Symphony and overtures by Schubert and Weber, promises very fair. EISEL'S *Soirées* we shall sorely miss, nor can anything take their place, but MASON & BERGMANN'S Quartet concerts will be all the more welcome from being the only ones of the kind. Mr. Bergmann has commenced a series of Sunday evening concerts; the Harmonic Society sing the "Messiah" on Christmas as usual; and for the 28th we are promised the "Creation," by the Liederkrantz. This glorious work is so rarely given here, that it ought to attract a large audience, particularly as it is given for a benevolent object, i. e., the German Ladies' Society for the Relief of Widows and Orphans. The Mt. Vernon Association end this week and begin the next with a grand "three days' festival," a combination of dramatic, musical, plastic, and terpsichorean performances, at the Academy of Music. The first night is devoted to drama, opera, and tableau, the second to a "*bal pare*," and the third to a classical concert. The two first will probably be very exclusive and fashionable, the prices of admission being very high, to the last the tickets will be but 25 cents, and if any body has a desire to be crushed, I advise them to go there.

The Journal of last week has just come to hand, and I am delighted to find "Trovator" so appreciative of my merits. Seriously, his remarks upon me hitherto have been rather flippant, to say the least, and I am glad to recognize a more kindly spirit in these last ones. I hope we shall "assist" each other admirably for a long time to come. —t—

PHILADELPHIA, DEC. 13. — Prior to the departure of the Italian Opera Troupe from our Academy, it was deemed expedient by the manager to appease the clamorous outcries of the public for novelty, by a production of *Don Giovanni*. I do not design, at this late day, to recount to you its reception by the masses assembled. The fact is, I desire to be philanthropic and charitable; nor would I harrow the feelings of a connoisseur like yourself, or of your hosts of intelligent readers, by the painful spectacle of a *chef d'œuvre* entrusted to, for the most part, third-rate artists. I might however mention *en passant*, that the Zerlina of Mme. COLSON illumined, with one solitary ray of brilliancy, the gloomy *fiasco*; and drew off the mind with a sense of refreshing relief, from the insipidity, and awkwardness of the Don, and the melancholy vacuity of the Leporello. Let it pass, unnoticed and forgotten, — this wretched rendition of the world-renowned Giovanni.

The Rev. T. STARR KING, of your city, delivered some evenings since, the initiatory lecture of a course, which has been arranged by the Harmonia Sacred Music Society. Circumstances precluded the possibility of my attendance, but a feeling of deep regret seemed to pervade those who were present, that the lecturer's reputation, his subject ("Music") and the

additional attraction of well-rendered choruses, should have failed to draw a remunerative audience. It can solely be accounted for by the fact that the intellectual circles of our city have been flooded with lectures, thus far, this winter, nor is the end of them yet, for the columns of the daily papers teem constantly with "special notices" of this sort of entertainment, by all the lecturers of the land, — from Henry Ward Beecher down to "Geo Munday," an eccentric Philadelphia notability, who labors gratuitously for the mental culture of the rising generation here, with the nearest fire-plug to serve as a rostrum. Seriously, — the efforts of the Harmonia to present to the community a series of edifying and interesting entertainments, deserve more consideration at the hands of the public, than has thus far been accorded to them.

The Handel and Haydn Society is engaged upon the rehearsals necessary to a production of the "Messiah," during the coming Christmas holidays. It is designed to offer this celebrated work with a chorus of unusual numerical strength, and with the efficient services of the Germania Orchestra besides. The managers have, furthermore, determined to transfer their scene of operations from the Handel and Haydn Hall, (a location somewhere in the region of the North pole) to the more central Musical Fund Hall; a politic move, which will materially serve to accommodate the majority of our connoisseurs, and to ensure to the Society, besides, the space to seat, comfortably, a larger crowd of persons. Miss HENRIETTA SHAW, and Mrs REED are to sustain the solos. Both of these ladies have won for themselves a proud reputation with the subscribers of this popular Society, and are even now assiduously and ambitiously rehearsing their respective parts. Miss Shaw's voice presents many of the properties which characterized the organ of that sweet songstress of Albion, Louisa Pyne. It is unusually clear, sympathetic and flexible. —

"When is PICCOLOMINI coming to Philadelphia?" — seems an oft repeated query in this latitude. *Quien sabe?* Some weeks ago, the polite circles of this city were temporarily agitated by a newspaper item seemingly emanating from the "little Napoleon himself, and which, after soundly scoring the Directors of our Academy for attempting to impose upon the poor Director of the Piccolomini troupe intolerable rents per week, closed somewhat after the following formula: —

"Nevertheless Mlle. P. finds it impossible to forego the pleasure of singing before a Philadelphia public. Therefore the Director has pleasure to announce, that he has secured the Musical Fund Hall for two nights, and that he purposes to erect therein a temporary stage and scenery for operatic purposes; in order to evince his great desire to afford the music-loving people of this city an opportunity of hearing this celebrated vocalist, in spite of the annoyances to which he has been subjected." The flutter of derision which ensued upon the publication of this morcean, subsided a few days thereafter, when the paragraph was withdrawn from the paper in which it had appeared. Opera at the Musical Fund Hall! Capital joke that! The temporary stage would scarcely have been sufficiently wide to have admitted a puppet exhibition of the "Devil and Dr. Faustus," or the "Children in the wood" over whom a bevy of philanthropic robins strewed the leaves of the forest. Nevertheless, 'twas a clever dodge, — this Musical Fund Hall operatic campaign *in prospectu*. It set folks to talking, — to speculating, — to wondering, — in truth it has added its quota in advance, to the success, which will scarcely fail to attend "*la petite Comtesse*," when eventually she shall gracefully sweep the ample stage of our noble Opera House.

MANRICO.

BROOKLYN, N. Y., DEC. 14. — The second concert of the Brooklyn Philharmonic Society came off last Saturday night. The audience was both large and

select, and all seemed to relish the entertainment very much. The programme was as follows:

PART I. — Symphony, "Pastorale": Beethoven. Aria, "Softly sighs the voice of Evening," Lucy Escott: Weber. Grand Concerto, Pianoforte, F minor, Larghetto, Allegro Agitato, Mr. Wm. Mason: A. Henselt. Il mio Valsler, Lucy Escott: Venezano.

PART II. — Overture, "Midsummer Night's Dream": Mendelssohn. Grand Galop Fantastique, Pianoforte: composed and performed by Mr. Wm. Mason. "Ah! Forse è lui," Lucy Escott: Verdi. Overture, "Euryanthe": Weber.

The Symphony was executed admirably, and if we except a little unsteadiness and wavering in the Andante movement, there was nothing more to be desired.

Mrs. ESCOTT is not up to the present standard as a first class vocalist, by any means. The aria "Softly sighs the voice of evening" does not give a correct idea of what she really *did* sing. It was nothing as unpretending as this simple title would seem to indicate, for it was nothing less than a whole *scena* — the one so often sung from *Der Freyschutz*, including the recitative and two airs. But Mrs. Escott did not appear to advantage, for she attempted more than she is capable of doing. Something more within her capacity would have left a better impression on the audience.

Mr. MASON played, as he always does, to the satisfaction of everybody. His second piece was honored with an encore, when he gave us his "*Silver Springs*" which appeared to me more worthy of a place in the programme than the "Grand Galop Fantastique," which seemed to contain more difficulties than beauties. But the audience seemed to relish it very much.

Mr. BERGMANN fills Mr. Eisfeld's place most acceptably, which is saying quite enough for any one.

BELLINI.

HARTFORD, CONN. DEC. 20. — The Germans of this city have given a Concert, for the benefit of the German-English Schools, at Touro Hall, which was well filled, from the aim as well as the attraction of the music. The chorus was made up of sixty men's voices, grand piano-forte accompaniment, and MAX MAYO as Conductor, — giving us a good specimen of a large German "*Männer-Chor*." The "Chorus of Freedom" and the "Pilgrims' Chorus," from *Tannhäuser*, were very effective, — as well as the well-sung Sextet from the "Huguenots." Mr. ZWEIGGART performed a quaint little Solo on the "Zither," a Bohemian instrument, which, with Piano accompaniment, was quite pleasing. Max Mayo delighted the audience with a brilliant series of variations by Henri Herz, and was encored, — so was nearly every thing on the programme — a selfish and avaricious custom that is becoming more and more noticeable in our concerts, and which is truly an outrage upon the good-will of the performers. Compliments and appreciative demonstrations are well enough, and as they should be; but this everlasting clapping, stamping, *bravo*-ing and *brava*-ing, in order to get all you can out of an artist, or artists, so that you may be sure of obtaining your "money's worth," is an approximation to a nuisance; and I trust that some independent troupe will have courage enough to adopt it as a rule, not to repeat any portion of their programme, and thereby take one step towards abolishing this foolish and detestable practice. This making a puppet of every performer, and obliging them to trot out and repeat any and everything on a programme at the caprice and beck of a promiscuous audience, is a down-right imposition; however much the singer or player may feel flattered by any such long-continued applause. Almost all of our concerts are spoiled in this manner — our ears becoming surfeited long before the close, and the best selections, which are generally reserved for the end, are well-nigh lost upon the minds of the hearers. So much for so much. Of the other features of the concert I cannot write, as I was obliged to leave before it was ended.

Miss KATE DEAN and GEO. COOKE, are expected here next week, and we are anticipating a fine treat.

Something which you quoted about the lisping of ROBERT FRANZ, reminds me of the fact, which may be unknown to you, that MENDELSSOHN also lisped. WENSEL, a teacher in the Conservatory at Leipsic, used to imitate him in his manner and speech, as when he came into the room at the "*Unterhaltung*," which was highly interesting. PLAIDY told us once how Mendelssohn, at a rehearsal for a *Gewandhaus* concert, was unable to play, through nervousness, a certain difficult passage on the piano-forte, in a Concerto, with Orchestral accompaniment, and how, after several attempts, he relinquished it, and went home and practised only the *scales* during the afternoon,—without once looking at the unlucky measure,—and at the performance in the evening, played it through with perfect ease. I was so fortunate as to receive from PLAIDY a portion of the original manuscript of one of the "Songs without Words,"—Book Third—No. 4,—and it is a great source of pleasure to compare it with that published,—so delicately jotted down,—just as it came from the composer's brain,—now a half note carelessly erased, and four eighth notes substituted in its place,—now a dotted quarter and an eighth marked out, and equalled by a half note—the *sostenuto* characters—the peculiar shaped clefs—the three hastily written sharps,—how interesting are all these,—for there has rested Mendelssohn's own hand, and thereupon his eyes have gazed,—why should n't the little scrap be considered valuable and deeply interesting? It certainly is to me—nearly priceless!

In Springfield they are to have the "Messiah" brought out on Wednesday evening of this week. E. J. FITZHUGH is the conductor. The bass solos are to be sung by Mr. WHITNEY, of Boston. In Northampton, I understand, they are soon to have the opera of *Trovatore* produced by native artists. The whole of the music has been arranged by a highly talented musical amateur of that place, and it will undoubtedly be a success. GEORGE KINGSLEY, the organist and composer, is now a resident of Northampton. You will thus see that the inland towns are not all asleep in the cause of musical advancement, although they may labor under poor advantages.

H.

BERLIN, NOV. 22.—Last evening the Singakademie repeated the performance which I recorded in November 1855:—"Gottes Zeit ist die allerbeste Zeit," a funeral cantata by Bach, and Cherubini's *Requiem*. Two of the choruses in the former were magnificent—indeed I am beginning to work my way into Bach's style in the rest of the work, and a feeling of that man's greatness is rising within me. Still, in spite of the influences in favor of Bach here, which operate upon us all, I can not yet—and doubt if ever—forswear my allegiance to the majesty of Handel.

The *Requiem* of Cherubini is certainly a most magnificent masterpiece. When a great work by one of the great composers is for the first time presented to any musical community, it is an epoch in the artistic history of that public—as in the case of the "Messiah," the "Creation," "Elijah," the fifth Symphony of Beethoven, Rossini's "Moses," and the like, in Boston. I assure you, the first performance of this *Requiem* would be such an epoch. The work is entirely choral; and such wonderful choruses! I wrote you before that Mozart's *Requiem* makes one cry; Cherubini's makes you tremble. In London, Mozart's,—here, last night, Cherubini's, had upon me their old effect.

Your readers may like to know something about the author of the articles in your Journal upon Mendelssohn and Weber, which called out the ire of the *London Musical World*.

HERMANN ZOPFF is still a comparatively young man, having been born in 1826 at Grossglogau, in

Silesia; studied at the Gymnasia of Glogau and Breslau and at the Universities of Breslau and Berlin, devoting himself upon coming of age to the science of agriculture, and finally becoming steward of a landed property in the Silesian mountains. While there he formed such an orchestra as he could out of village musicians and school teachers, and without knowing anything of the science of music, used to compose for it. In his 24th year he produced some of those compositions in Glogau, and the result was such that he was advised to really study music in earnest. For this purpose he came to Berlin in 1849 and became a pupil of Marx, who after a few years study, made him his assistant in teaching the theory of music. After having established two or three small choral meetings in successive years, the idea occurred to him of establishing a school for the study of operatic music, and his present Opern-Akademie was the result; being founded Nov. 13, 1854. It appears to be quite a flourishing school now, employing some half a dozen teachers, and having its headquarters in a fine, spacious house, quite centrally situated.

He has composed a good deal,—I have heard nothing from his works and can therefore give no opinion upon them. His chief works are:

"*Astrea*" a poem for declamation in 60 Sonnets, with "liturgic" music, choruses and melodrama by Zopff, performed in Berlin and Stettin, with piano-forte, in Königsburg and Hamburg with orchestra.

"*Mohammed*," opera. Some numbers sung in Berlin in concerts, the whole given under Liszt in Weimar, as Concert Music to a part of the "*Alexandria*" of Dr. Märcker—the closing scenes under the title of "Funeral Solemnities of Alexander the Great." This was performed a few months since at a concert in Arnim's Saloon, to which Humboldt, Meyerbeer, and many other literary, civil and musical dignitaries accepted invitations. As I said, I have heard none of Zopff's music—which by the way is not confined at all to these more ambitious attempts—and you know I am not given to reporting hearsay.—

A sad piece of news comes to me from London—Mrs. KINKEL is dead! She with whom I had so pleasant an interview a few months since. From a letter in the *National Zeitung* of this city I draw the following particulars for you, in case you have not noticed the event.

Mrs. Kinkel had suffered for some time from bronchitis, catarrh, &c. and on Monday, the 15th, called a physician, who visited her in her chamber in the third story, considered her illness as of small importance, advised her to keep her bed for the day and take some mild prescription. Immediately after the doctor, came Prof. K. to rejoice her with some good news in relation to his business prospects. The servant girl, too, came in with a cup of chocolate. All agree that she was in the very best spirits. The Doctor left, the professor went to his engagements, the servant girl went down stairs.

Ten minutes afterwards the girl came into the room again—Mrs. K. was not to be seen—the window was open—the girl looked down into the area, her mistress lay upon its pavement! As they raised her she was breathing her last.

An explanation of this is easy. Two years ago on this very day she was, in company, attacked by cramps in the region of the heart, her life being then saved no doubt by the accidental presence of a physician, as one of the guests.

Now, as the post-mortem examination showed a very great enlargement of the right ventricle of the heart, it is clear that a sudden attack drove her to the window, which she threw up, for air, and as it was but about two feet from the floor, as she swooned, she lost her balance, and fell out. The coroner's jury of course rendered a verdict of accidental death.

Few women have passed through more sorrow and anxiety than she. Thank God that the last few years in London have been happy ones!

The news comes from Vienna to day that CARL HOLZ, a member of the Schuppanzigh Quartet during Beethoven's last three years, and one of his intimate companions for about two years of that time—often employed by the great composer in his money transactions, died on the 9th inst., aged 60 years. So they go one after another—the men whom of all men I wish to know. Alois Fuchs, the great collector of portraits and autographs of musicians, told me in 1851, that if I would only stay in Vienna he would do all that was in his power to aid me in my work, but I had no Mæcenas, and must back to America. He is dead. He offered to make me known to Holz. Now Holz is also gone. Who will be left in the Spring when I get there! Holz it seems has left a note-book full of important musical records, but they have, it is feared, too much of a short hand character to be decipherable.

Gräfe is the great oculist of Europe. I heard in the house of one of the oldest and most famous of the professors of the Berlin University, the other day, a musical anecdote of him. A lady told it there, who had gone with another, to be with her during a terrible operation, no less than the taking out of an eye, and the removal of a hard substance, which had fixed itself behind the eye. Chloroform was administered, and Gräfe proceeded with perfect coolness and unruffled calmness to his operation, which proved worse and far more dangerous than was apprehended—the object being to save the sight of the other organ. At length it was over, and the bandage applied. The oculist excused himself and left the room, immediately after which the lady, who told the incident, heard the tones of a magnificent pianoforte nobly played. This lasted a few minutes and the Doctor returned. He apologized; he had performed one of the most difficult and fearful tasks that belong to his profession, and it had become absolutely necessary to calm his nerves by music! A. W. T.

Dwight's Journal of Music.

BOSTON, DEC. 25, 1858.

MUSIC IN THIS NUMBER.—Continuation of the Cantata: "Miriam's Song of Triumph," for Soprano Solo and Chorus, by FRANZ SCHUBERT.

Italian Opera.

We have another rich week to record. The first performance of the "Huguenots" was wisely followed by a rest of two nights. One of them, however, (Wednesday of last week) was occupied by a miscellaneous Concert in the Theatre, in which the principal artists of the troupe exhibited their powers to the immense delight of the audience in various popular show pieces; but of which two features chiefly claim a passing mention here. First, the production, and in fine style, of an unfamiliar overture of Beethoven, to 'King Stephen', by the orchestra placed on the stage,—a work with the true fire in it, but little heeded save by the few. Second, the inordinate indulgence of the audience in the "encore swindle," almost every vocal piece having been redemanded.—On Friday evening, Mr. ULLMAN gratified a hope long, long deferred, in suffering a Boston audience to witness Mozart's comic opera:

LE NOZZE DI FIGARO.

Our "Athens" could scarcely pass muster as a musical city so long as it remained a stranger to this world-famous opera. It was almost like living in ignorance of one of the best plays of Shakspeare:—an ignorance, in this case, converted into bliss for some two thousand people—the largest and most cultivated audience of the

season—on Friday evening. It was perhaps well that we were forced to wait until this master-work of genius could be put before us with such completeness and fidelity. Its floating fragments of immortal melody, which have mingled themselves in all our lives more or less from childhood, could now be brought together in their original connection, in a live and perfect whole, that would not disappoint.

For our public it was one of the best of lessons to have two such works as the *Huguenots* and the *Nozze di Figaro* make their impressions on us in immediate succession. No two works could be in greater contrast: it was the most imposing type of the extreme modern tendency in music—the music of *effect*,—brought side by side with one of the perfect instances of the pure spontaneous process of creative genius, in an opera which for three quarters of a century has held its place as “classical” for just that reason. It was the comparison of a gorgeous, grotesque, bewildering and exciting romance of a Victor Hugo or a Eugene Sue with anything as quiet, sweet and genuine as “As you like it.” The advantages of the modern work are all external, on the outside, extrinsic, properly speaking, to pure musical inspiration; advantages of form and treatment, due to improved means and mechanism, rather than to vital quantity and quality of music; the advantage of imposing combinations, new orchestral coloring, the dramatic employment of masses on the stage, great stage effects, rare studied contrasts,—and above all, dramatic intensity of well chosen subject and ingeniously elaborated plot. Meyerbeer's vast combinations are built upon a minimum of melody. Musical thoughts, as such, do not seem to come unbidden with him. He has no unailing fount of inspiration to draw from. He is blessed with few real melodies. His poetic or dramatic theme, when he has chosen it and reflected on it and filled his mind with it, does not take possession of him in such an intrinsically musical way as to become fused in his imaginative consciousness, and so transmuted into a spontaneous perfect flow of tones. On the contrary, armed with all technical skill and knowledge in the art, with a tenacious, comprehensive brain, he studies out appropriate and striking settings of each situation and each least phrase of his text; he does this with consummate judgment, only always with prime reference to effect upon a public; determined first of all that it shall *strike*; for he is not that willing, consecrated votary to truth for truth's sake, that he can be content to hide a talent where only the divining rod of sympathetic understanding in a few shall own its presence. He will run no such risk. He will make less gold go farther. So he constructs us an immense romantic melodrama, in the literal sense of that word, a grand historical picture in music, splendidly illustrating all the scientific and material resources of our modern music, impressing us with a sense of power, startling us with contrasts, taxing our every faculty of attention, interesting us intensely for at least once, but wearying heart and brain, and making us feel that, after all, a violence has been done to the living peace and freshness of our souls, that we have been subjected to a rude tumultuous stimulus *ab extra*, but have not tasted that divine refreshment, have not breathed that life-giving atmosphere of is called *repose* in Art.

Now Mozart consciously attempts far less, but

Mozart is unspeakably more, higher and finer than all that. For Mozart was a man of genius, one who wrought wholly by the spontaneous processes of genius. Melodies, fresh, beautiful, divine, such as are of no age, but in all ages speaking like a native language to all hearts, were his almost without the seeking,—so beautiful, that what he thought to utter in tones came back to him a hundred times more beautiful and more significant than he had meant it:—ever the true poet's experience; and such surprises to oneself, probably, are just the only real poetry, and have the only right to go forth to the world as poems. The same, in the highest sense, with music.

The “Marriage of Figaro” is quite as genuine and Mozartean, but not as great a work as *Don Giovanni*. It is a lighter and an earlier effort—if such a felicitous creation can be called an effort. He had a lighter, nay an altogether poorer subject to deal with; one which lacked the supernatural and the tragic element afforded by the story upon which that crowning masterpiece of his complete musicianship was founded. What a plot indeed, for a nature so sincere as Mozart! Out of Beaumarchais' sceptical and sneering comedy, then all the rage, and even acquiring a certain consequence among the political signs of the times before the French Revolution, from its smart satire on the unbelief and untruth of the whole social fabric,—a plot of miserable intrigues and tricks, in which every one of the eight or ten characters is intriguing against every other almost; a mesh of complicated love relations, in which each lover forfeits any interest you once begin to take in him, by showing himself insincere, jealous and at the same time false:—from such a picture of the prose side of life, Da Ponte made him the libretto. What was there in all this for one like Mozart? The characters, at least the principal ones, cannot interest us. They are in fact our old friends of the “Barber of Seville.” The Count is Almaviva, and the Countess is Rosina, and Figaro, now on the eve of marriage, intrigues upon his own account to baffle the designs of the false Count upon his own pretty, bright Susanna, my lady's maid and confidant. Rossini, afterwards, brought just the right genius to the treatment of the first stage of this story. His music, so sparkling and facile, full of original and never failing melody, a music almost witty, delicious to hear, but never much in earnest, genial, but external, is in the very spirit of such comedy. Moreover, the libretto of the “Barber” is broad farce, lending itself more readily to comic music; whereas “Figaro's Marriage” is genteel comedy abounding in the wit of conversation, hardly admitting of translation into anything so much sincerer and deeper as a Mozart's music must be. But therefore, and in spite of this, let us admire the genius of our dear Mozart all the more:—that he could transmute such a plot into so exquisite a musical midsummer's day.

He treats the subject in his own way, as he only could, by the necessity of his genius, which is perfect freedom. He is child enough, and has enough genial zest of humor, to make the exquisite comedy of the thing sing itself out to very ecstasy, while, at the same time, Shakspeare-like, he is continually getting very much in earnest, and idealizing these sportive amours of a day in melodies that spring from the sincerest depths and soar up to the heavenliest heights of real

love. Indeed it seems as if we felt in such an opera of Mozart just the highest mission and symbolic sense of music:—the suggestion, through whatever low and common net-work of relations, of an ideal, pure, harmonic *life*; his music lifting every character to an unwonted sincerity; touching each emotion with a glow of holier aspiration; making these poor intrigues and alliances to typify a social whole of pure spontaneous spiritual interchange, entirely pure and free and vital,—a blessed after-world of innocence and love.

Look now at the characters and at their songs. Susanna, the fascinating, cunning, roguish, pretty lady's maid, would not, were she the liveliest of comedienues, act her part so humorously that the music would not lend a finer touch of delicacy and sparkle to it; her rapid recitatives are the ideal perfection of natural language; they are what talk might be with perfect organs in a perfect medium—“fits of easy transmission” as the electricians say. Then she is such a good sympathetic creature—so the music makes her—so kindly amused with little Cherubino's confessions. But Susanna really loves Figaro, and when on the eve of their union, after baffling the Count's designs, she sings *Deh vieni, non tardar*, can you conceive of any melody of love more heart-felt, pure and heavenly? Mlle. PICCOLOMINI sang this with much fervor and beauty, while in the general presentation of the part, with all its archness, she was charming—thoroughly alive in all the action, (sometimes too much so) wearing the rhythmical chains of the music with most natural ease and grace. Her recitative was particularly neat and delicate; her small voice always musical and telling.

The Countess—(how changed from our Rosina, who is just what Rossini's music makes her, sparkling and charming, but external, without passion,)—is the one serious person of the play, though not above intrigue, and hardly interesting as the play-wright makes her. But what depth of longing tenderness, of sadness chased by gleams of golden hope, those lovely airs of hers reveal: *Porgi, amor*, and *Dove sono*! Are there diviner melodies, unless you seek them also in Mozart? Mme. GHIONI appeared to better advantage in this part, although wanting in action and of marble coldness of features. She sang the music conscientiously, and with fair voice and expression, being greatly applauded in *Dove sono*. Her voice blended beautifully with Susanna's in the duet *Sul aria*, where she dictates the note,—a duet of such natural and unalloyed simplicity of melody, that the whole audience were entranced.

Let us thank Beaumarchais for giving Mozart a character so after his own heart, as the page Cherubino. What a charming part indeed! and Mme. BERKEL had just the pretty figure for it, and enacted the bewitching boy to a charm. Her voice is thin, but her artistic conceptions were all good, and she sang with unction. He is a boy of some thirteen years, in whose breast the first vague stirrings of the master passion are just beginning to be felt, filling him with delicious and alarmed surprise. He finds every beautiful woman having a mysterious attraction for him, poor rogue; and the little songs he writes and sings to Susanna and his mistress: *Non so più cosa son*, and *Voi che sapete*, are his confessions, as serious and touching as they are delightfully comical. Oulibicheff sees in Cherubino

Don Giovanni in the bud. By the music of the two operas this is quite transparent. Nay, we may go further and say, Cherubino is Mozart. But this thought we have no room to develop.

Figaro, now major-domo of the Count, has in Mozart's treatment a finer and more intellectual kind of humor than Rossini's barber. Besides, he has an earnest side; he *loves* Susanna, and it is with an honest glow that he boasts his wits a match for those of the Count. How finely Mozart's music fits both sides of him! That dainty, cunning strain: *Se vuol ballare*, &c., is the melodic *motif* of the character. The song *Non piu andrai* is the prototype of Rossini's *Largo al Factotum*, and not reached by that. FORMES sang and acted it to perfection, as indeed he did the whole part. Figaro also has a very earnest air in the last act, where he suspects Susanna; and where there is real passion Mozart, like a bounteous creator, is no respecter of persons, but gives him his best to sing, the servant now being as much man and having as much use for music as his lord.

Count Almaviva, baritone, the central personage in all this, stands for the dissolute vices of the great, exposed and satirized. But Mozart will not let a momentary, superficial passion end with that; it goes hard with him to give up the game; he finds that he is seriously in love with Susanna; the duet: "*Crudel perché*" is one of the most touching and impassioned love-strains; he is better than he would be in it, for love and music are divine when they are real. And in his soliloquy before the wedding, where he vents his chagrin at being thus outwitted by Figaro, Mozart has given him a grand aria, with splendid orchestral accompaniment, altogether in his most noble and dramatic style. Sig. FLORENZA sang his music well, with a rich and manly voice; and looked the Count well, in his quiet attitudes, but in the intense parts is given to strange crouching postures and grimaces.

Of the minor characters we can only say that the small part of Don Basilio, (the only tenor in the opera, strange to say,) was well done by Mr. PERRING, so far as singing goes; and that Signora MORRA, as Marcellina, Herr MUELLER as the gardener, and Herr — as Dr. Bartolo were quite acceptable.

But the charm lay in the opera as a whole. Its concerted pieces are as fine as its songs; especially that septet finale of the second act. Mozart's finales are quiet and unpretending as compared with those of Meyerbeer or Verdi; but whereas these latter are most artificially imposing, a tenor and soprano shouting in unison, while other voices put in mere phrases of accompaniment, properly belonging to bassoon or contrabasso or what not in the orchestra, in Mozart's finales each voice sings in character, phrases which seemed as positively dictated by the personal as by the contrapuntal complication. The chorus, it is true, he uses unambitiously; it is a chorus of peasants, and they sing peasants' music, natural and simple festive strains. How quaintly beautiful that dance music! But it is all one continuous and living whole; a world of heavenly music; and it all floats charmingly upon a summer sea of instrumentation, which is so full and delicious that one is tantalized by the desire to listen to the orchestra alone. Ever at the right moment, each turn of thought, or feeling, or situation is met at once, as if by heavenly accident, by just

the fittest instrumental phrase that mortal brain could possibly invent. The orchestral accompaniments afford such felicitous and sympathetic background, that it is as if the whole world took the color of our own passing thoughts and moods.

The performance of the "Marriage of Figaro" in Boston must have made its mark, and will be productive of great good. It was "experiencing" music, as some say of religion.

LUCIA DI LAMMERMOOR.
LA SERVA PADRONA.

The Saturday afternoon performance offered these two pieces to a crowded house. Donizetti's hacknied opera was passably rendered, with PICCOLOMINI, BRIGNOLI and FLORENZA in the principal parts.

Pacsiello's little comic operetta gave the very best play to Piccolomini's especial talent. She looked more prettily, and sang and acted more bewitchingly and funnily as the servant-mistress, than in any part before. Sig. MAGGIOROTTI, a veteran, of the genuine buffo stamp, was all that was needed as the old master. The vixenish, quarrelling duet introduced from Anber's "Mason and Locksmith," given by Piccolomini and Mme. Morra, was extremely comical. The music, old and quaint, and very simple, is really genial and charming; reminding one of Mozart, so far as Mozart wrote in the fashion of his time — this was composed while Mozart was a boy — but infinitely less rich in thought or treatment.

On Monday night we had a repetition of "The Huguenots;" on Tuesday a fine performance of Rossini's "Barber," chiefly remarkable for LAMORDE's inimitable and faultless warbling, for the smooth Jesuitical perfection of FORMES's Don Basilio, and for the thoroughly expert, though of course rather *passé*, rendering of Figaro by the veteran MAGGIOROTTI, who has been said, with what truth we know not, to have been the original Barber; and on Wednesday, "Le Nozze" again: thus affording new chance to compare Meyerbeer and Co. with Mozart, and to make another interesting comparison of Mozart and Rossini, to which we must return hereafter, since our space is now exhausted.

The further announcements were: for Thursday, *Trovatore*; Friday, *Robert le Diable*; this afternoon and evening two cheap Christmas performances, to-wit, *Traviata* and *Norma*; and on Monday, *Robert* again, which opera, given as this troupe can give it, must be another new event for Boston.

Next week, being the last week of the Opera, will probably also give us *Don Giovanni* on a magnificent scale.

New Music.

CATHEDRAL CHANTS, &c., by S. PARKMAN TUCKERMAN, MUS. DOC. Boston: Oliver Ditson & Co.

Dr. Tuckerman is well known for his hearty and industrious devotion to the English Church school of music, which has led him to spend some seven years of his life in England, where he made himself perfectly at home in the music of the principal cathedrals, and returned fully master of its secret. He gives us here a collection of the most approved chants used in the Protestant Episcopal service: — a copious supply, both double and single chants, for each of the several Canticles, as well as the occasional services. He has collected them mainly from the sterling old English writers, with scrupulous fidelity to the originals; but has also enriched the collection by many of the best contributions of living English masters in this line and by a modest number of his own productions, which in severe beauty of harmony, and apt expressiveness of style for each occasion seem worthy of their place among the others. The Gregorian Tones, too, are included; but we could wish that the author in his otherwise instructive Preface, had told the uninitiated *why* these "Tones" appear in modern keys and harmony.

The chants are followed by the Burial and Communion Service; and by an easy Morning Service in F (*Te Deum and Benedictus*), by Dr. Tuckerman, which we think must take its place among the favorite pieces of this kind in choirs. The book is beautifully printed, in large, clear characters, with ample space, and all admirably arranged for use. The direc-

tions for chanting are clear and practical, and the accented syllable in the reciting portion of each chant is always plainly marked. We have seen no collection of this kind of church music so complete; none more scrupulously choice. And this we know to be the conviction of some of our best organists and professors, who are versed in this peculiar school of music, and who know the wants of the Episcopal choirs far better than ourselves. We may mention the names of the venerable Dr. Hodges, of Trinity Church, New York, and of Mr. Wilcox, organist of St. Paul's church, in this city.

Musical Chit-Chat.

This is CHRISTMAS DAY, and of course the emotions and reflections of the inspiring season seek their highest musical expression in "Handel's" sublime oratorio, "The Messiah." Of course we look to our old HANDEL AND HAYDN SOCIETY for that; and not in vain, for, although the Boston Music Hall is strangely preoccupied for other ends than music, the Society have found the Boston Theatre open to them, and as the end sanctifies the place, they will there to-morrow (Sunday) evening perform the "Messiah," with the unexpected and most valuable assistance of our Boston prima donna, Mme. ELISA BISCACCANTI, who has been in town some weeks recruiting from the wear and tear of her triumphant career in Italy, St. Petersburg, &c. She is a great favorite here, and one of the first sopranos of the day; all will rejoice that her health is sufficiently restored to enable her to sing. The other solos will be sustained by Miss EMMA HEYWOOD, the new contralto of the Opera troupe; Mrs. HARWOOD, whose fine voice it will be pleasant to hear again; Mr. PERRING, tenor, and Dr. GUILMETTE, basso. The choruses will of course receive justice from the well-trained forces of the Society; and all, with a grand orchestra, will be under the sure, intelligent direction of CARL ZERRAHN.

OTTO DRESEL did not return, as expected, in the Persia a fortnight since; word came that the state of his health made it quite probable that he might remain in Germany all winter, much to the disappointment of his many friends and pupils and all lovers of choice music here. But there is now better news: he had concluded to sail for Boston in the steamer of the 11th inst, which is already due.

It gives us joy to announce the purchase of a very valuable collection of works on Music for our noble Boston Public Library. It consists in large part of very rare and costly works upon the theory and history of Music, of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries, in Italian, German, French and Latin, most of them in splendid folios and quartos, — works difficult to find in Europe, of many of which not a copy probably exists in this country. It was the private library of an Austrian officer and amateur, recently deceased, who had had for many years an intelligent passion for collecting such works. This library was offered at auction in Berlin. At the suggestion of our friend A. W. THAYER, now residing in that city, and through the liberality of JOSHUA BATES, Esq., to whose munificence our Library is already so largely indebted, and who at once saw the importance of securing such a nucleus for our musical collection as might never offer itself again, these books, some 300 in all, have been secured for Boston, at a cost of about \$750.00. We have received a catalogue of the books, to which we shall refer more fully. These, added to the collection of musical literature and MS. Italian and French scores, made up for us by the late Prof. Dehn of the Berlin Royal Library, will lay a solid foundation for a complete musical library, for the first time in this country — one to which all musical students can have access.

In Worcester, Mass., the Mozart Society, conducted by EDWARD HAMILTON, gave their second concert on the 17th, performing Romberg's "Transient and Eternal," with selections from Mendelssohn, Mozart and Rossini. . . . Haydn's "Seven Words on the Cross" is to be produced in Philadelphia. . . . There is a rumor that the charming artist, Mme. COLSON, is to succeed Piccolomini in the Opera here, and sing Zerlina next week.

Music, both operatic and orchestral, seems to be flourishing in New Orleans. We have the programme of the first concert of the "Classic Music Society" (Dec. 8), comprising just five pieces, all of the true sort, to-wit: Part I. Overture to *Don Giovanni*; Haydn's 8th Symphony, in B minor; Weber's overture to *Euryanthe*. Part II. Beethoven's *Sinfonia Eroica*; Spohr's overture to *Jessonda*. The leader is Mr. G. COLLIGNON. Of Opera at the Orleans Theatre, the *Picayune* (Dec. 12) says:

Mlle Lafranche, the new prima donna, grand opera, has sung in Meyerbeer's ever popular "Huguenots," and is pronounced by all good judges an artist of high rank. Mons. Louault grows in the estimation of the public, and Mlle Cordier is fully established in the place vacated by Colson. Her repetition of the "Dame Blanche," and her *Marguerite*, in the "Huguenots," gave great satisfaction to excellent and discriminating audiences. The "Ambassadrice" of Anber, and the "Juive" of Halévy, are the next revivals in contemplation, Cordier appearing in the first, and Lafranche in the last.

Music Abroad.

PARIS.—*Il Trovatore* and *Lucrezia Borgia* have been performed at the Italian Opera within the last fortnight. The first, with Grisi, Alboni, Mario, and Graziani; the latter, with Grisi, Nantier-Didiée, Mario, Graziani, Corsi, and Zucchini. It is reported that Madame Penco was to have taken the rôle of Leonora in *Il Trovatore*, but that Grisi insisted on appearing in the part, much to the chagrin of the manager. Mario has been singing splendidly. Nantier-Didiée was very effective in *Lucrezia*, and altogether the opera was well rendered.

Verdi's *Macbeth* was to have been produced this season, but the expense was found to be too great.—*Id.*

The Paris correspondent of the New Orleans *Picayune* relates:

The Opera Comique theatre is heels over head with "*Les Chercheurs d'Or*," M. Meyerbeer's new piece: manager, stars, orchestra, company, chorus, are all half crazy, for M. Meyerbeer is a very disagreeable companion during the rehearsals of any work. He does not pass by a single fault, and his "begin again" is heard so often, and his German patience is so different from French restiveness, he drives everybody about the theatre half mad before the curtain rises on the first performance. He has Faure, Sainte Foy and Mme. Marie Cabel at his rooms at 6 o'clock every morning, when they rehearse their parts, M. Meyerbeer himself being seated at the piano. M. Meyerbeer insisted, when he entered into a contract with the Opera Comique, that the rehearsal of his piece should not interfere with the rehearsal of other pieces, which "noble" request was of course granted, or rather the manager promised to grant it. But Faure has a leading part in another piece, and of course he can't rehearse twice a day and play three times a day; so the rehearsal of that opera is suspended. Sainte Foy has a part in a second piece, and he has no stronger constitution than Faure, so the second opera's rehearsals are abandoned. And who could with reason expect more from Mme. Marie Cabel than from the men, so the opera in which she is to play a part is suspended. "Mons. Meyerbeer's carriage stops the way," you see, with a vengeance, while the composer is crying as loud (but not imperatively—there is a distinction and a difference) as he can to his coachman to go on.

Little has leaked out respecting the new opera. The "book" is by MM. Michel Carré and Barbier. There are but four performers, and the piece reckoned on as likely to produce the greatest effect is a question, the parts to be borne by the actors above mentioned and a bass whom M. Meyerbeer has not yet discovered; none of the bass singers at the Opera Comique suit him. It is said to contain more music than "*L'Etoile du Nord*." The performance of this Cornwall or Brittany piece indefinitely postpones "*Les Bleus et les Blancs*," an opera by M. Limnander, the "book" by M. Scribe. The playgoers say that anybody, backed by M. Scribe, may be indefinitely postponed without fear, as he is certain of success. I think M. Scribe would not find great favor just now with a new piece, in the eyes of a portion of the public. He has been too successful with "*Les Trois Mousquetaires*" to be readily forgiven. M. Meyerbeer proposed to M. Limnander that he, the former, should keep his score in pocket for another year that the latter might bring his opera out, but M. Limnander

replied: "I am not only a composer, but I am, and before all, an artist, and it seems to me of much more importance to art that an opera of M. Meyerbeer should be played than an opera of M. Limnander;" and so refused to allow the former to wait.

The London *Athenaeum* says: The amount of musical rumour in this week's *Gazette Musicale* is so great and so miscellaneous that we can only avail ourselves of it with slender comment, and scanty attempt at classification. First, as concerns France: Many will be sorry to be told of the death of M. Hermann-Léon, the capital dramatic baritone (and a painter, too, as well as a singer), whose performances in "*Les Mousquetaires*," of M. Halévy, and in M. Meyerbeer's "*L'Etoile*," are among the good recollections of late years belonging to the *Opéra Comique*.—The *Sainte Cécile* Mass, this year performed at the Church of Saint Eustache according to custom, on the 22nd, was no French work, but a mass by Weber—M. Remusat (the capital flute-player) is making up a French comic opera company for England, the names of the artists engaged for which may be encouraging, but are not much known, even in Paris.—Something better may be augured from the announcement of a choral festival, to be held in Paris next year, to which already seventy-five societies have "adhered," thus making up the number of performers to seven thousand, or thereabouts. Let us hope that such a mountain of voice will not content itself with mouse music to sing.—Choral life, it appears certain, is growing up everywhere in France. We now read of a society numbering one hundred and sixty singers having been formed in no larger a place than Beziers.—Italian matters in Paris become increasingly dismal or comical, as the mood of the speculator may find them. "*Il Giuramento*," of Signor Mercadante, has been tried this week;—a *tearing* drama, as regards story, none other than a travesty of M. Victor Hugo's "*Angelo*,"—without the aid of an artist capable of acting the least in any one of its four principal parts. The comicality is, that after all manner of talk and trial of newer tenors, M. Béart is again at the Italian Opera. Having always thought him an artist well worth watching, we are glad to see another proof that, without noise or false parade, the day of one possessing so many excellent qualities as he must return.—Quoting from another journal for the moment, in regard to Italian matters, let us advert to a hardy paragraph, somewhat hitting in the face every precise advertisement of "*Her Majesty's Theatre* to let," which declares that Signor —, "the known theatrical agent," is travelling in Italy to make engagements for *Her Majesty's Theatre*. When will Italy take any pains to inquire what and whom, and where to trust? That the entire machinery of these transactions grinds the second, third, and fourth-rate musicians, is our reason for harping on a familiar string.—Further, the *Gazette Musicale* tells us that M. Rübinstein has been appointed Director of Music at the Court of Russia—the "right man in his right place," we conceive,—that a new oratorio by Herr Vogt, "*The Resurrection of Lazarus*," has been given at a charitable concert in Berlin,—and that Herr Emil Naumann's "*Judith*," an opera in three acts, was produced at the theatre in Dresden on the 5th of this month—with applause.

It is with regret that we must continue the bad accounts of Herr Ernst's health, which affords little hopes of his being able to resume his career as a player, for the present at least.

BERLIN.—To-day (Sunday) is the "*Todten-Fest*," festival for the dead, and Cherubini's glorious Requiem in C is to be given to night in the "*Akademie*." I attended last evening the full rehearsal, and if I may judge from that, there will be a splendid performance of a splendid work. There has been a visible decrease in the number of concerts during the last week. Those which have been given retain that characteristic which is the boast of every true Berliner—viz., "classicality." To demonstrate this I subjoin the programmes of two concerts:—

Overture, Antigone. Arie aus der *Passions-musik*; S. Bach. Sinfonie (B major) Haydn. Die Dorf-musikanten ("The Village Musicians," by desire) Mozart. Overture, Anacreon; Cherubini. Sinfonie (C major) Beethoven.

Sinfonie (D major); Mozart. Overture, Faust; Spohr. Overture, Ali Baba; Cherubini. Sinfonie, (B major); Beethoven.

The following operas have been given in the past week:—*Tamhäuser*; *Orpheus* (Glück)—Wagner splendid as Orpheus; *Die Nibelungen* (Dorn); *Wilhelm Tell*.—*Mus. Gazette*, Nov. 27.

WEIMAR.—An opera by M. Sobolinski, a pupil of Liszt, entitled *Cornelia*, is about to be performed here, and is to be followed by an opera, entitled the *Barber of Bagdad*, by M. Cornelius, another pupil of the great pianist.—*Id.*

Special Notices.

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MUSIC BY MAIL.—Quantities of Music are now sent by mail, the expense being only about one cent apiece, while the care and rapidity of transportation are remarkable. Those at a great distance will find the mode of conveyance not only a convenience, but a saving of expense in obtaining supplies. Books can also be sent by mail, at the rate of one cent per ounce. This applies to any distance under three thousand miles; beyond that, double the above rates.

Vocal, with Piano Accompaniment.

Oh, lovely Touraine (O vago snol della Turanna)
From Meyerbeer's "Huguenots." 25
'Tis love's almighty power. (A questa voce sola)
From Meyerbeer's "Huguenots." 30

These are the two pearly songs of the fair Marguerite de Valois in the second act of the "Huguenots," which the inimitable rendition of Madame Laborde has vividly impressed upon the minds of delighted hearers as being fine specimens of the graceful and florid in operatic music.

Porter Song. (Canzone del Porter.) From
Flotow's "Martha." 25

The Huntress' Song, (Il tuo stral nel lancier.
From Flotow's "Martha." 25

Two old acquaintances in a new edition, with Italian words added. The first one is that famous Bass-Song in praise of England's genuine Porter-Beer, in which Formes's powerful voice will tell wondrously next week; the second is that pretty, coquettish song of Lady Harriet's merry companion, easily remembered from among the many ear-captivating strains of the Opera.

The Moorish Minstrel. Der Zigeunerknabe im Norden.) Reissigen. 25

When Aurora paints the Sea. (Morgengruss). Proch. 25

Blue Eyes. (Blau Aeuglein sind gefährlich. Gumbert. 35

Songs of popular German authors. The first one has long been a favorite song and undergone all kinds of arrangements from the Cramers, the Beyers, &c. of the day. The last two are comparatively new. Proch's "When Aurora" in the opinion of many surpasses his celebrated "Alpine horn" in charm of melody. Gumbert's song has a half comic turn. It is, like most of this author's songs, eminently pleasing. All three songs are easy and within the range of ordinary voices.

One smile from thee. M. W. Balfe. 24
The beating of my own heart. Macfarren. 30

The latest issues of these popular English song-writers: ballads for the parlor.

Our own sweet thoughts. Words by J. S. Adams. Adapted to the "*Air du Simplon*." 25

This beautiful air from the Swiss mountains, which has obtained wide circulation, has given rise to two stanzas, which fit it to a charm.

Jane O. Malley. So. and Cho. L. V. H. Crosby. 25
An easy and effective song, arranged from the well-known quartet of this author, "She sleeps in the valley."

Books.

CRAMER'S CELEBRATED STUDIES. With new Fingering and Explanatory Notes, by Julius Knorr. Book 1, \$2. Book 2, \$2. Complete, \$3.50.

These studies for the piano have been more extensively used than any other collection, simply because they impart the best preparation for the works of the classical composers. A thorough acquaintance with them, therefore, becomes a matter of necessity for all who would devote themselves, especially in a practical manner, to the art of music. At the earnest solicitation of many friends, Julius Knorr has superintended this edition of Cramer's Studies. Each of the Twenty-one studies of the first book has been provided with brief remarks upon musical elocution and mechanical points. The fingering also has been revised and the musical phrasing of the single studies much more correctly indicated than it was in former editions published by Cramer himself. In these and many other points, this copy will be found superior to all others.

Dwight's Journal of Music.

WHOLE No. 352.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, JANUARY 1, 1859.

VOL. XIV. No. 14.

For Dwight's Journal of Music.

Musical Knick-Knacks.

By S. W.

ROBERT SCHUMANN, genial and rapid as he was in composing, and in writing about music, was, besides being very much *distract* and confused, as helpless in practical and ordinary things, as a new-born babe. It was a remarkable trait of his character, that he could sit for hours, with his best friends, looking at them and smiling, drinking and smoking, brooding perhaps over some new composition, but without ever uttering a word, and if questioned, would start up, as if from a waking dream, and answer in monosyllables, and then fall to thinking again, or would at once begin a fiery and enthusiastic speech and suddenly break off, as if struck dumb, relapsing into moody silence.

This was especially the case during the latter part of his life; it was quite embarrassing for strangers that were introduced to him, not acquainted with his manners, and would have been still more so, if his amiable wife had not often come to their aid.

Speaking of "the divine CLARA," as Schumann always called her when writing about her in the "*Neue Zeitschrift für Musik*," then edited and published by him and his friends (now by Dr. Franz Brendel), reminds me of the peculiar way in which he acted, when he married her, or rather, when she married him, as I am told by one of the witnesses present on the occasion.

But, before entering farther on the subject, I must beg pardon of the readers of this Journal, for my disorderly way of throwing matters about: stating only, that I do not intend to make even a sketch of his life or characteristics, (this may be read in Wasilewski's Biography of Schumann), but only to relate facts, which they may perhaps not find there or anywhere, just as they come to my memory.

Clara's father, old WIECK, was very greedy of money, and, in his later years, became an old miser, so that, when the young couple, Clara and Robert S., who were desperately in love with each other, sued for his leave to marry, he refused it, dryly stating, to the consternation of Robert, that his daughter had cost him pains enough as a father and teacher during the early part of her piano-forte studies; so that now that she was a celebrated *artiste*, he wished to reap the golden harvest of *his* and *her* exertions; and should he (Schumann) wish to marry Clara, it would be necessary to make him an indemnification for the losses he should sustain by his daughter's not earning any more for him. "And," he added, after S. had left, much concerned, turning to his daughter: "You belong to me, and shall not marry that composing fool, who will get crazy one of these days." From that day, he watched his daughter, as an old dragon would his heaped up treasures, so that the lovers seldom had a chance to see each other.

To help the despairing Robert, for whose health and reason his friends were apprehensive,

they concluded that he must elope with her; for S., with that peculiar helplessness of his, sat silent and moody all day long, relieving himself only by quaffing immense quantities of beer, but entirely unable to act in person for his love and future happiness.

This resolution being proposed to him, Schumann answered in his slow, long-drawn way, "yes, yes! Oh Clara!—but—how shall I—Does old Wieck consent?"—"No, but you must do it without him, if you wish to possess Clara." "O, the divine Clara! I should do anything to call her my own, but there's the old miser—Ask Clara, she knows best what to do, she always knows better than I do—O my dear Clara!"

The friends saw again that they had to act for him, so they communicated their intention to Clara secretly, who was well contented to escape from the tyranny of her father and join him whom she loved. Accordingly all the preparations were made by the friends of the lovers; a dwelling was hired, and furnished by them, servants were engaged, a license was obtained, the necessary documents drawn up, and a priest notified; now only the day was waited for when old Wieck would be called out on pressing business matters, and be obliged to leave his treasure for a few hours alone. Notice would then be given by Clara instantly to Schumann's friends, and matters brought to a conclusion. At length that day arrived. All went well, in so far that old Wieck had not the least suspicion of what was contemplated, and Clara informing the friends, they in their turn again instantly informed Schumann, who trembling with excitement at the news, stood there as usual, without doing anything, when, after the necessary dressing preliminaries, he was seized by his friends and led off in secret triumph to the house of the perhaps not less excited bride. Then he indeed verified what I mentioned above of his remarkable awkwardness and taciturnity; for in the room there he stood, as if glued to the spot, facing his beloved and beautiful bride, his eyes fixed on hers, his countenance full of bliss, but motionless and silent, twisting his hat between his fingers, and coloring up to the very ends of the hair on his head, wasting the precious time by nothing, as a loving couple in an opera, who, after having concluded to escape from the old tyrant, remain standing on the stage, instead of making the best of their time by running away, and sing half a dozen duets about happiness and heavenly bliss, beginning with the sentimental Andante, then proceeding to the Allegro; and when near the end of the Presto, and about to put the ten times repeated "Let us fly" in execution, then comes the stern father, unseen, and collaring the startled bridegroom, the bride fainting (of course) says "*quod non*," and then—then—our thoughts go astray, and the reader finds himself in the midst of an opera scene, instead of one of real life. We left Schumann standing, and I suppose he would still stand there, if the coachman, waiting below, had not cracked his whip impatiently, and Clara,

less reserved than women generally are on such occasions, and more conscious than her intended that time is sometimes worth even more than money, had not taken hold of Robert's hand, and stowing him safely in the coach and seating herself beside him, given orders to the driver; and off they went to the church, the friends following.

We now leave them united forever and safely installed in their new home, never forgetting the kind friends, who had done so much to set matters aright; only stating further, and much to the satisfaction of the readers, we believe, who always side with the lovers, that when old Wieck discovered, how the bird had flown, and how he had been deceived, he naturally flew into a passion, and afterwards brought a mean law-suit against S. for seducing his daughter to get her fortune! In this he was defeated, and had the chagrin of having to pay the costs of his law-suit instead of recovering damages. But here our narrative differs from the regular romantic; for the old man never pardoned his Clara, and even rejoiced at her later misfortunes. She, however, was fully compensated for the tenderness of a father, by the constant love of her husband and the sympathy of the public, which she still possesses in a rare degree.

More about Schumann and others in our next.

Old Pieces.—Grétry the Brother of Greuze.

(From L'Artiste de Paris.)

What life sparkles and flashes from the whole of Grétry's little composition, *Les Méprises par Ressemblance*! This was one of the earliest operas he wrote. He attached but little value to it. In his agreeable *mémoires* he mentions merely in an incidental manner this slight work, which is one of the most charming he ever composed. System has not obtained sole possession of it; the writer does not strive to impart impression to everything; as yet the philosophy, theory, and suggestions of Grimm, the speeches of Diderot, and the axioms of Mercier, have not bewilderingly penetrated the head and heart of the man who comes from Liège, and surrenders himself freely to his instinct. He does not yet arrange his inspirations, so as to frame them in system; he does not proceed with the pre-formed notions of a doctor; he advances without anxiously smoothing the folds of his robe. On all sides, the melody bursts forth, flowing on and developing itself like a living mountain spring, with a dash, copiousness and grace which enchants us. Scarcely has the first note resounded, ere passion is perceptible and forces its way through. Without any great amount of preparation, every touch is true; without scientific guidance, without mechanical skill, without laborious effort, our hero brings his work into the world; he draws rather than paints, but how lovely are his touches and how true his accent!

I was sitting at the Opéra-Comique, near one of our most genial and learned musicians, and we chatted together.

"I wish," I said to him, "all our modern composers would come here and listen to Grétry. The worthy man has none of their merit, but he possesses a gift, one solitary quality, in which nearly all of them are deficient—namely, inspiration. Clever, learned, polished, mighty in resources and fruitful in expedients, they would be perfect, if they were not deficient in this one point."

"They make up for it by their skill."

"Now-a-days, we do everything by calculation and artistic trickery. Machiavel has become our master; we are no longer simple in anything, and we darkly imprint a profound policy on all the arts. Boldness, calculation, and the genius of mastering ourselves, appear to us the end of greatness. Inspiration strikes us as childish, *naïveté* as folly, and feeling as madness. The exact contrary was the case with the eighteenth century, which everywhere sought out feeling, pushing it to the greatest lengths, abusing it, and straining to express it with love, and sometimes with fury and madness. Look at our admirable Grétry! How entirely he belongs to the eighteenth century! how beautiful is this simple composition, and how expressive!"

"Be it so!" replied my friend. "But how ridiculous is the *libretto*! You have a soldier of the Guard, giddy, virtuous, in love with every woman at the first glance, sentimental, elegiac, and a sturdy drinker. There is no more truth in this than in Watteau or even Greuze, whose rosyate flesh tints, and roguish girls belong to the same style of thinking. What composer of the present day would set such a subject to music? O, those charming country manners! and that bailiff! and that tender father! and the voice of relationship and the cry of the heart!"

"Do not speak too ill of the eighteenth century. Any one would be inclined to think that you belonged to those useless and too virtuous guardians of the harem, who speak ill of love. What saves the honor of the art of the eighteenth century is, that it is sincere in its tendencies, hopes, and dreams. It believes in shepherd-life; it adorns nature with so much lace, embroidery, shirt-frills, and fans, that the whole affair is ridiculous. But so is the human race; Gluck was true, and so was Diderot. Both of them, I confess, exaggerated nature: but their efforts were real, their tendencies, high and glowing, were sincere."

"You affirm, also, then, that the theatre is the expression of society?"

"Not at all! not for the world! The drama does not express what the society of any age or country does and carries out, but that which it dreams itself; not exactly that which it feels, but that for which it yearns; not that which it endeavors to be, but that which it would like to be. Look at the serious and elevated reason of Molière's "artists;" at the glowing devotion of Calderon's "lovers;" at Corneille's argumentative and speculating heroes. Never has humanity expressly and perfectly realized those models. But, in proportion as men's souls strove to achieve a new idea, the theatre was renewed, in order to offer them, as it were, a slight shadow, a distant picture of this same much desired ideal, to their eternal deception. Hence, that which is called local coloring is an absurdity; the drama has never any coloring but that of its own age; it does not express society, but the dream of society, and it improves nothing. On the contrary, it encourages the faults which it portrays. Let us strike out of our papers, my dear sir, such fine principles as:

"The theatre is the improver of our morals;

"The most important thing in the drama is invention;

"The drama is the expression of society, &c."

"Oh! what fables! and, as our forefathers said, what elevated trifles! Our libraries are filled with them; people speak and write in accordance with them; authors commentate on them; twenty provincial academies take them as the subjects for their prize compositions, and the competitors descant upon them. And yet there is not one of these maxims which is not a lie!"

"You speak like a book," observed the composer, interrupting me. "Yet what use is all this to me? Does it render Grétry's music less primitive and elementary? less without color, breadth, and power, and less agreeable kind of music for the winshop?"

"M. Linnander's music, I confess, contrasts especially with Grétry's. Dash and color distinguish M. Linnander; fine orchestration, intelligence, and knowledge, with less care than power. You are instantly struck with his orchestral supe-

riority, if you compare it with the meagre instrumentation with which the melodies of the old Liège composer are furnished. How little brass in Grétry's works; scarcely more than a few flutes, with the violins and the oboes! But the essential principle of music is, most decidedly, possessed by Grétry in a greater degree than by the most brilliant and most learned of modern composers. He possesses all the feeling, accent, and passion."

"He belongs to the time of Jean-Jacques, and Greuze, from which, thank goodness, we are now very far."

"It is true that we are no longer the same. Since the epoch in question France has often changed her soul, enthusiasm, and convulsions! How many chemical experiments were tried with the French material! In how many different forms was the national paste kneaded! What a workshop is this society of ours, so often dissolved and again put together! How much the *Micro-mégas* at the head of these changes laugh! That which astonishes us, and causes us to laugh with pity—this virtuous giddiness, this popular sentimentality, this emphatic verbal stamp, this pastoral frivolity, and all the amorous stories of such brusque banality, rising to heroism—how it delighted, nay, entranced the youth of its time."

"You mean the blockheads."

"No; the masses; the persons easily moved; the sheep. In all times, those who rejoice in a small stock of original ideas, sink, at the commencement of youth, into the stream of the ideas then general. They suck in the color of the fashion; they allow themselves to be completely soaked in it, and adopt the idea of the day. They live on it; they remain sunk in it, and carry it to the greatest length. About thirty or forty, when a woman or a shop, the toga or an embroidered coat changes them, they suddenly become wise, wash out the lively tints, cover the brilliant vermilion or ultra-marine with sober gray, and fall back stupidly into the every-day world, into the compact crowd. PHILARETE CHARLES."

October Music in Palermo.

(From the London Athenæum.)

Knowing already that the modern Papistical abominations in Art are the most flagrant in those Roman Catholic countries which were once the most artistic, I had still something to learn in Palermo during the Sabbath High Mass in the *Casa Professa*. There, at the exposition of the sacrament, the player on the organ, which is a fair one, absolutely broke out into the *Bolero* from the "Vêpres Siciliennes," by way of symphony. The dismissal, again, might have ended some service in St. Hubert's Chapel, by appropriately "playing out" a monarch bound for the chase,—for it was an opera movement, *alla caccia*: with cornet flourishes, echoes, and those other devices, the freshness of which has been seemingly exhausted by Méhul, Weber, and Signor Rossini. The vocal music, modern *cavatins* to devout words, was sung by a low tenor voice, so tuneable and manly as to make one regret the uses to which it was put.—There was high mass, with orchestra, one day in the church of *Santa Orsola*, which was gaily decked out with spangled gauze draperies. I presume in her honor,—since the altar, above which hangs a dignified and spirited picture of our countrywoman's martyrdom, by *Il Monrealese*, wore the usual gala dress of blazing candles.—Parts of the music were not wholly bad,—in particular the "Kyrie" and a subsequent *terzetto* for three male voices, in the florid and flowing Italian style. Worse execution could not be conceived.

The regimental bands in Palermo are in no respect remarkable.—Certain fancies respecting the hybrid parentage of national melodies so often put forth in the *Athenæum* were amusingly corroborated in the only exhibition of street-music I heard during a fortnight, on the terrace above the *Marina*. This consisted of a guitar and violoncello played in a style of true independence, after the fashion of the talk of *Flora*, in "Little Dorrit,"—without stop, let, hindrance, or care whether the chords were right or wrong. The

version thus produced of "Parigi, o cara," from "La Traviata," was original enough;—but who could have expected the next tune?—our shuffling, bustling, English hornpipe, "The Soldier's Joy," which has hardly been heard beyond the purlieus of Wapping or Portsmouth Point for the last forty years. Here and there some changes of the classical dance-text had crept in. What a whimsical reply to ears which had been everywhere asking for the *suave* old "Sicilian Mariner's Hymn!" Neither when they sit stitching waistcoats, or tying up nosebags, in the streets,—nor when they row forth to fish, or to shoot larks in the bay,—do the people of Palermo sing.—A far-off clansman to Mr. Albert Smith entertained his public of Tritons and custom-house officers every afternoon in the open air close to the *Porta Felice*; but he never varied his fun or instruction by "tuning up" a stave.

An amateur concert, given for charity, at which I was one evening present, in the *Sala Pretoria*, a grand old municipal chamber,—with tablets of inscription on the walls, a frieze which had been once painted, and a roof with decorated thick-set beams in the old Venetian taste,—was principally curious as illustrating manners: how different from the meetings which Mr. H. Leslie directs at home it would be hard to overstate!—His violins would have shrugged their shoulders,—his oboes have lifted their eyebrows, and his flutes turned up their noses,—at the band which I nevertheless conceive to have been professional,—yet more at the so-called symphony, by Signor Bertini, chosen for said band to play. But, as a set-off, there was a lively and lovely *Duchessa*, singing a duet by Signor Verdi, and leading a *finale* from "Beatrice di Tenda," with a *soprano* voice so intense in quality and so extensive in compass as to make one regret that its owner was not professional;—since, with training, so much voice and expression must have won their possessor crowns, sonnets, thousands, and lovers by the score. Fancy her Ladyship the—,—any English Lady of quality,—singing an opera scene, with as much evident delight as gracious courtesy, to a twenty-penny paying audience at St. Martin's Hall,—for such was the audience at the *Sala Pretoria*! I have heard and seen vocal performances in every respect worse excite rapturous applause at *Her Majesty's Theatre*, and praised by critics who profess to understand and to commiserate the destruction and downfall of music in Italy. C.

The Huguenots.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE BOSTON COURIER:

As a lover of music, I wish to say something in relation to the recent performances of the "Huguenots" at the Boston Theatre. I have intentionally waited till after the second evening, to see if my first impressions might not be modified, and as I find them only confirmed, I beg of you, who are always willing, whether in art or politics, to give the minority a chance, to allow me to have my say about an operative performance, which is, I think, strangely overrated here.

To judge from the announcements of Mr. Ullman, and from the criticisms of the press, one would imagine that we had had in Boston a first-rate representation of a first-rate work. The public mind has been kept on the qui vive by pompous proclamations of the splendor and perfection, with which this great work was to be presented to our astonished eyes and ears. Such announcements and such appeals do much to mislead the public, and to vitiate the taste of our community, as yet comparatively ignorant in matters of art. I am sure that in no other country in the world can be found anything of the kind so vulgar, so exaggerated, so deceitful as the advertised statements of Mr. Ullman in our public prints. And the worst feature of it all is, that the thing evidently pays, and that the manager finds his account in it. Our people are misled and are humbugged by these puffs, (first introduced by this same Mr. Ullman in his management for Mme. Sontag,) which would be simply ludicrous, if they were not so injurious, and so discreditable to us who tolerate them. I think the harm done to the as yet incipient taste and knowledge of our public by this Mr. Ullman is far greater than would at first sight appear; and it postpones farther and farther that day, which I trust will yet come, when we shall exercise our own judgment in

matters of art, shall value things, not names, and shall no longer pin our faith on the sleeve of a charlatan opera-manager, nor swallow any dose of humbug that he may choose to cram down our throats.

The Huguenots was originally given in 1836 at the Grand Opera in Paris. It was written for a collection of singers that it would be in vain to look for at the present day. The whole orchestral and choral force of that immense establishment was constantly at work upon it under the composer's direction for many months before its production. And it is *only* in Paris now that the Huguenots can be really seen. The principal rôles are not filled as they have been, but the scenic effects, the traditions of the tempi, the orchestral and choral force, and all the mechanical and spectacular portions remain unchanged. Individual artists may be found elsewhere, who give greater éclat to their particular parts, but the ensemble, the whole united effect as seen in Paris is never equalled out of it, for the Grand Opera of Paris is a thing by itself.

Allowing for this, allowing for the fact that we were obliged to see a translation, and not the original piece, and that our theatre is not in itself comparable to that at Paris, we had a right to expect from the statements of Mr. Ullman that we should see this piece as well given as it is in any city in the world.

"Gli Ugonotti" is not "Les Huguenots." In translation, the dramatic fire and vivacity of the original is lost, and the music suffers by being stretched here and squeezed there to fit another set of words. But, even if this were not so, what a polyglot affair it was—a work written in French, sung in Italian by a heterogeneous mixture of Germans, French and Italians. Unity of effect is not attainable with that sort of eclecticism. Meyerbeer's operas, above those of any other composer, depend for their proper effect upon the perfection of the performance. We may hear the "Sonnambula" indifferently sung, and yet derive pleasure from the melodies alone—from the matter given, apart from the manner of giving. But in Meyerbeer's music, which is the very perfection of art and science, mere melody is of slight consequence—is but a small portion of the great whole. It is in the treatment of his themes, in the elaborate orchestration and minute working out of every part, that all his genius is exhibited. His music is pre-eminently difficult and complicated in structure, and it is perhaps against his fame that to bring out the beauties of his works so much depends on the character of their performance. Every composer, however, has his manner, and Meyerbeer, who is certainly perfect in his, never allows his works to be given in Paris, unless he is entirely satisfied with every artist concerned. The result is that there only can he be properly heard, and justly judged, although I have heard in London and Vienna very splendid performances of his opera, surpassing in the solo parts the Grand Opera, as it is just now, but always lacking that peculiar and indescribable perfection, which I have already alluded to, and which I am sure any frequenter of the French opera will recognize and admit. I can fancy that poor Meyerbeer must have shuddered at some moments on Tuesday of last week, when what was called the Huguenots was first made audible to Boston ears. Above all other composers, he is remarkable for his coloring, by which I mean his orchestral treatment of his vocal themes. No man, excepting perhaps Berlioz, (and he is an eccentric visionary) has ever so completely mastered all the resources of modern instrumentation. His scores, compared to those of Donizetti or Bellini, are like analytical mechanics to the first elements of algebra, and whereas in the *Sonnambula* and *Lucrezia* the vocal melodies are the substance of the work, in *Les Huguenots* or *L'Etoile du Nord*, the orchestration and choral writing are the principal points to be observed. The former works would be enjoyable to a piano accompaniment, for of color they have little or none—all is outline; in the latter the vocal airs alone would be comparatively uninteresting, for the coloring is here the great feature. Imagine Titian's Assumption of the Virgin without its color, and you have an idea of *Les Huguenots* without its orchestral score. I have been particular in this explanation of my meaning, for I have not seen here any sufficient allusion to this feature of Meyerbeer's music, and I think it is a thing which should be known and understood.

In estimating, then, the value of this representation of the Huguenots, let us first look at the orchestra. Its great fault was a lack of light and shade of sentiment. The brass blatted incessantly. The band on the stage was about half the time before or after the orchestra, and the scenic illusion was not heightened by the apparition of the black bar of the leader trying to get sight of Mr. Anschutz's baton, in the fifth act, when the band is in the wings. The finale

of Act 3d lost in effect from this lack of unity. I suspect that the proper instrument to accompany the romance of Raoul in Act 1st was wanting, for the sound was more like that of a viola than a *viola d'amour*, the instrument indicated by the composer, and which I hope some of my readers can remember as being exquisitely played here in Jullien's orchestra, as the accompaniment to this very romance. That was an orchestra such as we are little likely to see again. The whole scene at the beginning of Act 2d, the chorus of bathers, and the Aria of the Queen, is accompanied by two harps, which give a festal character to the music, and here we were treated to Mr. Anschutz, in the shape of a substitute for our harps, who laid down his baton, and thrummed on a little piano during this scene. This was pretty bad, but it was worse still in the fifth act, at the vision of Marcel, that most magnificent burst of religious exaltation, where the loud sweepings of harps are heard as the old Huguenot gazes in ecstasy to Heaven. Here these instruments are *indispensable*. The composer scored the piece for them, the effect they produce on the listener heightens immensely the beauty of the music; and they contrast by their scraphic character with the harsh blatant notes of the brass instruments of the assassins. I know from frequent hearings that they never fail to send the blood to my heart, as they sweep forth the accompaniment to that glorious trio of the three Huguenot martyrs. And here again was the feeble tinkle of Mr. Anschutz's piano. It is a shame that so little respect can be shown to the intentions of a great master, that at the opera, (the last place where such liberties should be taken), they should venture on such miserable makeshifts as these. In the benediction of the daggers, the famous crescendo roll of the drums was neglected entirely. The drums, instead of commencing each passage at mezzo forte, beat fortissimo throughout, and this, with the insufficiency of voices, especially the tenors, and the undisciplined din of the brass instruments, caused this piece to fail in its effect, and to produce only the impression of a senseless noise. This scene was botched, the trumpets played false, and a composition which, when properly done, never fails to carry away any audience, fell almost dead.

Mr. Anschutz is to blame for this, and it is his duty, as conductor, to control his band more than he does. The band on the stage in act 5th played out of tune, though that may have been intentional, as tending to produce a proper degree of horror in the listener at a pack of assassins, who made such a shocking noise. The prompter was audible much too often, and I have noticed that this is a circumstance which almost never occurs in Europe, simply because the audiences there entertain an idea that singers must learn the words of their parts as well as the notes. In the duo of Valentine and Raoul the voice of the prompter was occasionally as distinctly heard as that of the tenor, an effect not down in the bills, I imagine. The male chorus was fair, weak in tenors, but singing its difficult music tolerably; the women were bad—not singing with precision, nor in tune, and frequently screaming. They were too few in number, and too loud in voice, producing the effect that three or four violins would, who should undertake by scratching with all their might to equal the sound of a large body of strings. I presume that the dresses of the women in act 3d were some that were copied from the "original drawings" Mr. Ullman tells us about. But proper dressing is what an audience very seldom sees, and therefore do not much miss.

As regards the scenic effects, I have little to say. There were quite a number of horses and some red light at the end, and the finale of Act 3d was effective, though enough of the stage was not shown. To compare for one moment the scenic illusions at the Boston Theatre with those of a first class European theatre, would be absurd, but on the whole the scenery was good enough, the only fault I find is in the parade that is made about it. Those who may have seen this opera in Paris know that there the horrible reality of the final scene, with its vast expanse of stage, dark, the stars shining, the river, the old Louvre, and the band of assassins roaming about, and crowding on the bridge, needs no such threepenny additions as a blaze of red-fire in the wings.

As regards the ballet at the Boston Theatre, the performance would gain in interest if it were omitted altogether.

Before I speak of the principal singers I wish to call attention to the finale of Act 2d, and to ask any person with ears and without prejudice, if I am not correct in saying that, beginning with the oath, it was one heap of confusion and discord—the design of the composer nowhere clearly apparent—a seeming struggle between all concerned to scream and roar *à qui mieux mieux*, neither together in time, nor alike in pitch.

The Huguenots contains three parts of first-rate importance—Valentine, Raoul, and Marcel; and it must not be forgotten that each of the representatives of these parts must be able to act as well as sing. It is a just boast of the French that a vocal puppet, even were he so delicious a puppet as Rubini, stands no chance on their great lyric stage. But especially in this piece much of the interest does and must centre on the acting qualities of the artists. No finer situation exists in the whole range of the lyric drama than the duo between Valentine and Raoul, at the end of act 4. On the one hand, a young and chaste woman avowing a long-hoarded but now guilty love for a man whom, by the sacrifice of her own honor, she would fain keep from a struggle which she knows must be fatal either to her father or her lover. On the other, the strife of love, raised in one moment from despair to ecstasy, with honor, duty and religion. This scene alone, so profoundly affecting, if adequately placed before us, justifies and demands the most passionate intensity in its two characters. But I need not dramatically analyze this piece. Merely as a play, it is worth bushels of the general run of opera libretti.

Mlle. Poincot, since her debut in 1851, has held and held honorably a certain position at the Grand Opera in Paris. Always a useful and pains-taking, never a great singer, she has appeared successfully in parts not exacting much power or dramatic force. As Alice in "Robert le Diable," as Agnes in "La Nonne Sanglante," I have seen her frequently with pleasure. But any habitué of the opera in Paris would laugh at the idea of her attempting Valentine. She may have played it there, but I think not; and, if she has, it was only one of the numerous makeshifts that that theatre has been obliged of late to have recourse to, in the dearth of first-class singers. Mlle. Cruvelli is the only woman of late years whom the public of Paris have been content to see in this part. Her splendid energy and genius and her fine voice made her a not unworthy representative of a rôle created by the matchless Talcon. Mme. Medori, a singer of great excellence and reputation, attempted it in Paris and played it *once*. I never saw a more decided expression of condemnation—a flatter failure. Her engagement was subsequently cancelled. Yet Medori was in all senses a greater singer than Poincot. Both these ladies, however, had the misfortune to create a somewhat ridiculous impression in the fourth act—Mlle. Poincot by a badly contrived and very obvious hoop, and by falling absurdly at the end of the act. Mme. Medori in the same thrilling passage displayed a most uncompromising pair of pantalettes, with two good stout ankles. This was in Paris too much for an audience already disappointed and a little savage, and a burst of derisive laughter ended Mme.'s debuts in that city. I ought to add, in justice to Mlle. Poincot, that on her second appearance she modified matters considerably. Poor Medori, if I recollect rightly, never had the chance.

Mlle. Poincot has had the advantage of being a pupil of Duprez, than whom no man more completely understood or mastered the exigencies of his art. But we have all seen, in the case of Mlle. Parodi, that the best of masters and the greatest care will not make a singer. This latter lady was the favorite pupil of Madame Pasta, who, with Ronconi (the teacher), took unwearied pains with her, but surely no more thoroughly bad or false singing has ever been heard here than that which Mlle. Parodi inflicted on us this fall. Of Mlle. Poincot it is pleasant to say that she was well dressed, acted appropriately, was always in earnest, and in fact did her best. But the part is beyond her powers. She was ill at ease in the Italian, and her voice does not possess the power and sonority necessary to rightly giving the passionate declamatory music of her rôle. She was best in the duo of Act 3d, with Marcel. This piece was the nearest to being well done of any in the opera. Formes was quite false at the beginning of it, but both the artists, on the whole, sang and acted well. The last movement made apparent Mlle. Poincot's defects, and the thinness of her voice in its upper notes; the high *do*, so long sustained, with the descending scale, was beyond her ability. Madame Lagrange was better here, and, vocally speaking, better throughout. Poincot has the good dramatic traditions of the French stage. Her singing is in its style characteristic of the Grand Opera. Her defects are those of nature, and, as far as she goes, she goes rightly; the only difficulty is, she cannot go far enough for the part of Valentine. If she sings Alice here, we shall see her in a part more suited to her capacities, and one in which I hope she will not be placed in a false position by having to sing and act with such a nullity as Signor Tamaro.

Herr Formes' acting is good, though sometimes exaggerated, and he is apt to forget that he is in the

drama but a body-servant of a nobleman, and to make himself too prominent. I doubt, for instance, the propriety of his assisting the Queen of Navarre to mount and dismount from her horse when his master is present. This may be thought a small matter—it is so—but it is by fidelity to detail that propriety of ensemble is attained. As regards Formes' singing, his method is a bad one, and his intonation often very faulty. I need not enlarge upon the latter defect—it must be obvious to all who hear him, and I suppose that most of my readers have noticed the vicious trick of drawing his voice through intervals, especially wide ones, instead of attacking his notes with certainty and vigor. This artist is not what he was, but he never was a finished and accomplished singer. In his best days his reputation rested on his volume of voice and dramatic force—as a vocalist he cannot be mentioned in the same day with Lablache or his own countryman, Staudigl, the best Marcel that any German artist has ever given. His costume was good, and he looked the character. I cannot like or praise his singing, which I think is less artistic now than when he first came to this country. He is an artist not to be mentioned without respect, for with all his faults, he is a man of talent and eminently an effective actor.

Of Signor Tamaro, the Raoul of the evening, I hardly know what to say. That any man could voluntarily place himself in so false a position, either from excess of vanity or excess of ignorance, I find it hard to believe. I must in charity suppose that Mr. Ullman has to answer for the pitiable spectacle that Signor Tamaro made of himself in the Huguenots. Of his acting the less said the better. It was simply ridiculous. Instead of the young Huguenot nobleman, with his high, chivalrous bearing, we beheld an amiable-looking little man, who being rather short (and his lady-love very tall) made matters better by a curious trick of crouching about the stage, and by appearing in the 4th act for all the world like a demented Puss in Boots. As regards grace and propriety of action, it is perhaps an even thing between him and Signor Coletti. With respect to singing, it is hard to say whether he or Signora Ghioni was the worst. He has, however, in this opera, one advantage over the lady—that he is a tenor, though a very poor one, while she is no contralto at all. He sang his first romance too slow, and omitted the last half, with its deliciously meandering accompaniment, changing also the cadence, which is a beautiful one. The first movement of his duo with Marguerite was too slow and the rest too fast, the music, too, being altered to fit his small voice. In fact this duo was made rather a solo for soprano with tenor accompaniment. In the fifth act, in the vision of Marcel, he could not take his B flat with Poinot. The role of Raoul is miles beyond his powers, whether as actor or singer. Its finest passages were evaded or omitted altogether. The tone of his voice when beyond *la flat* is intolerable in forte passages, and such are of constant occurrence in this opera. At the oath in Act 2d, he did his share to spoil the piece by singing entirely out of tune. Formes was no better here. The glorious septuor of the duet, "*De dritt miei*," which should be dashed off with so much fire and manliness, was feebly acted, still more feebly sung. This morceau, one of the very finest in the opera, missed fire entirely, owing to the positively shameful manner in which it was sung, or rather not sung. What was done was travestied, and much was omitted, owing to the poverty of means of the executants.

Let any look at the music of this piece, and see for themselves—let them look at the phrase, "*Bonne épée et bon courage*" (I quote from the French partition,) and see, for with Tamaro they have not heard, what music the tenor has to sing—superb in the heroic knightly courage every note breathes forth, and then let them imagine it sung by a glorious chest tenor, such a man as Duprez was, and as Tamberlik is, and conceive of the effect it then would have. We may not expect Tamberlik, perhaps, but so utter, so irredeemable a piece of incompetency as Signor Tamaro is too much of an imposition on a public deluded by Mr. Ullman's brilliant proclamations. I might enlarge on Tamaro's appearance in the duo with Valentine, but of what use. Let any one take the piano partition, look at the music, even if they have never heard it, see to what words it is fitted, what an opportunity is given to a tenor to carry his whole audience with him, and then remember Tamaro, and I am sure they will not think anything I have said undeserved or harsh.

Of Signor Florenza (San Bris) I do not care to say much. His dressing was unexceptionable, but he wants dignity and stage presence, and his appearance and action are grotesque and exaggerated. In the fourth act his was not the fury of a Catholic nobleman of France bent upon a deed of crime to which his faith compels him, and which his religion conse-

crates in his eyes. He is a singer gifted with a large voice, not unpleasant in quality, but very deficient in cultivation, lacking style, method, and sentiment.

To express the latter emotion he invariably bawls, witness his singing of *Di Proenza* in "*La Traviata*"), though this may be from his having had no proper musical education, and being unable to modulate his voice. It is the vice of modern Italian singing, (by modern I mean within the last fifteen years), that any one with plenty of voice and an ear for music jumps at once upon the stage, without a tenth part of the training which was formerly deemed indispensable. That good Italian school of singing, of which Ronconi and Alboni are two such brilliant examples, is now almost obsolete. It is, perhaps, too late to mend the matter—the evil seems past cure. And, much as I like Verdi's music for its many good qualities, I could wish it all unwritten, if, in losing that, we could have again those days, when it was thought necessary to learn how to sing before appearing on the lyric stage. The present style, or no style, is ruinous to the voice, to the public taste, and fills the opera-houses with a set of wretched bawlers, who give us only the poorer Italian operas, from inability to sing the best. This article is already much longer than I intended, or I should like to endeavor to trace the connection which I think exists between Rossini's florid operas, those of his second manner, so called, and the present decadence of art in Italy. I have heard in this city a young girl hardly twenty, who, gifted originally with a fine, powerful voice, was already unable to sing in tune in *mezza voce*, was obliged to scream, in fact, to force her voice up to the pitch, and this from the radically false modern method in which she had been instructed. In the Italian theatres—the very buildings which have resounded with the acclamations of listeners to Pasta, Malibran, Rubini, Ivanoff, Tamburini, Lablache, and the rest of those great artists now passed away, that same Italian people go night after night, and applaud singers that would not have been tolerated thirty years ago. I except the San Carlos at Naples.

When I was in Italy that was the last stronghold of good singing. Everywhere else mediocrity or positive inferiority carried the day. To a lover of music the days of true excellence and appreciative criticism seem to have gone by in Italy, and thence, by the great influence of the Peninsula in matters of music, to be passing away in Europe generally. The French dramatic stage still remains the only stage, but the golden age of opera is passed even there. The causes of this are numerous. It would be an interesting inquiry to investigate them; but in this connection I will only say that this change is perhaps partly to be attributed to just such works as the "*Huguenots*," and the rest of Meyerbeer's spectacular operas. The increasing *luxure* of the *mise en scene*, and the attractions of a ballet, cause the most dreary and sterile productions to pass off after a fashion. Every year more money is expended and less good music is produced. "*La Magicienne*" of Halévy, composer of "*La Juive*," and the cleverest of the imitators of Meyerbeer, is an instance of this. Nearly 70,000 francs were expended in the getting-up, in theatrical phrase the "*mounting*" of this piece; but it is five acts of wearisome artificial music, ambitious in attempt, and almost entirely barren of melody. I judge of it only from a piano arrangement, and know not what effects Halévy may have produced in his hand, but there appears to be nothing new, and little that is good. When such works as "*Le Comte Ory*" and "*Guillaume Tell*" were written for that theatre, not a quarter part was expended in their production but either one of these operas is worth all that has been done in Paris during the last ten years. These five act spectacles, which Meyerbeer introduced, and which Rossini, foreseeing their mischief, from the first condemned, have injured art more than can be readily estimated. The Huguenots is a work of genius, and will live. But the followers of Meyerbeer have not his genius, and the false form once having been adopted, every year less and less good music is written, and ballets, scenery, horses, processions, machinery, and all sorts of things, except the one fundamental thing, the music, are more and more relied upon for the success of a piece. A simple, natural story, with graceful, fluent, tunable music is a by-gone affair, and to it have succeeded grand spectacles in five acts, with new and noisy instruments, superb scenic effects, ballet girls, devils, nuns, monks, saints, trap-doors, ships, and even in one case, Heaven and Hell, with their awful mysteries, the whole forming an escort, under cover of which chaotic and tuneless music gains with a blasé public a transient and spurious fame.

I have said much more than I meant to about this subject, which has little to do with the matter in hand, but the actual condition and prospects of opera are things to be considered and deplored by all who

cure for music and its best interests. And let me add here that those who were fortunate enough to hear Ronconi, have heard one complete and splendid artist, a perfect singer, as well as an actor of genius, in comparison with whom Mr. Ullman's whole troupe are as pebbles to a diamond.

To return to the Huguenots. Mme. Laborde was certainly one thing which few of the rest were—correct—and this is no small praise. She is a facile, brilliant singer of *fioriture*, with a somewhat hard and worn voice, and one which was never sympathetic. Very few French female voices are. Her merits are rather negative than positive, but, such as they are, are not to be overlooked. She almost always sings in tune, and has a good, precise, clean and eminently French manner of singing. She was not very regal as the Queen of Valois, but the rôle is not an important one, and was certainly very well sung. Mme. Laborde is an artist who, being entirely mechanical and yet quite perfect in her way, provokes the listener, who would gladly exchange some of the clock-like accuracy of her singing for a little sentiment. She sang the music with strict accuracy, though with nothing more; but, had her companions done as much I should have had no fault to find.

Signora Ghioni, the Page, has a bad mezzo-soprano voice, and undertook with it a contralto part. Ah, Mr. Ullman, is that the way they do in the "first opera-houses in Europe." Signora Ghioni is not only no contralto, but her voice is unpleasant, she does not act at all, and I think I do not exaggerate in saying that she never sings six consecutive bars in tune. With Formes to sing false is the exception, with her the rule. She slurred the aria *d'entrata* of the Page, and omitted the air in the second act, written for Alboni, and which is always given in the Italian version of the Huguenots. She marred the effect of all the concerted pieces in which she appeared, and notably the finale of Act 1st, in which she has the leading phrase. The chorus, too, was not right here. In the second act she did her best to destroy the effect of the quatuor of women, between the two movements of the Queen's air; in this quatuor Laborde carried the piece through, the other three all singing execrably, while she gave the very difficult music with delightful facility.

Coletti, as Nevers, was unaccountable, at times almost absurd, and his voice was, as usual, quite beyond his control. This gentleman always tries to do well, but is so unfortunate as never to do it. He has been about it so many years now that the case may be considered hopeless. The other characters call for no special comment. The "*Ronde Bohémienne*" in the 3d Act, was fortunately omitted. Had it been attempted, we should not have been the gainers.

Mr. Ullman gave this opera much better in New York last spring. He vouchsafed to the metropolitans one harp. He had a better chorus, and D'Angri as the page, Lagrange as Valentine, Therini as Raoul, Gassier as St. Bris, and Taffanelli as Nevers, were all better than the representatives of these characters here.

I have intentionally avoided technicalities as far as possible in this article. Musicians know that Mr. Ullman's performance of the Huguenots is a poor one, but I have written these remarks for those who love music, but who don't know much about it, a large class, and that which pays most for the opera when it comes here. I do not wish those people to think that they have seen the Huguenots. They have not. The opera was much abridged, mutilated, and transposed, and all the strictures I have made as to the execution of what was done, I make in good faith, from personal knowledge, and with no motive, save to protest against injustice done to a great composer, and deception practised on an indulgent public. It is much easier to praise than to blame, as Messieurs les Critiques seem to have found out. I hope the public will not judge Meyerbeer by this performance of one of his works.

I am afraid, Mr. Editor, that all of this sounds very ill-natured, and more severe than anything the occasion called for. I assure you I have said nothing but what I honestly think, nothing that will be denied by any competent judge. I have been moved to write thus, not from any love of harsh criticism, even when it seems to me to be fully deserved. Performances vastly superior to this are given in Europe with merely the announcement of the name of the opera and the performers. Had Mr. Ullman contented himself with this, I should not have thought it worth while to enlarge on the deficiencies of every sort which marked the performance.

The Huguenots cannot, with our present limited means, be really given at the Boston Theatre; but those who are not lucky enough to hear it in Paris might derive at once great pleasure and a fair idea of the work from such a performance as we might have here. When Mr. Ullman pours out columns of puffs

and talks of giving this opera as it is given in the first opera-houses in Europe, he knows that he is promising what he has no power to perform, and what he has no honest intention of performing; and when the newspapers echo his absurd boasts, it is a proof that their musical critics are either unfit for their duties by reason of their ignorance, or are wanting in the honesty which is the first essential of a writer for the press. CIVIS.

An Opera Singer in a bad Scrape.

From the Cincinnati Commercial, 21st.

Notwithstanding the success, pecuniarily speaking, of the Cooper English Opera Troupe in this city, there was more than one *contretemps* to mar the harmony of their engagement. In particular Mr. Miranda, the tenor, appears to have been selected by fate as a butt, for fortune to kick at during his temporary sojourn in this vicinity. In the first place, during the travel from St. Louis he caught cold, and was afflicted with a hoarseness, the most serious mishap that could befall a first tenor. Then he met with so many friends that he became "overcome," and on Friday night was unable to finish the last act of the *Trovatore*; in fact, he died before his time. But the most direful misfortune occurred on Saturday, when having occasion to purchase something in a certain dry goods store, he tendered a twenty dollar bill in payment for the article, and was immediately pounced upon by a preying officer, who pronounced the bill a counterfeit. Who will say after this that our policemen sleep upon their posts?

It was in vain that Miranda declared he had come honestly by the note; the officer was an old bird, and swore that he wasn't to be caught by chaff, and the consequence was that the first tenor of the first English opera troupe in this country, was compelled to undergo a searching investigation, when there was discovered around his body a belt, from the recess of which were rolled forth upwards of three hundred five-dollar gold pieces. This display of wealth, so far from endorsing the respectability of the unhappy tenor, was, in the eye of the officer, "confirmation strong," and nothing would have saved him the ignominy of a sojourn in the watch house, but the guarantee of several respectable citizens with whom he had the honor of an acquaintance.

He had received the bill from the manager, between whom and himself a feud, unhappily for the harmony of the troupe, existed; and thus, swelling with indignation, he forthwith swore out a warrant, which was placed in the hand of an officer, who in the evening proceeded to the theatre to serve and capture the unconscious director, who, with bow in hand, was directing the movements of the gentlemanly musicians. It seems that the functionary to whom the warrant was entrusted, had music in his soul, and as he entered the theatre, the notes—

"Still so gently o'er me stealing—"

floated so deliciously above, around, and about him, that he became unconscious of his errand, as was the somnambulist when she made her clandestine *entrée* into the chamber of the Count. Towards the close of the act he rallied, when again the delicious *finale* of "Ah, don't mingle," held him back, and before he recovered from his musical trance, Mr. Cooper had vacated the spot where throughout the evening he had wielded his enchanting bow. Happily, however, the disagreeable affair went no further; Mr. Cooper satisfactorily proved that the false note in question had been issued by him without any knowledge as to its character, as in fact every note drawn by him is of the purest quality, while those of Miranda are invariably genuine, except, as in the case of the *Trovatore*, he may chance to be a little "overcome."

AN OPERA COMPANY ON ITS TRAVELS.—A friend, who was a fellow traveller with Ullman's company, in the steamer Connecticut, a few nights ago, gives, in a private letter, the following amusing intelligence: "The opera company, numbering something over a hundred, kept up a prodigious jabbering on the boat—French, English, (or *Inglesch*, rather,) Italian, German, and what not. Formes took two of the ballet or chorus women under his special charge, and amused them and others all night with stories and imitations of cats and dogs, and a kind of trumpet solo upon his nose. Others sang—and very finely, too—in the hold, having first obtained inspiration from various bottles of wine, brandy, &c. Tamaro's state-room seemed to be the head quarters for liquor, but although many of the Italians and Germans were exhilarated, none were disorderly. The prime dame kept apart mostly, and Ghioni derived comfort from a lap-dog. On the land journey from Stonington to Boston, the chorus people took possession of the best car, and filled it with tobacco smoke. It was altogether a funny company."—*N. Y. Evening Post.*

Dwight's Journal of Music.

BOSTON, JAN. 1, 1859.

MUSIC IN THIS NUMBER.—Continuation of the Cantata: "Miriam's Song of Triumph," for Soprano Solo and Chorus, by FRANZ SCHUBERT.

Handel's "Messiah"—Christmas Performance.

Great was the crowd in the Boston Theatre, last Sunday evening, to witness the annual performance of this great oratorio by the HANDEL AND HAYDN SOCIETY. Great was the crowd, and great—we almost fear too great—the joy of the Society at putting money in its treasury, instead of losing some, as it has too often done by giving concerts. The motive for going to the Theatre this time, instead of giving us the Oratorio with the nobler surroundings and associations of the Music Hall, was the accommodation of the Fair held in that hall for the benefit of the Young Men's Christian Association. This act of accommodation was perhaps well enough for once. And we could also sympathize with the satisfaction felt by many in this removal of the ban of prejudice which shuts up theatres, as if they were unholy places, against performances of sacred music; while at the same time we would respect, and think that the Society ought to respect, the feelings of those who entertain what may appear to us a prejudice in this matter. Beyond this we can conceive of no advantages whatever to be gained by the removal of our Oratorios, or other Concerts of the higher order, from the Music Hall to the Theatre; and we earnestly hope that the mere pecuniary success of the experiment in this one instance will not tempt the Handel and Haydn Society into the "new notion" of getting already tired of their admirable Hall, and wishing to abandon it for the chance popularity of a theatre, with all the exciting, feverish, unquiet, and on the whole unmusical influences of such a place. Should they yield to this temptation, we should certainly regard the success of Sunday evening as a great misfortune.

But was it a success? Pecuniarily, granted. The patronage was great; there was "much public." But was it such a public as this noble kind of music can henceforth rely on? Many went, no doubt, who are not theatre-goers, to gratify a curiosity to see the theatre under cover of a somewhat unworldly occasion. Many more went as it were to enjoy an anti-puritanical triumph in this new recognition of a place which they think has been too long absurdly looked upon as secular and unclean. Deduct from that audience these two classes, and we doubt if we should find even the usual number left of those who go to hear the music for its own sake and be edified by it.

Then as to the effect of the music: we must freely say that we do not remember a performance of the "Messiah" for many years, which as a whole sounded so dead and dull. The grand choral masses of sound lacked vitality. The soprano, on the front of the stage, were sharply heard, but the tenors and the basses in the rear of them seemed to be smothered as if a blanket were thrown over them—their sound was swallowed up by the side spaces and the hanging drapery above. This was certainly our own experience, and that of others who sat near us, in

what we should naturally suppose one of the best parts of the house. We are told by some that the weight and resonance of sound were much greater to those who had seats above; and yet as to that, impressions, we find, differed. Nor can we make an exception in favor of the effect of the solo singers. Their tones, some paper states, seemed rounder and fuller than usual, and they "seemed to be among us, with us, of us." We can only say that it was not so to our ear. We have been wont to listen to the same voices with more satisfaction ringing through what some are pleased to call the "barren spaces" of the Music Hall.

We should not have thought this matter worth so many words, had we not noticed a certain chime of jubilation over this Theatre notion in the newspapers, which seems to foreshadow, as if the writers were all privy to a purpose, the consummation which we dread as fraught with mischief and nothing but mischief to the cause of public music here in Boston. These writers tell us that a little carpentering will obviate all the disadvantages of the present theatre stage, and make it the very perfection of a resounding shell for these great harmonies to roll forth from. Observe, in nearly all of these newspaper paragraphs it is distinctly admitted that the effect of the music was bad, that the choruses seemed deadened by the side spaces, &c.; but then all this will be perfectly obviated, when the sides are walled in, "as they *will* be." A foregone conclusion, without the least foregoing testimony of the senses (so essential in this case), to say the least. But even if this could be done, is this sufficient reason why music should desert the Music Hall? Here is a Hall, built at a great expense, nobly planned, one of the largest and best halls for music in the world, the pride of our city, associated with all the most inspiring musical memories of these last years; a place eminently fit to be the scene and centre of our great musical enjoyments, where Symphonies and Oratorios may be listened to amid fit surroundings, in comfortable seats and good air, with architectural suggestions chaste and noble and inspiring, with the statue of the great master rising above the orchestra, and the whole soon to be completed by the addition of the largest and most perfect Organ that modern art, backed by most liberal means, can furnish:—and now that we have got it, shall it be capriciously set aside; robbed of the support of music, for which chiefly it was built; abandoned to other, mostly alien uses, while Music, which in all forms but the operative demands to be heard in a place of quiet, clean suggestions, betakes itself to the more showy, feverish, distracting element of theatrical excitements. The Theatre is good for the drama, with or without music; but for music simply, for music listened to and loved for its own sake, every true music-lover feels that we need a distinct Hall, a place of quieter and calmer influences. We trust the Society will think twice about the matter, before committing themselves to this foregone conclusion of the newspapers.

But to the performance of Sunday evening. The chorus force was large, and good justice was generally done to the grand choruses. A special merit of the performance was the restoring of the too often omitted choruses: "And with his stripes," and that series of short contrasted pieces: "For as by man come death," &c., which

are among the finest in the work. Bating some blurs, and at times a little confusion in the orchestra, it was a good average performance. Mr. Zerrahn's conducting showed renewed and careful study; the *tempi* were more uniformly satisfactory than usual. Mr. PERRING is almost the first person for many years who has sung "Comfort ye, my people," to us *simply*, and without ornament. His voice was sweet and true, though not powerful, and his style chaste and expressive. We would we could say as much of the bass solos of Mr. GUILMETTE; they were marred by certain affectations, — unnecessary soundings of very low notes, feebly *a la Formes*. There was little to admire either in the voice, style or expression of the contralto, from the Opera troupe, Miss HEYWOOD. Mrs. HARWOOD won the heartiest responses of the evening. Her clear, liquid, penetrating soprano is always pleasant and effective, and her rendering of "There were Shepherds," and "Come unto him," was very beautiful. In "Rejoice greatly" she showed a gain in execution, but hardly yet enough for such a song. There is still a little of the rough edge to be polished off in the upper part of her voice, occasionally. Madame BISCACCANTI, the special attraction of the evening, was really too ill to sing as her kind heart prompted her, and as her highly cultivated powers would have enabled her had she been well. The risk she ran in her anxiety not to disappoint her native Boston audience, after seven years absence, deserves grateful recognition. The air "With verdure clad," which she sang between the parts of the "Messiah," was given with exceeding delicacy and finish, in a pure Italian style. "I know that my Redeemer liveth" is an air demanding such sustained inspiration, with such large voice and style, as only the very few among great singers have. Not only did it lie out of the peculiar province of this artist, but she by this time suffered from such evident physical exhaustion that sympathy forbade all criticism. Yet passages were marked by genuine fervor and much beauty. We trust she will yet give us a better opportunity of hearing her.

The Opera.

Mr. ULLMAN, with his multifarious resources, gives us so much in a brief time, so much more than any wholesome, hearty, not to say critical, appetite can digest at once, that we recall these last weeks in a perfect bewilderment of lyrical and scenical impressions. We hardly know where to begin, or on what tempting and suggestive theme or point to dare to rest, after we have begun; each when we look at it is crowded out by a hundred equal claimants for a passing notice. Leaving the second week, then, as we were obliged to leave it in our last, chronicled with a mere mention, for the present, of the operas it gave us, we will try briefly to sum up the week just past.

"THURSDAY EVENING, DEC. 23. After the repetition of the "Marriage of Figaro," which drew not so large an audience as the first time, but still the most delighted audience of any evening, the opposite and most modern taste was catered for, of course not without large response, by Verdi's *Travatore*, with little PICCOLOMINI as Leonora. We were not present. But all agree that her fresh, childlike imitative talent, with her musical voice, and always tasteful, if not great singing, proved themselves equal to such a representation as one would not expect from such a playful Child of the Regiment little creature as she is, unless he had seen her in Lucrezia and Lucia.

FRIDAY. *Robert le Diable*, in Italian, for the first time with any approach to lyrical completeness here in Boston, and falling considerably short of such completeness even this time. It had only been given here, many years ago, or an apology for it, by an English troupe. There was a large and at first eager audience, who received it coldly. The beauty and wildness of the music of this earliest of Meyerbeer's Grand Opera works, its greater number of fresh and unique melodies, quaint and strange as they are, incline us to regard it as somewhat nearer to a work of genius, then his still more elaborate "Huguenots," and "Prophet"; while it is quite as essentially dramatic as either of these works, only with a less human and really interesting subject than the "Huguenots." It was perhaps unfortunate for its impression that so many of its best pieces had become hacknied under various forms, in concert singing, arrangements, &c., so that their worth was scarcely recognized. Moreover the music was exceedingly abridged, besides the omission of whole scenes essential to clear dramatic understanding. The scenic effects, with the exception of the opening scene of knights gathered for the tournament, were meagre; especially the dancing of the resurrected nuns in the old abbey, intended to fascinate Robert; even SOTO lacked the fascinating grace; the rest was wholly without charm. The part of Robert was sustained by Sig. LORINI, whose tenor voice and singing have improved since he was here. He is at least a better tenor than Tamaro, and looked the part with some degree of dignity. The great feature of the performance was the Bertram of Herr FORMES, who in his whole look and action was a fearfully real impersonation of the fiend father. Bating his well-known faults of intonation and method, he delivered his music grandly, rising to a terrible earnestness, as of a being superhuman, in the scene where he taxes Alice with having overheard his secret.

Mlle. POINSOT's truly lyrical and sympathetic voice still grows upon us. It is such a voice as we have scarcely before met in a French woman; beautiful and searching in its high tones, and startlingly dramatic in its low ones. She sings with taste and feeling, conscientiously in earnest, simple, direct, and not overdoing. The pure and touching part of Alice did not suffer in her hands. The extremely difficult unaccompanied Trio in the second act, between Alice, Robert and Bertram, was remarkably well sung, and for the most part in good tune, in spite of its strange modulations. Mme. LABORDE's part, as the Princess Isabella, was reduced to the last act. In spite of some hoarseness she sang the florid music with her usual exquisite perfection, and sang *Robert, toi que j'aime* most admirably, although it properly demands a larger and more sympathetic voice, like Poinsot's.

The part of the minstrel is an important tenor part, to which Herr PIKANESER was quite inadequate for want of voice. The choruses were mostly sung effectively, but the religious music from within in the last scene, was sadly out of tune. Robert was repeated on Monday evening to a much diminished house. Accepting all the other defects as necessary, we found great interest in the music by listening chiefly to the orchestra, in which the art of Meyerbeer is constantly seductive or imposing.

SATURDAY, — CHRISTMAS. An afternoon performance of *Il Travatore*, as before; and *Norma* in the evening, with Mme. LABORDE as Norma, and Mme. GHIONI as Adalgisa.

TUESDAY EVE. PICCOLOMINI exerted her most peculiar charm again in the most captivating of her parts, *La Serva Padrona*. LABORDE had full opportunity to revel in her sweetest birdlike mazes of melody in *La Sonnambula*, with BRIGNOLI singing also sweetly, and acting only when it pleased his sovereign laziness. The entertainment closed with a scene from Donizetti's *I Martiri*, between Piccolomini and Loriani, which we were not able to hear.

WEDNESDAY EVE. The house was crowded from parquet to amphitheatre to witness that favorite opera of operas, Mozart's *Don Giovanni*! It had been announced as to be given on a here unprecedented scale of splendor and completeness; and in some particulars it was; but on the whole we have, at least once or twice before, had the work performed more satisfactorily. It lay not within the powers of this company to do such justice to *Don Giovanni* as they did to *Le Nozze di Figaro*. Before now we have heard a better Don, a better Ottavio, a better Donna Anna, a better Zerlina, a better Elvira, — all the parts better in fact, with the exception of the Leporello of Herr FORMES, which was the most artistically complete and droll conception and rendering of the half insolent, half cringing, ever servicable Spanish valet, by far, that we were ever treated to. Musically, too, throughout, his was the best of all our Leporellos.

The better Zerlina we have had, was Bosio. In her impersonation the little rustic coquette showed also a refined, superior nature. Piccolomini was bewitchingly pretty and funny in her way; but it was too much fun, and her way is not the best. Taking her conception of the part, she did it to a charm, with a wonderful degree of vivacity, as full of life and spring as an Indian rubber ball, irresistibly mirth-provoking by her coquetties. But she was too much the mere rustic, merry, commonplace coquette; too consenting, with whatsoever pretty archness of apparent denial, to the Don's approaches; and as Don Juan, too, (FLORENZA) wooed her in a coarse and common style, it gave the wrong impression to the beautiful duet, *La ci darem*. It was well sung by both; and the little lady, child of the regiment still in a new form, continually overacting on the funny side, although most charmingly, sang *Batti, batti, and Vedrai carino* with an exquisite fineness. Her conception of Zerlina, however, lacked the depth and tender sincerity of nature so plainly indicated by Mozart's music.

Mlle. POINSOT has the right voice for Donna Anna and showed a feeling of the part. She was not so effective as she might have been in the wonderful recitative of the first scene, *Padre mio*, &c.; but she delivered the great aria: *Or tu sai*, in which she relates the outrage to her lover, — omitting, however, some of the fine recitative, with much intensity and fire. Of course she was not such an Anna as Lagrange, as Grisi, or even, in some respects, as Truffi, who gave us our first impressions of it on the stage.

Mme. GHIONI looked Elvira better than she does most parts, and sang much of her music forcibly and well, except when, as was sometimes painfully the case, her tone was sharp. She rendered an important service to the dramatic intelligibility of her part, as well as to the musical interest of the work, by restoring, for the first time here, the admirable air at the end of her first scene: "*Mi tradi quel alma*, &c., with its superb recitative — one of the finest numbers of the score.

Sig. FLORENZA, as we have hinted, fell into the common error of too coarse a conception of Don Juan. Most of his music was sung well, though it was absurd to address his guitar serenade to the audience from the foot-lights. In the last tremendous scene, where he defies the supernatural visitor, his voice rang out proudly, gloriously, and his entire acting in that scene was really fine. Herr WEINLICH, though a small man, had a telling ponderous bass voice for the statue; and these two, with FORMES, in this last scene, as in the first, where the Commendatore falls, made an uncommonly distinct, effective trio of basses. Hitherto it has been always hard to make out the figures well in

this deeply shaded tone-picture. Sig. LORINI made a respectable Ottavio, and really sang *Il mio steoro* in a way that did him great credit.

The concerted pieces went well on the whole, especially the Quartet and that wonderful Sextet. But the Trio of maskers was much out of tune, though somewhat less so in the repetition. The orchestra of course was delicious. Extra pains had been taken to equip the ball scene as it should be, and as we never yet have had it, by introducing two additional small orchestras in galleries on each side of the stage, one to play the rustic *gavotte*, and the other the quick *landler waltz*, while the main orchestra keeps up the stately Minuet. The stage was flooded, too, with extra choristers to shout *Viva la libertà!* But for all that our ears could perceive, much of this was dumb show; the three dance *tempi* were indicated, but scarcely executed to the sense of hearing, so that the arrangement really seemed not worth the great ado made in the announcement of it in the newspapers. The scenic conclusion of the opera was simply the usual cheap and childish piece of *diablerie*. Certainly a less impotent conclusion might be contrived. Were the Don simply to go down with the statue, it were better.

With all the imperfections, almost inevitable to the performance of so difficult a work, and in spite of all comparisons with better artists whom we have had before in certain parts, *Don Giovanni* gave intense delight on Wednesday evening. There was plenty of life and interest in it. Formes was a host; and so was little Pic, too, in her own way. And the music in itself, the orchestration, was of course delicious. Every one grows to be a listener more and more to that, till he is filled with it. Our only complaint with Formes's Leporello is that he made the drollery so broad sometimes, and so provoked to laughter, that most exquisite traits of instrumentation, as in the *O statua gentillissima* scene, were in danger of half escaping observation.

The final announcements of the Opera season are: Friday, (last) evening Flotow's "Martha," for LABOREE's benefit; THIS AFTERNOON, *Don Giovanni*, again, which we hope every one will hear; Monday evening, the Italian version of the "Bohemian Girl"; and Tuesday afternoon a third performance of the "Huguenots," which will derive new interest from the discussion that has arisen out of it, and that will end the rich and most successful season.

Books for New Year.

The most splendid gift book of the season, that has fallen under our eyes, is the "*Stratford Gallery, or Shakespeare's Sisterhood*," a series of forty-five ideal portraits of Shakespeare's Female Characters, described by Mrs. HENRIETTA LEE PALMER, and published by Messrs. Appleton & Co., New York. Externally it is a most elegant royal octavo volume, as perfect in paper, style and binding as anything that we have seen. The engravings are finely executed from designs, (not new) by some of the best English artists. Every one of course has his own ideal of how Shakespeare's heroines ought to look, and it is hardly possible that one in twenty of these portraits should at all correspond with such ideals in the mind. Yet they all have merit, and some of them are quite felicitous. The real value of the book lies in the literary part, the thoughts which it contains. Mrs. Palmer, (who is the wife of the author of the successful comedy, "The Queen's Heart") has performed her task with a true woman's modesty, as well as tact and delicacy; and has shown fine insight and discrimination in her description of the "sisterhood." She writes with vigor, in a clear, rich style; and occasionally she has evinced a happy talent for the solution of difficulties in the Shakspearian text, as in her very ingenious and natural interpretation of that old puzzle, the phrase "runaway's eyes" in Romeo and Juliet. Altogether it is a valuable book for any lover of Shakespeare.

Ticknor & Fields send us: "*The Life of Sir Phillip Sidney*," anonymous, evidently by a lady; a beautiful book in every sense; inspired by a true admiration of so high and beautiful a subject; a just, instructive, glowing tribute to one of the manliest, sweetest noblest characters in history; a portrait of a true Christian gentleman, and a model and encouragement to youth's aspirations for ages yet to come. 2. "*Sir Walter Raleigh and his times, with other essays*," an exceedingly rich collection of KINGSLEY's miscellaneous contributions to English periodical literature. 3. A new volume of Poems, by Mrs. FANNY KEMBLE, which will be welcomed by her hosts of friends and admirers. 4. "*Miles Standish*," with smaller poems, by LONGFELLOW. It is never too late to say what we think of such a poem as "*Miles Standish*." In spite of all the critical dissections, we are bound to say we like it, and even better than "*Evangeline*;" we like the spirit in which it is conceived, so

true to the human and poetic side of the old Puritan life, and to New England scenery and climate—when was our "East wind" ever so perfectly rendered into poetry? We like the tone of the book, so sweet and deep and genuine. We like its style and execution, the perfection of simplicity; a few words tell so much, and all that is told blends into such poetic and harmonious completeness. We like its local coloring, fragrance as of pines and "Mayflowers," and all the happy little emblematic hints and correspondences. And we like its musical Hexameter, a rhythm as of full broad ocean waves rolling with majestic quiet up the beach—the very rhythm for the subject. It is in truth a poem, and will outlast Plymouth Rock. It is easy to take out single sentences and find them simple prose. Real poetry can afford to be, loves to be, and real Art learns the last thing of all to be, plain and simple. Longfellow is not a great poet; but he is a genuine one and does a poet's service to his time; fault-finding criticism, we observe, wastes itself for the most part against just those qualities which constitute his real excellence.

Phillips, Sampson & Co. furnish sweet and wholesome nutriment to the young imaginative appetite in "*Arabian Day's Entertainment*," being three connected series of some fifteen stories, translated from the German, by HERBERT PELHAM CURTIS. Capital stories, charmingly told. The translation is spirited, felicitous, and judging from internal evidence, it reads as if it were faithful.

But the book, which we can most safely recommend because it needs no recommendation, is the genial "*Autocrat of the Breakfast Table*." Besides the cheaper edition, with Hoppie's clever illustrations, the publishers have issued one most elegant and tasteful, upon tinted paper, and without the pictures, to suit the taste of those who love the wit and wisdom of our "Autocrat" enough to prefer, as we do, to have it only with his own illustrations in his own vernacular.

Musical Chit-Chat.

In spite of its great length, we copy to-day from the *Courier*, a remarkably well thought and well written article, signed "Civis," on the late performance of "The Huguenots." We have no knowledge or suspicion of the authorship; but whoever "Civis" is, he writes from knowledge, with good judgment and good temper. Such criticism cannot fail to do much good among us. Truth, even the severest, ought at least sometimes to be told, and this writer tells us not a little, mingled to be sure with statements from which we might be inclined to differ, had we time. But the main point and doctrine of his article is right. He examines the performance of last week from the point of view of Meyerbeer, and of the Grand Opera of Paris, with which he is evidently well acquainted. Perhaps he does not make enough allowance in so doing for the peculiarity of our position, having to take our opera in flying visits, dependent on the unhealthy excitement of a few weeks for its only chance of any adequate support, whereas in Paris it is a strong established institution. But then we all wish to know the truth concerning Meyerbeer and his music, and it is well that some one well informed should tell us how nearly what we witness here approaches Meyerbeer's intentions. Again he does perfectly right to compare the promises and manifestos of the manager with the performance. But while we inwardly rejoice at every exposure of mere puffery and humbug, we can hardly see that it is so peculiarly the vice of Ullman as it is generally of our whole advertising system; and perhaps it is too true that he could not give us operas at all, certainly not *such* operas as we have been enjoying, without the aid of all these trumpets without which the worthy public seems so slow to heed or to believe in anything. Of course Mr. Ullman, in employing these means, knows he must expect to hear them questioned, and that sober, truth-loving persons must and will say what they think. In spite of the poor advertising trickery, we really are indebted to Ullman for giving us *such* operas as we are having, including even the "Huguenots" in such style as we heard and saw it, and for bringing to us what we must (with all respect for the contrary opinion of "Civis") regard as on the whole the strongest opera troupe we ever had. But we have not room now for several comments which we meant to make upon this in the main just and admirable article.

OTTO DRESSEL has got home, safe and much improved in health, after a rough passage in the Asia. He will be ready in a day or two to meet his pupils.

The "Chelsea Continental Musical Association" sing a selection of favorite melodies at the Tremont Temple, next Thursday evening, in aid of "The Temporary Home for Destitute Children." We know but little of their music save that it is famous; but we do know that the cause for which they sing is good, and we are told that the Continentals are ever ready at the call of charity and never sing for money.

Mr. ROBERT STÖPEL, the composer, of New York, is in town, preparing for the production of his music to Longfellow's "Hiawatha," of which mention has been already made. The critic of the *Courier*, who has examined the music, speaks of it in high terms, and calls it a most agreeable illustration of the poem. "Mr. Stöpel's 'Hiawatha' is a cantata, divided into fourteen parts, which are to be connected in the performance by recitations from the poem itself. They include airs for mezzo-soprano, tenor, and bass voices, choruses, and descriptive orchestral interludes. The opening piece is the song of the Great Spirit, 'O my children, my poor children,' from the first part of Hiawatha. After the connecting recitation, a chorus follows, in which the birth of Hiawatha is related. From this point, the principal events in his life are illustrated—we have the cradle song, telling of his infancy; the building of the canoe; the battles with Mudjickewis and the Pearl-Feather; the wooing; the wedding-feast; the blessing of the corn-fields; Hiawatha's lamentation; the death of Minnehaha. The final chorus describes the return of Spring, after 'the cold and cruel Winter.'

"Mr. Stöpel's work will be performed at the Music Hall as soon as the necessary preparations can be completed—probably early in January. The recitations will be given by Mrs. Stöpel (Matilda Heron); the choruses will be sung by the Handel and Haydn Society, and the solos by the best of our vocalists. All the orchestral resources of this city, and more, if necessary, will be employed."

The mania for rushing into print with efforts, large and small, at musical composition, has become so rife among us, that the extensive publishers, to whom, of course, the greatest number of them are offered, have been obliged to issue the following circular in self-defense. The information will be valuable to composers, while it is a curiosity in our musical history.

REPLY TO INQUIRIES RELATIVE TO PUBLICATION OF MUSIC.

We are in daily receipt of manuscripts which are offered for our acceptance. But so much new music is now issued, that the sale of each piece is exceedingly limited, unless it is particularly striking or original in its character. The probability, therefore, of realizing any profit from the great majority of pieces is out of the question. Not one piece in ten pays the cost of getting up; only one in fifty proves a success. Under these circumstances, authors must not consider us illiberal or unjust either in declining to publish their works or requiring them to purchase a certain number of copies, to help defray the first expense and introduce them to the public.

To those composers who have pupils, this requirement to purchase copies will not be burdensome, as they can readily dispose of them. Others who write for fame, will not object to this, because they have friends to whom their compositions will be a welcome sight.

Our charges for publishing music on private account are: \$2.00 per page for engraving; \$1.50 per 100 sheets for paper; and 75 cents per 100 pages for printing. If a full title is required, the expense will vary from \$5.00 to \$10.00, according to style and fancy. For a half-title, from \$2.00 to \$3.00. The expense of revising the manuscripts, when necessary, and of reading and correcting proofs, is included in these charges.

Authors are advised to retain copies, as in case of the non-acceptance of Manuscripts, we cannot insure their return—the number received and the expense of postage precluding the possibility of doing so.

OLIVER DITSON & Co.

Musical Correspondence.

NEW YORK, DEC. 25.—In some of my previous letters I have casually referred to the young pianist, ARTHUR NAPOLEON. Recently I have enjoyed many opportunities of hearing him both in public and private, and have been greatly delighted with his wonderful talent. The press here have generally treated him rather coolly: though they could not deny his remarkable genius, they have not given his efforts the notice they deserve. It is rumored that there is a clique against him, and that certain newspapers, greedy for opera-tickets, are not very exuberant in their praise, their lukewarmness being more agreeable to a certain operative autocrat. For my part, I don't believe there is any truth in this rumor, for the musical critics of the respectable New York journals would not allow the professional jealousies of artists to influence their critical opinions. It has been only owing to bad weather, and other extraneous circumstances, that we do not have an Arthur Napoleon furor.

Arthur Napoleon came to this country very quietly. There was no preliminary puffing, and yet he is acknowledged by those that have heard him to be truly an Art-miracle. He is but fifteen years old, having been born in Oporto, Portugal, in March 1844. He was only four years old when his father, himself a good musician, discovering in the child a decided aptitude for musical studies, resolved to develop that aptitude to the utmost. The result exceeded his most sanguine expectations. With less trouble than is spent by most children in learning to speak, he rapidly acquired the rudiments of musical knowledge and performance; and, at six years of age, was so far advanced as to play with distinguished success be-

fore the King and Queen of Portugal, and also before a crowded assembly in the Theatre de D. Maria, one of the largest in Lisbon. In 1853 he visited Paris, where his reception was extremely brilliant. He was introduced to her Imperial Highness the Princess Mathilde, and to the Emperor. He played at the most fashionable concerts, was caressed by the most distinguished persons, and received cordial praise from the most eminent musical critics. H. Herz was so delighted with the little Napoleon's performance of the exceedingly difficult *Herz bravura*, that he presented him on the spot with a copy of his "Carnival de Venise," a piece which has ever since been among the most attractive in the young pianist's repertoire, and which, to the astonishment of the composer, he executed in public only seven days after it had been presented. Arthur Napoleon next came to London, where, with the bloom of his Paris triumphs fresh upon him, it might have been expected that he would at once become an object of general admiration. But the London public, so constant and faithful when once secured, is, perhaps for that very reason, singularly coy, and slow to listen to the first advances of even the most dazzling genius. Arthur, however, although still remaining comparatively unknown, had no just cause for complaint; since, in acquiring the friendship and heartfelt admiration of Mr. Ella, he laid the foundation and beheld the prophecy of a wide and ever-increasing metropolitan reputation. After playing at one of the *Matinées* of the Musical Union; at his own concert, which, considering all the circumstances, might be pronounced an encouraging success; and at some other concerts for which he received engagements, he proceeded to the provinces, where he may truly be said to have gathered his first British laurels. At Leeds, at Liverpool, and at Manchester, he repeatedly played to crowded and admiring audiences; and, in the latter town, gained the even greater advantage of securing the friendship and protection of the eminent pianist, Mr. Charles Hallé, of whose family, during his stay there, he came to be regarded as almost one. All this, however, was but a prelude to the enthusiasm created by his performances in Ireland. Once over the channel his progress was a continued ovation. Audiences flocked to hear him—concert-givers competed for his services—journalists, and even amateurs stepping out of their accustomed privacy, wrote columns in his praise; and, to crown all, his Dublin admirers subscribed for a piece of plate, value 100 guineas, which was presented, at a public concert, by the Lord Mayor of that city, who accompanied the tribute with a eulogistic address, as honorable to the taste of the speaker as to the genius of the young artist. Almost a necessary consequence of these triumphs was that he also received private invitations to the Castle, the Mansion-house, and the houses of the resident nobility and gentry. In 1854 Arthur returned to London, where he played with brilliant success at two *Matinées* of the Musical Union, and at several of the more select morning and evening concerts. In the autumn of that year he performed in Brussels, and then proceeded to Berlin, having received an engagement for thirteen performances in that city. On his journey back to England, in the early part of the next year, he also played at Hanover, Düsseldorf, and Cologne—in the latter city performing no less than thirteen times in public, although he had only contemplated staying there a single day. It was here that he received the distinguished honor of being elected honorary member of the celebrated Cologne Choral Union, and of being presented with the medal of that admirable association. After his return to London, Arthur played at Drury-lane, and on the 24th and 26th of May at the Crystal Palace, in the central transept; the success of the two latter performances being so decided, that the directors invited him to perform at the grand festival of their first horticultural fête, June 2, 1855.

After having played at the Crystal Palace before 30,000 people, the young pianist gave a concert in London, and was engaged to play at the Hereford Festival, where he met with his usual success. He now attracted the attention of Cramer and Beale, the well-known musical firm, and by them was engaged for an extended provincial tour, together with Clara Novello, Sivori, Piatti and other artists. In the two months, that these gifted musicians travelled together, they appeared at 37 towns, including the chief cities of Ireland, Scotland and England. The tour concluded in December 1855, and in January 1856, Arthur Napoleon returned to Paris, giving concerts there, thence proceeding to the provincial cities of France and to Germany. In May he was again in London; and three months after he went to Weimar. Liszt lived at Weimar, and received the young pianist most cordially, inviting him to his house, where Arthur played, before the composer, Liszt's "Galop Chromatique." The elder pianist returned the compliment by playing for Arthur his variations on the "Prophet," at the same time highly complimenting his young rival. In Baden Arthur met with Rossini, who testified his regard by writing in young Napoleon's album his name and a few staves of music. At Berlin, he was presented by Meyerbeer to the King and Queen of Prussia, and he played twice before the court. He then took an extended tour through Poland and the German principalities, meeting at Leipzig with Moscheles, at whose house he staid.

In July of 1857, Arthur and his father sailed for Brazil. Here his success was enough to turn his head. He gave his concerts every night at the opera house, to immense audiences, the orchestra escorting him home on the occasion of his benefit, while flowers were cast in the streets before him. Then he visited Pernambuco, Bahia, Buenos Ayres, and other large South American cities, and last May returned to Portugal where he met his family again after an absence of six years. In a few months he started off again, visited Lisbon, embarked for Liverpool, and after a farewell concert at St. George's Hall, embarked for America in one of the Galway line of steamers. He landed at New York, and gave his first concert a few weeks ago, at Dodworth's Hall. It was a success, artistically viewed. A few more concerts were given, but the New Year's holidays coming on, it was deemed expedient to postpone till next month his further appearance in public.

What shall I say of this boy as an artist? What would be too extravagant to prophesy in regard to his future? Here is a boy of fifteen playing the most difficult music of Thalberg, Liszt, and others with the most unflinching accuracy, the most surprising execution, and with a true appreciation of the composers. His own arrangements and compositions also betray the real musician, while the tenacity of his memory is evinced by his playing his entire repertoire without the notes. It will not be worth while to enter here into any rhapsodic disquisition upon his performance. It is simply wonderful. Of course he is not yet perfect. He lacks an individual style. He has enormous execution, and true poetic feeling, yet he is not a destructive player. His youth is undoubtedly an element of his success. The characteristic music of Gottschalk (whom he has never heard play) he does not perform well, excepting as far as execution goes, and he has sense enough to know it. Personally he is modest yet aspiring, and is fired with musical ambition. After a couple of years of concert-giving he hopes to study music scientifically and become a composer. In other accomplishments besides musical, he is not deficient; he talks several languages (English perfectly) and is well read in French and English literature—He expects to come shortly to Boston, and then you will be able to judge whether he is a real artist, or whether his youth and personal partiality have misled me in my estimate of his merits.

TROYATOR.

Special Notices.

DESCRIPTIVE LIST OF THE LATEST MUSIC, Published by O. Ditson & Co.

MUSIC BY MAIL.—Quantities of Music are now sent by mail, the expense being only about one cent apiece, while the care and rapidity of transportation are remarkable. Those at a great distance will find the mode of conveyance not only a convenience, but a saving of expense in obtaining supplies. Books can also be sent by mail, at the rate of one cent per ounce. This applies to any distance under three thousand miles; beyond that, double the above rates.

Vocal, with Piano Accompaniment.

LA TRAVIATA, as sung by Piccolomini, Giuglini, and all others. New, funny, and free version, by *H. Walker.* 60

This is a complete and well connected Potpourri from this opera, comprising all the favorite airs, to a text which is a very clever parody on the plot of the piece. As the airs in "Traviata" are familiar to almost everybody, the funny adaptations will be generally appreciated. There is the air of "Di Provenza il mar" set to these words: "But folks cannot live on love, though young couples often try; they find it's not nutritious, and must give it up or die," and others fitted just as appropriately. The Potpourri will have a wide circulation and create much merriment, where it goes.

GOD SAVE OUR PRESIDENT. National Song. Words by DeHaes Janvier; music by *Benkert.* 25
Well calculated to become a standard National Song.

ROMANCE FROM "ZEMIRE AND AZOR." Rose, how enchanting art thou and mild. (Rose wie bist du so reizend.) *Spohr.* 25

A well known song, proverbial for its sweetness, and the delight of those who revel in Spohr's chromatic style of composition. It is written for mezzo soprano voice.

SAILOR'S RETURN. (Der Schiffer fährt zu Land.) *Curschmann.* 25

This is one of the earlier works of this charming writer, and the first proof of his distinguished talent for vocal composition. The imitation of the monotonous peals of the distant village-bells, which is continually heard in the accompaniment, is a very happy idea, and ingeniously carried out. Poetry and music produce a thrilling effect.

JENNIE'LL BE THY BRIDE. Ballad. *F. Woolcot.* 25
A simple pleasing ballad, by the composer of "Bell Brandon."

THE MOON BEHIND THE HILL. Words and music by *T. B. Bishop.* 30

Pretty words and a taking air, which will be carried all over the country by the ballad singers and wandering troupes of minstrels.

'NEATH THE BURNING SUN OF SYRIA. (Sotto il sol di Siria. From "Aroldo," opera by *Ferdi.* 40
The famous tenor Air and Cabaletta in the opera.

Instrumental Music.

AIR BY WEIGL. Varied. *F. Bayers.* 25
Composed for the use and benefit of pupils in the second quarter of lessons.

TROIS AMUSEMENTS BRILLIANTS, from "Vespres Siciliennes. *Albert W. Berg.* each, 30
1. Vals d'Ilver.
2. Polka Mazurka.
3. Galop brilliant.

A series of instructive pieces, of medium difficulty, calculated to interest as well as advance the scholar, prepared with great care and painstaking by this widely and favorably known teacher of the pianoforte in New York.

RIPPLING RILL VARSOVIANA. *Montgomery.* 25
Pleasing and striking music to this fashionable dance.

Books.

THE PIANIST'S BEST COMPANION. (Schmidt's Five Finger Exercises.) A collection of two hundred and thirteen Five-finger Exercises for the Pianoforte, intended to impart an equal action of the Fingers on that instrument. With an introduction by J. A. Hamilton. 50

The practice of five-finger exercises, or, in other words, of passages in one fixed position of the hands, has been found so eminently useful, not only to beginners, but even to advanced pupils, as a means of forming a true and graceful position of the hands and arms, and equalizing the action of the fingers, that such exercises are now placed before pupils by all respectable masters throughout Europe.

Dwight's Journal of Music.

WHOLE No. 353.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, JANUARY 8, 1859.

VOL. XIV. No. 15.

A Song for New Year's Eve.

BY WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT.

Stay yet, my friends, a moment stay —
Stay till the good old year,
So long companion of our way,
Shakes hands and leaves us here.
Oh stay, oh stay,
One little hour, and then away.

The year, whose hopes were high and strong,
Has now no hopes to wake;
Yet one hour more of jest and song
For his familiar sake.
Oh stay, oh stay,
One mirthful hour, and then away.

The kindly year, his liberal hands
Have lavished all his store,
And shall we turn from where he stands,
Because he gives no more?
Oh stay, oh stay,
One grateful hour, and then away.

Days brightly came and calmly went,
While yet he was our guest;
How cheerfully the week was spent!
How sweet the Seventh day's rest!
Oh stay, oh stay,
One good hour more, and then away.

Dear friends were with us — some who sleep
Beneath the coffin lid;
What pleasant memories we keep
Of all they said and did!
Oh stay, oh stay,
One tender hour, and then away.

Even while we sing he smiles his last,
And leaves our sphere behind —
The good old year is with the past:
Oh be the new as kind!
Oh stay, oh stay,
One parting strain, and then away.

Harper's Magazine.

For Dwight's Journal of Music.

The Blacksmith.

In the smithy corner, the shadows
Gloom, undefined and dun;
Through one small window shines slantwise
A yellow beam of the sun.

Broad and black, the furnace
Stands by the open door;
The glowing coals within it
Madly crackle and roar!

The smith stands by the furnace,
Shoeing a traveller's horse;
Bold are his strokes, his strong arm
Bold in its brawny force!

Bright his cheek and his glances;
White his gleaming teeth;
His brow shows brown and bronzed,
His bronze-brown hair beneath.

He hammers and sings together;
He thinks he sings not loud, —

But, round the door, the children
Gather, a listening crowd.

"Trot, trot safely and swiftly,
Over highway and heath,
Up the stony mountain,
Into the valley beneath;

"Trot, trot safely and swiftly,
And bear thy rider home;
And when new shoes thou needest,
Back to my smithy come."

FANNY MALONE RAYMOND.

Cincinnati, Dec. 8, 1858.

The Diarist Abroad, No. 12.

NOTES.

1. I see advertised in *Dwight's Journal* the delightful old "Portuguese Hymn" for solo and chorus. Why Portuguese *Evening Hymn*? Nay, why *Portuguese Hymn*? "Because," says the reader, "it came from Portugal." Not at all.

If there is a set of *Novello's Musical Times* in Boston, there will be found in one of the volumes — which, I cannot say — that the tune was composed by an Englishman, and used in the service of the chapel of the Portuguese Embassy in London. Here it was heard by Lord — somebody — who admired it and introduced it to the public. If there is a set of the *Times* to be found, whoever will march out the paragraph and communicate, will do a favor, &c. &c.

I contend that no country has produced more exquisite melodies than Great Britain. See how "Robin Adair," introduced by Boieldieu into "La Dame Blanche," and "The Last Rose of Summer," used by Flotow in his "Martha," have had the universal applause of Europe!

2. In the *Journal* for November 6, is an extract from *Frazer's Magazine* upon Mozart. There are in it a few of those little errors, which, once put in circulation, go on almost forever. You may kill them over and over again, and in a few weeks they are as much alive again as ever.

For instance: "Van Swieten, the eccentric physician of Maria Theresa" is spoken of as the man of that name, who was such a friend of music and musicians. Not so. The old physician died — I do not know when, I judge about a century since. The musical Van Swieten was his son. The old man's name was Gerard, — the son's Gottfried. The old man was a physician, who wrote a shelf full of medical works, which were translated into English, two or three generations ago; the young man was a privy counsellor of the Austrian Empire, President of the Imperial Library at Vienna, "Commander of the Royal Hungarian order of St. Stephens," and author of the texts to Haydn's "Creation" and "Seasons," or rather the preparer of them. He died in 1803, aged 70 years.

Again Ries informs us, &c. &c. that Beethoven wrote to him in London to "insert a couple of dotted crotchets" in a Sonata "long before published." Not at all. Turn to the "Life of Beet-

hoven" which goes under the name of Moscheles, and you will find that Beethoven wrote to Ries communicating the metronomic tempos and this additional bar at the beginning of the Adagio



for a Sonata, the plates of which were engraved, but which was not to be published until a time, afterwards to be specified, in order that the work might appear at the same time in London and Vienna.

I hope no reader will be foolish enough to suppose the conversation given in this Frazer article anything but an imaginary one.

3. Doubtless the Berlin correspondent of the *Journal* writes a very unreadable hand. I fully believe it — but how could his "b, y," "by" in the programme to the Magic Flute [See *Journal of Music*, Nov. 13] be made into a capital G — so that the reader learns this fact for the first time: "Music, G. Mozart."?

In the same article the real author of the libretto to the Magic Flute gathered his minerals in Iceland — not in Poland. Again how was it possible that in the attempt to write Joachim Perinet, he made of the first name, Isacium? What a shocking hand he must write, or what — no matter! He afterwards means to write "poetical" and it proves to be "practical." Then in the article on Dehn, "Sonntag" becomes "Sornstag" and "Siegfried" "Sieffield." What a hand it must be!

4. Nothing new under the sun! A friend has lent me a number or two of the *Independent* in one of which I read that Prof. Haven delivered an inaugural discourse at Chicago, subject *Theology* — his theme developed in answer to the following inquiries;

1. Is Theology properly a science?
2. If so, is it a progressive science?
3. What is its rank among sciences?
4. What are its practical relations and uses?

The other day I bought for a song, "*Liber primus defensionum Theologiæ divi doctoris Thomæ de Aquino*" &c., printed at Venice in 1483. The table of contents gives the following;

Questio I. Utrum Theologia sit scientia?

" II. Utrum habitus theologiæ sit practicus?

" III. Utrum Theologia sit una scientia?

" IV. Utrum Dens sit subjectum hujus scientiæ?

In 1258, Thomas Aquinas, the Dominican monk, was discussing in the University at Paris the question "Whether Theology is a science?" In 1858 — 600 years after — on the shores of Lake Michigan, in a continent, whose existence was undreamed of by Thomas, a professor of theology equally undreamed of by him, enters upon

his duties with a discourse, the *questio prima* of which is word for word the same, save that it is in a language then unrecognized in the learned world! If any one will dig out this old abbreviated Latin for me I should like to know how the two arguments compare.

5. Here is the *Atlantic Monthly* for October and November — here away off in Germany! I should like to ask the Autocrat if he has seen or heard of the elm at South Natick? But before I can ask him, it will be the dead of winter and elms will be forgotten. No matter. To show that there were such as knew the beauty and value of a tree long ago, I make a note. When Deacon Bigelow, (father of Sawney B. of Harvard College remembrance) sold the land on the north side of the river above the mill at South Natick, he reserved a little angular good-for-nothing patch, that no harm might come to that little elm. He died about 1816 — so that now the tree must have some forty years of growth added. Seen from the bridge, on the other side of the river, it is one of the most perfect of beauties — for a tree.

Zerlina and her Songs.

(From Oulibicheff's Analysis of "Don Giovanni")

1. LA CI DAREM.

Attention! here comes a brave and merry throng of people. In G major, and in six-eight time. Hurra for a country wedding! This is no eclogue nor idyll; it is Masetto accompanied by his friends, a troop of peasants, men and women, in their Sunday clothes and faces, dancing and singing; a very jovial choir, and yet a kind of joviality which you like to witness as a whole and in perspective, like the herds in a landscape. It is altogether a people's song, which sounds more pleasant in the distance, than when you are near. The little duet of the bridal couple is framed with good effect in the noisy *unisono* of the *Tutti*: *Tra la la! tra la la!*

But in the midst of this quite rustic choir is found a person, who will sing other tones ere long. This is the bride, Zerlina, with whom MOZART seems to have fallen as much in love, as Pygmalion with his statue. Must it not have occurred to many of my readers, to have discovered at some rural festival, amid a group of peasant girls, one form to which all the others only served as foil and setting; one of those forms not easily forgotten, when you have seen it once? Without doubt then every one has said, that here was a mistake of fortune, and that this must be a princess in disguise. Unquestionably she must have soul, mind, character and aspirations. Always to have to remain a peasant, must be terrible for her. Yet one might offer a high wager, that a closer acquaintance with this idol would have disturbed these fair presumptions; and it is just here that Zerlina distinguishes herself from the generality of peasant girls, who outwardly resemble her. Zerlina is precisely that which you would have her to be. She possesses soul, mind and much vanity. With a look Giovanni has divined all this. Shall such a beauty be suffered to become the wife of such a country lout? — How can he, the noble cavalier, permit that? Do not think long, my fair one, it is only to change your suitor. Giovanni for Masetto, the change seems worth accepting.

Still she wavers, and since the situation is ripe for music, here begins the precious *duettino*. Many lovers of music find the allegro of *La ci darem* somewhat trivial, and far from corresponding to the *andante*. We too are of their opinion, but before we turn the observation into a fault-finding, we will first see whether the composer had not some good ground for letting a quite ordinary melody follow a song of the first rank. Innocence in conflict with seduction, and in this growing ever weaker, is, if not precisely a very edifying, at least a very musical image. To make

it true, the seduction had to be felt in the souls of the spectators as soon as it penetrated the soul of Zerlina; the moral dignity of the person survived as long as the words and music expressed resistance; but from the moment that Zerlina says *andiam* (let us go,) she is fallen as low as any one of the ladies in Leporello's register; and if her name does not swell the list, she may thank circumstances which are independent of herself. *Andiam, andiam, mio bene, a restorare le pene d'un innocente amor.* Innocent is good; the rest too is not bad. To give a seductive melody to such words, to clothe a common-place situation with flattering and pleasing features, — would not this have been as much as to make oneself an accomplice in this licentiousness of the principal person, and so to say, embellish vice? Against that MOZART wisely guarded himself. The melody of his Allegro expresses nothing but a plebeian intoxication; he shows us the head of a poor peasant girl entirely turned at the sight of a handsome cavalier, richly decorated with gold and feathers, and at the thought of fine clothes, jewels, carriages and horses. She sees herself already at the ball. Listen to the unquiet *pizzicato*, where the modulation inclines to the key of the Fourth and then comes back to the Tonic, like a skilful dancer, gracefully balancing before his lady. ROSSINI would not have done it better, but MOZART did not stop there. In the midst of a flowing and most natural melody, which moves upon a droning, bag-pipe sort of bass, he has insinuated a chromatic passage, the effect of which is as remarkable as the design seems deeply considered. (Seventh and eighth measures of the Allegro.) Is not this harmonious complication, lasting but a moment, a sign by which the musician meant to indicate to us all that there is dangerous and critical in this situation, leading by a flowery path directly to the precipice? The Allegro of *La ci darem*, then, is unquestionably the weakest piece in the opera, and a masterpiece of truth, of trivial and very suggestive music, as long as the text is only frivolous.

But the unavoidable Elvira snatches the dove from the talons of the hawk, and opens the eyes of the young peasant to the danger that threatens her.

2. BATTI, BATTI.

Now follows another aria: *Batti, batti, O bel Masetto*, (Beat me, beat me, dear Masetto,) which is like a concert piece for the orchestra, entirely in contrast with the preceding in its working up, and quite equal to it in truth of expression. You see and hear a woman before her judge, who, driven from her last intrenchments, her denials and her tears, seeks more to persuade than to convince, and more to seduce than to persuade. Zerlina's problem was a fine one for the musician; but has he not discharged his duty to the same too well? some rigorous critic will inquire. Why this outlay of coquetry and feminine seductiveness, merely for the sake of a Masetto, the blockhead of a husband? Venus's girdle scientifically unrolled, to muzzle the mouth of a bear! Perhaps master Wolfgang was not conscious, that there was in his aria more than it would take to turn the head of a Don Juan himself. True: but had he not also to seduce his audience? It were best not to complain too much of that.

In the first place, we have here an *obligato* violoncello part, which keeps on without the least interruption from the beginning to the end. You hear this insidious bass, as it twists and winds, as it hums and drones, as it extends its treacherous circle indefinitely around the poor deluded victim. Upon this seductive harmony coo the violins like turtle-dove; the flute mingles its sweetest sighs with its most amorous trills; when the voice is silent, its confederates and gossips, the instruments, speak for it. Observe, I pray you, this sequence of four measures, which in the voice part reproduces the *motif* of the aria, varied by sixteenths, so that it may fit the outline of the *ritornel*. There are five instruments: the bassoon, which goes with the violoncello in an *obligato* and continuous part; the flute, which imi-

tates it, but in contrary motion; the horn, which has to hold out on the bass note: and the oboe, which descends the scale in syncopated eighths, and softens the passing dissonances, which are as quickly resolved as they are felt. Nothing can tickle the ear more exquisitely than this passage; as for the vocal melody, it expresses pure rustic naturalness and open-heartedness; it is the innocent little Zerlina, who lavishes upon her dear Masetto the tenderest caresses and in the most true-hearted tones asks, what she has done so wicked, that she must be so hardly treated. As a discreet, but very faithful representative of the stronger sex on this occasion, Masetto manifests not the least pleasure any more in striking; scarcely can he resist the wish to embrace the little rogue. Ah! who of us has not been a thousand times if once in his life *masetto* and *masettissimo* (blockhead!) The Allegro announces the great triumph of the lady. *Pace, pace, O vita mia.* (Peace, O peace, my life, &c.) From this moment, the art and artificiality, which have been developed in the *andante*, are superfluous; the violoncello gives up its snake-like movement, and hastens away in singular downward scales and unquiet arpeggios; the orchestra merely accompanies: Zerlina abandons herself to an unrestrained joy, and the aria ends with the strokes of the bass, which outlast the voice for a few measures, and murmur with a distant sneering *pianissimo*.

3. VEDRAI CARINO.

Vedrai carino is, like so many pieces of our opera, super-dramatic music. When we hear it, we forget the text, we forget the person. There is no longer any Zerlina or Masetto. Something infinite, absolute, and verily divine announces itself to the soul. Is it perhaps nothing but love, represented under one of the countless modifications, by which it is distinguished in each individual, according to the laws of his nature and the peculiar vicissitudes of his fortune? No; the soul feels rather a direct effluence of the principle itself, from which all youth, all love, all joy, and every vital reproduction flows. The genius of the Spring's metamorphoses, he namely, whom the old theosophists called *Eros*, who disembodied Chaos, who fructified germs and married hearts, this genius speaks to us in this music, as he has so often spoken in the murmurings of the brook that has escaped its icy prison, in the rustling of the young leaves, in the melodious songs of the nightingale, in the balmy odors which pervade the eloquent and inspiring stillness of a May night. Mozart had listened to and firmly held this ground-chord of this universal harmony; he arranged it for a soprano voice with orchestral accompaniment, and made of it the nuptial air of a young bride. Zerlina sings surrounded by the shadows of the marriage night, while just about to cross the threshold, at which virginity pauses, with prayer and trembling expecting the confirmation of the holy title of wife. In this place the Aria becomes a genuine *Scena* of Love, the source of life and of eternal rejuvenescence for all nature; — of Love, the Spring-time of souls and the most unstinted revelation of the all-goodness of the Creator. It is a marriage song for all that loves, conceived in the same spirit with the "Ode to Joy" by SCHILLER, allowing for the difference of tone and style between a Dithyrambic and an Eclogue. The theme, the image of the purest bliss, betrays none the less that inexplicable and seldom justified exaltation, which in the fairest, poetic hours of our existence leads us to that unknown good, whereof all other goods of earth are only shadows and foretastes. A rhythm without marked accent; a harmony without dissonances; a modulation, which rests in the Tonic and forgets itself, as if held fast there by some spell; a melody, which cannot separate itself from its ineffaceable *motif*; this tranquil rapture, this soft ecstasy, fill out the first half of the air. After the pause, hosts of nightingales begin to sing in chorus in the orchestra, while the voice with exquisite monotony murmurs: *Sentilo battere, toccami qua*. Then the same words are again uttered with the expression of passion; the heart

of the young woman beats stronger and stronger; the sighs of the orchestra are redoubled, and the last vocal phrase, which bears the impress of chaste devotion, shows us the wife as she sinks softly upon the bosom of her husband. Mozart seems to have anticipated the desire of the ear, in that he lets the orchestra repeat the whole *motif* and the enchanting final phrases once again. He knew that the piece would be found too short, as it actually is the case.

Henri Wieniawski.

[From the Illustrated London News.]

The renowned violinist, Henri Wieniawski, whose wonderful powers of execution are nightly exciting enthusiastic admiration at M. Jullien's concerts, and whose portrait we publish this week, was born at Lublin, in Poland. At the age of eight, having given the most marked evidence of a musical organization, he was sent, by command and at the expense of the Emperor Nicholas, to commence a course of musical study at the Conservatoire of Paris. The violin was the instrument to which he devoted himself with all the intensity of his energetic nature, and with such astonishing eagerness did he devour and profit by the lessons of his instructor, the celebrated Massart, that at the age of eleven he was awarded the first prize of the Conservatoire—the highest distinction which, in the eyes of Europe, can be conferred on the successful musical student. This brilliant honor, however, was attended with as deep a shadow which, in the eyes of the earnest and enthusiastic little virtuoso, robbed the triumph of almost all its satisfaction. By the rules of the Conservatoire, when a pupil has attained this final token of the highest proficiency in the studies for which it affords such unrivalled opportunities, he is dismissed to employ the advantages thus gained in the struggle of life, and to commence his career with his "blushing honours thick upon him." Doubtless the regulation is framed in the spirit of the fairest justice to the existing and future pupils of the institution, and operates beneficially in the majority of cases; nor could it be expected that the authors of the law should foresee that one day the triumphant honor which they had placed at the goal of the academic curriculum would be grasped by such tender hands, and that the *alma mater* of European musical students would ruthlessly close her doors on almost an infant. Such was the inexorable rule, however; and Henri Wieniawski, in spite of his passionate tears and poignant regret to be so soon deprived of all the means and appliances of the study he loved so deeply, had to abide by it, and turn away from the Conservatoire. His obligations to the munificence of the Emperor of Russia rendered it incumbent that he should now wend his way northward, and present himself at the Imperial Court of St. Petersburg, and give his august protector an opportunity of judging how well bestowed had been his paternal care and solicitude on his little Polish subject.

At the age of sixteen Wieniawski visited Berlin, where he found the great violinist Viextemps reigning supreme, who, on hearing his youthful rival, pronounced the highest encomium on his marvellous mastery of all the difficulties of his instrument, and foretold that he would one day obtain the most brilliant success in the artistic world. Never was prophecy so rapidly accomplished; for ere the little "Northern Star" had left the horizon of Berlin he had during that single season given sixteen concerts, all of which were brilliantly attended; while the great Viextemps only commanded patronage for four. On the occasion of his visit to this capital he was presented by the King of Prussia with the grand medal, "Des Beaux Arts"—a distinction only accorded to the most eminent merit. During a subsequent tour through Saxony, where he continued to win the most signal proofs of admiration, he received the decoration of the Ernestine Haus Order. Pursuing his triumphant career with undiminished brilliancy through the country of the De Beriot, the Viextemps, the Sivori, he proceeded to Holland, where he gave in succession one hundred and forty concerts, and once more

received from Royal hands a badge of honorable distinction in the Order of the Couronne de Chêne, shortly afterwards exchanged for the commandership of that order. Although so early the object of such enthusiastic admiration, and overwhelmed ere he had reached maturity with the most dazzling honors, Wieniawski is remarkable in private for his modest and retiring demeanour.

John Field.

(From the Echo.)

JOHN FIELD is one of those few Englishmen whose name is inscribed in ineffaceable characters in the archives of Art. He was born in 1782, in Dublin, and was a pupil of Clementi's. He soon took his place among the most distinguished pianists of his time; and, even up to the present day, has never been surpassed for touch and melodious tone. He gained his first laurels as a *virtuoso* in Paris and St. Petersburg. In 1822, he migrated to Moscow, where his concerts and lessons became very popular. From 1832, he travelled through England, France, and Italy. He was detained in Naples by sickness, until he returned, in 1835, with a Russian family, to Russia, and died at Moscow, in 1837. A great number of concertos and solo pieces for the pianoforte have given an imperishable importance to his name. But the compositions which have enjoyed the widest circulation, are his celebrated *nocturnes*, which have been frequently imitated, but never equalled for unsurpassable and simple depth of feeling. F. Liszt characterizes them as follows, in the preface to J. Schubert's admirable edition:

"Field's nocturnes are yet new by the side of much that has grown old; six-and-thirty years have elapsed since their first appearance, and a balmy freshness, a fragrant odour, is still wafted to us from them. Where else should we now find such perfect and inimitable *naïveté*? Since Field, no one has been able to express himself in that language of the heart, which moves us as a tender, moist glance does; which cradles to repose, like the soft, equal rocking of a boat, or the swinging of a hammock, which is so gentle and easy, that we fancy we hear around us the low murmuring of dying kisses.

"No one has ever attained these indefinite harmonies of the Æolian harp, these half sighs, floating away into air, and, gently complaining, melted in sweet pain. No one has ever attempted this, especially no one of those who heard Field himself play, or rather dream out his songs, at moments when, abandoning himself entirely to his inspiration, he departed from the first plan of the piece, as it existed in his imagination, and invented, in uninterrupted succession, fresh groups, which, like wreaths of flowers, he twined around his melodies, while he kept continually decorating the latter with this rain of nosegays, and yet so decked them out, that their languishing tremulousness and charming serpentinings were not concealed, but simply covered with a transparent veil. With what inexhaustible profusion did he vary the thought when it occurred? With what unusual felicity did he surround, without disturbing it, with a net of arabesques?"

(To be continued.)

Friedrich von Flotow.

[From the New York Musical Gazette, 1855.]

FRIEDRICH VON FLOTOW is a nobleman, the son of a wealthy lord of the manor, in Mecklenburg, (North of Germany.) This somewhat retired part of Germany reminds one, in many of its characteristics, of the olden time; of a state of society which belongs more to the past than the present. The fertile lands are divided into large estates, and are in possession of some of the oldest families of nobles Germany possesses. The life of these proprietors is mostly agricultural, preserving, in some sort, many of the old patriarchal rights, customs and feelings. We mention this fact because of the anomaly which exists between the life and spirit of a man born and educated under such influences, and the light, brilliant French music of *Martha*, *Inbra*, etc. But it is not the first time Germans have proved they can be any thing else but German; and although in music they are least likely to forget their own nature and spirit, the history of

modern opera shows in MEYENBEER and HALEVY two brilliant illustrations of the fact that we have mentioned. Flotow, however, spent only his earlier youth in the country of renowned cattle and fertile pasture-grounds. He soon came to Paris, studying music, opera, ballet, and all sorts of things, which the French metropolis can offer to an apt and diligent scholar.

The musical education of Flotow has been in some respect a very curious one. Generally a musician tries everything before he fixes himself upon any peculiar branch of his art. Not so Flotow. We do not think that he ever studied or composed any thing else but a certain class of vocal music; nay, we do not even believe that he composed much even of this before he came to Paris, with ample means to enjoy it; having a certain predilection for music, perhaps also the intention to study it, but certainly without any great preparation for the career of an opera composer.

Flotow learned first how to write little romances in the French style, then he tried larger forms, until, at last, he accomplished the short opera comique. Paris has been, in a musical sense, the cradle, nursery, and school-room of Flotow; he learned there to creep, to walk; to spell, to write, and to produce. Being always with French people, hearing nothing but the talk of a particular class of musicians; being, besides, young and unfixed in his views and principles, one can not, after all, wonder that he forgot the solid qualities of his native Mecklenburg, and reflected in his music the habits and feelings of that society in which he moved. And as this society was a good one, being formed by the circles of some first-rate houses; the young nobleman being received with all the honor due to his station; as, besides, he was very apt to perceive the finer qualities of French composition, and to adopt them, we can easily account for the elegance he displays in his better works. But Flotow learned not only this in Paris; he obtained also a knowledge of the stage, of the public, of the artists, and of men in general. Further—and this is the most essential—he obtained a perception of his own resources, and especially learned not to come too early before the public. Flotow has never been guilty of an attempt to write a so-called grand opera; he knows the scope of his talents and abilities, and therefore his whole ambition has been concentrated upon the opera comique. Having so very often seen that stuff prepared which is served day by day to the Parisian public; having assisted in all the incidents of a *mise en scene*; having gone as a witness through all the stages of the life of a composer for that institution, and feeling in himself musical resources enough to satisfy at least, in this respect, the wants of the public, he risked himself at last on the perilous field of an opera composer. His first trial, in association with another, was not very successful; then came a little opera in one act, which had the esteem of the critics, and the applause of the claqué, raising some hopes for a future success. Had Flotow continued to walk in the same path; to compose only for the Opera Comique in Paris, the desired full success would not have failed to appear at last; but at that time he made the acquaintance of a German author, who spent a portion of each year in Paris, to look out for pieces to translate and arrange for the German stage, and it is this acquaintance which changed the course of the composer and had the greatest influence upon his further career. The public name of that author is W. FRIEDRICH, of a wealthy merchant family in Hamburg. This man has obtained a reputation in Germany for being the best translator of French pieces, for his great knowledge of the stage, and the ability to write gentle verses, especially for opera purposes. Flotow required a libretto; Friedrich proposed one for the German stage, based upon the principles of the French Opera Comique; Flotow agreed, and both men began to work. The first sign of this new partnership was the opera *Alessandro Stradella*. It is almost the same plot which inspired NIEDERMEYER to make a grand opera for the French Academy of Music. If the singer and composer, ALESSANDRO STRADELLA, who lived in the last half of the seventeenth century, could have heard the music which he has to perform in either opera, but especially in that of Flotow, he would have been rather surprised. Flotow's music is very thin and somewhat obese, a sort of enlarged vaudeville with recitatives, which has had an entire success on account of the musical characteristics with which the two bandits in the piece are treated. Here the talent of the composer, the comical expression, was very happily displayed; and Flotow himself was quite right, when he said, after the first performance of this opera at Hamburg: "My bandits have saved me." The next opera was *The Sailors*, a more severe undertaking, and for this very reason unsuccessful. Flotow was, in consequence of this, rather dissatisfied with his partner; still he agreed for a third

trial together. The result was *The Forester*. Again no success; decidedly Mr. Friedrich was not worth anything. Flotow resolved upon dissolution of the partnership, but first he would try once more the ability of the librettist. *Martha* was the result of their labors, and this time a successful one. *Martha* gave the composer a position and reputation in Germany, which his later operas, *Indra* and *Rubezahl*, although they were very feeble reproductions of his powers, could not shake! The music to *Martha* is spiritual, light, and brilliant, grateful to the ear, the singers, and also, as experience has taught us, to the composer himself. The orchestration is much better than in *Stradella*, and the instrumentation has some very happy and ingenious combinations. The treatment of the whole is French; but there are some pieces, as the spinner-quartet and the finale of the first act, which are as good as any thing Auber or Adam have written for the Opera Comique. The great art to finish at the right time, not to weary the public by a continuation of sentiment scenes—on the contrary to offer a continual interchange of the sentimental and the comic: these secrets of success Flotow understands very well as he proves in this opera. Then that other important point, the provision of the singers with good, grateful roles, is also not neglected in *Martha*. *Nancy* and *Plunkett* are very acceptable parts for male and female buffos, and *Martha* and *Lyonel* are favorite performances of all the German soubrettes and tenors. *Martha* and *Stradella* have made their way over almost all the stages of Germany, have pleased hundreds of times, and will please probably as long as society requires an opera to be served as in dramas, nothing but amusement and pleasant sensations. The opera of *Martha*, or rather an English version of it, was introduced to the American public by Madame BISHOP a few years since, when an astute critic of one of the daily papers gravely complimented Signor BOCHSA for the brilliant idea he had conceived, of introducing into the opera the well-known ballad, 'Tis the last rose of summer.' As most of our readers are probably well aware that whatever merit may be attached to the brilliancy of this idea is due to the German composer, we should not now refer to it were it not that the same incorrect statement has reappeared in print within a few days.

As far as we can judge from personal appearance, not having any biography at hand, Mr. Flotow is about forty years old, tall, with a dark complexion, and much smartness in his eyes. He has the appearance of a man who carefully observes, and knows how to profit by his observation. His manners are gentlemanly, amiable, and prepossessing, just as is his music. You are flattered without being aware of it. Flotow is, in our opinion, the smartest manufacturer of opera music Germany possesses at this time.

The Huguenots.

From the Courier, Jan. 4.

I beg to make a few practical suggestions with reference to the first communication of your correspondent "Civis." It was not only written in correct and fearless English, in the tone and temper of a gentleman, without technicality, and with knowledge, judgment and discretion, but it fortunately came at just the time to hit the town between wind and water and attract general attention. It was meant to inform us what "The Huguenots" is when properly represented; and to demonstrate that neither the manifestoes of Mr. Ullman, the criticism of the daily press, nor the suppositions of the majority of the audience, as to the merits of that representation, were correct. This information was needed, and it was given by one who thoroughly knew what he discussed, and who referred no more to his experience abroad than was necessary to show his means of knowledge and his fitness to institute comparisons. Besides this, his estimate of the rank of the artists of Mr. Ullman's company, and of the rank and merits of the different schools and works of operatic composition, indicated intellectual scope and comprehensiveness.

In thus expressing my honest opinion of the merits of his article, I shall run little risk of being thought captious or pugnacious if I call attention to some facts which should be taken in connection with it, when we are regarding operas as presented in Boston. We must remember, in the first place, what undeserved luck we have had for the last fifteen years in hearing operas in this city. And we are not a musical, and we are a capricious people. We are not even really fond of the drama. For nearly twenty years the only place in this city where it has had consistent and rewarding support has been the "Boston Museum." Booth, the best actor of English tragedy on the stage, played this winter to "half houses."

The "Tedesco troupe" played at a great loss at low prices in the Howard Athenæum, and nearly half the time even that little theatre was only half filled. So it was with the second Havana company, which "Civis" calls the best we ever had in Boston. What inducement did we offer that or any other such company to come here again? How many of our capricious and requiring lovers of music in Boston heard their admirable rendering of "Macbeth?"

So it has been with troupe after troupe. It would be hard to name an operatic manager in Boston or New York who has made money, except Mr. Hackett with Grisi and Mario, whose names were advertisements, and Strakosch, whose "humbug" was not so much in his advertisements and his use of an accommodating press as in making a ghastly collection of a dozen scarecrow choristers, not many more broken-winded instruments, and one or two real artists shining like diamonds set in pitch—and then, with exquisite and successful effrontery, calling it a "grand operatic troupe." If Mr. Ullman is now successful in New York and Boston, it will be not more because he has (every thing considered and with reference to our previous companies,) excellent singers and a superior orchestra, but because his advertisements of a princess, &c. &c., have had great influence, and that, too, upon many persons who would not confess it to others or to themselves.

This is all bad enough in Mr. Ullman. It reflects still more severely upon ourselves. Our Barnums and Bonners, our newspapers in their relations to publishers, our eminent men in their good-natured concession of the use of their names to books they haven't read, panaceas they haven't tried, and dinners they won't attend, as well as the whole history of opera in the United States, prescribe nothing much better to an operatic manager who takes such risks with such a public and who would succeed. It must be confessed, too, with shame, that the true lovers of music owe it very much to such tricks of management that enough un-musical people can be brought together to enable those who love operas to hear them at all.

Now, how is it abroad? "Civis" can inform you better than I can, but he certainly can name but few of the many great cities of Europe besides Paris, London, St. Petersburg, Vienna, Naples and Milan, where "The Huguenots" is as well or better rendered, on the whole, than it has been in Boston, and with these exceptions, if it be better given, it is to a musical people, giving it their consistent support for some thirty nights together, and often in addition to aid from the government, and from subscribers for the season. In Boston we grow tired of an opera on its second representation, and desert it on the third.

It is also to be remembered that in all England, London only has its opera season. What has Liverpool, with a population about as large as New York, known of opera for the last fifteen years; while a city of secondary importance, in a new country, and with an unmusical people, is blessed with a luck which makes us capricious and requiring, instead of thankful and encouraging.

I will close these hasty suggestions with the remark that I am confident that no one will be more ready to assent to them in the main than "Civis," and with the regret that a few words from him had not rendered these unnecessary. BOSTON.

"The Opera of the Future."

(From Punch.)

Meyerbeer's opera of the *Africaine* seems to be "The Opera of the Future," for there appears but little chance of its ever being played in our lifetime. How many years has it not been locked up in the great composer's portfolio, undergoing a species of African slavery, of which manager after manager has tried in vain to find the musical key. However, we are sorry to find Meyerbeer lending his great name to Messrs. Wagner, Liszt, and other crotchet-mongers of the *Musical of the Future*, in support of their inharmonious fallacies, that have lately been aired in a grand pretentious production, called *Lohengrin*. A "grin" seems to be the end of all their operas, though at best it is but a melancholy one, and anything but flattering to those who provoke it. The Viennese are all *Lohengrinning* like mad. We wish Meyerbeer would put this band of musical fanatics to shame by allowing his *Africaine* to become "An Opera of the Present," instead "of the Future," and so prove to these hair-brained gentlemen what good music really is. The best *Musical of the Future* is that which has the elements of vitality in every note of it, so that there can be no doubt about its living several scores of years after its production. The specimen that we know of this class is *Don Giovanni*, and our would-be Mozarts cannot do better than take it as a model.

Musical Correspondence.

BERLIN, DEC. 13. 1858. — Since JOHANNA WAGNER returned from her short starring expedition, we have had a series of operas such as it will only "aggravate" you to read of, since on your side of the water, I fear, in our day and generation, they will never mount the stage. Not that the Wagner sings in all, but her list of parts makes quite a change in the list of operas for any given time. We have had Spontini's "Vestale," truly a most admirable work; Cherubini's ever young "Water-Carrier" (*Les deux Journées*): "Tannhauser;" Bellini's "Romeo and Juliet," "Magic Flute" again, "Euryanthe"; "Prophet;" "Robert the Devil;" Rossini's "Tell;" Donizetti's "Elixir;" Dorn's "Niebelungen;" Taubert's "Macbeth," and divers others; while the company at Kroll's keep up their light French and German comic pieces.

I am very desirous to hear TAUBERT's new work, but was unable on the evening of its last presentation. I hear it spoken very well of.

LAUB has left for Russia. Before leaving he gave a concert in the Singakademie. His programme was in itself a very fine one and gave him opportunity to exhibit his powers in various styles. The first number was a violin concerto by R. Wuerst—the viola of the Laub Quartet of whom I spoke in a late letter—a very pleasing work and one in which the violin and orchestra really work out the musical idea symphonically. Of course it is not a Beethoven work, but it is a fine addition to the small stock of real concertos. Beethoven's Romance in F, that exquisite thing, was exquisitely played; and this was followed by a Scherzo, by Laub himself, which, while truly musical and comical, was as great a piece of neat execution as I ever heard or saw. It was Laub's only piece of mere virtuosos work, and a great one. At the close was Beethoven's Triple Concerto, the same that was played at Radecke's concert. Dr. Bruns took the cello part this time. Can you not raise a violinist, a cellist, and a pianist in Boston, and have it at one of Zerrahn's Concerts?

A Fräulein FRIEDLANDER sang a few pieces—just as young candidates for fame sing them in Boston—very good pupil work—very indeed—full of promise.

My liking for Laub's playing, of which I have written strongly in previous letters, and my respect for him as a musician, were much increased by this evening's performances, and I hope that leaving the East he will some day be heard in the West.

The regular serial concerts have gone on, Symphony Soirées and Quartets and the like, but I have not heard them all. Last Saturday night for instance I was unable to leave the house, and the Dom Chor gave its first performance with a programme made up from Durante, Melchior Franck, Corsi, Friedemann Bach, Jomelli, Pretorius, Schütz, Thiele, Calvisius—and I must needs be sick! A good representation of America was there however. From my friends' descriptions I suppose the choir must have been full—say about 45 boys, and men in proportion.

"Well, J., how did you like it?"

"Oh, I've nothing to say—'twas too good! Never heard anything like it."

Next day. "Well, P., how did you like the Dom Chor?"

"Oh, I never heard anything like it—never heard anything which gave me any idea that there could be such music."

By and by Mr. A. comes in, who has been long in Italy, in Rome, Florence, and every where else, also in Paris, London, Dresden, wherever they are proud of their music.

"Well, Mr. A., how did you like the Dom chor?"

"I declare, I never heard anything like it!"

What? not the Pope's choir in the Sextine chapel?

"No, nothing, anywhere."

So you see, D., I begin to think that I have lost something by being shut up three or four days just now.

The private concerts have been quite numerous. I rarely go to one of them. You and every one, whose duty it is to follow up concerts, know how wearisome and tedious it becomes to go night after night, and write about them. ERK has given a couple, one by choros of men's voices, another by a mixed choir—at both of which the staple article was popular songs. At another a little cantata by Wuerst was sung—which I am told was exceedingly pretty. I have seen the pianoforte arrangement of it, and thought it so. Divers singers and pianists both male and female have added to the number. Now I am very busy night and day with literary work of all kinds. I have too about as much music as I want in Symphony, Quartet, and Oratorio concerts in addition to the opera, which you know is for us, who at home abound in concerts, but have no opera, the great thing. Taking all this into consideration, I cannot afford to give an evening, and half a forenoon, to hearing and writing about M. Schulze's or Müller's concert, and in addition miss some favorite opera and pay as much as the opera would cost. So unless the phenomenon should happen, that Mr. Schulze or Müller should hear of me and send me a ticket, he will never find when he comes hereafter to America that I have made him known through the columns of a musical paper which circulates more widely than any four in Germany put together.

RUBENSTEIN has received an appointment in St. Petersburg, with a fine salary, and HANS VON BÜLOW, the first pianist in Berlin, has been appointed chamber virtuoso to Prince Frederic William, young Vic's husband.

We have four American musical students here now. CONVERSE, studying with Haupt, counterpoint and composition. PAINE, of Portland, studying the same with organ in addition, all with Haupt—who says his pupil will make a *great* organist; PEASE, of Cleveland, studying in Kullak's school—working to become a pianist. I have seen him but once or twice—never meet him at the best concerts—and PATTISON, of Newark, N. J., just come—studying counterpoint with Haupt and piano with Hans Von Bülow.

To-morrow evening we are to have "Midsummer Night's Dream," with all Mendelssohn's music. I think I shall be there!

I will close this rambling letter with an extract from one which I received the other day from Paris.

"I've attended the opera considerably. If you wish to know my opinion, not worth much I admit, I can tell you I like better the German. There is nothing here that comes up to that in Berlin, that's certain. The Grand Opera Français, in the way of scenery, grandeur and display is not equalled anywhere I have been. No pains nor expense are spared in producing the most wonderful scenic or stage effect and both the music and text are inferior to Berlin. You would be astonished at the number and costliness of costumes and beauty of scenery seen there even at an ordinary performance.

"At the Italian opera of course one hears the best singers. I was charmed the other night by ALBONI and MARIO. Even there however the orchestra does not come up to the one I heard at Berlin. I must say I am more and more attached to the German opera. What say you?"

When Mr. S. was here some weeks ago and I called upon him, he was full of the performance of *Don Juan*, in the Berlin opera house a night or two previously. He said to me, he had heard that great opera in London, Paris, America—had never missed an opportunity in his life to hear it—had often heard it with greater Solo singers—but now for the first time it had been presented to him in such a manner, that it was all one magnificent whole, all clear from

beginning to end,—that here he had forgotten that the characters were singers, he only saw them as real persons, acting out the passions and emotions of the moment and situation,—no, nothing like this had he ever seen. Now Mozart's immortal work exists from this time henceforth in his memory as one of the great triumphs of human genius—with the *Iliad*, the *Venus de Medicis* and the *Madonna at Dresden*.

I can give but the idea—not his words. It is not every one that can come here and view this opera in the same light. I have long since forgotten to notice when one of our singers, the worse for the wear,—for most of them no longer have young, fresh voices, sings a little out of tune, or hoarsely or not with ease. I notice it no more than I do in a lively conversation in which I am interested, occasional lapses of the tongue in pronunciation or in grammar. Your Boston and New York newspaper critics would give you a weekly letter of a page upon the faults of the prime *donne* and *primi*—what's the Italian for man?—i. e. for the first few weeks—then they would begin to visit the opera to hear—opera. They would go to concerts to hear singers. And a new light, a new delight would be theirs. This is one enjoyment here.

A. W. T.

BERLIN, Nov. 23, 1858.—Yours is a paper of Art and Literature—I can then propose a literary query in it.

Ordering some books for the Boston Library collection the other day from a Leipzig antiquarian bookseller, I could not resist the temptation to add one for myself, which the catalogue gave as being "Seven parts" of the Latin and Spanish Bible, published by order of the Elector of Saxony, 1574. Looking into the bibliographical works at hand, I could only find that this Bible was printed in ten or twenty parts, in 1570—this edition of 1574 I do not find given at all. Still, as the price was small, and I have a fondness for such things, I ordered these seven parts.

Judge of my pleasure on receiving the seven little fat quartos, some 10 inches by 8, to find the entire Bible and Apocrypha—in short the work complete.

It is a splendid specimen of printing, the Latin and German being in parallel columns. The chapters are numbered—the paragraphs not. Pages not numbered. Published in parts; in the first volume, each of the books of the Pentateuch, having its separate title page, on the back of which is a large wood cut of the then "most serene" Elector of Saxony—so that I have five pictures of him in this volume alone. Printed at Wittenberg, by Krafft, 1574, edited by "Paulus Crellinus, Doctor of the Holy Writings." Adorned—decidedly!—with wood cuts—the Deity pulling Eve out of Adam's side—Jacob dreaming—Pharaoh ditto, &c., &c.

Bound in solid boards—wooden—3-8 of an inch thick, covered with vellum or hogskin—one cover of each volume having a full length picture of Luther impressed in gold, the other, one of Melancthon—some-what tarnished by the lapse of 234 centuries.

Query—is this a vanity?

A. W. T.

For Dwight's Journal of Music.

GREETING FROM A WARMER CLIME.

Dear Journal.—Would you believe it possible, that having written thus far, I came to an awful pause! for it does seem very solemn-like to usher one's self into the sanctum of a worthy and learned editor! Usually my aspirations are of a very modest type, but I had a strong desire to offer a "New Year's greeting" and bid you "God-speed"—and tell you honestly how truly I have enjoyed the varied and instructive reading you have, from week to week, gathered up for those who greet your weekly visit.

And then, too, when I tell you how sweet and fresh is the morning air; how deliciously the perfume of violets and other sweet and odorous things comes stealing in at the open window by which I am

writing, it surely will open your heart! Many kind and pleasant thoughts come into my soul; born of these gentle outer influences, thoughts which it will hardly do to tell you, lest you should call me prosy, good Journal,—but to some of them you are at least indebted for this "pen-and-ink sketch," dull as it is.

An early morning ramble took me through a lovely grove of oaks, whose swaying branches bore the gentle weight of the "mistletoe's" gracefully interlaced tendrils, the dew-bespangled "pearly berries" gleaming bright and beautiful in the morning sun!—a sudden turn of the path led to the corner of an elaborately laid-out flower-garden, the pride and pet of its charming owner, Miss ——. Through the slight paling came glimpses of the green leaves of crocus and jonquil, with here and there a palmetto, or ruby-budded holly, and such stores of roses, and violets, and clambering honeysuckle, mayhap you never dreamed to see, in this, the dying month of the "dear old year!"

But to my "grief," for now I have come back to my pleasant window,—breakfast is over, and "corn-dodger," and "hoc-cake" have a decided tendency to make one prosy!—

Not many weeks ago, when visiting at Fairbank, I chanced to attend a country church; and listened to a most interesting discourse by the worthy pastor, good Elder —, it was a cheerful theme, well arranged, and delivered with simplicity and earnestness,—my own feelings were in full accord with the heavenly beauty of the subject, and the spirit of the hymn given out at its close, blended sweetly, and harmoniously with the preacher's rendering of the Sacred text:—My whole soul was drawn out in sympathy, and involuntarily there sprang up in my heart, strains of a well-remembered tune learned in "days lang syne," in the dear old New England home, one always used for this hymn, and just adapted to give a spirited rendering of the sweet verses, I expected to hear. But oh the lugubrious sounds that met my ear!—Men, women, and children, all joining the mournful wail, for I can call it nothing less!—all singing the same part, or *trying to*,—though I think there were the "shattered remains" of at least half a dozen tunes, in as many different metres, aided and abetted, discretionary with the performer, by divers demi-semi-quavers arranged most fantastically, to suit each his own peculiar temperament.

At the sermon's close, a deep silence pervaded the assembly,—by the introduction of this strange "fantasy with variations" it was quickly dispelled, indeed some of the "lesser lords of creation" took to their heels, and seemed to think no apology necessary for this impromptu leaving before the benediction!—

I must confess I fairly shuddered!—there came a sudden revulsion of feeling, and such a keen perception of the ludicrous, that it was with difficulty I could repress a smile!

"These things ought not so to be!"—and this is not an isolated case,—in another church, not far from the Fairbank house of worship, I have in the singing of one hymn, recognized distinctly "Olmütz," "Greenville," "Old Hundred," and "Blue eyed Mary,"—and that Sabbath after Sabbath, with slight variations, and new introductions.

I have thought much, and deeply of this matter, but how can it be remedied?—In the rural districts of these distant states, we cannot avail ourselves of the musical schools, taught by Professors accomplished in their department.—

Will it not be possible to educate young men, who shall go out as itinerant teachers of vocal music? By efficient arrangements with clergymen and teachers, I have no doubt good positions could be secured, where they would be well rewarded, pecuniarily, especially if armed with credentials from the learned Profs of the art.—

I offer the suggestion in all due humility, trusting it may speedily lead to discussions and prompt action.

Farewell, dear Journal, your familiar pages come to me like the voice of a friend, I never weary of them!

A very happy New Year to you, and many of them.

Holly Bank, S. C.

Christmas Holidays, 1858.

"WAYSIDE."

PHILADELPHIA, JAN. 4, 1859. — *Allah ackbar!* what a glorious revolution in the popular taste! What a cheering transition from the times when people jeered the temerity of any Society's Board of Managers, who dared the production of a classic work, unto these latter days, when thousands fill up the Musical Fund Hall, and, with countenances beaming with interest, sit eagerly expectant for the initial note of the introduction to an Oratorio like the "Messiah." People came in shad-shoals to hear the first attempt of our Handel and Haydn Society at a rendition of Handel's difficult *chef d'œuvre*; they wedged in between the seats, and stood upon each other's corns in the aisles; and, glory upon glory! they sat through the protracted performance with a rapt attention, and a seeming interest, which afforded ample reason for emotions of pride in the bosom of the connoisseur. On the limited stage, the chorus, numbering nearly 200 voices, and the Germania orchestra, were most judiciously disposed, with the soloists in the centre,—the tenors and sopranos to the right,—the altos and basses to the left,—and the instrumentalists, in a raised position, behind the vocal corps. PHILLIP ROHR, the general Editor of the German Musical Newspaper published in this city, and a musician of no little repute here, led the entire performance, with much ability, evidencing a marked improvement over his former efforts in that capacity, and landing his forces upon the finale chord of the Oratorio in perfect safety. The chorus consisted entirely of amateurs gathered from various avocations of life,—ladies and gentlemen, who have entered on the practical features of their association with a perseverance, enthusiasm, and Art-love, which merit the highest encomiums from all who cherish a love for the advancement of good music in our midst.

No confusion of parts marred these progressions and movements for a moment, but sopranos, altos, tenors, and basses steadily vocalized their individual parts of the score, converging, diverging, and crossing one another's paths without disturbing the laws of musical gravitation, or lapsing into confusion. The solos, too, were very acceptably given, and must have afforded gratification to all who feel a pride in our musical advancement. These efforts of our own brethren and sisters furnish us with the only reliable index to the exact *status* of musical culture among the American people. Not the ringing plaudits over a finished cavatina upon the Italian style, nor the crowded attendance at a Verdi Opera; these surely do not decide our progress, as a people, in the cultivation of music half so certainly as the amateur attempts of home societies and the individual members of these, in our concert saloons. Upon this occasion the soloists had their faults of omission and commission; but the self-constituted arbiters, who castigated them in the public prints, should have kindly pointed these out, and recommended the way to remedy them in the future.

Mrs. REED, the Soprano, acquitted herself with much credit throughout, evincing a fine appreciation of subject, but at intervals singing somewhat flat,—whether owing to the steaming density of the atmosphere, or an inherent defect, I am not certain. The same may apply to Miss SHAW, Mezzo Soprano, who really possesses an exceedingly serviceable and charming voice, which with its natural flexibility is susceptible of a high degree of future cultivation. Miss McCaffrey, alto, vocalized her part with fascinating simplicity and freedom from restraint. Her rendition of the aria "He was despised and rejected" was characterized with a melancholy pathos, which sensibly affected divers persons in the body of the Hall. Her intonation throughout was very correct and pure; and she has won for herself hosts of appreciative admirers.

The tenor part, entrusted to Mr. G. N. HAZELWOOD, seemed to please every one present, with the exception of the two astute critics, who had heard Sims Reeves vocalize it! Mr. Hazelwood possesses a tenor voice of singular purity and of large compass; in fact I know not an equal to it, off the stage. He has much of style and execution still to acquire; but when I reflect that this gentleman has only commenced to cultivate his noble voice judiciously within the past year or two, my respect for his first public essay with the rigidly classical music of Handel, rises to admiration; because, howbeit there were many minor points which will require time and experience to overcome, there was withal that therein which un-

mistakeably points to a brilliant future. Mr. AARON TAYLOR, basso, rejoices in a fine rich voice, which he has so enthusiastically dedicated to the Italian school, that the vocalization of this German score, so exactly rigid in time and rhythm, seemed to weary it perceptibly towards the close. His execution was for the most part correct; in the trumpet song he won for himself a large circle of intelligent admirers. His rendition of the bass part throughout clearly betokened that he had studied the same with much diligence and judgment. The orchestra played with varied effect, now accompanying the choruses with much vigor and exactitude, and anon marring the effect of the solos by a blast of superfluous intensity, never intended by Handel. Upon the whole, this performance of the Messiah was a most satisfactory achievement.

Turn out the false critics, who ignorantly throw cold water upon these efforts for individual and public improvement!

MANRICO.

Dwight's Journal of Music.

BOSTON, JAN. 8, 1859.

MUSIC IN THIS NUMBER. — Continuation of the opera "*Lucrezia Borgia*," arranged for the piano-forte.

Last Nights of the Opera.

On Friday evening of last week another novelty to Boston ears was offered in Von Flotow's light and pretty comic opera of "Martha." All were pleased and many were surprised by the peculiar perfection of this most readily enjoyable, although in no sense great work. We wish we could have more such. Next to the real works of genius, the imperishable ones, like *Don Giovanni*, *Le Nozze, Il Barbiere, Tell, Fidelio*, &c., we can derive most pleasure from light, genial, natural, unpretending little operas like this; in which there is a happy flow of spirits, rendered in an easy, genial flow of music, with a pleasant mingling of characters and incidents. We must confess we have been agreeably disappointed in this opera, after the impression for years past derived in concerts from the overture (popular among lovers of "light" music), with its jingling dance rhythms and its feebly sentimental horn melody. This very melody when sung in its right place, and worked up into a finale, proved at least effective.

The plot is pretty and simple, laid in England in Queen's Anne's time. The Lady Henrietta (Mme. LABORDE), sick of gay court life and persecuting lovers, especially her tedious old John Bull of a cousin, Sir Tristram (MUELLER), hears the merry chorus of servant girls who pass her window on their way to the Richmond fair to seek employment, and conceives the mad idea of donning peasants' garb, herself, her lively maid Nancy (Mme. BERKEL), and Sir Tristram, and offering themselves for service at the fair, she assuming the name of Martha. There they attract the attention of Plunkett, a hearty, bluff old farmer, (FORMES), and his friend and protégé, Lionel, (BRIGNOLI), who engage the handsome maids, they assenting at first in joke, but finding by the laws of the fair, expounded with comical gravity by the sheriff (an imitation of the never-failing notary of Italian bullo operas), that they are caught in earnest. They must go home with the two farmers; and the experiences of the first evening, prolonged to midnight, the mingling of joke and bitter strange reality, the puzzle of the farmers at their intractable servants, are the tragico-comical material of the second act. The birds escape at midnight, but a silen chain still binds them to their strange masters. Lionel of course turns out to be a nobleman, and loves and is beloved by the Lady; and little Nancy and bluff Plunkett strike up also a life bargain on their own account, and the whole ends in a brace of happy unions, after a *quantum suf.* of the usual crosses of true love.

Here, certainly, was nice material for the French Opera Comique kind of talent of such a musical ready-writer as Flotow, who, though German born (see sketch of him in another column,) seems by musical second nature to be three parts French to two parts Italian and one part German — the German ingredient, however, appears larger when you look particularly at the orchestral treatment. *Martha* passes for his best work; his later operas are pronounced insipid. *Martha*, to say the least, abounds in healthy music; that is, the general current of the piece is healthy, unaffected, pleasant; but it also has a large sprinkling of those little pathetic melodies, sentimental sweetmeats, which are so tempting to the general public, so fatal to the freshness of a work for any length of time with those who care for genius and real Art. For sure effect, for popular success, this author shows a fine tact in mingling these two elements. To the cultivated ear the chief charm of *Martha* lies in its general felicity of treatment, in its smooth, sparkling, natural flow of average melody, now individual, and now running almost unconsciously into pleasing trios and quartets, and all relieved and freshened by the prettiest orchestral figures, for which his brain seems never at a loss in the right place. (Something like this one says, too, about such works as Mozart's *Figaro*, but let us not for an instant confound the lesser with the greater — Jules Janin is no Shakspeare.) This quality is most observable in the first two acts; the stream gives out perceptibly in the third and fourth, and the attention is piqued, instead, by a succession of detached taking bits, palpable *encore* pieces, "gems" so called, such as the rollicking "Porter" or Beer song, which rings out with such unction and eclat in the rich, big voice of Formes (how hearty that *hoor-ah*, as he resumes the strain!); the hunting song of Miss Diana Nancy; the really very sweet and tender aria of the tenor: *M'appari tutt' amor*; the finale of the third act, which is chiefly a tenor solo on that sentimental horn theme in the overture, with accompaniment and responses of principals and chorus, worked up to an imposing climax for at least a fresh and general audience; and above all, the oft-returning borrowed Irish melody, "The Groves of Blarney," which Moore wedded to his "Last Rose of Summer," — a happy thought for English audiences — and which Flotow works up at last into the somewhat elaborate ensemble finale of his opera, although we, instead of that, were treated to an interpolated piece of Mme. Laborde's brilliant bravura vocalizing; — a poor fashion — false, too, since it sacrifices the opera as an artistic whole to the private display of the singer.

For these reasons, and because it was so well cast, and so admirably within the scope of Mr. Ullman's company, *Martha* was a complete success. It was certainly a charming entertainment; but many of course were ready to go further, and incontinently call it the best opera we have had! The quartet of principals was capital, save that the two soprani were somewhat overshadowed by the greater power of bass and tenor. Yet the clear, sweet higher tones of LABORDE told exquisitely in those nice quartets. The part of Martha is well suited to her vocally, and few other singers could go through its florid difficulties. She acted lady-like as Henrietta, prettily as Martha, but somewhat tamely. Her singing of the "Last Rose" was beautiful, of course; nor could any of her music have met with finer and more tasteful execution. Mme. BERKEL was in truth a charming little Miss Nancy; full of playful grace and naiveté, with a sure instinct as an actress, with but a thin voice and imperfect method (and the music of the part, really contralto, runs too low for her), but so right in all her artistic intentions and so abounding in little felicities that we could better spare a better singer. How prettily she sang in the opening duet, where she sets her merry wits to work to cheer her lady —

a piece containing a remote suggestion, but in a very small way, of the duet of the sad and the merry maiden in the *Freyschutz*; and how cunningly the courting scene in the last act with Formes!

BRIGNOLI sang the music as if he loved it; never before with such good voice and will united. Nearly all his solos had to be repeated, especially the Quintet finale, which all turns on him, as much as Verdi's *Carlo magno* chorus on the baritone, and which there was much ado, and fine fun unexpected, to get repeated after the curtain had fallen, Mmc. Laborde beckoning earnestly to the side scenes, and Formes rushing out to drum the chorus people one by one back from their dressing rooms. Our tenor friend, too, made a poor foot at his wheel in the Spinning Quartet, while that of Formes flew, as all wheels fly before his ready "gumption;" all this enhanced the pleasant humor of the play, while too much laughter perhaps drowned one of the prettiest bits of music in it. FORMES was as individual and perfect in the hearty farmer, as in all his rôles. He was in good voice, too, and sang almost uniformly in tune. We have heard nothing richer and warmer than his higher baritone notes; his *basso profundo* doubtless lacks the sensuous richness of a Lablache. His Plunkett was in singing and in action, a most satisfactory artistic whole. Herr MUELLER, always acceptable, was a worthy representative of Tristram.

The ensembles all went smoothly. Choruses, male and female, orchestra, and even ballet (just competent for these country fair dances), worked well together. The finest vein of comic music in the work is perhaps the entire finale of the first act, the Richmond Fair scene, including the solemn proclamation of the sheriff; the lively answers of the servant girls, one by one, in quaint musical phrase, rising a note in pitch as each one's turn comes, reciting their domestic accomplishments; their several engagements by the farmers; the entrance of Martha and party, and the nice little quartet where they attract the attention of Lionel and Plunkett, &c., &c.,—all as fluent and sparkling as one could wish, although without many striking or original musical ideas. The quartet, *Mezza notte*, where the clock strikes twelve in the second act, too, is a charming piece of music.

The only regret about this very pleasant performance of *Martha*, was that it had not everybody there to hear it.

The Saturday afternoon performance of *Don Giovanni* was a great improvement on the first. We could almost say that, on the whole, that was the best performance we have had of this great work. Mme. GHIONI was this time in tune, and so made more than any of her predecessors of the part of Donna Elvira. The noble recitative and aria, *Mi tradi*, at the end of her first scene, was an invaluable addition; it served, too, to redeem somewhat the dignity of the character, considerably compromised by the way in which she had been lending attention to the "Catalogue song" of Leporello. It is a difficult and splendid piece, and she sang it quite effectively. Mlle. POINSON was in better voice for Donna Anna, and her dramatic, searching tones told well in the first scene. The great air: *Or sai*, was sung grandly; but why does she omit the recitative narration? Nor should *Non mi dir* have been omitted in a performance of such great promise. The Trio in masks was much better than before, yet far from perfect. Sig. LORINI does not gain upon us; he was often flat, always lifeless, as Ottavio. That Trio always needs to be encored to go well; it requires the voices to get attuned and sympathetically warmed together by one trial first.

Charming little Zerlina—PICCOLOMINI's Zerlina—the funny, all alive, coquettish little peasant, so perfect in its way, almost converted us for the time being. But no—that cannot be the true Zerlina—the Zerlina of Mozart's music—the Zerlina with a soul of sweet sincerity in her, with a spark of finer nature lodged in rustic clay! To make this clearer we have reprinted to-day from an old number a portion of Oulibicheff's remarks upon this character. Read them with the music in your mind, and judge.

Sig. FLORENZA gained upon us in his impersonation of the Don, who has been well called a being almost impossible to represent with much ideal truth

upon the stage. The last scene was made very imposing by the three noble basses. The statue really sang in marble tones; and Leporello, there as everywhere throughout the piece, completely justified Herr FORMES's theory of the part. Never on the stage have we heard Formes sing so uniformly well, as on that afternoon. His opening song: *Notte e giorno*, and his "Catalogue Song" were given with a real unction; the tones were rich and comforting.—In the ball scene, this time, we could just catch a few thin sounds from one of the side orchestras on the stage; but as the main orchestra, trusting to them, did not attempt to convey the three dance tempi, they were virtually lost. We have rarely felt in happier sympathy with a whole audience than that afternoon.

On Monday evening, for want of due time for rehearsal of the "Bohemian Girl," or *La Zingara*, (no great loss), a mixed programme was substituted, consisting of the first act of *Norma*, with LABORDE; *La Figlia del Reggimento*, with PICCOLOMINI and FORMES, as before; and the last act of *Sonnambula*, with Laborde. It was little Pic's benefit, who went off, of course, laden with flowers, and with the cheers of an immense audience.

Tuesday evening was the farewell of Mr. Ullman's Company. In spite of the great storm, there was a large and brilliant assembly, eager to witness the repetition of *Martha*, and in no sense disappointed. Thus ended a successful season of twenty-one performances in hardly more than three weeks, during which were sung fourteen different operas, five of which were really new to a Boston audience. But we must take another opportunity for summing up.

Musical Chit-Chat.

The Opera with its fever season having passed, the Concert business recovers its suspended animation. First in order comes a novelty, this evening, at the Boston Theatre: the first production, namely, of Mr. ROBERT STÖPEL's elaborate, and we have reason to believe highly interesting music—"Romantic Symphony" he calls it—to LONGFELLOW's "Hiawatha." From the little that we had the privilege of hearing of the orchestral rehearsal, without voices, we are prepared to expect a musical pleasure. The work includes songs and choruses, as well as descriptive orchestral interludes. The whole connected by readings from the poem by that admirable dramatic artist, Mrs. MATILDA HERON STÖPEL. Besides this there will be the attraction of Mrs. HARWOOD's soprano, Mr. MILLARD's tenor, and Mr. WETHERBEE's bass; a chorus from the HANDEL and HAYDN SOCIETY, and an Orchestra of fifty, conducted by the composer in person.

But the real musical season of Boston can hardly be said to have begun, until we have had the first classical Orchestral Concert; our readers will rejoice to see to-day that Mr. CARL ZERRAHN is at last able to make definite announcement of his first "Grand Philharmonic Concert." It will take place next Saturday evening, (Jan. 15th.) in the Boston Music Hall. His orchestra will embrace fifty good performers, and he pledges himself to give the very best that can be had, and make the concerts excel any of past years. The Symphony, for the opening, will be Beethoven's *Pastorale*, which we did not hear at all last winter. This to be followed by the pleasant Allegretto from the same master's No. 8; the overtures to *Freyschutz*, *Huguenots*, and *Martha*, and vocal contributions by the American prima donna, Miss JULIANA MAY, whose fame has reached us from all quarters, but whom we have never heard. Miss May is a native of Washington city; she pursued a severe course of study in Naples and Florence, afterwards in Paris; has had Bordogni and Romani and Duprez for her teachers (so we read,) as well as the encouraging counsels of Rossini, all of whom, as well as Meyerbeer, Balfe, and others have expressed great faith in her powers.

The MENDELSSOHN QUINTETTE CLUN give their third Chamber Concert next Friday evening, in Mercantile Hall, entrance on Summer Street, and not as before announced, on Hawley Street. They will be assisted by a young pianist of this city, Miss FAY, (her first appearance,) who will play Beethoven's great B flat Trio, and by Mr. DRAPER, an American singer, who has acquired distinction in London. A Quintet by Gade, and a Quartet by Mendelssohn are in the programme.

The article from the *Courier*, signed "Boston," which we copy this week, expresses exactly what we think to be the right view of the "Civis" criticism on the late performance of the "Huguenots," and what we attempted, with less success, in crowded space, to express when we transferred it to our columns last week. The very stir that criticism makes is reason all the more for copying it; such criti-

cism should be common.... Members of the "Harvard Musical Association" will see by a notice in our advertising columns, that for them there is "a good time coming."... Mr. ULMAN has undertaken, in connection with the present lessee, Mr. BARRY, the management of the Boston Theatre for the year commencing with next June. He will keep it open seven months in the year, under the name "Boston Academy of Music," for operas, concerts, and dramatic entertainments, and the effect will doubtless be to give us much more opera than we have had. Let him now get possession in the same way of the Philadelphia Academy, for the only solid basis for opera among us lies in the union of the three noble Theatres of the three cities.... Mr. S. Masury, the Photographer, sends us a speaking portrait of our "Diarist," Berlin correspondent, "Mr. Brown," or what not—that is to say, A. W. THAYER, photographed from the fine crayon drawing by Barry. Hosts of our readers will want to know "Brown" face to face, and Masury will be happy to supply them with a copy, at his rooms, No. 289 Washington street.... *Martha* stock is "up" just now. Messrs. DITSON & Co., have published most of the favorite songs, duets, quartets, &c., which they find in great demand.

The great snow storm has kept back the mails until our correspondence comes upon us all in a heap from all quarters, and too late for use in this week's paper. Two letters from New York will have place in our next.

Music Abroad.

London.

(From the Athenaeum, Dec. 4.)

CONCERTS OF THE WEEK.—M. Jullien's *Mendelssohn Nights* and *Beethoven Nights* have been given as usual,—Miss Arabella Goddard has appeared at the *Lyceum* more than once as pianist,—and this week Madame Evelina Garcia has been heard there as the singer.

The *Amateur Society* began its concerts on Monday last. These, we observe, are to be fewer in number than they have been of late years, and during the earlier part of the season are to benefit by two rehearsals in place of a single one. New members, too, are to be more strictly examined before admission than was formerly the case. The above are both provisions tending to good; but with the best that can be done we do not anticipate that English instrumental amateurs will ever pass beyond a certain point, or arrive at that completeness when criticism, ceasing to be indulgent, begins to compare. The Lady known as *Angelina* is one of the exceptions to this rule,—a pianist who could be heard with pleasure in any concert-room. On Monday she played the steady *Allergro* which it has been Dr. Bennett's caprice to call "a caprice," and two *Notturmi*, or *Lieder*, of her own—the second one, "A Village Fête," particularly graceful. Miss Kemble sang for the first time this season, in some points with improvement on her last season's singing.

Of the first concert given by Mr. Henry Leslie's choir, on Thursday last, we must speak in some detail,—not, however, concerning the general execution, which was good, neither of the picturesque elegance of Mr. Macfarren's setting of "Orpheus and his lute" as a part-song (not devoid of crudity),—nor about the new manuscript duet for two pianofortes, by Mr. C. E. Stephens; having to treat matter at once more troublesome and interesting: an eight-part vocal motet, by Sebastian Bach. Every one knows how when Mozart was at Leipsic, he *devoured* the series of works of which this forms one, with eager delight: declaring "that from them there was something to be learned,"—a golden saying, to which every musician will subscribe. For vigor in their leading phrases (consistent with variety of ideas), for a display of constructive power never at fault, be the texture ever so intricate, be the scale ever so large, Bach's motets may be called incomparable. But one indispensable element of music is imperfectly developed in them. They have more form than feeling. To Bach every material seems to have been alike—he appears to have considered a composition to bear words, subject to the same laws as one for the keyboards of an organ. It may have happened that, because his musical activity radiated from that instrument (of all instruments the least expressive, because the least modified by the personalities of its master), his vocal music is so generally soulless. But it may be predicated that if Mozart found something to learn in these motets,—had he written aught in their form, he would have added that "something more" of vocal charm and propriety which they lack. There was no incapacity to arrive at this in Bach. The stupendous "*Crucifixus*" from his B minor mass, in which are the night-in-day, and the agony of Calvary,—if music ever be

allowed to hear or to reflect meaning—is an example that the defect, was a habit, not a necessity—with him. The motet selected by Mr. H. Leslie, on the impracticable text,

The Spirit helpeth our infirmities.

is led off by a florid passage of exultation *andante con moto* so cheerful, as only to be brought into any relation with the words, by a "*canting*" proceeding (as the heralds have it.) This we do not dream that Bach was hyper-subtle enough to contemplate: we are certain, however, that no power exists of impressing it on a chorus, so as to make the singers expressive. Call it, then, (for something like this is the conclusion inevitably arrived at) a *solfeggio* in eight real parts:—the motet then falls into its place among "studies" from which much may be learned. Those who are not too deeply offended with this tone of remark to pursue the subject further, are invited for themselves to consider the "*Allegro non tanto*," the fugue *alla breve*, and the *Corale* with its final "*Hallelujah*" which succeed to this movement,—with reference to the interest attaching itself to a setting of words;—and to weigh our objection that there is no tough controversial passage in the Epistles, which could not be just as wisely selected, and as pertinently treated. The "something to be learned" implies, further, "what to avoid" in another direction. There is no overlooking the existence in the vocal music of Sebastian Bach of difficulties for the voice, which are not masterly so much as unmusical. To demand every executant to do what some exceptional one may arrive at, is at once a despotism and a weakness. Every horse is not a *Flying Childers*. The music which distances the average physical means of its interpreters (these totally distinct from their intellectual aspiration), is music of an inferior order. The execution, unless accomplished by a party who had been hammering away at nothing smaller (or greater) for years—could not be complete; and *was* not on this occasion. But we understand that Mr. Leslie intends to amend it by rehearsal, and to repeat the Anthem: and all lovers of enlargement in musical appreciation, owe him thanks.

The *Sacred Harmonic Society* inaugurated its season, as promised, with "The Creation." In this oratorio Mr. George Perren had suddenly to take the place of Mr. Sims Reeves, who was disabled by November. A comment on the present plight of the English *soprano* world, lately commented on, is to be found in its provision for the Christmas performance of "The Messiah." For this the committee has engaged Mrs. Sunderland. Signor Belletti, who apparently contemplates a winter concert season in England, is the *basso* engaged. The choral rehearsals have begun with the choruses of Handel's "Belshazzar."

The *Vocal Association* is determined to be up and doing this season: and announces among other works which will be performed, an Ave Maria, for *soprano solo* and chorus, one of the three (?) pieces finished by Mendelssohn for "Lorely," the well-known *finale* being another (we believe there is, also, a March)—some new compositions by Herr Otto Goldschmidt: and Dr. Bennett's *Pastoral* "The May Queen,"—a work, it may be added, coming into large request.

To-day, in commemoration of Mozart's death, the concert at Sydenham is to consist of Mozart's music,—with Herr Pauer as the pianist, and Mrs. and Mr. Weiss, and Mr. Perren as the singers.

Paris.

When, a few weeks ago, in running through the list of opera promises and possibilities for the winter, we alighted at Paris—it should perhaps have been said that M. Gounod's new "Faust" is ready to appear at the *Théâtre Lyrique*, so soon as the attraction of Mozart's "Le Nozze" wanes out. Of this, however, there are no present signs. So far from it, the seventy-fourth representation of "Le Nozze" there was tempting enough to evoke a pleasure railway-train from Angers—a town (by express, nine hours distant from Paris), on behalf of whose occupants a large portion of the seats in the theatre were engaged. The "Society of Dramatic Authors," we see, has been discussing the justice or injustice of having paid "authors' rights" from those performances to the son of Mozart, now beyond their reach, but whose last days were brightened by the liberality of the French. He has left all his portraits, family relics, and the sum of 7,000 florins to the *Mozartum* at Salzburg; by which institution the "Requiem" was performed in the Cathedral there on the occasion of his death.

The dragging system of protecting a people against its own weakness bears oddly in France on dramatic representations. We observe of late more than one instance of managers, conductors and artists being called before the police tribunals, and fined for

destroying the integrity of the work confided to them by omitting a portion of it. Fancy Signor Costa being called up in Bow Street for the *cuts* in "Gli Ugonotti"! Fancy Mr. Sims Reeves arraigned by the representatives of Handel, or Dr. Crysander, his biographer, because of his perverse determination to deny the Handelian closes their indispensable shake! But of the curious reports and rumors in the French journals there seems to be no end. This week's *Gazette Musicale* contains a mysterious half-promise of a concert to be given for a charitable purpose in the *Palais d'Industrie*; at which Madame Lind-Goldschmidt is to sing in an unpublished quartet of Weber's, together with Madame Vigier (formerly Mlle. Cruvelli), Madame Frezzolini, and Mlle. Artot.

The Italian Opera in Paris can hardly be flourishing; since as additional *soprano* it has been found necessary to engage Madame Frezzolini, a lady whose voice was next to extinct before she went to America. Signor Badiali, too, is engaged to sing in "Don Giovanni." Signor Verdi's "Macbeth" is given up for the present.

DEC. 11. The performances of M. Rémusat's French company are announced as about to commence, on the 29th, at the St. James's Theatre. The singers announced are, Madame Faure, Mlle. Céline Mathieu, MM. Fougère and Emon.

We repair an omission by stating that the solitary scholar, for whose education the Mendelssohn Fund collected in England was sufficient to provide, has been transferred from our Royal Academy of Music to the Conservatory at Leipsic: a wise measure, as the respective Academies stand. Some movement is now going on, with the purpose of raising a monument to the last of the German composers, in London as well as in Berlin.

Since "Belshazzar" has not been performed for many years past in London, and since on its last performance many of the great effects of the oratorio could only be guessed at,—so poor was the execution,—we avail ourselves of its having been put into choral rehearsal by the *Sacred Harmonic Society*, to offer a note or two on some of its choruses. These struck us doubly as coming in immediate contrast with the dry and clever science of Sebastian Bach, to which we had been listening a few hours before. Most frequenters of *Ancient Concerts* know the pompous-chorus, "Sing, O ye heavens; some may recollect, too, the descriptive opening, "Behold, by Persia's hero made,"—in which Handel has seized the situation, marched, like a giant, over the grotesque of the words, and contrived an introduction, grand, dramatic, yet always in clear musical form. But the more didactic chorus, "By slow degrees the wrath of God," is less known, massive, fine—and, grave though it be, never dull.—The brilliant enterprise of the opening of the chorus, "See from his post Euphrates flies," on a florid phrase of great difficulty, is noticeable; but the second movement in six parts falls off.—Even Handel's self could make nothing of such words as,—

Of things on earth, proud man must own
Falsehood is found in man alone,—

of closing the description of so momentous a catastrophe! The hearer must recognize the Pagan joviality of the revel chorus, "Ye tutel gods,"—in its effective use of unisons recalling "Great Dagon" in "Samson."—The scene of the "Writing on the wall" only merits attention as an exception which proves a rule. It has been justly said, that Handel was always equal to the situation: rising the highest when he had to describe such portents as the drying up of the Red Sea, or the fall of Jericho's ramparts. In this case, the terror is weak to excess; nor can the weakness be altogether imputed to the absurdity of the words, since "the Giant" himself professed to admire them mightily.—On such tone and contrast as the songs of "Belshazzar" display, we may dwell when the Oratorio is performed entire.—A rehearsal is no subject for criticism; but we may express hearty pleasure in the noble sound produced by the voices assembled—some fifteen hundred,—and the readiness with which so large a mass of singers fell into shape.—Nothing of the kind, we dare aver, is to be heard out of England at the time present.

Madame Barbot, the wife of the clever tenor singer, has adventured at the *Grand Opéra* in "Les Huguenots" with some success. Every lady, it may be added, apparently succeeds, but few stay there;—and those who do are of small use.

GERMANY. Among other scraps of German news we find that "La Reine Topaze" and "Fanchonnette" have been produced at Vienna,—that "Diane de Solange," the new opera by H. R. H. the Duke of Saxe-Coburg, is in rehearsal,—and that a new Mass, by that indefatigable composer Herr Ferdinand Hiller, has just been produced at Cologne.

Special Notices.

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Dwight's Journal of Music.

WHOLE No. 354.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, JANUARY 15, 1859.

VOL. XIV. No. 16.

Musical Criticism.—"The Huguenots."—Nationalities in Music. &c.

NEW YORK, JAN. 3, 1859.

Editor of *Dwight's Journal of Music*:

Sir,—It is so delightful to meet with so excellent a piece of criticism as that signed "Civis," published in last week's *Journal*, that I cannot refrain from indulging in the expression of the pleasure it has given sundry of your most constant readers in New York. Perhaps most persons judge of the excellence of criticism by its coincidence with their own views, and certainly the article in question most faithfully represents many of the sentiments of your present correspondent while listening to the "Huguenots," as recently given in this city. Some, perchance, might feel inclined to award a larger share of praise to Laborde, and even rather less to Poinsof and Formes. Others, too, might differ with "Civis" regarding the libretto. George Sand's observation that "she did not care to go to the theatre to see Catholics and Protestants cut each other's throats, while a Jew made the music," contains not only wit but a fine sense of the true aim of public amusements. "The Huguenots" is as much a piece of *diablerie* as "Robert," and really seems intended as a burlesque upon Christianity in general. As brought out in New York, instead of producing the idea of the horror of warring Christians, it merely excited the risible faculties of many among the audience. This effect may be attributed to the manner of its production, but I am inclined to think there is a radical defect, not only in the subject, but also in the dramatic treatment of it. There are those, too, and they not among least learned and competent judges, who are of opinion that Meyerbeer's musical effects are rather addressed to the senses than to the heart and mind.

The sublime and the ridiculous lie so near together that even a man of most sensitive and discriminating intellect would find difficulty in presenting such a terribly cold-blooded tragedy as the Massacre of St. Bartholomew upon the operatic stage, without showing how inadequate the scenic means are to the representation of the ideas probably intended to be suggested. One versed in the heart of woman cannot help feeling shocked at the eagerness with which the widow of the gallant, high-minded Nevers rushes into second bonds; and we are also not informed of the source whence Marcel derives his right to the performance of marriage ceremonies; as far as the story tells us, he was not even a justice of the peace.

However, I will not weary you with individual views upon a subject open to much discussion, but will gladly embrace this opportunity of congratulating you upon your success in having established a *really independent* and most excellent journal of Art. Nothing but entire sincerity of purpose, and true love for music, could have sustained you through the many impediments you must have encountered in the beginning; and I

trust the circulation of your valuable paper is sufficiently wide to reward you for the labor you have expended upon it, as also for the wear and tear of brain and nerves that must attend the public contact of every delicately organized mind with a half-taught and unartistic world. Our people are not naturally very musical, but they have ear sufficient, and heart and mind enough to learn: the two latter qualities, however, predominating, their appreciation of what is great and good in the most ethereal of the arts must first be educated through the *literature* of that art; and, by its diffusion, you are nobly aiding in the good cause. Sensitiveness to lofty and hidden meanings, love of truth and hatred of humbug and affectation, are what you have ever striven to inculcate, and all true lovers of music and of our own broad land must bid you "God speed."

We, in America, with the blood of so many races coursing through our veins, stand upon high ground, whence we can impartially survey many nationalities, and select for our own edification and entertainment whatever we may judge to be intrinsically best. Nevertheless, there is danger lest fashion or exclusive cliques in our principal cities should succeed in introducing certain styles of music to the exclusion of other kinds equally good. What can be more absurd than parties for or against Italian or German music? Genius is universal, and although, of course, colored by nationality and individual character, must, when genuinely creative, appeal to civilized man in every clime. While we enjoy the delicious, long-phrased, flowing melodies of the Italian, and the more ponderous and intellectual harmonies of the German, let us not forget that there have been Italians equally intellectual and harmonic, and that, while a mere dilettante like myself would not dare to touch with praise or blame the great names of Bach, Handel, Gluck, Haydn, Mozart, and Beethoven, the more modern Germans are too often profoundly obscure or insipidly flat. We must also remember that all music is not either German or Italian, but that there are other nationalities, whose primitive melodies, springing from the very heart of the people, are among the most beautiful ever created. Why have our pretty singing birds almost abandoned the beautiful airs of the Celtic race, the ballads of Scotland and Ireland, to devote themselves to apparently more difficult flights of song? Can it be that the love of ostentation and brilliant display, which has taken possession of our dwellings, has also invaded the still youthful realm of American Art? Or is it because it requires less real cultivation and command of the vocal organs to sing showily a few roudades, than to produce the long sustained notes, the light and shade of execution, and the clear articulation of words required by the ballad?

There is also the great Slavonic element in music, which has too long been overlooked, an element combining flowing melody with the most learned and profound harmonies, and adding thereto the simplicity, vigor, passion, and dra-

matic force of a race but recently aroused to a consciousness of the great part it may be called upon to play in the world's future. On the other side of the ocean, the political preponderance of the German in Slavonic countries has caused their beautiful and characteristic people's songs, as well as the great elaborated works of the race, to be ignored; but such surely need not be the case on this side the Atlantic, and it is the mission of independent journals, such as yours, to spread among the people the knowledge of all that is really good, let it come from where it may. Chopin and Tomaschek surely deserve to be as widely known, as highly esteemed, and as dearly loved as any other among the great musical names that have caught the world's ear; the first, as the "subtlest-souled psychologist," and the deepest and tenderest tone-picturer of modern days; and the last, as a giant, second only to Beethoven in all that rendered Beethoven truly great, and surpassing him in profound science, ever correct taste, and a matchless comprehension and mastery of form.*

With many apologies for this lengthy intrusion, and sincere wishes for a prosperous and happy New Year, I remain, Truly yours, L. D. P.

*This is indeed news to us! Pray, Mr. Zerrahn, Quintette Club, or somebody, give us a chance to hear a thing or two by Tomaschek. As to Chopin, of course, amen!—Ed.

John Field.

(From the Echo.)

(Concluded from page 323.)

"If we allow ourselves to be thoroughly imbued with the touching softness which is manifest in his compositions, just as it swayed his playing, we cannot avoid feeling perfectly convinced how useless it would be to attempt to copy him, or to abandon ourselves to the hope that we might successfully imitate his tender originality, which is characterized quite as much by the utmost simplicity of feeling as by the greatest diversity of form and ornament. If there is anything, the mystery of which we shall in vain strive to pierce, supposing nature has not given it as a distinguishing mark of our own disposition, it is the grace of simplicity and the charm of ingenuousness. We may possess these qualities naturally, but we can never acquire them. Field was naturally endowed with them, and, consequently, his compositions will always possess a charm, over which time has no power; his forms will never grow old, for they correspond exactly with his feelings, which do not belong to the domain of what is transient and rapidly fleeting, and which arises from the influence to which we are most immediately exposed, but to those pure emotions of the mind which possess an eternal charm for the human heart, because the latter always finds them unchanged with regard to the beauties of nature, and those tender sentiments which steal over it, in the spring of life, when the brilliant prism of the world of feeling is not yet clouded by the shadows of reflection. We must not, therefore, think of forming ourselves on so wonderful a model, for, without especial natural aptitude, we cannot achieve such effects, which can be attained only when they are not sought. It would be in vain for us to attempt subjecting the charm of their capriciousness to analysis. That capriciousness springs entirely from a mind like Field's.

"For Field the invention of what was new was a relief from what existed, and variety and

diversity of form were a necessity, as is usually the case with all who are overflowing with any particular feeling. But, despite this elegance and capricious changeableness, his talent was free from all affectation; on the contrary, his fancy was distinguished for primitive simplicity, which takes a pleasure in finding an endless number of modes of representing the simple and happy harmony of a sentiment with which the heart is filled.

"What we now say, is intended to apply to the composer as well as the *virtuoso*. When he was writing, just as when he was playing, Field's sole aim was to obtain a clear insight into his own feelings, and it is impossible to fancy a more child-like indifference than his toward the public.

"When he went to Paris, he contented himself, in his concerts, with a table-formed instrument, the effect of which was necessarily far inferior to that which could have been produced by another more suited to the places in which attentive audiences assembled, and whom he charmed without intending or knowing it. The almost complete immovability of his hands, and his inexpressive look awoke no curiosity. His eye was not fixed on that of any one else, and his playing proceeded with clearness and fluency. His hands glided over the keys, while the notes grew up beneath them like a long track of pearly foam. It required no effort to discover that he had not so much at heart the satisfaction of any of his auditors as his own. His calmness bordered on apathy, and nothing could trouble him less than the impression he might produce on his audience. Neither in his bearing or the rhythm of his playing was there anything hard or jarring, to break the thread of his melodious dreaming, that spread around him a certain something full of precious fascination, which, by means of his melodies, and in a low voice, caressingly lisped a confession of the sweetest impressions and most charming surprises of the heart.

"Far from ever leaving him, this cool sedateness appeared, on the contrary, to obtain a greater and greater mastery over him the older he grew. Every noise, every movement became completely repulsive to him; he was fond of silence, and when he spoke he did so softly and slowly. Everything boisterous and noisy was opposed to his nature, and avoided by him. His playing, which was so tasteful and admirable, assumed the character of a *morbidezza*, the languor of which appeared to grow more striking every day.

"In order to avoid the least unnecessary motion, he invented for the practice, to which he daily devoted several hours to the end of his life, a plan that, unfortunately, seems to have fallen too much into oblivion at the present day. This plan consists in the player's placing a broad gold coin on the surface of the hand, and, in order to prevent it from falling, avoiding all violent movement when playing. This trait affords an excellent estimate of the calmness of his playing and his character. During the later years of his life, a feeling of complete indifference obtained possession of him, and ruled all his corporeal habits to such an extent, that even standing up or walking became a trouble to him. The light weight of a walking-stick was too much for the strength of his hand, unused to all kinds of exertion, and, if he let it fall while he was out, he remained, far want of the amount of energy necessary to pick it up himself, standing near it, and waited quietly until some one happened to pass that way and picked it up for him.

"Nearly the same was true of his reputation, about which he did not trouble himself in the least. He cared little about being known far and wide, and praised and celebrated by those who gave the tone to public opinion. For him, Art possessed no gratification save that which he found in giving himself up to it. He never troubled his head as to what place would be assigned him, what kind of name would follow him, what success his works would achieve, or how long they would last. He sang for himself; his own pleasure was the only gratification he required from his art. If he wrote anything, he did so in a kind of abstraction. Many of his works, unfortunately not very numerous, especially his

Concertos, contain passages full of originality, astonishing novelty of invention, and indisputable harmonic beauty; when, however, we study them, and imbue ourselves more thoroughly with their contents, we are tempted to believe that, when writing, just as when playing, he consulted merely his own fancy, creating without effort, inventing without exertion, elaborating with ease, and publishing without any ulterior views. How is everything changed now-a-days! But it is precisely to this absence of consideration of the effect that we are indebted for the first (so perfect) attempts to free pianoforte composition from the constraint imposed on it by the normal form, over which all pieces had to be regularly and faithfully stretched, and to endow it with the expression of feeling and a world of dreamy forms. Before his time, a composition was necessarily a Sonata, a Rondo, or something of that kind. Field was the first to introduce a class of composition which took its origin from none of the existing forms, and in which feeling and song held sole sway, free from the fetters and shackles of a form forcibly imposed on it. He paved the way for all subsequent productions, which appeared under the name of "Songs without words," "Impromptus," "Ballads, &c., and we may trace back to him the origin of those pieces intended to find utterance in notes for particular emotions and intense feeling. It was he who discovered this new field of action, so favorable to the development of natural qualities, distinguished more for tenderness than for lyrical dash.

"The name 'Nocturne' is well adapted to those pieces which Field took it into his head to designate so, for it immediately carries our thoughts from the present, to those hours when the soul, having escaped all the cares of day, and sunk back in itself, soars upwards to the regions of the starry firmament, where we see it, merry and beplanned, like the Philomel of the ancients, floating about over the flowers and perfumes of nature, whose lover it is.

"The charm, which constantly attracts back again to these pure and simple effusions such persons as still retain some of their youthful impulses, is all the more irresistible now-a-days, the more we experience the necessity of recovering from the forced and far-fetched outbreaks of more violent and confused passions, peculiar to a considerable portion of the modern school. We have been fated to see, even under the name of 'Nocturne,' efforts as strange as they were astonishing offered us, instead of the modest and harmless tenderness which Field introduced in his compositions. One man of genius alone succeeded in breathing into this kind of composition the greatest flexibility and fervor of which it was capable, without losing its sweetness and the vagueness of its pretensions.

"Striking all the chords of elegiac feeling, and dyeing his dreams in the dark tints of mourning for which Young found such painfully moving expression, Chopin gave us in his 'Nocturnes' harmony which becomes the source of our most inexpressible delights, but at the same time, of our most unquiet and passionate emotions. His flight is higher, although his passions are more deeply wounded, and his sweetness possesses a penetratingly painful effect, so little can it conceal his despondency. No one will ever be able to surpass, or—what in Art is the same thing—to equal the perfection of invention and form, which distinguish all the pieces he published under the name of 'Nocturnes.'

"They are more nearly allied to pain than those of Field, and therefore more significant. Their darkly gleaming poetry overpowers us more, but calms us less, and consequently causes us to feel happy at being again able to turn to those pearl-shells, which open, far from the storms of the monster ocean, on the banks of some stream murmuring under the shade of palm-trees, in an oasis whose joys make us forget the desert by which it is surrounded.

"The charm which I always found in these pieces, distinguished by so much melody, and such delicate harmony, extends back to the years of my youth. Long before I thought I should ever meet the author of them, I cradled myself

for hours in dreams full of many forms, which arose before my intoxicated soul, after I had been plunged by the music in a sweet stupor, similar to that caused by the agreeable vapor of rose tobacco, replacing, in a narghily full of jasmine perfume, the sharp and fragrant tombski; hallucinations without fever or convulsions, and rather full of impalpable pictures, gradually fading away, and the touching beauty of which changed, in a moment of ecstatic madness, emotion into passion. In these pieces are united, in the most charming manner, all the qualities which ever excited men to write or read idylls or eclogues. How often did I allow my eye and my thoughts to float over the name of that Madame Rosenkamp, to whom the longest and most beautiful (the fourth nocturne) of these pieces is dedicated; how many confused and pleasing ideas were suggested to me by this same name of Rosenkamp, which had been the motive of such a profoundly feeling, tenderly melancholy, and yet happy creation! Beauty of style is here united with grace of sentiment, and there is such softness in the ornamentation, so choice a selection in the modulations of the thought, that it appears as if nothing was noble, choice and blameless enough for the composer, when he wrote lines so pure.

"The first and fifth of these Nocturnes breathe a sentiment of beaming joy. We might almost say they are the development of happiness gained without effort, and enjoyed with raptures. In the second, the tints are darker, like that of light losing itself in a shady alley. We are tempted to assert that, in this song, there predominates the painful feeling of absence, which induced some one to say:

"Absence is a world without a sun."

"The third and sixth are treated more in a pastoral style: the mild breath of balmy breezes pervades their melodies. In them shines the reflection of those changing colors, with which the fleeting vapors of morning dye the dew, so that it is, in turn, roseate, blue, and then lilac. In the last, however, the forms are plainer and the outlines more definite; thus, we perceive, when the oppressive heat of day has dispersed the early fog, wave-shaped vapory forms which roll like a billow with a number of smaller billows, glittering like diamonds, in serpent-like folds, over a landscape beaming with light and freshness. This brilliant clearness is by no means opposed to the title of these pieces, nor was it out of mere whim that Field called one of his nocturnes, 'Midday.' Is this not the dream of a man only half awake in one of those summer nights without darkness in St. Petersburg, which he so often saw? Nights covered with a pale veil, which conceals nothing from the eye, and merely envelopes objects in a mist, not thicker than shining dun-colored silvery crape. A secret affinity dispels the difference between the night shades and the beaming clearness of day, and we no longer are astonished; for the vagueness of the picture causes us to feel that it takes the form it does only in the poet's dreamy fancy, and not in consequence of a model really existing.

"We shall not err in saying that Field's whole life, which was as free from the feverish anxiety to which the wish of seeing and being seen urges most men, as it was unscathed by the parching fire of violent passions, flowed on in a dreamy ease, lighted up, here and there, by half-tints, and an uncertain *chiaro-oscuro*, and passed away almost like a long Nocturne, without the stormy lightning, or the tempestuous blast disturbing the calm of his peaceable disposition.

"As Clementi's favorite pupil, he learned from that great master the secrets of the most beautiful style of playing of which that epoch could boast, and he changed it into a kind of poetry, in which he will always be an imitable model of natural grace, melancholy *naïveté*, and, at the same time, simplicity. He is one of those peculiar types of the past school, which are met with only in certain periods of Art, when the latter has already become acquainted with its resources, but has not exhausted them to such an extent as to be tempted to extend its dominion and develop itself more freely, in doing which it has more

than once wounded its wings, while endeavoring to liberate itself from its fetters.

"FRANZ LISZT."

(From Novello's Musical Times.)

Truth about Music and Musicians.

Translated from the German by Sabilla Novello.

No. 7.—"TOO COMPLICATED."

"He who strives to give too much, generally gives too little."

After the performance of a new musical production, no sentences are more commonly heard than, "We cannot pronounce upon its merits after a single hearing."—"We must hear it several times in order to understand it."—"It is a profound work," and so forth. Read every criticism on an important work by Schumann, or others of his class, and I wager you will meet with the above or similar verdicts. *Profound* is a favorite word with shallow critics, for it sounds well. But should we ask them what they would signify by musical profundity, they must remain in our debt for an answer. They consider as *deep* all that they cannot comprehend; but the deepest waters can be clear and translucent as the shallowest rill, while every puddle is opaque, and therefore, *presumptively*, deep! Clearness enables us to perceive depth; but obscurity prevents us from discovering any worthy object hidden beneath its dullness. The general effect of a musical piece must be produced immediately, upon its first performance; although, of course, it is necessary to hear a work several times in order to appreciate and analyze this effect,—to enable scientific judges to recognize, clearly and distinctly, the means by which this effect has been produced, and to become intimately acquainted with finished details and elaborate passages. Even in the present day, works are produced which at once cause a sensation,—which at their first performance find favor with the public and with critics,—and which no one would think of declaring to be all shallow merely on this account. Are not such works, the impression of which is undoubtedly satisfactory after a single performance, preferable to those which we cannot judge to be worthy?—which require that we should point out the possibility that at a future period we may succeed in discovering some hidden merit? Would a composer feel content, when publishing a work, and anxious for its success, if the public instead of awarding ready welcome and enthusiastic applause to his efforts, should refer him to the prospect of a future success,—a bill at six months' notice, which might, perhaps, not even be honored? Impossible! Every artist desires immediate success; every artist hopes that his work should elicit the highest possible approbation at its first performance.

Yet, you will say, if this be the case, why are works continually written which call forth the sentences quoted at the commencement of my letter? I have already explained some of the causes, and shall mention others at a later opportunity. In this letter I shall treat of only one, the most important and most general cause, which exerts its injurious influence over even richly-gifted composers, who possess complete mastery over all the technical resources of Art. This manner of writing is *too complicated*; they fall into the error of exaggerated and preëminent polyphony,—of too complicated part-writing; that is, they let too many voices (or parts), which are individually equally significant, speak *simultaneously*. In order to realize vividly the perverseness of such a proceeding, imagine the forty men in an orchestra to be orators, not musicians; *speaking*, not playing,—and that each endeavored to utter an individual and different idea, or to relate an individual and different story;—and that all talked together, now loudly, now whisperingly, and now screamingly;—you would understand *none* of the speakers, and merely hear a confused mass of words. Do not call this exaggeration. You must yourself assuredly remember, even in the works of the best composers, certain passages throughout which the instruments of an orchestra assail the public ear and claim its attention simultaneously by closely-jostled and vociferous phrases, so that you can discern nothing but a meaningless "sound and fury, signifying nothing." But I will simplify the

illustration: let only four persons address you simultaneously, each telling you something different, and then repeat to me what you have comprehended from this conversation.

I know the argument you may advance in opposition to what I have said;—I know that a good composer can, in a quartet, let four parts simultaneously flow, and give to each an important meaning, without disturbing the attention of a practised listener or good musician,—without becoming partly or entirely unintelligible. But, in this case, the different parts may utter different melodies, but they express one identical feeling; at all events, each part does not express a totally opposite feeling. Such passages do exist,—passages even of highest beauty,—in many masterpieces; but they can only be recognized by the scientific or artistic listener; to the general public they remain for ever unfathomable mysteries. But passages of this nature, even in the most masterly productions, are some of them incomprehensible, even to the profoundest musician, and are merely a *Babel* of music; therefore they produce no effect, or, which is worse, produce an unpleasant effect, as must be owned by every connoisseur who will honestly confess the real impression made on his soul. Even the greatest masterpieces have their defects, because their creators were but men, and not perfect beings: not the less, however, for this reason are they to be prized for their invaluable merit. Examine the scores of the best masters, from Haydn to Beethoven (excepting the last work of the latter); seek out the artificially constructed polyphone passages, and compare them with those we call homophone, in which only one part stands prominent, while the rest accompany it simply, and you will convince yourself that those polyphone passages form a very small minority, while the large majority consists of simple, and consequently, comprehensible, agreeable, expressive and melodious phrases. Pray remark this well, for herein lies the secret of those masters,—the secret which appears to be entirely lost amongst our modern composers,—the secret of affording delight. Homophone, distinct, simple passages are the light; those artificial polyphone passages are the shade. Art is simple; while artificiality is intricate, confused, and complicated. All art, however, is difficult, and artificiality is easy; in the same manner that creation is more difficult than concoction. Man can concoct much, but only Heaven, or heaven-inspired genius, can create. The invention of a beautiful melody is no trifling task,—on the contrary, it presents great difficulties; but any composer, thoroughly acquainted with the technicalities of his science, can at any time, even when not under the influence of inspiration,—even though ungifted with creative fancy, put together artificial, polyphone passages as he might work out an arithmetical enigma. But calculation is not invention, and concoction is not creation.

The want of effect, or disagreeable effect, discernible in many works of our modern composers, may be unhesitatingly pronounced to be attributable to the fact that, in their works, the relative number of polyphone (complicated) and homophone (simple, natural) passages are in exactly contrary proportion to those examples afforded by our great masterpieces; they contain very few or no simple, melodious combinations, but consist principally or entirely of passages of complicated structure, which, by the blind adorers of these present musical idols, are loudly proclaimed to be deep and admirable in their mystery. We are told that we must hear this kind of music often, in order to discover its beauty. But these idolaters betray their own perversity by some words, and unwittingly pronounce the truth. Every one seeks for melody in music; when it is not recognized upon first hearing a work, something appears to be missing, and we say, "It will be well to seek once more, and hear the piece again, as the missing article may be concealed amongst the intricacies of its structure." The above named idolaters also miss something, but they cannot tell what; yet still they strive, by their plausible phrases of "profoundity," &c., &c., to throw sand into the eyes of the public, in order that it may not discern the deficiencies of their idols.

Too complicated! this is the fault of such musical productions;—a fault engendered by feebleness or want of creative genius, and by mistaken notions of beauty; for misguided composers actually do exist, who hold that only that which is artificial and scientific can be original, genial, and true,—who look down with contempt on simple, intelligible, and graceful music,—and who are under the delusion that they can force the public to admire their compositions,—that they can induce it to believe that a big, thickly-curled and powdered wig is more beautiful than natural hair. Prizes have been offered for the best symphony that may be composed. I would rather offer prizes for the most expressive, most simple, and therefore the best melody of only sixteen bars, which may be created.

A New Valentine. Meyerbeer and Rossini.

Correspondence of the Boston Courier.

PARIS, Dec. 16, 1858.—The winter still drags on its commencement in the laziest possible way, and seems to announce itself under the most lugubrious aspect. Not a ball has yet been heard of; not a leading *salon* has yet been opened; half the people of any fashion are at their country houses still, and at the opera and at the "*Italians*" one sees strange faces around. Apropos to the former, there is just the shadow of a bit of news to give: A new *prima donna* has come out as *Valentine* in Meyerbeer's "*Huguenots*," and is for the present worthy not only of notice, but of praise. Madame Barbot is her name, and it was an unknown one until now. She has a very fine soprano voice, she is young and handsome, and decidedly an actress. She has even a certain something that really all but approaches to what unreflecting persons term "*genius*;" that not one in a million ever genuinely possesses, but there is a certain spark from the great flame, a certain reflection from the real light, that whenever it shines, or burns, pleases and satisfies the beholder. Now this spark, this reflected radiance, Madame Barbot undoubtedly has. As a mere vocalist, if she were only that, she would not be sufficient; but being what she is—young, handsome, with a fine voice, and very remarkable dramatic instincts, she is altogether the best *Valentine* that has been seen here for the last dozen years. In the duet of the third act, with *Marcel*, Madame Barbot sings well, and with truth of intonation, (which is a great comfort, after the horrible flat-singing every one accuses you to at the Grand Opera); but she falls into one odious fault at the close of the beautiful phrase by which the female voice opens the *andante*. This phrase should be sung in time; whereas, since that day when Madame Grisi first sang the part of *Valentine* (taught her no doubt by some Italian professor, who arranged it *à sa manière*), it has become the fashion to make an indefinite rest upon the last high note, and thus absolutely distort the entire rhythmic sense of the passage.

In the fourth act, however, (and this is the important part,) I can almost unreservedly praise Madame Barbot. She was really very remarkable throughout. Her reading of that most difficult passage, "*Reste! reste! je l'aime!*" was, I think, the most perfect I have ever heard, being at once the most passionate and the most regretful. It was womanly in the extreme—sorrowful and desperate, tender and chaste. Too much credit cannot be given to this young singer and actress for her performance of this most trying scene.

As to swelling the chorus of those who chant Meyerbeer's eulogies for the magnificence of certain parts of the "*Huguenots*," I am not prepared to do it; but I cannot refrain from describing one curious little proof of the beauty of the fourth act that passed under my own eyes. The box I was in was immediately above the entrance to the pit, where stand the police agents and a gendarme. Towards the end of the duet, between *Roual* and *Valentine*, just in the most dramatic portion of it, and where really the music, when even tolerably executed only, does carry you "out of yourself," I chanced to catch a sight of the foremost *Sergent de la ville*. The man was literally wrapt in ecstasy! His hands were clasped, his eyes strained to devour the action before him in its every detail, and his whole expression one of an intensity of admiration, I do not remember ever to have witnessed. To touch the heart of a policeman! This is a triumph I do not presume any dramatic author, lyrical or otherwise, ever before achieved; and I would advise Meyerbeer, if he ever hears it told, to put it down as the one largest leaf of his crown of bay.

By the bye, there is, talking of great composers, a very interesting anecdote, for the truth of which I can vouch. Some months ago, Rossini received a visit from Meyerbeer, and the latter perceived in his illus-

trious friend's room, a portrait of Mozart. He looked at it, and then said: "It is not at all like—it is not the right one—we have one at the *Mozarteums* in Salzburg, that is the real one, but this is quite inferior." Rossini looked grieved, and said he really was so. "I had rejoiced in that portrait," he observed, "and used often to look for a long while at the features, and cheat myself into the notion I had seen him."

When Meyerbeer took his leave, he did so with a promise to send Rossini a copy of the picture in the *Mozarteums*. A few weeks ago he brought the Photograph to Paris, and sent it to his colleague in Apollo. Rossini's letter, written to Meyerbeer to thank him for the present, is a *chef d'œuvre* (though very short) of fine language and fine feeling; and there is something touching in this homage rendered to the glorious author of *Don Juan* by the authors of the *Huguenots* and of *Guillaume Tell*. When men reach the topmost heights of renown, one of the first great and young qualities that they generally lose is the capacity of admiration; they narrow down mostly into an excessive pre-occupation of what they themselves achieve, and what *they do* rises up and stands between them and their appreciation of the beautiful in itself. There is a passage in Cousin's volume on "Le Vrai, le Beau, et le Bien," that has always struck me as one of the truest and most elevated sentences to be found in any modern writer—it is a recommendation to admire unsparingly: "To discover and to prove that beauty fails in such or such a thing, is an ungrateful task," says the great philosopher; "to understand when beauty is anywhere present; to feel and make others feel its presence, is an exquisite enjoyment, a generous undertaking. Admiration is for him who can feel it an honor and a happiness. It is a happiness to feel the beautiful, it is an honor to reveal it to others. Admiration is the sign of a noble intellect well served by a noble heart. It is the vital principle of superior criticism, of the criticism that does good; it is as it were the god-like part of what men call taste."

I know of nothing finer in the works of any æsthetician, ancient or modern; and no better example of this instruction put in practice can be found, it appears to me, than in the anecdote I have just related. This capacity of admiration preserved at an age when the smaller instincts are usually most vivacious, and by two men who are anything save sentimental, seems to me a fact to be chronicled.

I must, however, add the following conclusion to the story: it was told as I tell it you here, by a person who had read Rossini's letter to Meyerbeer; and after those present had expressed their satisfaction at it—"Yes," remarked M. ***** a man famous here for his causticity, but I wish Mozart were *alive*—the admiration would be so much the more meritorious!" I do not and will not share the doubt here hinted at, but I have no right to withhold the story of its having been expressed, for M. ———'s *mot* is repeated all over Paris.

For Dwight's Journal of Music.

Mr. Stœpel's "Hiawatha" Music.

The Boston Theatre was not over full on Saturday evening, at the first public performance of Mr. ROBERT STØPEL's "Hiawatha." The composer calls this work a "Romantic Symphony." It is, properly speaking, a Cantata, with added recitations. The performance was too long, lasting nearly three hours, and, if the recitations of Mrs. STØPEL were omitted altogether, the work would gain in compactness and unity. The attention of the listener is distracted by the frequent jumps from speaking to singing and back again; and, though Mrs. Stœpel read her part with less of her usual peculiarities of manner, the musical portion, if given by itself, would be less tedious and more interesting.

Mr. Stœpel had the advantage of an excellent orchestra. The delicacy and good taste, with which all the instrumental portion was given, were a delightful experience to ears irritated by the noisy, coarse playing of Mr. Anschutz's band. The orchestra on Saturday was well constituted, having four contra-bassi, and a large body of strings. It is gratifying to find a band, composed entirely of Boston musicians, play with so much unity, precision, and true artistic feeling. The chorus, like all our home-made choruses, sang in that business-like, steady, respectable manner, which, though it insures correctness, is inconsistent with any enthusiasm or hearty sympathy in the singers, and thence, of necessity, in the audience. Mr.

Stœpel's choral music, being mostly mystical and fanciful in design, suffered especially from this saw mechanical style of singing.

Of the three solo singers, Mrs. HARWOOD and Mr. MILLARD both did justice to their parts. Not so Mr. WETHERBEE, for lack of voice. Mrs. Harwood sang with a good taste and refinement that she has not lately accustomed us to. She has great natural advantages of voice and person, and might be an excellent singer, if she would always do as well as on Saturday. Mr. Millard has a pleasant light tenor voice, and sings in a good Italian method. He is apt to sacrifice the words to the notes, but our mother-tongue is so desperately hard to distinctly enunciate in singing, that we cannot be very severe with him for this peculiarity. As a whole, the performance was a very fair one; and, allowing for the difficulty of rightly judging a work of any importance at one hearing, a tolerable idea could be gained on Saturday of Mr. Stœpel's claims as a composer—so far as this production is concerned.

It seems almost damning him with faint praise to say that "Hiawatha" is a composition creditable to Mr. Stœpel; and yet we cannot, in honesty, judging only from Saturday's experience, say more. There is no bad music in the piece, but neither is there much that is especially good, or indeed in any way remarkable. It is well orchestrated, the vocal parts are written with knowledge of the requirements and capacities of the voice, and the whole composition is free from crudities or any glaring faults. It is the work of a man who understands his business, and knows the use of his tools. But it seems to be rather the result of thought, time and labour, than the spontaneous creation of a mind which must make itself understood from the presence of ideas demanding utterance. Not that Mr. Stœpel's melodies are often far-fetched or artificial, but that they are commonplace, being rather correct cantabile phrases, duly accented and pointed, than vivid, salient tunes. There is a certain monotony in the whole work—the orchestra is always used properly, the parts are full, each instrument having its share, but there is never anything which seizes the attention of the hearer, which compels him to listen—no new effects of sonority—it is all quite right, and according to receipt, but it is hardly anything more. And so in the voice parts—they are unobjectionable, cleverly written, sometimes quite pretty, and that is all. The couplets, "Cradle song," very nicely done by Mrs. Harwood, are good, genuine, *vocal* music, such as is agreeable to both singer and listener, with a well-written, flowing accompaniment. The Barcarole of Mr. Millard we did not like as well. The rhythm is affected, and the composer seems to be striving after an effect of careless gayety, which he does not succeed in obtaining. The Trio at the end of Part 1st, (as much of it as was audible,) the bass part being for the audience a mere hypothesis, was well done, and is perhaps as good a specimen of Mr. Stœpel's manner as any number in the piece. The "Beggar Dance," for Orchestra, in Part 2d, excellently played, is a characteristic bit, and though not very new in idea, had a certain savage energy in it, resembling in its rhythm the melodies of the Arabs. Mr. Millard's couplets, "Onaway! awake, beloved," were deservedly encored. They are two stanzas of tender, graceful music, sung by Mr. M. with a pathos and expression that did him credit. In the "Chorus of Ravens," Mr. Stœpel's memory got the better of his invention—it too closely resembles the "Valse infernale" in Meyerbeer's *Robert le Diable*. The "Harvest Chorus" commences and ends with a smooth, well balanced melody, nicely harmonized, but it is disfigured by the introduction of a trivial waltz tune, the only really incongruous thing in the whole piece. The "Chorus of Ghosts," which follows, is too much spun-out; there is in it however more colour and truth to the sentiment indicated than in any other portion of the work.

The first part of Minnehaha's death-song, put into the form of couplets (a style the composer seems to affect), is ugly, the passages being *saccadé* and the intervals unvocal; the ending is a very plaintive and charming piece of soprano singing. The finale is the best piece in the whole composition—the theme is luscious, ear-haunting and appropriate—well wrought out in the voices and orchestra, long-continued, yet coherent, and the conclusion is especially original and beautiful.

"Hiawatha" was at least a *succès d'estime*—perhaps something more—how much more time alone can show. Judged as the work of a practised and experienced composer, it merits no great eulogium; but if it be, as we believe it is, the first composition of any magnitude that Mr. Stœpel has produced, it does him great credit—more, it is true, from the absence of faults than the presence of merits; but for a young composer it is a work of promise, which we trust may be fulfilled. It lacks chiefly what in this year of grace, '59, is so hard to find—melodic invention—new musical ideas. Mr. Stœpel has shown that he knows perfectly how to write; let him now prove that he can also produce what shall be really worth writing. He has mastered the manner—let him show that he has in him the matter, without which a composer, however finished his style, is less an artist than an artisan.

C. J. T.

Musical Correspondence.

NEW YORK, DEC. 31, 1858.—Mr. GOLDBECK's third concert, on Thursday of last week, was not as attractive in any respect, as his former ones. The programme was much more common-place, and the performances not so good. Mr. Goldbeck gave us chiefly his own compositions, and not the most interesting of those. A "Fantasia from *Trovatore*," and "Improvisations on the *Marseillaise*" savor rather more of humbug than is worthy of an artist like Mr. Goldbeck. Liszt's "Preludes" for two pianos, though excellently played by Messrs. GOLDBECK and MASON, was as uninteresting as are all the *compositions* of the great pianist. Two *Etudes* by Mr. Goldbeck were the most pleasing things that he gave us. Besides all this, we had a solo from ED. MOLLENHAUER, and vocal pieces by Misses ANDEM and COMSTOCK, and Dr. GUILMETTE. The second named young lady is a recent débutante; she has a fine, sympathetic voice, and pleasing, unassuming manners. I would, however, advise her to sing pieces that lie originally in the compass of her voice, and not spoil the effect of others by transposition, as she did with Beethoven's *Ah perfido*, which was in itself rather difficult for her.

On Christmas night, the Harmonic Society gave their annual performance of the "Messiah," with I am sorry to say, their annual faults. It is painful to be unable from year to year to discern the least improvement in the efforts of such a society. This proves but too plainly how little real Art-love has to do with these performances. I refer of course, merely to the choruses; the solo singers always give more or less satisfaction, none more so than Miss BRAINERD, with her pure, true voice, and her earnest conception of what she sings. A refreshing contrast to the Harmonic Society was presented by the "Leiderkrantz," in their production of "The Creation," on Tuesday last. I have rarely if ever heard better chorus singing in our city. The precision and spirit with which the charming music was rendered, told of earnest practice. The only fault one could find was in the first chorus, where the beginning was not sufficiently pianissimo, to give the full effect to "And there was LIGHT." Of the solos, I regret that I cannot give the same good account; Madame CAVADORI, it is true, did her part, and more than her part, admirably, inasmuch as on account of the illness of M^{me}. ZIMMER-

MANN, she represented both Gabriel and Eve. Mr. URCHS, who sang Adam, was also good, but of the other two gentlemen the least said the better, in view of their having volunteered their services for a benevolent object. The orchestra also did their part exceedingly well, and on the whole, the very numerous audience appeared very well satisfied.

The New Year was yesterday worthily ushered in by one of MASON and THOMAS's Matinées, which was a rich treat. Beethoven's quartet, Op. 17, No. 6, was exquisitely played, and was followed by solos from Wm. Mason and Theodore Thomas. Mr. Mason gave us a *Ballade* and *Etude* of his own, which seemed to me, at first hearing, to be far above common worth. Mr. Thomas played a *Tarantelle* of Schubert, which was extremely interesting both from its novelty and its great beauty. It opens with a slow introduction, the long-drawn, melodious tones of which were most finely rendered by the young violinist. The *Tarantelle* movement is very original, and full of strength and vigor, to which the player also did ample justice. The fourth and last number of the programme was another novelty, a Trio by BARGIEL.

Who is Bargiel? some may ask. He is a half-brother of CLARA SCHUMANN, and still quite a young man. The name brings to us pleasant memories of a stay in Berlin, where some dear friends took lessons of him, and told me much about him. Also of a meeting, some months later, with Bettina and her daughters at Weimar, and an afternoon spent with them there, where we were joined by Joachim, Hans v. Buelow, and Bargiel, whom the latter introduced, and in whom I was surprised to find so young and diminutive an individual. It is only since then, I think, that he has made his debut as a composer. And this is not one of the least of his class, this Trio proves. It abounds in originality, has pleasing melodies, and is very beautifully instrumented. Of course one hearing of a work of this kind cannot enable one to judge of its merit; but the impression itself was a most favorable one, particularly so as it was very finely interpreted by Messrs. Mason, Thomas and Bergmann. The concert was held in Dodworth's Hall, and I am sure many a regretful thought of poor EISFELD must have mingled with the sensations produced by the music. Many of us miss him sadly this winter, but unfortunately there are but few of those who did miss him who are willing to be friends in deed in both senses. Messrs. NOLL, BEYER, and BERGUE, Mr. Eisfeld's colleagues in the quartet, have issued a circular, proposing to continue the quartet soirées in Mr. Eisfeld's name, with the assistance of a number of pianists, and those artists who have offered their services, and to appropriate the proceeds for the benefit of Mr. Eisfeld; but, will you believe it, the requisite number of subscribers, small at best, could not be mustered! Is it not a crying shame that a man who has devoted himself to the cause of Art so disinterestedly, and for so many years, who is so well known and liked, can not find "in time of need, more appreciation and gratitude." —t—

NEW YORK, JAN. 11. — Who can complain at the present day, of not being able to hear enough good music in New York, when, in thirty-six hours (as was the case last week) he has the opportunity of listening to *Le Nozze di Figaro*, *Don Giovanni*, and a Philharmonic concert (with its morning rehearsal).

Of the operas I can tell you nothing new, after your own interesting analyses and criticisms. The representations were both very happy ones, and it was a great treat to me to hear *Figaro* once more for the first time since my visit to Germany. In *Don Giovanni*, (which was given as a matinée), PICCOLOMINI's conception of Zerlina is indeed quite a novel one, but her interpretation is so irresistibly charming and cunning, that one cannot but be attracted by the new character which she creates.

The Philharmonic concert was one of the finest, if

not the finest, which has ever taken place in New York. The programme had but two faults, it was too long, (more from the length of its pieces than from their number,) and there was a little too much of Mendelssohn. The excellence, however, of what there was, would make one forget this. The Symphony was played with rare perfection, and, even new in its great beauty, was hailed with warm applause. The Overtures too, were very finely rendered. That by Schubert is very spirited, but needs a nearer acquaintance to be fully appreciated. Weber's "Ruler of the Spirits," we have heard before; and, though not as attractive as some others by the same master, it is always welcome. Madame JOHNSON-GRAEVER was warmly welcomed, having already won a high place in the regard of the musical public. The playing was what it always is, but the composition was not so effective, by any means, as other pieces of her repertoire. It was tame and heavy, and long, and struck me as hardly worthy of its author. Towards the end, too, Mme. Graever showed signs of fatigue, which made it still more uninteresting. As a composition it was, in every respect, a striking contrast to the beautiful, melodious, soulful violin concerto, the performance of which, by Mr. "BRUNO WOLLENHAUPT," was one of the novelties of the evening. This gentleman is a younger brother of the pianist, and composer of the same name, in this city. He has been a pupil of Vieuxtemps, if I am not mistaken, and has just returned from several years of study abroad. This was his first appearance here, and he has reason to be well satisfied with his reception. His bold and spirited, and yet deeply expressive playing, his clear, strong tone, and the evident enthusiasm which accompanied his performance, roused the audience to a degree seldom before equalled. He bids fair to occupy a prominent position in the musical world of our city, and all who are interested in the cause and progress of music will join me in heartily wishing him all success, and in the hope of hearing him often in public.

Another new feature in Saturday's programme was the two choruses. The first is of acknowledged beauty, but it loses much in being torn from the opera, where the situation adds so much to its impressiveness. For this reason the chorus from *Rienzi*, which, though far inferior in intrinsic value, was noisy, spirited, and finely harmonized and instrumented, proved far more effective, and was encored. The choral parts were very well sung, but in the solos there was much room for improvement.

Regular opera-goers are having "a good time," now. The new season commences on Thursday with *Don Giovanni*, substituted, (on account of Brignoli's indisposition) for *La Zingara*; on Friday night *Figaro*, for the same reason, was given instead of *Martha*. Saturday, as I have told you, *Don Giovanni* again as a matinée. N. B. Does it not strike you that POISSOT, splendidly as her voice suits the part of Donna Anna, is wanting in delicacy in the representation of that part? In the touching scene after the death of her father, for instance, not to mention other similar instances, she screamed out the music, with no regard to the situation; with the recollection of the heart-broken, touching pianissimo tones with which I have heard others breathe out their lament over the corpse, the effect of this was very unpleasant to me.

Last night *La Zingara* was at last produced — at least the papers do not say that it was again postponed — and to-day, for the benefit of the St. George's Society, there is to be a matinée, with *Martha* and *La Serva Padrona*, and a concert and oratorio in the evening, when, besides miscellaneous music, the finest parts of the "Creation" will be given, the choruses by the Liederkrantz, and the solos by the artists of the opera. Apropos of *Martha*, I am glad to find that you are converted from your dislike to it. Of its kind I have always thought it one of the prettiest of little operas, both in plot and music.

—t—

NEW YORK, JAN. 3, 1859. — I find in my Owl Book [page 894, paragraph XXIX.] the following profound axiom: "He who talks most, hawks most," which I suppose may be also applied to writing, though I have not the direct authority of the Owl Book in support of this theory. My object for quoting the above beautiful axiomatic phrase, is to confess that I may have talked or written too much. Your correspondent "—t—" appears to think that I have written flippantly in regard to the mystical signature appended to the communications of said correspondent; consequently I would wish to publicly protest against any such misconstruction of my words. "—t—" is viewed by me with too much respect to make me desire to indulge in flippancy towards the said individual.

And as I write with my cherished Owl Book by my side, my eye falls on another paragraph, and I read: "When a vacuity in extraneous objects presents itself to the astonished and wondering gaze, when the usual functions of activity in social, moral and physical matter, are divested of their identity, and lost in the vortex of void, when there in short remains but a nonentity of actions to be performed, it is expedient that those requirements be fulfilled without an intervening iota of time, forming a deteriorating chasm." This beautiful — I may say eloquent passage may be abridged, (as it will be in my juvenile edition of the Owl Book), into "When you have nothing to do, do it at once," and thus you will see it has direct reference to my musical duties during the past week. There has been nothing to do, and with that unflinching fortitude, and that prompt alacrity for which I am so eminent, I did it.

To be sure, there were some German demonstrations. Haydn's "Creation" was given in German text by a German musical society, with German soloists, for the benefit of a German charitable society, and before an exclusively German audience. Then another set of Germans hired the Academy of Music one evening, and gave a \$2-a-ticket-concert for another German benevolent affair.

Then there was a little hemi-private, demi-public concert given by the Sunday School of St. George's Church, in aid of a building fund for a missionary church to be erected in some part of the city. MOLLENHAUER, the violinist, played, and Mr. GEORGE BRISTOW, the organist of the church, presided at the piano. There was some mediocre singing, the chief applause of the evening being allotted to APTOMMAS the harpist, who played a number of his most beautiful selections. He is a member of this church, and a personal friend of the pastor, Rev. Dr. Tyng. It was a very gratifying concert, and all those who took part in the musical performance, gave their services, gratuitously.

Our city churches take more interest in music than they used to, and I notice, that the plan of having children take part in the musical portion of the exercises is becoming more general. Quartet choirs are falling below par. By the way, MIRANDA, the tenor of Cooper's English Opera Troupe, has been engaged to sing at Dr. Macauley's Church in Fifth Avenue. Dr. GUILMETTE, the baritone, too sings there, and WILLIAM A. KING, formerly of Grace Church, is the organist. They have just got a new organ, built by Robjohn, of this city — who once was famous as a balloonist and dabbler in aeronautic experiments — which possesses some very peculiar features.

We have some very beautiful churches in this city, and some of them are furnished with excellent choirs. It is my intention to go prowling about them this winter, and I may thus be enabled to furnish you with some particulars in regard to the New York churches and their music. TROVATOR.

PHILADELPHIA, JAN. 10. — Ullman's characteristic grandiloquent manifestoes, are even now raining with floodlike vehemence upon the public of Phila-

delphia; and ere long will the excitements of a magnificent opera season burst over the polite circles of the city, like a mighty freshet which bears away every opposing barrier. PICCOLOMINI, FORMES, & Co. are announced for Friday night, to appear in the "Child of the Regiment;" and I propose, next week to record, in the columns of your Journal, the extent of success which they will then have achieved here. For my own part, I have heard *la petite Comtesse* in New York, and I promise her that position in the hearts of opera habitués here, which a pretty face, consummate *savoir faire*, fascinating grace, excellent identification with character, and dramatic intensity invariably acquire for the foot-light *cantatrice*. The Harmonia Sacred Music Society presents, in its announced concert for to-night, two features which must insure an appreciative and remunerative audience.

1. Miss HENRIETTA SIMON, a reputed pupil of the gifted La Grange, makes her *debut* in this city. She is represented to be a charming singer, with a singularly flexible, rich, and sympathetic voice, and a truthful method which she has assiduously cultivated for several years. Much interest seems to be evinced in this first appearance of a young lady, who has received an unqualified endorsement from so distinguished a preceptor.

2. The second prominent feature of this entertainment consists in fingers and feet mechanically, and in brains intellectually. Mr. CHARLES JEROME HOPKINS, styled "the young American organist," is this other predominant feature. We have heard him before; and it seems to me I then wrote to you, that his execution was correct and brilliant, his improvisation finished, and his knowledge of the instrument perfect, but that his impulsive temperament served to mar the fine rhythmic effect of the elegant compositions which he performed. You shall have a detailed account of all these entertainments, operatic and concert, next week.

MANRICO.

For Dwight's Journal of Music.

Mr. Stœpel's Romantic Symphony "Hiawatha."

Mr. Editor:—Happening to be in Boston in time to have the pleasure of hearing the first production of this new work, I am prompted to offer you a few hasty notes of my impressions. Mr. ROBERT STœPEL is a clever musician, and the Sinfonia-Cantata "Hiawatha" is unquestionably a work of high art, challenging regard for much excellence rather in its descriptive than in an intrinsically musical aspect. Yet in detail much might be improved as regards the symmetry and euphony of the *toute ensemble*.

It is not for me, only after a first hearing, to dare enter minutely into an explication of my views relative to certain passages and counter-passages of this meritorious composition. Nor would it be fair to the gifted composer were I to analyze and dissect his offspring, amidst a people to whom he is a stranger, and whose musical predilections and sympathies lie not in the same channel as his; because I have yet to hear it again in order to find out many of its beauties and to apply dispassionately the touch-stone of criticism to its many parts.

But a slight examination of "Hiawatha" without entering fully into its various phases would ensure the belief that it is destined to enjoy public favor, if not as an entire work, at least partially.

The opening of the symphony is very suggestive of the reading relative to the Peace-pipe in the wilderness, and the attempt to illustrate the rising smoke, although somewhat vague and indefinite, is however characteristic. The song of the Great Spirit, which was sung rather tamely by Mr. WETHERBEE, is a sort of *sostenuto* movement, in which the orchestra does more than the singer, and one calculated to show off the upper notes of a Baritone, and I think that this song demanded a voice of a more vibrant quality than Mr. Wetherbee's, for he was inaudible in some parts,

so great was the predominance of the brass instruments. Why is it that the modern *maestri* rely so much on brass for certain effects? The disciples of Meyerbeer must surely forget that the very *timbre* of certain brass instruments tends to destroy the ideal aspect they are intended to convey. The "Shower of Stars," musically depicted, was both suggestive and pretty, and here the more delicate instruments of the orchestra stood out in fine character. The first strictly metrical movement of the work is presented in the chorus, describing Nokomis's descent to earth, &c. In this there is a pretty *motivo* rendered very striking indeed by the orchestral treatment, especially the *Pizzicato* of the violins. The "Cradle Song," so admirably sung by Mrs. HARWOOD, is a sweet production, and the orchestral accompaniment obviously supplies the idea of a rocking movement, while the song itself recalls a lullaby. Some of the intermezzos here, as elsewhere were lost through the untimely applause. She also rendered very efficiently the "Death song of Minnehaha," which is indeed a beautiful production. The hantboy initiates the subject with a fine minor solo, after which the song begins, sustained by an effective accompaniment. The phrases are short and *piquant*, and in this manner, intelligibly appealing to the love of short phrases, innate in learned and unlearned, it drew forth a warm encore, which was responded to by the Soprano. The "Canoe Building Song" and "Chibiabos' Love Song," sung by Mr. MILLARD, are both gems of tenor songs. The first is original, peculiar and somewhat quaint.

The Tenor did not seem decided and confident in rendering it. It seems to me that something *sostenuto* in character invariably presents such voices in a more favorable aspect, than these jerking unsteady movements. In order that a Tenor should feel his position secure, that is, get accustomed to the orchestra's weight, and attune his voice properly to its temperament, there is nothing so favorable as passages which allow him to lean on his voice, or, to speak *à la Duprez*, "*poser la voix*." He sang the "Onaway! Awake beloved," with more sweetness and effect, and received an encore. Such a beautiful composition in the serenade form must please any one, and, with the exception of a slight *faux pas* in the orchestra, it was altogether charming. Mr. Millard's voice is sweet and round in the middle *registre*, but not powerful, and loses color in the upper notes. It seems better adapted for subjects bearing light accompaniments, than for those which presuppose the efforts of a *tenore di forza*. Thus the voice was in many places over-shaded by the *fortissimo* of the orchestra. His pronunciation is not very distinct, but he sings in just tune by way of compensation, and this latter "covereth a multitude of sins." This serenade bids fair to be a general favorite, because the air is strikingly beautiful, and the phrases are short and therefore easy to catch, on the same principle that short sentences are more intelligible and easier of retention than long ones.

The Trio, "Hiawatha's wooing," by Mrs. Harwood, Messrs. Millard and Wetherbee, is a solemn, and chaste *moreau*. It begins by the Tenor with a passage not unlike church music, and the other parts work in gradually, until all unite in concert. The accompaniments discourse a prominent melody while the voices have long, flowing sounds. As this is the only Trio in the work, I wondered at the audience not encoring it, not only for this reason, but especially because, as a concerted piece, it is really beautiful. The Baritone was hardly powerful enough for the others. Mr. Stœpel's orchestral treatment of this piece, is artistic and tasteful; and if nothing else bespeaks him a maestro, the Trio, with its admirable motives and accompaniments, eloquently proclaims it. The Orchestral description of "The fight with Mudjekewis" and "The War song," was effective as a martial piece. The drums and clashing of instruments against each other by contrary motions, although somewhat exaggerated, seemed truthful.

"The Beggar Dance," in which the Piccolo begins the motive, is not unlike a Scotch *gigue* in character, but not in treatment. There is an air of wildness pervading this piece, reminding one of the *tambour* dance of Curacao, in which the beats, so rhythmical and precise, assumes a higher tone, or rather are the chief characteristic of the whole. Like the "Dansa Habanero," the contrary motions are greater features than the air or harmony.

The "Raven's chorus," is the most original of all—bold and characteristic, especially where the violins usher in two peculiar notes, so suggestive of the Raven's cry. The Harvest Chorus is a cheerful one. The air is pretty and striking, and the second section in the minor especially sweet and novel in structure.

Perhaps the most successful illustration is that of "Winter." Mr. Stœpel here employs his bassoons and clarinets with great judgment, and the Double Basses serve, with the Kettle Drums, and with the blast of the brass instruments, to depict the dismal aspect of the "year's decay." The Orchestra was faithful in its task, and seemed, on the whole, more *au fait* in this than in the other illustrations.

The last piece of the Cantata is the "Chorus of Spring," which drew a warm encore. This piece was very characteristic of early spring and the song of birds, and other beauties which spring brings forth. The flute had some very sweet passages, and indeed all the instruments, together with the voices, united in presenting a very cheerful and jubilant *toute ensemble*. To close a work of this nature, Mr. R. could not have adopted a more effective chorus, because cheerful in the first place, and in the second place broad and grand, both as regards its nature and treatment. The only glaring defect of the evening was the mistake of the Sopranos, who ushered in their parts eight bars sooner than the time. The Reading by Miss HERON was impassioned and dramatic in many points, and on the whole seemed quite in character and not overdone. There were passages in which she was scarcely audible, but no one can manage the voice effectively in a sitting posture. Her voice is very musical, although somewhat worn. Yet the warmth and earnestness of Miss Heron's reading, and her close attention to quantities and euphony, even with a less distinct enunciation than she possesses, would be acceptable, and would entitle the reader to great consideration. To the composer and conductor, I would add the compliment that his Cantata is a work which a Berlioz, (the last authority on Orchestration) might be proud of. It is, however, a production capable of sustaining a dispassionate criticism, such as would in some few instances, not exactly suit his theory, but which perhaps might present a balance in which his merits would outweigh his few defects.

STRAY MUSICIAN IN MODERN ATHENS.

Dwight's Journal of Music.

BOSTON, JAN. 15, 1859.

Mr. Robert Stœpel's "Hiawatha."

The first production of Mr. STœPEL's "Romantic Symphony," as he has seen fit to call his music to the salient points of Longfellow's Indian poem, did not draw to the Boston Theatre so large an audience as we had hoped to see, or as the work deserved. But the impression that it made was such as to make it imperative that it be performed again. There are, of course, different opinions of its merit, as there must be about any musical work of magnitude, when first produced before a comparatively unmusical people. To candid expressions of two such, widely differing, but honest, we have given place in another part of this paper. If the more cool and cautious judgment of "C. J. T." be supposed the right one, there is even then enough acknowledged to give "Hiawatha" a high claim to a hearing and to satisfy any musical person that he could not hear it without interest. The testimony of the great majority of those who heard

the work is much more warm, in many instances amounting to enthusiasm, and in some cases to the most desperate extravagance of praise. Newspaper critics riot in superlatives, as if they had discovered a new Shakspeare. They talk of its marking "an era in our musical history"; of "his infinite resources of counterpoint and imitation" (more could not be said of Bach or Handel); of "imaginative and creative genius of the highest order" (what is there left to say of Beethoven or Mozart?); of having "found no instrumental writing finer than this of Mr. Stöpel's," and more *ad nauseam*. Let us, at least, avoid all such extravagance. Better for the artist that his work fail to meet due recognition all at once, or for a long time, than that it go forth coupled from the first with such pretensions. Never was any Beethoven or Mendelssohn, in countries where they *do* appreciate such efforts, greeted on a first production in such terms. The title to such epithets can only be established in the course of time. It is simply presumptuous because we like a thing, because it gives us pleasure or surprise, to place it all at once upon a level with the greatest that has been achieved by human genius. For ourselves, in speaking of Mr. Stöpel's music, we feel that it would be presumption either to call it *great*, to hail it as a work of high imaginative genius, or to deny that it has real claims upon the world's attention.

What we can sincerely say is, that we listened to the whole with great, with unexpected pleasure. Regarding the performance from no conventional or absolutely musical point of view, but simply as an entertainment *sui generis*, as a form of Art quite novel and peculiar, to-wit, the illustration of a poem, based on wild Indian life, by means of instruments and voices, with the aid of recitation, we found it deeply interesting to the end. There was a wild, romantic charm about it, entirely, at it seemed to us, in keeping with the poem. We enjoyed the music quite as much as we enjoy the poem. We never could admire the "Song of Hiawatha" so much as some other poems of its author. Perhaps our difficulty is with Indian subjects altogether. In spite of their picturesque life, and their romantic legends, there is a certain monotony, a certain faded, superannuated sort of feeling, that comes over us in reading of them. This savage, dying out life lacks just that germinal vitality out of which poetry, and certainly all music springs. Hence we felt with "C. J. T." that this music was somewhat monotonous, while, at the same time it seemed all the truer therein to the poem; and therefore its success or unsucess could scarcely be a full test of the musical creative powers of the composer in the truest sense.

But while it was monotonous it was also interesting, in many parts beautiful, and not without a wild, peculiar charm. Of form and treatment there was variety enough; the monotony consisted rather in the absence throughout of what we should call imaginative vitality. A man may be a fine musician, (as Mr. Stöpel plainly is), and have a fine poetic temperament, and yet lack that; it belongs to the *great* men; it is an attribute of that which is the rarest thing in this world, genius. The only work we know of in the same form is the "Desert" by Felicien David: and we must say that we enjoyed "Hiawatha" far more than we did that. "Hiawatha" seemed to us to have more meat in it; more musical ma-

terial; more thought; more wealth of color; more variety. The instrumental portions were what pleased us most. Indeed Mr. Stöpel shows himself a master of orchestral combinations; he is at home there, to say the least.

The opening snatches of instrumental music were suggestive of the poetic images, the forest stillness, the rising smoke, &c.; and the "Song of the Great Spirit" is a grave, appropriate melody, with fit orchestral background, delivered with taste, but without telling weight of voice by Mr. WETHERDEE. The chorus No. 2, has a sweet melodious kind of motive, warmly colored by the instruments, but not particularly striking, although there are nice effects in the orchestra. The suggestion of starlight in high violin tones was delicate and pure. The "Cradle Song," a simple, tender melody, a little commonplace, was beautifully sung by Mrs. HARWOOD. The "Canoe building song," is a spirited, quaint Barcarole, not, perhaps, particularly original in its theme, but set off brightly by the orchestra. It was effectively sung by Mr. MILLARD, and we wondered that it was not encored like the other solos.

The "Fight with Mudjekeewis," was a very impressive instrumental piece, beginning with strange Indian-like balancings and approaches, as of first one party and then the other, indicated by short, rude, ponderous phrases, which are worked up with effective imitations, till the conflict becomes grand and exciting, and the piece ends with smart, crisp, fiery chords, reiterated with all the force of the instruments, in a manner that might remind one a little of one of Beethoven's fiery overtures, say *Coriolanus*. This seemed to us the best piece. The "Wooing" Trio, is full of ingenuity, and doubtless of beauty, which was marred in the performance.

The "Beggar Dance," in its opening "solemn measure" is thoroughly Indian, barren of course of all but rhythm, and yet worked up to be musically interesting; the jig-like movement into which it led sounded a little too familiar; the Indians must have known rum and white men before they danced to such tunes. The "Love Song" won great applause, and is really a charming serenade. There was something choice and delicate, and really poetic, as it struck us, in the music of the "Blessing of the Cornfield,"—something mystical, and yet innocent, as it should be. And after this the "Ravens" come in with their quaint, cawing, saucy phrases with most effective contrast. The chorus, though, of male voices, wanted rehearsal. This is a thing scarcely to be secured here to a degree requisite to the fair representation of a new work; and this was one of the many obstacles which Mr. S. had had to contend with. The "Harvest Chorus" is beautifully natural and simple in its motive, and not common-place. "Winter" and the "Ghosts" is the one scene where the poem rises to sublimity. We thought the orchestral picture very true, and the chorus which followed exceedingly impressive and mournful, commenced by the sopranos on a high pitch, admirably prepared by contrast in the low and sombre instrumental harmonies. The "Death Song" was touching, and the "Return of Spring" chorus, while it reminded one very strongly of the opening of Spohr's "Consecration of Tones" Symphony, by its bird-imitations, &c., by the way in which the leading melody sets out, is yet original, and broad and noble. Its fault was only too great length, too many returns of the theme.

The readings by Mrs. STÖPEL were finely conceived, and sometimes touchingly dramatic. But to our taste, plain, simple reading, without action, would be more appropriate, leaving all the coloring of the poet's idea to the music. There was something very pleasant, and which at once commanded respect, in the thoroughly sympathetic and earnest manner in which the lady entered with her whole heart into the production of her husband's work. And he, too, claimed the most respectful attention, by the modest, gentlemanly, firm and quiet air with which he presided over the performance of his own work. He showed himself an excellent conductor. So that altogether it was a unique, a refined, artistic, intellectual occasion.

These are mere hints of first impressions—cautious, as we think they should be. We purposely abstain from entering into a critical analysis of the work. Our object now is simply to show that "Hiawatha" merits to be performed again, many times, and that it fairly claims that much more general and appreciative hearing which we are sure it must have when it is repeated. We are glad to learn that it is the composers's intention to produce it here again within a few weeks.

Musical Chit-Chat.

Need we remind our readers of CARL ZERRAHN'S first Orchestral Concert at the Music Hall this evening? This is the occasion which most of all others, under our musical circumstances, deserves a full house and the most liberal patronages. The really important "events" in a community not more advanced in music than we are, are not the rarest novelties, not the productions of new works, new experiments, but whatever tends to the institution, permanently, of opportunities of hearing and knowing the acknowledged master-works of musical genius. We could better afford never to hear a new play, than we could to go on in ignorance of Shakspeare. So in music, we want to make it sure that we shall always have the chance to hear the Symphonies of BEETHOVEN, &c. Such chances must depend in future on the support we give to enterprises like Mr. Zerrahn's. Let every real music-lover go to-night. Give the thing a good start. Then we shall get more and more of the best sort of music. Read his programme in another column. The "Pastoral Symphony," the overtures, &c., are surely rich attraction. And there will be besides the opportunity of listening for the first time to an American lady who has won much fame both in this country and in Europe by her vocal powers. *A special train will convey passengers out to Brookline after the concert.* . . . The MENDELSSOHN QUINTETTE CLUB's concert last night, was too late for notice in this number. . . . The HARVARD MUSICAL ASSOCIATION hold their annual meeting at the Revere House on Monday evening. Members will please notice advertisement, which was accidentally omitted in our last.

About Old Books.

BERLIN, DEC. 3, 1858. This letter is all about old books—mostly queer old good-for-nothing things, but on the whole not unpleasant to see if you are fond of old specimens of printing.

One of the 'hobbies' of our country newspapers is an old book. Somebody happens to get sight of a Bible, or a Latin or Greek book, two centuries old, and a description of it goes into the next village newspaper, and this is copied far and wide—from the Atlantic to the Pacific. Now in general these are only cases of the discovery of mares' nests, with very large eggs. Still the feeling, which lies at the bottom of these articles is one with which I heartily sympathize. I have loved an old book from childhood, and remember now how I pored over the Life of Prince Eugene of Savoy, when but seven or eight years of age—not because I care for Eugene, and Malborough, and the Emperor, and all those old fellows, so much as because the book was more than a hundred years old! The idea is among our people that books of three to four centuries of age are very rare, and the old Thomas Aquinas (about 1470) in Harvard College Library is one of the most interesting books there to visitors in general. They have an idea also that such books are very costly—far beyond the means of private individuals—schools, town libraries, and the like. For my own part I believe that every library should have one or two really old books, even though not a person who uses the collection could read them. Such things beget an interest in old literature, they bring up a hundred subjects of inquiry—and give in some sort a standard of comparison by which to judge of literary antiquity. Suppose in the library of the Normal School at Framingham, or the town library at Natick, the Aquinas just mentioned was to be seen—it would soon become a familiar example of ancient printing to many, who have never seen anything of half its age and probably never will.

Now, in regard to the expense of obtaining copies of old works. Except in a few cases, which are not likely to occur to any of us, mere antiquity does not give a book any high value; the great prices paid oftentimes for books, consisting only of some half a dozen leaves, depend upon other circumstances. Let me give some examples of books which have met my eye while examining catalogues of antiquarian booksellers for musical works. The first that I open to is a book for sale in this city. It consists of only 8 pages, small quarto, six or eight inches square perhaps. There is a copy of it in the College Library at Cambridge, and in one or two other American libraries. I think the Cambridge copy cost £20—about \$100. Why should this have such a value? Because it is the letter of Columbus, "*de Insulis nuper inventis*," (concerning the Islands lately discovered) printed in Latin in 1493—a few months only after the discovery. The price of the copy for sale here is \$75 of

our money. Now another bookseller here has one of Aquinas' works, a great folio volume of a thousand pages or more—it was printed before they numbered the pages—ten years older than the Columbus book—1453—a five-dollar bill would buy it, and more too.

On another catalogue I find a Dutch book—*"Beschrijvinge van Virginia, Nieuw Nederlandt, Nieuw Engelandt, &c."* This has a map and pictures—printed in 1657,—and van der Douck's *"Beschrijvinge van Nieuw Nederlandt"* 2d edition 1656. For a perfect copy of the first, \$125 have been paid, and for the second \$100. These are perfect copies—what price if any is set to them I do not know. Now these books have a historical value, and are very rare—especially good handsome copies with the maps and pictures perfect.

On the other hand look at the following list:—Albertus Magnus, *'Opus de misterio missae'*—a great folio, printed at Ulm 1473—within 25 years after the invention of printing—and nearly as many before the discovery of America by Columbus. Sold in England for over \$21. Albertus Magnus—*De landibus B. V. Mariae*—printed about 1470—another copy of the same printed at Nuremberg about 1472—both great folios.

Thomas Aquinas—*prima pars Secundoe*—Mentz, P. Schriber—1471,—Note this! The inventors of Printing were Gutenberg, Faust and Schaeffer—and the first printing office was at Mentz—or Mayence. Here then is a book from the original printing office.

Bonaventura, *Speculum B. V. Mariae*, another folio, 1470. Bronnerde, *Opus trivium, &c., &c.*, an old Latin civil law book, I guess, of nearly 600 pages, printed at Cologne before 1470. Carcano, *'Sermones,'* &c., a quarto volume about as thick as the last, printed at Venice about 1472.

Cassiodorus,—*'Historical tripartite ex Socrate,'* &c., &c., an old Latin translation in XII books—first edition 1472.

Duns Scotus, *'Opus Anglicum,'* 1474; Eusebius Pampbilus, Venice, 1473; Gallen, 1475; *Gesta Romanorum*, German translation, 1489; Saint Gregor, *Dialogorum*, 4 books, about 1472; Petrarca Fr. *'De Contemptu mundi,'* about 1572, and *"De remediis utriusque fortunae"*, same date.

I name these few books as specimens only. Not one of them is priced at more than \$15 American money most at less than \$5. What makes such books sell at such high prices in America is the difficulty of collecting them and getting them across the ocean on the one hand, and the ignorance of the purchaser of their real value. Some of the books in this list are five hundred miles away—probably most of them are sold by this time. If not, and I wished to get them, I must apply to some Antiquarian bookseller, who is known to those in other cities, give him the money to send, with his order, for the book. If the book is there it is forwarded—in process of time. Germans do not hurry matters. If not, in the lapse of ages my money comes back again. So here are postages and package express charges to be paid. Now it will never pay to send a single volume—a great thick folio, to America. If, however, thirty or forty such are ordered, then by sending them in one large box, the expense divided among the purchasers is not much.

When I came home in 1856, I had had a long discussion with myself whether to bring some twenty bibles of which I had a list, no one of which was under three hundred years old—some in Latin, some in German, some in both, some with pictures and some without—and which, when in Boston, would have cost me, (original prices, collecting, packing, freight, duties, &c.,) on an average about \$5 each—some half that, others twice that. I presume a hundred persons said to me afterwards: "Why didn't you bring them? I would gladly give ten dollars for such a bible!"

Why I did not bring them is easily answered. To go into such a speculation requires time, capital, risk and labor, which I have not—had not then—at command.

Certain works bearing upon the history of Calvinistic psalmody have been objects of pursuit to me for five years. In searching catalogues from all parts of central Europe in the hope of at length coming upon them, (they are books which I have sought in vain for in the great libraries of Berlin, Dresden, Leipzig, Halle, Goettingen, Hanover, Wolfenbüttel!) I find continually such old works as in the list above, and know how gladly many a friend at home would give space in his library to one or two of them as curiosities. The difficulty is to get them. The trouble lies not in the original cost of the books, but the heavy tolls taken by every bookseller, carrier and agent, through whose hand they pass.

Now noted some fifty volumes—mostly huge great folios—a small wheelbarrow load each—all printed before the discovery of America by Columbus, within a half century of the invention of printing; of these, probably half are still to be obtained, at prices which would bear all the expenses of getting them to America, and then not come to more than from \$5 to \$10 each—perhaps less. But this could only be, in case a good box full could be sent at once.

It is curious how the Jew antiquarians of Germany feel at once the increased demand for any particular class of books. In 1851, I could buy pamphlets—the original editions of sermons and tracts by Luther, printed from 1517 to 1547, for 17 to 37 cents of our money. Some three or four Americans, seeing mine, began to buy. When four years later I wished to buy some more, the prices had more than doubled, and I thought myself fortunate the other day in getting the old German copy (1522) of Martin Luther's reply to *"König Heinrichs von Engelland buch,"* Henry VIII's book, which gained him and Queen Victoria too, for that matter, the title of "defender of the faith,"—together with the tract, published immediately after Luther's death in 1546, containing a minute account of his last hours—fortunate, I say, in getting these two tracts for many times what they would have cost me a few years ago.

Speaking of Luther tracts—among those I brought home in 1856, was one—the only copy I ever saw, and which \$10 would hardly have bought of me—printed immediately after Luther's departure from the famous Diet at Worms—containing an account of all that he did during his last forty-eight hours in Worms, and printed as an antidote to the falsehoods spread abroad by the other party. The friend who borrowed that, is requested to return it to the editor of the Journal of Music for me.

Thus far there has been no great call for books which are merely curious to us as antiquities, and it would be easy for me to fill out orders sent through Mr. Dwight to the number of at least forty or fifty volumes. I should be glad to do this. Old Bibles have become much rarer than they were four years ago, and the prices of them, especially those containing wood cuts, have risen in a pretty large ratio. In one of the catalogues, however, is a very rare Psalter, Latin and German, printed at Basle, by M. Furter, in 1503—a small quarto, with manuscript notes on the margin—for three or four dollars. Is this in the fine collection of Bibles on Dana Hill?

While looking over a catalogue yesterday which is very rich in ante-Columbus books, memory recalled the hundreds of delighted faces I have seen bending over the old Aquinas in the Cambridge library, and the tones of voice in which I have so often heard the words so slowly and wonderingly spoken—"1469! before the discovery of America by Columbus! Oh! how old!!" And it occurred to me to sit down and just talk the matter over a little with my friends—the readers of Dwight's Journal; and here, friends, you have the result.

A. W. T.

Special Notices.

DESCRIPTIVE LIST OF THE LATEST MUSIC, Published by O. Ditson & Co.

MUSIC BY MAIL.—Quantities of Music are now sent by mail, the expense being only about one cent apiece, while the care and rapidity of transportation are remarkable. Those at a great distance will find the mode of conveyance not only a convenience, but a saving of expense in obtaining supplies. Books can also be sent by mail, at the rate of one cent per ounce. This applies to any distance under three thousand miles; beyond that, double the above rates.

Vocal, with Piano Accompaniment.

FROM A CHARMING, NOBLE LADY. (Nobil donna e tanto.) "Huguenots." 25

This is the famous aria d'entrata of the Page in the first act. It is one of the few pieces in this opera, which permit of a transfer from the stage. It abounds in pearly runs and sparkling cadences, which are thrown out playfully from the mere exuberance of spirits, and are eminently fitting the character of the whole.

LET ME WHISPER IN THINE EAR. M. W. Balfé. 25

THE JOY OF LOVING THEE. W. Maynard. 25
Pleasing and easy parlor songs.

THE GREEN TREES WHISPERED LOW AND MILD.
Poetry by Longfellow. M. W. Balfé. 35

This is quite a success on the part of Balfé, and may be classed with the same author's "Come into the garden, Maud," among the best modern light concert songs. Mrs. Wentworth, who sang it at the last soiree of the Quintette Club, has thus given an opportunity to a very critical audience to pass an unanimous verdict of satisfaction.

Instrumental Music.

THE NEW CALEDONIAN QUADRILLES. Arranged with the original and correct figures. J. S. Knight. 30

This is an authentic edition of this, at the present moment, fashionable set of Quadrilles. Persons desiring to procure a copy, should be careful to call for the New Caledonians, as there are several copies in circulation which have not the correct figures.

GOLDEN STREAM VARSOVIANA. Montgomery. 25
MIDNIGHT VARSOVIANA. " 25

Two more of these favorite modern parlor-dances by Montgomery, whose Varsovias are almost exclusively used in England by orchestras and at the piano.

LIBIAMO NE LIETI CALICI, from "Traviata." Arranged for four hands. R. Nordmann. 50

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NOI SIAMO ZINGARELLE. (Gipsy Chorus.) From "Traviata." R. Nordmann. 30

Three more of a series of excellent arrangements of the principal beauties of this opera for two performers.

LUISA MILLER. Valse de Salon. C. D'Albert. 60

A good waltz of medium difficulty, embracing all the popular airs in this opera, which, during the last London season, with Mlle. Piccolomini in the principal role has rapidly grown a favorite with the English public.

Books.

THE NEW MUSICAL ALPHABET.—Containing one hundred Exercises in one position of the hands, for juvenile pianists, and intended to precede any book of instruction. By C. Chauvieu. 25

This is intended to prepare children from the age of four years for the study of the piano, and lay a sure foundation for their correctly acquiring the mechanism of playing. Mothers, even those who know but little of music, may, with this alphabet and the musical catechism, fit their children to take lessons from a master without loss of time.

Dwight's Journal of Music.

WHOLE No. 355.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, JANUARY 22, 1859.

VOL. XIV. No. 17.

"Out in the Cold."

BY J. S. ADAMS.

With blue cold hands, and stockingless feet,
Wandered a child in the cheerless street.
Children were many, who, housed and fed,
Lovingly nestled, dreaming in bed,
Caroled their joy in a land of bliss
Without a thought or a care of this.
They were warm in Humanity's fold,
But this little child was out in the cold—
Out in the cold.

Bleak blew the wind through the cheerless street,
Dashing along the merciless sleet;
All furred and shawled, man, woman and child,
Hurried along, for the storm grew wild.
They could not bear the icicle blast
Winter so rude on their pathway east.
Alas, none pitied—no one consoled
This little wanderer out in the cold—
Out in the cold.

She had no father—she, no mother,
Sister none, and never a brother.
They had passed on to star-worlds above,
She remained here with nothing but love.
"Nothing but love"—ah, men did not know
What wealth of joy that child could bestow.
So they went by, and worshipped their gold,
Leaving the little one out in the cold—
Out in the cold.

Wandered she on till the shades of night
Veiled her shivering form from sight,
Then, with her cold hands over her breast,
She prayed to her Father in heaven for rest.
When hours had fled, 'neath the world's dark frown,
Hungered and chilled she lay herself down—
Lay down to rest while the wealthy rolled
In carriages past her out in the cold—
Out in the cold.

Out in the cold, lo, an angel form
Brought her white robes that were rich and warm.
Out in the cold, on the sleeping child,
The sainted face of a mother smiled.
A sister pressed on her brow a kiss,
Led her 'mid scenes of heavenly bliss;
And angels gathered into their fold,
That night, the little one out of the cold—
Out of the cold.

The Diarist Abroad, No. 13.

A MONUMENT TO WEBER.

Berlin, Dec. 27, 1858.

Dear Dwight:—Here is a letter from CARL MARIA VON WEBER to FREDERIC KIND, author of the text to "*Der Freyschütz*," the "Wild Huntsman."

Berlin, June 21, 1821.

My much loved Friend and Cofather!

We may fire a salvo for victory. The Wild Huntsman has hit the centre of the target. It is to be hoped that Friend Hellwig,* an eye-witness, has already given you a better report than I can, whose time is completely stolen from me. Besides, I shall soon be able to tell you all about it in person. The second performance last evening went off as splendidly as the first, and the enthusiasm was again equally

great. For to-morrow, the third performance, already not a ticket is to be had. Nobody remembers having seen a new opera so received, and since the "*Olimpia*," † for which *everything* was done, it is really the most perfect triumph a man can experience. You have no idea how deep an interest pervades the whole, and how splendidly playable and singable all parts are. What would not I have given to have had you present! Many of the scenes were far more effective than I expected—for instance, the appearance of the bridesmaids. The overture and that popular song‡ were demanded *da capo*. However, I would not allow the progress of the action to be impeded. The newspapers will now, no doubt, break loose. I hope to enclose the first, of to-day, in this. The rest I can as well bring with me, as I expect to give my concert on Monday the 25th, and on the first of July to be again in Dresden. This bad weather will probably prevent you from leaving for Töplitz before that time, so that I may see you in Dresden and tell you all, for in truth such matters cannot be described. Besides I am so full, that I don't know anything to write. What thanks I owe you, my dear Kind, for this noble poem! To what a variety of expression did you give me opportunity, and with what delight could I pour out my soul upon your noble verses so full of deep feeling! I embrace you in imagination with feelings really deeply touched, and will bring you one of the beautiful wreaths which I owe to your muse and which you must hang up with those which you have previously earned in such numbers.

Gabitz, § Wolf, etc., treat me very kindly. As to Hoffmann|| I am still curious. People warn me against him; but I will believe the best as long as I can.

Now a joyful farewell for to-day. I will also write a line or two to Schmedl and Roth. *Habeat Sibi*. God prosper you, and still love—as he most respectfully loves you infinitely—your WEBER.

So wrote Weber in the joy of his heart, in the midst of a musical triumph such as few composers have known. Nor did he, during the few years he lived after the first performance of the *Freyschütz*, ever have the sorrow of hearing that it failed of fullest success upon any stage large or small where it was produced—and where was it not produced?

The boys in the streets of German, English and American cities sang and whistled its beautiful melodies. BEETHOVEN, the grandest of all then living composers, read the score with approbation.

More than thirty-seven years have passed away, and the musical public of Germany is at last earnestly bent upon erecting a monument at Dresden in honor of Weber. For this object "*Der Freyschütz*" was given in the opera-house in Berlin, on the evening of Dec. 22d—the house in which it was first given; moreover, the first opera given in the house, which had just been rebuilt after the fire in which the decorations of Hoffmann's *Undine* were destroyed.

It was the three hundred and first performance of the opera! and the occasion was made quite a

* Regisseur of the Dresden Theatre.

† By Spontini.

‡ "A rosy crown we twine for thee."

§ Musical critics, I suppose.

|| E. T. A. Hoffmann, the author.

musical festival. I was unluckily kept at home by a Joh's comforter—not the wife—in my ear, and must depend upon others for my account of it.

The house was crowded—it always is when this opera is given, except in the high-priced fashionable boxes!

The evening opened with Weber's "*Jubilee Overture*," followed by a prologue spoken by an actor, and which introduced a series of tableaux vivants. There were members of "*Lützow's wild hunt*"—the black Jaegers of Brunswick, which recalled the composition of Körner's "*Lyre and Sword*" by Weber. Then the song of "*Preciosa*," to a picture of gipsy life; Max and Agatha, from "*Der Freyschütz*"; Euryanthe and Adolar, from *Euryanthe*; Oberon protecting Huon and Regia, from the *Oberon*. These recalled to the audience the principal dramatic works of the composer and were received with hearty applause. Then the cloud, which hung down about the middle of the stage, parted, and there stood a bronze statue of WEBER, about which were grouped all the tableaux which had previously been seen. Each of them had been accompanied by soft music from horns, with all sorts of turns, modulations and melodic strains, characteristic of the master. Amid a perfect storm of applause the curtain was raised a second time upon the grand final scene.

Then came the 301st performance of "*Der Freyschütz*" upon the stage where it had its birth. The parts, even to the least important, were upon this occasion taken by the principal singers. Madame KOESTER was the Agathe; Mad. HERRENBURG-TUCZEK the Annchen; FORMES—brother of Carl F.—the Max; FRICKE, the Caspar; KRAUSE, SALOMON and BOST, the lesser parts. The result was, if I may believe the newspapers, magnificent—and I can readily believe it.

I have a faint, indistinct recollection of seeing in my childhood the announcements of "*Der Freyschütz*" in the Boston papers. At a later period I saw somewhere a large volume of play-bills from one or more of the Boston theatres, and it is my impression that one of them announced this opera as a play or melodrama for the 101st time. Moreover, I recollect distinctly being told a few years since, that an American medical student, being in 1821, or about that time, in Germany, was so taken with Weber's opera, as to purchase the score, obtain the text in full, and that from this copy the play was arranged to suit the capacity of the Boston stage at that time. That medical student is a leading physician in Boston now—or was not long since. Can he not be induced to give us an account of this matter? It is a part of Boston musical history which should not be lost.

ZELTER.

On the 14th Dec. the Sing-Akademie noticed the centennial anniversary of ZELTER's birthday. Every student of German literature knows

him as the correspondent of GOETHE for many a long year. Musical people know him for his popular songs, and his four-part pieces for men's voices, as the head of the Sing-Akademie for many years, and as the music teacher of MENDELSSOHN. Many of the readers of this Journal will remember how often he writes to Goethe of the progress "Felix" is making. To the Berlin people, for half a century, down to 1832, he was known in a different sphere fully as well as in the musical world. He has monuments standing to his honor throughout the city—for he was one of the best masons and brick-layers of the capitol.

Carl Friedrich Zelter was born Dec. 11, 1758. His father was a mason and from the first determined that his son should follow him in his trade. He was wise enough to see that with the growth of the city, which the energetic measures of Frederick II.—Carlyle's hero—could not fail to result in, his son must be more than a mere bricklayer, if he would, in after life, hold an honorable place. The boy was therefore put into the Joachimthal Gymnasium, where he went through the full course. Private instructors were also provided for him in drawing, mathematics and music. Oddly enough, for the latter he had hardly any sense for aught better than a march or a dance. In his seventeenth year he was put regularly to his trade. The next year he suffered a long and severe sickness, during which so strong a sense for music awoke in him that, upon his recovery, his repugnance to his trade was only to be overcome by his father by force and by depriving him of his music.

What his father would not allow him to do openly, he did secretly. He was wise enough to see that his only hope lay in making himself independent. He therefore wrought at his trade with most persevering diligence, and once a week went out to Potsdam, some 24 English miles, to take a music lesson of Fasch, then in the service of the king. To this view of his case and this mode of gratifying his taste, however, he had not come at once. Long and severe had been the struggle with his father—a contest which at times embittered both their lives. But peace was made and, when 25 years of age, Zelter was able to enter into the guild of the masons, become a 'Master' and set up business for himself, to the great joy of his father, who spared nothing for his son's welfare. But now Zelter found himself forced to continue his business until he could depend upon his musical attainment for subsistence, and as time passed on and he became reconciled to his position, music gradually became not exactly a secondary thing, but something to share his time and thoughts, not occupy them exclusively.

Fasch at length (1783) made Berlin his home, thenceforth spending a few weeks in the year only at Potsdam, and devoting himself to severe musical study and to his pupils. Reichardt had brought from Italy a Mass in 16 parts by Benevoli, which had taken an extraordinary hold upon the fancy of Fasch, and led him to attempt a similar work and one which should be free from certain faults of that by the Italian. An attempt to produce his work at Potsdam failed, as the singers there knew nothing of chorus singing; so did another attempt in Berlin with the opera singers. He determined to try it with his pupils, though not enough in number to fill the parts in the full combined chorus.

By degrees the number of his singers increased. Among them was Zelter with his fine bass voice. In the summer of 1790, when they met in a summer-house in a garden, near the so-called "Spittelbrücke," near the centre of the city, the number was seldom more than twelve or sixteen. On the 24th of May, 1791, twenty-eight persons met at the house of Widow Voitus, No. 59 Unter-den-Linden—and this day is considered by its members as the birthday of the *Berlin Sing-Akademie*.

Fasch's idea of a 16 part composition was this: that it should consist of four four-part choruses, having a similar relation to each other; that, in the single chorus the four parts have. To distinguish his four choirs, he gave them a separate color, and Zelter on one occasion—Oct. 27, 1791, appeared as the only tenor in the blue, his voice having, as it appears, changed.

As Fasch's health failed, Zelter, whom he had so long known, and who was so filled with his spirit, aided him in conducting the Akademie. January 24th, 1799, the Society celebrated the birthday of Frederick II, and numbered 39 sopranos, 20 altos, 17 tenors and 18 basses. Sunday, Aug. 3, 1800, Fasch died, and from that time to his death, Zelter was director of the Sing-Akademie. I have said so much about Fasch, because, in most English and American references to Zelter, he is called the founder of this celebrated society, which, as I have shown, he by no means was.

Zelter's songs, and especially his comic songs, are considered to be among the best that Germany possesses. He founded two or three "Liedertafel" Singing Societies for men's voices, and wrote many of the best things for them to sing. His church music is altogether in Fasch's style, showing more learning than genius.

He was an intimate friend of Fichte as well as of Goethe, was elected member of the Academy of Science, and received the title of Professor from the King. He was twice married, and the father of eleven children. He was a rough old fellow, extremely witty, and given to all sorts of odd and droll remarks. I may perhaps some time collect some of the anecdotes which are still told of him. Dehn had a store of them.

The news of Goethe's death quite broke the heart of the now old man of 74. On the 15th of May, 1832, he died.

In middle life, after the death of his father, Zelter divided his time between his business and art, by devoting his mornings to study—especially of Bach and Hasse—the middle of the day to riding about the city to examine the progress his numerous laborers were making, sometimes taking hold himself—the evenings to music. His last years he gave to literature and Art alone. He wrote a good deal in musical and other periodicals, published a short biography of Fasch, an essay on Haydn's compositions, and the like.

Probably to no one person more than to Zelter is Berlin indebted for its present position as being the principal seat of music in central—perhaps in all Europe.

A. W. T.

Robert Stöpel's Hiawatha.

(From the Boston Courier, Jan. 13.)

The musical composer in America does not rest upon a bed of roses. Whatever hardships he may have to endure elsewhere, his position here is even less encouraging. In countries where musical education is known among the people, he has the satisfactory assurance, to soften

the many evils he must bear, that he shall be fairly judged by his works, that he will be promptly appreciated, and that such claims to greatness as he may put forth will be recognized. How different here! Our musical taste is not equal to the formation of an opinion, nor our confidence to the expression of one. We accept with calmness the offerings of the Old World, but shrink from the responsibility of uttering a judgment for ourselves. Not only is this true with the public; it is even more true with the assumed teachers of the public. Where we should look for helps we find too often hindrances to the progress of musical feeling among us. Journalism is not beyond reproach. How wide the distance between what it does, and what it might do for Art. Of all arts, music is least unknown to us, and what is our musical criticism, with its shameful discordance of opinion, and its reckless ignorance, but a scandal and a reproach? It is not equal to the humblest of its duties, yet it boldly approaches the highest, and rudely defiles with immodest touch the finest creations of the human mind. Fools rush in where angels fear to tread.

It is against this certainty of misappreciation that composers in America have found it, and will find it most difficult to struggle. The toils of years, the unrewarded labors, the slights of friends, the sneers of foes, the many disappointed yearnings, could all be compensated at the last, by one burst of sympathy from the world. Here, unfortunately, that sympathy can not be expressed. Our public fears to show a warmth that might be deemed imprudent. Our Boston, our New York and our Philadelphia must not be compromised. Who can calculate the consequences of either of those cautious cities "putting its foot in it" in a matter of taste? Of their musical valor, the better part is discretion. The composer, whatever his merit, can hope but for little at their hands, and that little will generally be vouchsafed him by the uncritical and musically unenlightened portion of the community.

We do not thus introduce the few words we have to say of Mr. Stöpel's "Hiawatha" because of any special suffering that he has been forced to endure. The truth is, that his work was received with a warmth quite unusual, and was welcomed with a newspaper approval which showed how deep a general impression it had made, and which would have been found gratifying to observe, had anything besides the baldest and flattest generalities of praise been uttered. Our object is to show the magnitude of the obstacles that stand in the way of a composer who tries to secure a proper public appreciation of his labors, and the position of Mr. Stöpel affords us as good an illustration as we could desire. Here is a young man who has passed his life from his earliest years in the most assiduous study of his art. For a long while he has held a position of prominence in France and England. His works have enjoyed the extremest popularity in those countries. Coming to America, he seizes upon a subject for musical illustration. Two years he occupies in its preparation. The mere physical labor of writing his score is a Herculean task apart from the composition itself. At length it is finished; it is sumptuously produced, with every possible advantage that energy and enterprise can secure, in a city which appears to be the fittest place for its production; and the composer is rewarded for his exertions and anxieties by a pecuniary loss exceeding one thousand dollars, and a public expression of adulation which loses its force from the fact that it is meaningless.

We do not at all know how Mr. Stöpel regards the reception of his work, but for ourselves, we are not satisfied with it. At the performance it was evident that all present were delighted; but many hesitated to express their delight at an unknown production by an unknown hand. The newspaper writers, at least, recorded the fact of a decided triumph. But after that, of what value was all their praise? What idea of the work itself was to be gathered from all that was written about it, excepting only one or two really carefully appreciative notices? Who could judge of the rank, among the world's compositions, to which this one was entitled, from the comments

put into print about it? It is useless to ask. The answer must always be alike discreditable to the manufacturers of musical reviews in our city.

We would, then, undertake to give a more exact description of Mr. Stepel's composition, than it appears to have received. A work of so much importance should not be passed lightly by. That it deserves much closer and more careful critical attention than we have time or space to bestow upon it, we are firmly convinced. We shall nevertheless endeavor to explain in some measure, the intentions of the composer, and how he has succeeded in carrying them out.

First, a word of the performance. It might have been better every way. The orchestra approached the nearest to perfection, but sometimes slipped into a looseness that interfered with the effect of the work. The great success of the production, however, was due the orchestra, the members of which played with true enthusiasm, an enthusiasm that was more directly exhibited at the first rehearsal, when they rose and repeatedly cheered the composer. The vocal solos were by Mrs. Harwood, Mr. Millard and Mr. Wetherbee. The lady sang her "Cradle Song" as well as was possible, and her last tragic air with much dramatic effect. Mr. Millard, we are sure, could have done better in all that he attempted, although his singing was not without taste and spirit; he did not appear to be animated with the real sentiment of the music. Mr. Wetherbee's voice was unfavorable to the character of the music he had to sing, but his performance was expressive and dignified. The trio was altogether marred by the incorrectness with which it was sung. Of the choruses it is only possible to say that some were less badly given than others. We cannot understand the objections urged against the readings by Mrs. Stepel. The great point appears to be that she was unheard by those who sat at a distance from her. This is without doubt true, but it simply proves that her voice is not over-powerful, and has nothing to do with the readings, which were exquisite. Some of the effects she introduced were incomparably beautiful and poetic. They added much to the interest of the entertainment.

Before speaking of the music of "Hiawatha," it is proper to consider what the composer has undertaken to do. The selection of such a work as Longfellow's "Hiawatha" for illustration was a bold step. Few subjects could present greater difficulties. To apply descriptive music to the Indian legends which Mr. Longfellow has poetically idealized is a task to shrink from. The little Indian music that we know of, furnishes a very slight foundation for the composer to work upon. It is vague, rude, destitute of form or expression, and significant only of savage wildness. To preserve the spirit of these weird melodies, and at the same time to present a musical picture full of animation and vigor, Mr. Stepel did not hesitate to attempt. Even here his difficulties did not cease. In the poem, the structure of the verse is always the same; the rhythm does not change throughout. In putting music to such words, it was, of course, no easy matter to avoid repetition of the measures; but we find that the composer has succeeded in introducing an entirely different rhythmical character in each piece, while also expressing with extreme exactness the sense of the words themselves. Mr. Stepel has selected from the poem, those portions which directly relate to the career of the Indian prophet—his advent, his mission, his exploits, his departure. The work commences with the appeal of the Great Spirit, and the announcement of the coming of Hiawatha. The story of the prophet's birth is related, and the principal points of his life are depicted, to the end. The only variation from the strict unity of the work is at the close, where, after the earthly life of Hiawatha has terminated, a joyous chorus of the Return of Spring is introduced, to brighten the closing scenes.

The first number of "Hiawatha" is "The Peace-Pipe." The violins, muted, and led by the violoncellos, are heard in soft and mysterious tones, while the flutes, hautboys and clarinets break in with bits of pastoral melodies, which are more fully developed as the work progresses. As

the opening bars of introduction sink into silence, the quick pizzicatos of the string instruments suggest, as it were, the puffing of the great Peace-Pipe. The rising of the smoke is indicated by the violins and subsequently by the reed instruments, rushing upwards in thirds, until, gathering strength as it ascends, it "breaks against the heaven" in a vast volume of sound, swaying and swelling, with the fullest force of the orchestra; an effect magnificently wrought. The "Song of the Great Spirit" follows,—an imposing chant, mainly accompanied by the softest possible notes of the trombones, but at each climax supported by a crash of all the instruments. Towards the close, a minute figure is interwoven with the accompaniment by the violins, and carried through with increasing effect to the end. As the voice ceases, its last tones are echoed and repeated by certain of the instruments, while the violin figure, and the two opening pastoral phrases are again taken up, and exquisitely put together, the whole closing with the softest breathings of the wood instruments, and low sustained notes of the violins.

The second number is called "The Stars." It describes, with orchestral introduction and chorus, the fall of Nokomis from the heavens, the betrayal of young Wenonah, and the birth of Hiawatha. The glittering of the stars is represented by the delicate movement of the violins, rapidly rising and falling in their highest tones. This idea is gradually extended to the entire orchestra, and finally rests with the reeds, while the violins, in swift chromatic ascents and descents, indicate the "falling of the star." Soon the flowing harmonies resolve themselves into a gentle melody, which is brought out with gradual and increasing effect, until it is taken by the chorus, who sing the words of the poem—"Downward through the evening twilight," &c. The instrumentation of this portion of the work is peculiarly significant. We have found nothing richer or more complete in its way. A fine effect is produced by the voices at the passage, "She was sporting with her women, swinging in a swing of grape-vines." While the sopranos pursue their independent melody, the tenors sing another strain, suggesting precisely the undulations of the swing. The chorus ends with the original theme, and is succeeded by an orchestral reminiscence of the starry scintillations which have preceded it. This number, notwithstanding the extreme beauty of its melodies, and the brilliancy of its instrumentation, must perhaps be considered of less musical importance than almost any in the work; because it shows less than any other the powerful originality and spirit of the composer.

The third number is "The Cradle Song." Old Nokomis rears the infant Hiawatha, and each evening sings to him a little lullaby. This is a simple and beautiful melody, for mezzo-soprano voice. The accompaniment ingeniously and unmistakably represents the rocking of a cradle, and the air itself is peculiarly gentle and soothing in character. It is twice repeated, and is succeeded by the fourth number—

"The Canoe-building Song." This is the most sparkling and dashing piece of the work. The melody is full of animation, and the instrumentation, which is everywhere of the highest order, is here superb. At every point, some little idea of the workmanship of the canoe, as described by the words, is daintily hinted. Each phrase sung by the voice is echoed with indescribable effect. The music never fails to represent the spirit of the words, whether in the gleeful confidence of Hiawatha, or the "sighs of sorrow" with which the trees answer his call. We have heard no barcarol so charming as this one.

The fifth number is "The War Song, and the Fight with Mudjekeewis." Here the descriptive Indian music is first introduced. Hiawatha, learning of his mother's wrongs, journeys to the kingdom of the West Wind to avenge them, and there encounters his father, as told in the story. The number opens with an imitation of the traditional war-song of the Indians, as it is yet heard among them. Three melodic figures are employed, one consisting merely of two notes, falling in fifths, another of three notes, embracing the minor third, and the other of five notes; with

these simple materials, varied according to his purposes, the composer has wrought out a most powerful effect. The listener might fancy himself within the wild influence of a horde of untamed savages. We do not know where to look for finer contrapuntal effects, or finer orchestral writing than in this piece, which is decidedly the best of the Symphony. It is not surpassed in any of the works of the recognized masters of the art which we have had opportunity of examining. As the music progresses, the three figures are worked together with effects ever new and exciting, and at length it bursts into the representation of the Fight with Mudjekeewis, which again is a masterpiece of instrumentation. By sharp syncopations the gasps and struggles of the combatants are depicted, and above all, the war-shriek is again and again heard, as if each were spurring himself to greater efforts. The finale is equal to the best of known orchestral compositions.

The sixth number is "The Wooing." Hiawatha, returning, visits the Arrow-maker, and receives Minnehaha as his bride. Hiawatha asks for the maiden; her father, not without some words of complaint, which are cleverly treated by the composer, consents; and the lovers interchange soft words, and other delicacies of the season of youth and beauty. The trio is well put together, and is marked throughout by a peculiar melodic figure, which is effectively repeated by each voice in turn. The close is quite fairy-like.

The seventh number is "The Beggar's Dance," which, at Hiawatha's wedding, "the handsome Pau-Puk-Keewis" dances. This composition is full of drollery. It commences with "a slow and solemn measure," a quaint and abrupt melody, under which another, equally odd, is presently worked. These having been fully developed, the music changes to a swifter measure, in which the lower instruments give constantly the monotonous shuffling of rapid feet, while others chirp forth merry and quaint snatches of melody. The close is somewhat Mendelssohn-like in treatment, but still preserves a complete originality. As the time becomes still swifter, the violoncello is heard once or twice uttering a little cry of fatigue, which is, however, instantly repressed by the indomitable perseverance of the combined orchestral energies. Just at the close, a wild sweep of all the instruments in unison expresses the last frenzies of the dance, as described in the poem.

The eighth number is "The Love Song," which Chibiabos sings at the marriage feast. This is a ballad, for tenor, the melody of which is extremely beautiful, and the refrain so peculiarly touching that it lingers in the memory as the brightest charm of this work full of charms.

The ninth number is "The Blessing of the Corn Fields," the poet's description of which gains a new beauty by the musical illustrations. Minnehaha, at midnight, unclothed, draws the magic circle of her footsteps around the cornfields, to prevent them from blight. As the "War Song" is the most powerful piece of music in the composition, so this is the most serenely beautiful. It opens with a soft and sad melody, for the hautboy, which is taken up by the violoncellos, the bassoons, and subsequently other instruments. The faint tinkling of the triangle does not vulgarize, but helps the effect of this piece. Changing from the minor to the major key, the music assumes a less serious, but still preserves a thoughtful character. Again it falls into a dim mysterious mood, in a passage of delicious little contrapuntal effects, as nearly approaching a fugue as the composer has permitted himself to do, and showing how easily he might have filled his work with learned writing had he chosen, and had such been his purpose.

The tenth number is the "Ravens' Chorus." The Ravens defy the magic circle of Minnehaha, and plot to destroy the fields. In the introduction to the chorus, a quite fiercely fantastic piece, the "rush of wings and cry of voices," are aptly depicted. Here, again, the instrumentation presents many novel and striking points. The chorus, for male voices, is very characteristic. The melody, in one portion, is forcibly sung by the first basses, while the tenors and second bas-

ses accompany, some with lengthened harmonies, others with short, sharp laughs. The coda is quite in the style of some operatic finales, the only instance in the whole work where anything like Italian termination can be found.

The eleventh number is "The Harvest Chorus." The first movement is a stream of purest melody; the second, a merry measure, in which the tenors have a simple theme, while the sopranos are chirping away in more fanciful strains. This chorus is one of the brightest gems of the symphony.

The twelfth number is called "The Ghosts:—Famine and Fever. The approach of Winter is first indicated in the introduction, in which all the resources of the orchestra are employed with extraordinary skill. The effect surpasses that of any similar descriptive piece we have met with. The wailing of the winds, the fierce blasts, the cries of despair, are all heard. The chorus is most artistically introduced, by a few heavy and sombre chords, contrasting powerfully with the high notes of the sopranos which are immediately after sung. The chorus itself—"We are ghosts of the departed,"—is the best that the work contains. The music adds a hundred fold to the meaning of the words. It is almost sublime.

The thirteenth number is "The Death Song," in which Minnehaha's death is told. A plaintive melody, by the most plaintive instruments, leads to the air, for mezzo-soprano voice. It is very dramatic, and finely illustrates the words selected. The climax of Minnehaha's anguish is rendered startling by an unexpected harmonic effect, and is succeeded by a soothing melody, in which the old Nokomis strives to calm the terror of the dying woman—a most happy inspiration. At the end, the elegiac tones of the hautboy are again heard, and the piece ends mournfully, upon the wild chord of the diminished seventh.

The fourteenth number is the Introduction and Chorus of "The Return of Spring." The first efforts of reviving Nature are expressed;—the twittering of the birds, the flowing of the stream, the budding of the flowers. The whole introduction is a beautiful pastoral, similar in form to that in Spohr's "Consecration of Tones," but only so in form. The character of the music is essentially different. We seem to find all the elements of returning spring struggling together, and at length breaking the icy bands which have restrained them and bursting forth in a joyful and passionate melody of thanksgiving. The chorus takes up the theme, and carries it blithely through, while the orchestra surrounds the voices with musical pictures of the "rivers rushing onward." The "flowers springing up o'er all the meadows," the "showers of rain, falling warm and welcome." This number, beaming with melody, and rich in orchestral embellishment, delightfully ends the composition.

Mr. Stæpel's "Hiawatha" merits the closest attention of amateurs. No work of such importance has ever been originally produced in this country. No finer work, of its class, has been anywhere produced at any time. It is a perfect illustration of its subject. It is easy to imagine what the composer might do with a more favorable subject. He has in this shown a wealth of melody truly surprising; a profound musical knowledge, equal to any that modern composers have displayed; and a command of instrumentation such as we have found in the writings of but few masters of the art. His pen must not lie idle. That which he has already written—he has in manuscript several operas, symphonies, overtures, &c., some of which have been produced in Europe with undoubted success, as the records show—should be heard, and he should be urged to other efforts. We sincerely trust that he may meet with such encouragement as should be offered to every man of true genius.

A Small and Amusing Flare-up in the New York Academy of Music.

Quite a comical affair, not put down in the bills, as the phrase goes, occurred at the concert given at the Academy of Music, Tuesday evening, in connection with the festival of the St. George Society. The singing of the national anthem, "God save the Queen,"

as every one knows, is the feature of these occasions, and great pains is always taken that it shall be rendered by the best talent. The programme promised well enough. There were the names of Piccolomini, Caradori and Formes, for solos, and the Liederkranz Society was put down for the choruses. When the time for the Anthem came, there was evidently a screw loose somewhere. The Liederkranz were in their places, waiting anxiously to begin, but the principal performers were wanting. Just as the audience were beginning to grow impatient, the good-natured visage of Formes loomed up in the distance, back of the orchestra, and the rising tumult was stilled. Caradori was with him, but to the astonishment of all Piccolomini was not visible. For a few moments they stood as if they thought "something was coming," when Formes, having handed Mme. Caradori to a seat, retreated a few steps and spoke to the conductor of the orchestra. That individual shook his head in a despairing manner. Formes and Caradori resumed their positions; the signal was given, and the anthem was proceeded with, Formes singing the second verse. But that was not the end of it, for the audience were not to be put off in that manner. Piccolomini was on the programme and Piccolomini they would have. They encored until it seemed as though the little cherubs perched around the first circle would fly from their resting places. Finally Dr. Beales, President of the St. George's Society, appeared, conducting Piccolomini. The applause grew still more deafening, and the lady advancing, stretched out her hand imploringly to the audience, and in a moment they were still. Piccolomini exclaimed: "It is not my fault, it is *not* my fault!" and Mr. Perring taking his seat at the piano, proceeded to play the accompaniment, Mlle. singing the second verse of the anthem.

What the difficulty was could not be conjectured, but before the programme had progressed much further the fact was pretty prominently developed that Piccolomini and Formes were hardly in the proper frame of mind to perform the parts of *Adam* and *Eve* in the oratorio of "The Creation." An air of serio-comic, which detracted considerably from the sublimity of Haydn's conceptions, became ludicrously apparent. Mlle. Piccolomini, Formes, and Perring assumed the characters of *Eve*, *Adam* and *Uriel* respectively, and the oratorio proceeded somewhat after the following manner.

"*Uriel*—In rosy mantle appears, by tines sweet awaked, the morning young and fair. From the celestial vaults, pure harmony descends on ravished earth. Behold the blissful pair, [*Eve* tosses her head contemptuously,] where hand and hand they go [she twitches her chair nervously;] their glowing looks express what feels the grateful heart. [*Eve* casts a look of ineffable disdain upon *Adam*.] A louder praise of God their lips shall utter soon; then let our voices join united with their song. [In the succeeding duets *Adam's* and *Eve's* voices were in better harmony than their feelings. *Adam* gets out of patience with the leader of the orchestra, and that functionary vents his vexation on his subordinates. The exquisite by-play accompanying the following passages may be imagined but not described.]

ADAM—Graceful consort, thee caressing,
Softly glide the golden hours,
Every moment brings new rapture,
Purest joys o'erflow the heart.

EVE—Spouse adored, with thee conversing,
Sensons pass unheeded by;
In thy presence endless pleasure,
In thy love unceasing bliss.

ADAM and EVE—
But what joy to me the morning dew,
The breath of even, the savory fruit, or the fragrant bloom?
With thee is every joy enhanced, with thee delight is ever new;
Thy voice, thy look perpetual love inspires; thou art all to me.

URIEL—O happy pair, happy ever,
If still content, in humble mind, God's sacred
Mandate we obey, nor more desire to know
Than he doth grant—

So much for the part of the performances of which the public were witnesses. Now for the transactions behind the scenes:—

Saturday, when the arrangements for the concert were being perfected, Piccolomini expressed a decided preference for singing the second verse of the anthem, as it was the only one she had ever performed, and the only one with which she felt at all acquainted. Formes seemed very desirous of singing the same verse, and at first refused to take any other, but finally waved his preference, as it was understood, in favor of Piccolomini. So matters stood until Tuesday evening, not a hint being thrown out of there being any possibility of a misunderstanding. What was the surprise of the managers of the festival when the anthem was sung by Caradori and Formes, the latter taking the disputed second verse. Some of them, on going behind the scenes, found

Mlle. Piccolomini in a very natural state of excitement at the slight which she felt had been put on her. She said Formes had insisted on singing the second verse, and had finally gone on the stage without having come to any understanding with her. Formes received pretty severe rebukes from all quarters, and refused to listen to the appeals which were made to him to repeat the anthem giving Piccolomini the part she desired. Finally that lady turned to Dr. Beales the President of St. George's, and said to him that if he would escort her upon the stage, she would yet perform the part assigned her. Then the difficulty was to get the orchestra together again. No leader could be found, and the different performers of course, refused to go on the stage unless under his direction. Mr. Perring was appealed to in this emergency to accompany Mlle. Piccolomini with the piano, which, of course, he cheerfully did. The rest of the transaction the public were witnesses of.—*N. Y. Times.*

Musical Correspondence.

NEW YORK, JAN. 17, 1859.—Was it my blunder, or that of your printers, which caused the omission of the programme in my notice of the Philharmonic concert? I fear I am to blame, for though I remember preparing the printed programme for insertion, I have no recollection of inclosing it in my letter, and plead guilty in that case, to great carelessness. Let me make the best amends in my power, by stating now that the Symphony was Beethoven's Seventh, that M^{me}. GRAEVER played a piano Concerto, by Mendelssohn, and Mr. WOLLENHAUPT, that for violin, by the same composer; and that the pieces sung by the two German Singing Societies were the Prisoner's Chorus from *Fidelio*, and one from *Rienzi*, by Wagner.

At the Matinée last Tuesday, *Norma* was substituted for *Martha*, owing to BRIGNOLI's illness. PICCOLOMINI, in *La Serva Padrona*, surpassed herself. And how charming is the music of this little operetta! The concert in the evening was, to all accounts, as successful as it was long, and was enlivened by an amusing incident. In "God save the Queen," in which Piccolomini and Formes were announced to sing the solos, M^{me}. CARADORI appeared instead of the former, which change excited vehement demonstrations of displeasure, and noisy calls for Piccolomini. That lady finally appeared, much disturbed, made a few remarks, among which the words: "it is *not* my fault, it is *not* my fault," were chiefly distinguishable, and sang a verse of the song in question, to Mr. PERRING's piano accompaniment, as the orchestra and chorus had dispersed. Various reasons are given for this state of affairs; some throw the blame on Caradori, some on Formes, and I cannot vouch for the truth of any report. With the *Huguenots* on Wednesday, and *Traviata*, for Piccolomini's benefit, on Thursday, the season closed for the present, and our choir of singing birds has flitted to other climes, to return, however, at Easter, which occurs unusually late this year.

On Saturday M^{me}. ABEL gave a matinée at the Spingler Institute. I am happy to say that the room was crowded, and that all were manifestly delighted with the entertainment. M^{me}. ABEL is indeed, a pianist such as it is rarely our good fortune to hear. She showed her powers on this occasion, in every variety of style. A Duo with Mr. MOLLENHAUER, by Herz and Lafont, a Sonata of Beethoven, part of a concerto by Chopin, and Schullhoff's *Carnival de Venice* were certainly as wide apart in character as possible, but they were all rendered equally well in their way. M^{me}. Abel has a peculiarly liquid touch; she shapes the notes from her fingers like strings of pearls. In point of force, she is perhaps not quite equal to M^{me}. Graever-Johnson, and in merely brilliant pieces, does not manifest a greater degree of expression than that lady but let her play Chopin or Beethoven, and her soul is roused at once, and there is a fire, an enthusiasm, and a depth of feeling in her

performance, which I have seldom met with in an artist of the gentle sex. The Sonata of Beethoven, Op. 10, No. 3, in D, with its passionate restless Allegro, its deeply mournful Largo, its pretty, Haydn-like Minuetto, and sparkling Finale, showed her in her best light. It was only to be regretted that an evident nervousness caused her to hurry the first two movements a little; I have heard her play it in private with more *laissez aller*, and consequently, to more thorough satisfaction. The movement from Chopin's Concerto was exquisitely rendered, and made the listener long to hear her perform it with the orchestral accompaniment. It is to be hoped that she will play at one of our Philharmonic concerts. In answer to two *encors*, Mme. Abel played a little piece of Gottschalk, and one of Chopin's loveliest Mazourkas, the last of Op. 33, the latter exquisitely.

MR. MOLLENHAUER and PHIL. MAYER assisted the lady pianists. The latter sang a couple of German songs, in one of which, a little popular melody, "How can I leave thee," his fine voice showed to best advantage, and he was deservedly *encored*. —t—

PHILADELPHIA, JAN. 17. — You should have witnessed the smirk of self-satisfaction which played about the diminutive features of Herr Uhlman, last Friday evening, when the rushing crowds, wedged through the elegant threshold of the Academy, afforded him the pleasurable consciousness that neither the two hundred pennies for admission, nor the veritable London fog and drizzle outside, had served to tarnish or to dampen the prospects of his *petite comtesse*, PICCOLOMINI. When the Marie of the evening (the opera was *La Figlia del Reggimento*) tripped across the boards towards the Sergeant (FORMES), her eyes fell upon a vast and costlily attired audience, which presented the appearance of an immense snow-drift, of white Opera shawls, studded with diamonds, sparkling in the rich, mellow light of the pendant bee-hive chandelier, like the crystalline ice-points upon the white winter-shroud, when the sun stands at meridian. No matter what the reputation or the antecedents of a *debutante*, Philadelphia audiences rarely extend an enthusiastic applause in advance; they generally welcome the claimant for public favor with a round which signifies — "Glad to welcome you here; now let us see what your attainments may be;" and then they lapse into a frigid, critical reserve, which continues to the end, unless the achievements of the artist, either vocally or histrionically, really be such as to warm them into genuine enthusiasm. Thus has it ever been from the days of Jenny Lind unto the present moment; and artists have been known to admit openly their nervous dread of a Philadelphia *debut*. Boston possesses this feature in common with our city, so far as my own observations have served to indicate me, — whereas in New York people cast themselves in all-surrendering homage before the singer, before that individual has sung a single note, merely upon the foreign reputation, which may have rendered the name illustrious.

Piccolomini shared the same fate here, which has astonished and even confused many of her Art-sisters before her. Gradually, however, when her matchless impersonation of Marie unfolded its fine points apace, with each recurring situation of the plot, people commenced to feel interested when they found art effectually concealed, and the pretty *vivandiere* the moving spirit which caused the different scenes to pass before them like a charming reality. Up to the execution of *Convien partir*, the crowded assemblage seemed pleased more with her piquancy, vivacity, mobility of feature and spirit, than with her vocalization of the score; but she threw so much of tender, impassioned feeling and expression into that cavatina, as to touch the heart-strings of each individual, and to elicit a tremendous outburst of enthusiasm after the final note. Connoisseurs, who measure the achievements of artists by certain established criterions of Art, cer-

tainly failed to discover that requisite amount of flexibility, compass, breadth, and that unrestrained execution which causes the roulade or the melodic strain to flow quasi-spontaneously, like the gushing notes of a feathered songster singing from an inward bent or instinct; they found not these sufficiently patent to entitle Piccolomini to a place beside divers other highly finished artists; but the natural pathos, tender emotions, and the girlish grief which characterized her adieu to the towering moustaches around her, and which seemed flooding each note of the cavatina in question, forthwith won all hearts to her. FORMES played the character of the Sergeant with his accustomed excellence, introducing some new and natural points, which admirably enhanced the delineation of the *prima donna*.

On Saturday evening, the "Marriage of Figaro" drew another superb house, and presented the following cast: PICCOLOMINI, GHIONI, and BERKEL; FORMES, FLORENZA, PERRING and WEINLICH. The Opera was remarkably well performed; and where the old-style music failed to interest the public, the inimitable drollery and superb voice of Formes as Figaro, the sprightly vivacity and cunning of Piccolomini, the archness of Mme. Berkel as Cherubino, the judicious acting and artistic singing of Florenza, kept the audience amused, delighted, jolly and attentive. Formes has never been heard here in better voice; his *Non piu andrai* elicited a tumultuous encore, and must have caused the spirit of the immortal Wolfgang Amadeus to flutter in ecstatic joy.

It would be superfluous to add more in detail concerning the artists of this fine troupe, for your masterly reviews of the recent Boston Opera season, and the early reports from New York of your able "Trovator," have afforded your readers very lucid ideas of their performances and *personnel*. My object has been rather to herald the reception of the troupe in our midst. That certainly has been all which the most sanguine *impresario* could possibly desire; crowded houses, and an increase of enthusiasm each evening, which must ere long attain to fever heat. Tonight, Mdle Piccolomini is to make her first appearance as Violetta, in Verdi's *Traviata*, an opera wherein her every note, position, gesture, and expression of countenance, will be measured and criticized by the GAZZANIGA standard, on the part of a public, which invariably seems disposed to judge solely by strict comparisons.

The Concert of the HARMONIA SACRED SOCIETY, last week, presented certain features which should have crowded the Concert Hall. As it was, however, the audience was not large, — a fact to be traced directly to the intense frigidity of the weather. Mlle. HENRIETTA SIMON, made a most successful debut upon this occasion. Her musical education has been thoroughly comprehensive, and she vocalizes with much power, flexibility, purity of intonation and freedom from restraint. Her voice is a soprano of adequate compass, and is characterized throughout by richness, mellowness, purity, and clearness. Mme. La Grange has been her friend and patron saint, — moulding her style decidedly after her own admired method by dint of *con amore* instructions and advice to her talented *protegee*.

MR. C. JEROME HOPKINS, the young American Organist, created a marked sensation by his splendid execution of Wagner's "Pilgrim Chorus;" but finally slightly marred the impression thus secured, by that which purported to be an "Improvisation on familiar Airs," but merely consisted in a murderous chopping of the "Last Rose of Summer," *et ia genus omne*, into every conceivable form and shape. Hopkins is brimful of talent, and really can improvise in the most edifying manner, as the writer of this is able to testify from actual hearing. The choruses were admirably rendered, and Mr. M. H. CROSS accompanied with his wonted skill and judgement.

MANRICO.

CERRO, (HAVANA), JAN. 1. — The second *abono*, or season, of MARETZKE's opera troupe, came to a successful and brilliant close on Thursday evening, Dec. 30. The opera given was *Sappho*, by Paccini, which had been brought out on the 28th, for the first time in Havana. It had a great success. I was present both evenings; on the first evening there was a very full house; on the second, the house was literally crammed, not a vacant seat, and gentlemen packed in behind the boxes. The parts were distributed as follows: — Sappho, Mme. GAZZANIGA; Clymene, Miss PHILLIPPS; the High Priest, GASSIER; Phaon, STEFANI. The fine baritone air, in the first Act, was very well sung by Gassier, whose voice, although fine, is, to me, very unsympathetic. The second act opens with an exquisite little chorus of women, followed by a song of Chymene's, which was finely rendered by Miss Phillipps. This is followed by a duet between Sappho and Clymene, which begins *pianissimo*. This duet is me, the gem of the opera; and it seemed impossible for it to be more finely sung than it was by Mme. Gazzaniga and Miss Phillipps. The *romanza* for tenor, in the third act, was preceded by a clarinet solo, very finely played, which was vastly applauded. The *romanza* itself, although well sung, was very coldly received. Stefani is no favorite here. I am told that when he first appeared before the Havana public, he had a very disagreeable habit in concerted pieces, of roaring, which roaring, as he is a very powerful, large fellow, was not the soft roaring of a "sucking dove" and rather drowned the other singers. This habit he is overcoming and is now growing into favor, although he is still very coldly received and hardly ever applauded. Sappho's death-song was accompanied by Mme. Marezke on the harp, Sappho herself keeping time on a "voiceless lyre;" on the first night, on a stage lyre, on the second on a very beautiful one, presented to her by some one among the audience. She was literally showered with bouquets and several very beautiful wreaths were presented to her; also, two white doves were thrown to her, one of which persisted in flying to and fro, from one gallery to the other, although repeatedly caught by the streamers tied to its legs, and thrown to her. The quartet following Sappho's burst of passion, at the discovery of her lover's perfidy to her and marriage to Clymene, was very finely sung, and the singers were called before the curtain three times; but on the fourth recall, Mme. Gazzaniga appeared alone, when I left the theatre until the next act, (as many others also did,) for my applause had been quite as much for Miss Phillipps as for Mme. Gazzaniga.

I quite agree with you, my dear Dwight, in your opinion expressed a month or two since, and also previously, that Miss PHILLIPPS is not appreciated in Boston. Here in Havana, she is a great favorite with the public, and as I happen to know, this same public is a very fastidious public. For instance, — a singer strikes a wrong note — immediately there is a buzz and smile all over the theatre, and if the singer persists in singing incorrectly, ladies and gentlemen commence to laugh and talk as easily and in as loud a tone as if at home. To me, it is a delight to listen to Miss Phillipps's singing; to me, her rich contralto is a gurgling river of melody, growing ever more rich and more melodious. I have met her once or twice at a friend's, and have heard her sing, and her voice is as pleasant in a small room as in a theatre, which is seldom the case with so powerful a voice. But in my admiration of Miss Phillipps, I have wandered from *Sappho*, which I had very nearly done with, only having intended to say, that, as too often he does, Mr. Marezke seriously marred the beauty of the opera, by the loud roaring of his drums and braying of his trumpets; in fact some parts were completely drowned by the orchestra.

Last night I drove into Havana with some friends to the Plaza de Armas, to hear the band play. The

first piece performed was the chorus in the second act of *Sappho*, of which I wrote above. The next was a march from *Ernani*. On Christmas eve., kind friends of mine arranged a party to go to Midnight Mass in the church attached to the Jesuit College, where the singing is very fine. The night, when we started, about half past eleven, was most delicious. We had been fearing we should have to give up going, on account of the showers, which had been very heavy through the evening; but at eleven, the moon broke through the clouds, lighting up the wet trees and shrubbery with a flood of silver light. Immediately, you may be sure, we started, and the drive into town was one of the most delightful I have ever had; the trees were wet and glistening in the moonlight, (which moonlight, says Hurlbut in his *Gan Eden*, would have driven Shelley crazy) and there was a delicious perfume in the air as we drove on, such as we have in New England only a few days in May and June, when all the trees are in blossom and the leaves are just bursting out. A part of the way we drove through long double avenues of trees meeting above our heads. As we entered the walls, all the bells in the city pealed forth midnight.

We drove rapidly to the church, and Mr. —, being acquainted with the Fathers, easily procured kneeling carpets for our ladies, while we proceeded immediately to the choir. The mass performed was composed by a French Jesuit priest, named Lambillotte, who died a few years since. Much of the music is beautiful, and it was very finely performed; the orchestra was unusually large, some of the musicians belonging to the theatre. On the left of the organ stood Father Doyagüe, the celebrated Andalusian castanet player. Strange as it may seem, the effect of the castanet was very pretty indeed, and the good Father seemed to enjoy it so much, swaying himself from side to side in time to the music. The singing in this church is very beautiful. I cannot compare it with that of any of the other churches, for this is the only one I have as yet been into. The tenor on that night was marvellously sweet; Father Llué, a rector in the church, sang that part. He is renowned here in Havana for the beauty of his voice, and oftentimes of his own free will he goes into the choir and sings. Since I have heard him sing, I wonder not at all at his renown; his voice runs very high, and is "so strong and so sweet!" It reminds me somewhat of Brignoli's, but while equally sweet is much stronger and has more of the *robusto* in it. Almost the only blot to the beauty of the mass, was the forcing of the voice in the *Gloria*, by the leading soprano, a boy, whose singing with that exception was remarkably good. We stayed in the choir but a short time, as we found that we lost very much of the music up there abreast of the organ. Therefore we went down round the church, until we were behind the main altar. Now, on the right of this main altar, in the corner of the church, is a marble altar recently imported from Italy by Father Leuc? "He the sweetest of all singers, in this church of lovely singers," and presented by him to his church, and dedicated to the Heart of Mary. On the steps of this altar, thanks to my friend's influence, we obtained permission to sit; and there we did sit, facing the congregation, until Mass was finished, our heads veiled by the \$2,000 worth of lace which decorated the altar. The main altar was beautifully dressed with trees and shrubs and flowers; wandering about among the trees were the wise men coming to look on the infant Christ, in his Mother's arms, both of whom were dressed in white, and had a magnificent lace veil thrown over them; also, various lady friends coming through the trees, dressed in crimson silk flounced dresses, trimmed with black velvet. The vestments of the officiating priest were very costly; they were studded with jewels and trimmed with heavy embroidery in gold thread. One emerald on the middle of his back was as large as a good sized pigeon's egg, and flashed

over all the church. Immediately in front of the altar, were seated the boys at the Jesuit College; they numbered about a hundred, I believe, and were all dressed in a uniform.

T—*

Dwight's Journal of Music.

BOSTON, JAN. 22, 1859.

MUSIC IN THIS NUMBER.—Continuation of the Cantata: "Miriam's Song of Triumph," for Soprano Solo and Chorus, by FRANZ SCHUBERT.

Concerts of the Past Week.

MENDELSSOHN QUINTETTE CLUB. The operatic Bengal lights and rockets having blazed out and become extinguished, we were at last enabled, and with joy, to hail again the quiet fixed stars in our musical heavens. Not the least welcome thereof was the familiar little Pleiades-like group, the Quintette Club, who seized the first opportunity to shine again on Friday evening, of last week. It was the third concert of their season. The old consecrated spot, the pleasant room at Chickering's, being now actually surrendered to other uses, they were fain to take refuge in the Mercantile Hall, in Summer Street, which, though not so cozy as the old place, proved not bad for sound, although it may doubtless be improved by closing the recess within which the instruments were confined and bringing the stage out into the room. There was a goodly audience in spite of the worst of nights for getting about. Here is the programme:

1. Quintet in E minor, op. 3; Introduction and Allegro; Allegretto; Finale, Adagio and Allegro: Nicls Gade. 2. Grand Piano Trio in B flat, op. 97; Allegro Moderato; Scherzo; Adagio; Finale, Allegro; Miss Fay, Messrs. Schultze and Fries: 3. Adagio for Quintet, arranged from the Serenade for Wind Instruments; (First time); Mozart. 4. Adagio and Rondo Finale, from the Clarinet Quintet in B flat, op. 84: Weber. 5. First Quartet in E flat, op. 12; Introduction and Allegro; Canzonetta Allegretto; Andante; Finale, Allegro vivace: Mendelssohn.

Gade's music, whether for piano, violins, or orchestra, always makes the same impression on us. It is always sea-shore music; it always has a watery, cool sound, with a something dreamy, shadowy, lost in the mist of ages, Ossianic. It has many of the characteristic turns of Mendelssohn; reflects him, perhaps unconsciously. It has also a peculiar hue of tenderness and romance; but it is pale and bloodless; it does not seem to live now, but only dimly to remember life or to foreshadow it. It gives you but the shadow of passion; it makes you think of Undine, that interesting kindred creature of the sea, that had no soul. In the same way this music interests us, and of course after a little while fatigues us or lets us drop asleep. Put a soul into it and you have — Mendelssohn. This Quintet was a graceful, pleasing reproduction of these past impressions of Gade; one of the most agreeable of his works; and it was very nicely, delicately played.

Miss MARY FAY is a very youthful debutante, whose extraordinary ease and fluency of execution of the most difficult piano-forte music, especially modern music, has for a year or two past been a theme of admiration in the houses of her friends. She surely followed unwise counsel in selecting such a composition as the B flat Trio of Beethoven for her first public performance. It was as if a boy of thirteen, some young Cherubino, perhaps less precocious, should undertake

to play Hamlet. Such a work requires far more than execution; it requires imagination, soul, passion, deep experience, grasp of mind. Miss F. has a nice touch. The delicate passages were, for the most part, rendered with a clean facility — we mean the more melodic solo passages, together with the trills, &c. But for the large chord passages she lacked the strength. The breadth, the grandeur and the fire of Beethoven were wanting. Of course some allowance must be made for embarrassment; but we have never, among the dozen or more who have played that Trio here, heard that deep and grand Adagio played so tamely. The violin and cello partook of the same lifelessness; doubtless they were compelled to hold back in behalf of the pianist. The best rendered portion was the light and airy commencement of the Scherzo; but when it came to that dark and groping passage, so peculiarly Beethovenish, the thing was but mechanical. The fault was simply in undertaking too much. But it was clearly shown that this young lady has decided talent, has already acquired a very remarkable facility of execution for her age, or indeed for any age, and that, with study and experience (comprehending general culture), she may aspire to a high place among pianists. It is indeed good to see one like her turn aside somewhat from the mere brilliancies of Thalberg and the like, and seek acquaintance with immortal works. But such a Trio should, by one so young, be only wooed in private, as a model and a source of inspiration, and not be selected for the exhibition of what one can—and cannot—do in public.

The Mozart Adagio was a dainty bit of the clearest, happiest sort of writing; as to ideas, about the average level of Mozart, not striking or far-reaching, but beautiful and charming by the very necessity of his nature. What a marvellous melodist was Weber! Are there any melodies, which seem such perfect and perennial god-sends as those in *Freyschütz*? We remember in our boyhood, in the old Federal St. Theatre, during those semi-dramatic, semi-musical performances of it, to which our "Diarist" alludes in another column, to have experienced our first really deep and life-determining musical enthusiasm there. Could Ethiopian melodies, or *Norma*, or the *Trovatore*, have made a deeper impression then among Boston boys, or have been more whistled in the streets, than the "Hunter's Chorus," "Plain gold ring," &c.? So too, in this Adagio and Rondo for the Clarinet (how Weber loved the Clarinet one needed only the *Freyschütz* overture to tell him), we have a continual flow of the most fresh and fascinating melody; vigorous, wholesome melody, with a fine rich, fruity flavor, and not mere sentimental sweetness long drawn out, long after all the inspiration is exhausted, as in so much of the Italian, French and modern German Opera music! It was finely rendered by Mr. RYAN and his accompanists.

That early Quartet of Mendelssohn was played to a charm. Its most striking feature, and most readily recalled, is the Canzonetta, a movement to which he seems to have been partial, answering somewhat to the mysterious narrative strain called *Romanza* in modern operas. With Mendelssohn it seems to tell an antique story; some quaint old ballad of the people; a ballad in the German vein; a story as of some knight going forth on his adventures through the forest, and

suddenly surrounded by a world of little elves and fairies; for his peculiar fairy flutter comes in here, too, after the graver measure has gone on awhile.

It was a delightful evening, and such music made its own place, so that the keen regrets for the old hall were partially forgotten.

PHILHARMONIC CONCERTS. Last Saturday evening our musical world seemed at home again in its own place. The Boston Music Hall was decently well filled with really music-loving listeners to a Beethoven Symphony and works which commonly go with it. The night was unpropitious; so icy, wet and slippery as necessarily to keep many, who would otherwise have come, at home. But the twelve or thirteen hundred (apparently) who were there, had reason to be thankful.

Mr. CARL ZERRAHN is happy this time in the composition of his orchestra. Never, save on some festival occasion, have we had brought together in our local orchestras so much good material. Here were about fifty instruments, all of true temper and efficient. They were well balanced, too: seven first violins, five double-basses—in all, thirty of the string family—with the usual complement of wood and brass;—a capital first flute, capital bassoons, clarinet, oboe, &c., four good horns, and trumpets and trombones remarkably well civilized for this most rampant age of brass. Several times in the overtures the kettle-drum went off with too gunpowder-like explosiveness, but with that exception there was but little of the unruly element of noise to frighten Music's soul away.

The "Pastoral Symphony" led off—a concert in itself—indeed a whole long summer day. The great tone-poet waves his enchanter's wand, and we are at once transported out of winter into the heart of June. How it begins! A little phrase of melody escapes the violins, and it is as if a breath of summer air came wandering over the long grass, and rustling through the leaves, and with a dreamy, rocking motion it dies off in the distance; the native summer sense, deep down in the soul, is touched, and all develops naturally. There was a slight crudeness in the instruments at first; the reeds, &c. not having got quite perfectly attuned to each other in the outset; but presently all blended and flowed smoothly, and we had on the whole about the best performance of the "Pastorale" that we remember. The slow movement, "by the Brook-side," was beautifully rendered, especial recognition being due to the musing soliloquy of the fagotto. The storm episode came out uncommonly distinct and vivid. Yet, viewing it from an ideal standard, rather than by comparison with past attempts, we should say that the chief merit of this rendering lay rather in the vividness and freshness with which every line and tint of color was brought out, than in that fine and delicate fusion of all parts in one ideal whole, which might perhaps be realized after many rehearsals in some lucky hour. From the frequent and earnest signs of applause, we judged that our public has really grown in its appreciation of a fine Symphony.

The three overtures were well selected, for an opening, and for a general audience. The *Freyshütz* has been heard more than any other by *habitués*, but it is, as a matter of course, fit that younger listeners should not lack an opportunity to know this glorious overture. Splendidly played, as it was that night, it loses nothing of its charm with those who may have heard it hundreds of times. The overture to "The Huguenots," came out with far more brilliancy and power than in the Theatre, and was most effective. The operatic reminiscence made that interesting; and there was the same argument for introducing that to "Martha," which in itself we never much admired; but it recalled much which every one

who heard the opera did admire. The happy, sunshiny little Allegretto, out of Beethoven's eighth Symphony, was played deliciously, and had to be repeated.

Those who anticipated a very high kind of pleasure were disappointed in the singing of Miss JULIANA MAY. She has a very clear and very powerful soprano voice; bright and penetrating high tones, very round and solid low tones, as low as A, and lower, and a middle register of plentiful volume, though not of an altogether agreeable quality; in truth a *large* voice, and one to cope with the fortissimo of any orchestra. But it lacks the sympathetic quality. Her execution shows training and persistent energy of will in mastering difficulties, but seems too mechanical. She sang the Seena and Aria: "*Regnava nel silenzio*," from *Lucia*; the air: "Jerusalem," from "St. Paul"; and "*La Sicilienne*" from Verdi's *Vêpres Siciliennes*:—this last a brilliant, taking melody, in which her peculiar powers found good play, and which she executed with a life and spirit that prompted a determined *encore*.

The next concert of Mr. Zerrahn will take place Saturday evening, Feb. 5, when we believe we are to have Mendelssohn's A minor ("Scotch") Symphony revived.

Musical Chit-Chat.

Indulging in a humor which we sometimes have of entertaining all sides of a question, we have copied from the *Courier* an elaborate article on Mr. STÖPEL'S "Hiawatha." This we have done for several reasons. First and principally because, with all its enthusiasm, which we think somewhat extravagant, it contains an excellent description of the musical contents of the work, prepared by one who has evidently studied it closely and with admiring eagerness; and because we thought so able an analysis would contribute to the better understanding and appreciation of the work when it is next performed, which we sincerely hope it will be soon. Secondly, because it asserts, and very ably and sincerely, too, the utmost claim that is by anybody made for Mr. Stöpel's composition—a claim far higher than we are prepared to admit, or think it possible to be fully satisfied of so suddenly, even if it were valid. We have already expressed the interest and pleasure we felt in this music, with our dissent from superlatives, and we are glad to give the other side a hearing. Thirdly, that our readers may consider how much reason there is in this writer's plea for the extending of peculiar sympathy and favor to a composition either on the ground of its being in some sense American, or of anxiety to recognize and hail at once the genius, or whatever merits, of an author. We confess we do not yet feel the force of those arguments; we think that criticism ought to be, like genius, of no country and no respecter of persons; that its first duty is not to the pride of country, nor to the artist, nor the author, but to Art. But we have no room to go into the argument here. Meanwhile, what we do urge is, that Mr. Stöpel's work should have a second hearing. We trust it will be given in the Music Hall, where the effect must be better than in the Theatre; and we trust all who heard it before, and all who have read what has been said about it, coldly or extravagantly, will go and give their best attention. We can at least assure them, that they will find a great deal to enjoy in it.

The many friends of Mr. JOSEPH TRENKLE—than whom no one was ever more esteemed and loved here as a gifted artist, as a conscientious teacher, and as a gentleman of singularly pure and beautiful character, will grieve to learn that his health is not benefited by his trip to Europe, but is on the contrary in so critical a state that he is obliged to leave his labors and go at once to a milder climate.

His brother artists mean to offer him, before he goes, a public token of their high regard, in the shape

of a complimentary concert in the Music Hall,—probably next Saturday evening. Mr. ZERRAHN, with a large orchestra, Mr. KREISSMAN, with the "Orpheus," OTTO DRESEL, Mrs. HARWOOD, and others, will take part in it. A host of music-loving friends stand ready on all sides to lend "aid and comfort" to this hearty movement of the artists. At the annual meeting of the Harvard Musical Association, a few evenings since, the mention of the plan called out the warmest sympathy, and a committee of gentlemen was raised to co-operate with the prime movers in whatever way would serve to make it a successful and significant occasion. Particulars will be announced in a few days in the newspapers.

A very large company of ladies and gentlemen, a goodly representation of the best musical culture of our city, were present last Monday morning at a matinee given in Mr. T. Gilbert's Piano-Forte Rooms, by Señor LOUIS DE CASSERES, a pianist, of Spanish-African blood, a native of Jamaica, and a refined, intelligent and cultivated gentleman. He brings testimonials from the best circles in London and Paris, where he spent some time; and for some years he has resided in Halifax, bearing the title of pianist to his Excellency, the governor of Nova Scotia. He evinced on this occasion great facility of execution in the modern piano-forte music, and played especially a transcription from "*I Puritani*" by Prudent with much taste and finish; also a "Dream," and some variations upon Scotch airs of his own, which showed more than the average cleverness in that sort of work. His readings of Beethoven and Mendelssohn were less satisfactory, but showed earnest study and some mastery of classical as well as modern music. Altogether the occasion was a very pleasant one, and Señor Casseres won the sympathies and the respect of his audience. Mr. C. R. ADAMS added much by his beautiful singing of *Adelaide*, and of Balfe's "Maud" song.

Mme. BISCACCANTI, aided by Mrs. HARWOOD, Sig. BISCACCANTI, who is a fine violoncellist, and Mr. LANG, the pianist, gave a concert in New Bedford on Monday evening, which was brilliantly successful. Wednesday evening she was to sing at Worcester, and again at Portland; and some time next week, we are glad to learn, it is her design to give a concert in her native Boston. . . . A splendid opera house is nearly completed in Cincinnati, which is called Pike's Opera House; and Italian Opera is to be inaugurated in that city on the 14th of March, by the first of a series of representations under the promising auspices of STRAKOSCH.

ROSSINI, says the *Courier de Paris*, having returned to Paris for the winter, gave a grand musical party a few nights ago, at which four original pieces of his composition were executed. One was a grand scena, the *Catalani*, which was sung by Mlle. Mainienville, Rossini accompanying on the piano; a *Saltarello*, composed only a few days before, which Rossini himself performed on the piano; a duo, full of melancholy, called *A Tear*, which was executed on the piano and violoncello; and, lastly, a fugue for the piano. All these productions excited the greatest admiration.

Music Abroad.

London.

The last "event" in the world musical of London has been the production of Balfe's new English opera, entitled "Satanella," at the opening of the splendid new Covent Garden theatre, under the management of Miss Pyne and Mr. Harrison. The book is founded on the ballet *Le Diable Amoureux*, which the *Athenæum* thinks a poor book and a poor subject, with its "mixture of German diablerie, Italian coquetry and Eastern sensuality." The same writer continues: "Having said thus much with regret, we need only add, (seeing that the story is familiar to our theatrical readers,) that Miss Louisa Pyne is the *Satanella*, or she-devil, who falls in love with the somewhat wild Count Rupert (Mr. Harrison) after having been evoked by *Arimanes* (Mr. Weiss) to

inveigle his soul into the toils of darkness,—that Miss Susan Pyne is *Stella*, that profligate and haughty Sicilian lady, to whom *Count Rupert* was betrothed; and who, in revenge at being slighted for *Lelia* (Miss Rebecca Isaacs), *Rupert's* German peasant foster-sister, wins all his property over the dice-box,—that Mr. G. Honey is *Hortensius*, the pedantic old tutor of *Count Rupert*,—and Mr. St. Albyn, *Karl*, the simple and unsuccessful peasant-lover of the peasant-heroine, whose forlornness in disappointment is as old as Opera. It was a real pleasure to meet again Mr. W. H. Payne, whose stolid cupidity, in the mute part of the *Vizier*, made for us the only merriment in the four acts.

"It would be lost labor to analyze Mr. Balfe's talent and facility in composition with any hope of their undergoing change or improvement. Wherefore he has chosen to hang half-way betwixt the Riccis of Italy and the Adams of France (possessing, nevertheless, the elements of a style of his own), it would be bootless now to inquire,—as fruitless to specify the qualities which must make the bulk of his music ephemeral.—Never had English opera composer such chances at all,—and there is hardly one of his works without some of those seizing traits or passages, which are worth their weight in gold,—now that *Invention's* leaden age is on us. Yet how small has been the real result!—It is impossible to overlook such facts during a period when some movement is being made towards the formation of English Opera,—and when Mr. Balfe's 'annual' seems to be the only piece of new stage-music which there is much chance of our hearing during any given twelvemonth.

"This time, as our readers may have gathered, Mr. Balfe has been set down to a task more bewildering than inspiring,—has been called on, moreover, (as in the gambling scene of the first act, and others,) to enter the lists against a complicate and calculator no less accomplished than M. Meyerbeer. Yet we are not sure that any of Balfe's previous operas contains more distinct indication of what he might have been than '*Satanella*.'—There are some of his happiest thoughts in it,—a few of his happiest things:—these, by the way, not ballads. The instrumental prelude, after which the curtain rises, is good,—the Gold song is *not*, and *not* the Champagne song in the Devil's Tower on the *Brockenberg* (how German the fancy!)—but the melody for *Satanella*, at the close of the first act, with the voices supporting its burden, is tuneful, mysterious, and charming,—excellent stage music for the situation. In the second act an attempt seems to have been made to outdo the laughing trio in '*The Rose of Castille*,' in the laughing quartet where *Count Rupert* puts on an enchanted hat, by way of unmasking *Stella's* hypocrisy,—and parts of this have vivacity and sparkle. The pirate music does not get beyond a pantomime introduction. The ballad for *Satanella*,

In silence, sad heart, go,

begins well; but is impaired by the torment of certain modulations, which are virtually so much evasion of construction. There are good combinations in the second *finale*, where the bridesmaids' procession is darkened by the thunder-cloud announcing the doom of the Demon who personates the bride. In act the third,—utterly objectionable to our thinking as is the cudegel, or Cain comedy, of the duet already alluded to, and tremendous as are its words, the music is of clever comic quality. The quintet in the slave-market, "O woe! despair!" is excellent of its sort. More than one less effective movement has saved a worthless act in one of Signor Verdi's operas. Enough has been specified to show what we fancy there is to admire in '*Satanella*.' It is significant, too, that what we like best (with the solitary exception of the love song) are not the displays laid out for principal *soprano*, *tenor*, or *basso*,—but certain pieces and fancies, where the musician has forgotten his words,—ceased to flatter his singers, thought of the stage, and dashed on alone.

The theatre was full,—the applause, in places, enthusiastic,—the *encores* were many,—the composer and singers were called for again and again,—but if '*Satanella*' keeps the English stage like its composer's '*Bohemian Girl*,'—and circulates abroad, as has done '*Les Quatre Fils Aymon*,'—we shall be surprised.

From the Athenæum, Dec. 18, '58.

CONCERTS OF THE WEEK.—After having made a second absence from England of some dozen years' duration, Madame Anna Bishop reappeared at *Exeter Hall*, on Monday evening, without the slightest change in her ways and means—her appearance and her accomplishments—being visible. Her voice is just what it was when she sang in '*Loretta*'; effective in a few upper notes and toneless in the middle and lower part of its register,—her style musician-like, in a certain tastefulness and animation,—her execution fair, without any remarkable ambition,—her articulation generally indistinct, though not unrefined;—to sum up, she is an artist attractive for a while, and in

certain phrases, but heard during the run of an evening, fatiguing. Nevertheless, supposing her to have kept up her practice in sacred music, Madame Bishop might be acceptable in oratorio, just now, considering the singular thinness of its *soprano* rank,—made up as it is of singers without voices, and of voices without singing power. For this, however, she does not apparently intend to try, having since her own concert figured nightly in the programme of M. Jullien, whose nights of promenade have now come to an end.—Signor Belleiti sang at Madame Bishop's concert;—of all concert *bassi* before our public not merely the most conscientious—but, also the best.

Mr. Ransford's Concert at the *St. James's Hall*, on Tuesday, was a "monster" entertainment. The Coldstream Band, the veteran Mr. Distin and his trumpeters, and Mr. E. Chipp on the organ (which by the way, turns out but a poor instrument), did duty in place of orchestra; and the singers were many. Had we an English opera (not an opera in English) Miss Ransford's place would be on the stage; since, besides singing well, she has that dramatic air which marks a vocation.—If Miss Laura Baxter can be prevailed on to lay aside that over emphasis and solemnity of delivery foolishly thought indispensable to a low voice, she may become a valuable addition to our *contralto* singers.—This, by this time, might have been headed by Miss Lascelles, in right of her unrivalled voice; but she disdains to work, and must be prepared to see less gifted sister singers carry away the honors.—Mr. G. Perren, too, should make more progress, for he has voice enough, and to spare,—and the dearth of tenors is notorious. Mr. Sims Reeves—who we hoped had beaten November—was singing excellently on Tuesday—to be again disabled on the following evening. Here, since some stir has been made in the matter of late (to which it is needless more particularly to allude), let us once for all protest against the fancy which some one appears to nourish,—that, whenever Mr. Sims Reeves is unable to sing, it means caprice. That there are some voices more liable than others to suffer from weather, is a fact obvious to every child; that there is no singer who prepares himself more assiduously to fulfil his public duties than Mr. Sims Reeves, we are satisfied. So long as the art lasts, however, there are people who will have a theme for nonsense.—A column more would hardly suffice to enumerate the other "component items" of Mr. Ransford's concert.

Mr. Hullah's concert at *St. Martin's Hall*, on Wednesday evening, was more than usually interesting. In the '*Lauda Sion*' of Mendelssohn, was heard a new *soprano*, Miss Martin;—a young lady with a voice more strong than sweet, but extensive and well in tune. Her composure (this totally distinct from forwardness) was remarkable. Her occupation, we imagine, is marked out by Nature for brilliant display. Then a welcome variety to a choral concert was given by the performance of a Beethoven Symphony—the second, in D. Grand works of this kind have a proper place, as relieving performances mainly made up of vocal music,—and Mr. Hullah improves as a conductor of them. Thirdly, came Dr. Bennett's '*May Queen*,' which made a more favorable impression in London than at Leeds. There it was somewhat swallowed up by the pomp of the Festival. Here, the *soprano* air (by Mr. Weiss) were *encored*, likewise the tenor song;—the last, greatly to the credit of W. Wilbye Cooper, who had, at a very short notice, to do duty for Mr. Sims Reeves, and who, on this occasion may have found the chance, which the adage says, arrives once in every man's lifetime. His voice, as tenors must go now-a-days, is low, and somewhat of the surplice hangs about it; but he sang thoroughly well, and should be encouraged by the recognition of this, to add to his style that which is wanting to it—something of lightness and flexibility.—Dr. Bennett was called for, and loudly cheered at the close of the concert.—On the same evening an interest was given to the concert of Mr. G. Russell, at Croydon, entitling it to notice here,—by his producing there some of the vocal and instrumental music of that deceased young English composer of promise, Mr. E. Bache.

On Thursday evening Mr. H. Leslie's Choir repeated Bach's Motet, and gave a selection of part-songs. We are glad to note that the programme of the evening brought out some of the music of Ferdinand Ries, whose '*Rheinwein Lied*,' varied, is one of the most brilliant pieces of the kind existing;—and who suffered, on the one hand, from his frequent imitation of Beethoven (whose best pupil he was), and on the other from his having written too much "for the shops." But there is still too much music by Ries both for *pianoforte* and stringed instruments on every scale, too good and too individual to perish, and anything good and individual which takes our public out of the groove of fashion, be it classical or traditional, claims welcome.

Special Notices.

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Vocal, with Piano Accompaniment.
SICILIENNE. (With thanks, kind friends.) From
"Les Vepres Siciliennes." Verdi. 40

This is perhaps the most sparkling gem that ever came from Verdi's pen, having been buried in an opera, which has been laid aside since the later operas of the great maestro have absorbed public attention. Miss May won with it such earnest and general applause last Saturday night, that it is to be hoped vocalists will not allow it to pass out of sight again.

COME AND ADMIRE. (Vieni a mirar.) Duo for
Soprano and Tenor from "Simon Boccanegra." Verdi. 30

A capital little duet from Verdi's "very latest" opera, bearing in its outline a marked resemblance to the Prison Duet in "*Trovatore*." It is very melodious and will prove one of the strongest pieces in the opera. This is the first of a series of the Vocal Beauties from this opera which is now in course of preparation.

JOYS THAT VANISH. (Quale assalto.) Duo for
Soprano and Tenor, from "Moses in Egypt." Rossini. 30

A well-known, beautiful duet, which has never before been published separately. This is a not over-difficult specimen of Rossini's florid and ornamental writing, and will answer very well as an introduction to the more difficult compositions of the old, classic Italian school.

GAILY SMILES THE EARTH BEFORE ME. I. Hart. 25

I LO'E NAE A LADDIE BUT ANE. Finlay Dun. 25

THREE FISHERS WENT SAILING OUT IN THE WEST. John Hullah. 30

This is a new musical version of Kingsley's widely known poem, by Hullah, who, as musical conductor, and originator of children's monster concerts, has won a continental reputation.

Instrumental Music.

HOME, SWEET HOME. Varied. A. Baumbach. 50

To the musical public of this city Baumbach's arrangement of this ever beautiful melody has been known for some time. During several concert seasons it has been the author's "piece de resistance" and the eagerness of piano-forte players to procure a copy of a composition, which is sure to delight and fascinate everybody has been steadily increasing.

COM'E GENTIL. Serenade in "Don Pasquale." Transcribed. G. A. Osborne. 30

An arrangement of medium difficulty, in this writer's pleasing and agreeable style.

LEONORE SCHOTTISCH. F. Dayton. 25

TWILIGHT POLKA. " 25

SECRET ELEVEN WALTZ. J. S. Drake. 25

ARTISTS' SCHOTTISCH. A. G. Pickens. 25

CRESCENT WALTZ. C. S. Rondeau. 25

HUSSAR SCHOTTISCH. J. H. McNaughton. 25

ONTARIO WALTZES. A. Fisher. 25

A bunch of very easy and pleasing dance music for the parlor.

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A most excellent series of studies, imparting habits of strict time, regular accentuation and rhythm. They are written in the legato style, as a supplement to "Study and Amusement," by the same author the use of the *Metronome* is here introduced in order that scholars may obtain correct ideas of the lightness and quickness with which music is to be executed, twenty years' experience having convinced the author that but few players have a true knowledge in this particular.

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Dwight's Journal of Music.

WHOLE No. 356.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, JANUARY 29, 1859.

VOL. XIV. No. 18.

From the Atlantic Monthly for February.

Hamlet at the Boston.

We sit before the row of evening lamps,
Each in his chair,
Forgetful of November dusks and damp,
And wintry air.

A little gulf of music intervenes,
A bridge of sighs,
Where still the cunning of the curtain screens
Art's paradise.

My thought transcends those viols' shrill delight,
The booming bass,
And towards the regions we shall view to-night
Makes hurried pace:

The painted castle, and the unneeded guard
That ready stand;
The harmless Ghost, that walks with helm unbarred
And beckoning hand:

And, beautiful as dreams of maidenhood,
That doubt defy,
Young Hamlet, with his forehead grief-subdued,
And visioning eye.

O fair dead world, that from thy grave awak'st
A little while,
And in our heart strange revolution mak'st
With thy brief smile!

O beauties vanished, fair lips magical,
Heroic braves!
O mighty hearts, that hold the world in thrall!
Come from your graves!

The Poet sees you through a mist of tears,—
Such depths divide
Him, with the love and passion of his years,
From you, inside!

The Poet's heart attends your buskined feet,
Your lofty strains,
Till earth's rude touch dissolves that madness sweet,
And life remains:

Life that is something while the senses heed
The spirit's call,
Life that is nothing when our grosser need
Engulfs it all.

And thou, young hero of this mimic scene,
In whose high breast
A genius greater than thy life hath been
Strangely comprest!

Wear'st thou those glories draped about thy soul
Thou dost present?
And art thou by their feeling and control
Thus eloquent?

'Tis with no feigned power thou bind'st our sense,
No shallow art;
Sure, lavish Nature gave thee heritage
Of Hamlet's heart!

Thou dost control our fancies with a might
So wild, so fond,
We quarrel, passed thy circle of delight,
With things beyond;

Returning to the pillows rough with care,
And vulgar food,
Sad from the breath of that diviner air,
That loftier mood.

And there we leave thee, in thy misty tent
Watching alone;
While foes about thee gather imminent,
To us scarce known.

Oh, when the lights are quenched, the music hushed,
The plaudits still,
Heaven keep the fountain, whence the fair stream
gushed,
From choking ill!

Let Shakspeare's soul, that wins the world from
wrong,
For thee avail,
But not one holy maxim of his song
Before thee fail!

So, get thee to thy couch as unreprieved
As heroes blest:
And all good angels, trusted in and loved,
Attend thy rest!

On the Wear and Tear of Voices.

(Correspondence of the London Literary Gazette.)

Paris, 15th December.

I told you, in one of my recent letters, that there had occurred something latterly at the *Conservatoire* here, in the Professorial department, that called for notice. It is the very smallest fact possible, but it is a fact, — just as the rushing of all Paris to applaud Beaumarchais' *Mariage de Figaro*, which piece satirized implacably those who most applauded it, was also a fact, and a significant one. Of all the things that people in general society talk of most and know least about, there is none whereof more is said or less known than vocal music. The old and glorious art of "voice-building" is lost. Oh! for a musical Ruskin! How often have I, and the few who, like me, care for these things, had occasion to send forth that cry! "Why," said Rossini, to a friend of mine the other day, "Why should I go now to lyrical theatres? What should I go to hear? Singers who are gone-by now, and whom I have heard in their perfection when I was young? Or young singers who have not the faintest idea even of what a voice is, and who, if they have the rudiments of a good one, will have destroyed them in a few months?"

Alas! alas! it is but too true. It is worth while inquiring the cause of the one perpetual want felt in our days of singers who do not "go off" in an incredibly short time. "How very short a time singers last now-a-days!" is a phrase one hears for ever repeated, and the thing itself is true. A singer no sooner comes out, and is made much of, than he or she begins to show signs of a voice when the bloom is fading. Giuglini, who is a young tenor, full of good qualities, bears the marks of scratches already upon what I would term the enamel of his voice; Alboni sings below the tone constantly, (yet if ever nature made a perfect organ, hers was one); Bosio has inequalities, and her freshness is getting impaired. Take the tenors here, too: Roger is a man in the prime of life, yet is almost unbearable from the deterioration of his voice; Gueymard had the lungs of an ox, and the sonority of a trumpet, — he is quite young, but the voice is "used up;" Mario is only now reaching the age when Rubini first produced his great *furor* all over Europe! Yet Mario has now little else than defects, with here and there a beautiful note saved from the wreck! Compared to this, look at the past: Rubini's ten best years were from forty to fifty; Pisaroni, at sixty-seven, in private, sings still; Grassini, at seventy, had preserved all the truth of her

intonation; Catalani, up to the hour of her death, had entire command over her vocal resources. The instances are too numerous to quote of the vocalists of old times who preserved their voices true and equal to a late age, yet our days have none such to show. Why is this? Singers being in incomparably greater demand than they had ever used to be, and the proportion of lyrical theatres being as ten or twelve to one of what they were eighty years ago, the question is a useful one. Why the singers of our day do not last? Because their voices are not formed, and they are totally ignorant of what should be done to form them. Evoke the shade of Malibran, and ask her what she underwent whilst her father, Garcia, taught her to form her voice. Summon the spirit of Rubini, and bid him enumerate his sufferings under Nozzari. Go back to the palmy days of Crescentini and the immortal *conservatoire* of Naples, when singers were few (as really excellent artists always will be), and it took many, many years to make one.

If Marchesi and Pacchierotti, and Davide (the elder), could arise from their graves and speak, they would tell you it is no joke to render a voice fit for singing, but they would also tell you that unless made thus "fit," it will break down at the first difficulty, and in an incredibly short space of time be a ruin, besides being a terrible ear-sore to us, who are condemned to listen to it during the gradual process of its breaking down.

Now-a-days, instead of there being few singers, and those being first-rate, Europe, and America too, are over-run with men and women, who are devoid of even an elementary notion of what their own voices are really capable of. But not only are there now no Masters as there used to be, but I am in some doubt, if there were any, whether singers would go to them. One common absurdity is to prate about the "natural voice." There is no natural voice. Nature gives a vocal enunciation for the purposes of speaking, calling, shouting, or screaming out loudly, if in danger; but she does not give a voice ready fashioned to the work that is not natural; she does not give a voice ready to execute violin passages, take flying leaps from one extremity to the other of its extent, or sustain the sonority of one note until it dies away like the vibrations of a bell. She does not, and never did all this; and there is no absurdity beyond that of supposing the existence of a "natural" ready-made voice for the purposes of singing. Go and fetch the best hack you can find in any gentleman's stables, or take even a really fine hunter, and without any "training" at all, put him to do the work of a "Toxophilite;" we all know what would be the result. Yet this is done every day of our lives in the vocal world, and untrained vocalists are every day turned loose upon the "stiff" ground of all but impossible vocal music, and told to "go in and win" — which, of course, they never do.

The three only singers of this day who bear marks of teaching or "training," are three who are past the middle of life; these are Mmes. Grisi, Frezzolini, and Tamberlik. Watch either of these three open their mouths, take their breath, or emit the sound of their voices, and you see at once you have an artist before you. I do not mean a musician (Grisi, for one, is not that), I mean a vocal artist properly trained.

Much has been said, I am aware, of the harm done to singers by the extraordinary instrumental (and not vocal) music they are required to sing. There is truth, too, in this; and Meyerbeer, Verdi, and some others have a great deal to answer for, no doubt; but the real cause of the mischief lies in the total absence of all due training. The singers of old times — who lasted — had to sing constantly Mozart's music, and Mo-

zart, be it said, rarely writes commodiously for the voice; witness *Donna Anna*, and *Don Juan* himself, and the various parts of the *Zauberflöte*, and the *Vitellia* of the *Clemenza*, and the music of *Zerlina* and of *Cherubino*—to sing which properly ten years' practice would hardly be too much, they being, strictly speaking, violin, and not vocal music. Yet these parts were sung, and the singers lasted; but these singers were duly "trained."

Well, now I am coming to what regards the *Conservatoire* here. Singing is neglected in Italy, and there are no longer there any great schools for the vocal art. But here matters are far worse, for there is one. Worse than not being trained at all, the very little training singers get here is the very worst and most mischievous possible; and (except in here and there an instance, as with that admirably-gifted vocalist, Faure) the subjects who are sent forth from the *Conservatoire* are about the most pitiable of all; for the falsest principles are given them, and the teaching they have had has, in nine cases out of ten, worn them out before they arrive even at their *début*. One great cause of the inferiority of French vocalists in general is the detestable system still adhered to of the *solfège*. Anything so completely absurd can hardly be conceived. The first requisite for good singing being a proper emission of the voice, and its clearest possible passage from the phonic cavities to the outward air, is it not insane to persist in closing a door and placing a barrier before that passage? Yet this, and nothing else, is achieved by the *solfège*. Whereas the vowel *q* is the only sound by the emission or enunciation whereof the voice can be properly formed, the French system condemns sound to come forth obstructed by the enunciation of a consonant, and forces the unfortunate vocalist to filter his voice through the syllables *Do, Re, Mi, Fa, Sol, La, Si*, instead of pouring its full stream naturally forth, through the medium of its natural sluice-gate, the vowel *a*. No consonant is natural to the voice; but neither are the vowels *e* or *i* or *o* or *u* (whichever way pronounced). The other vowels and all consonants are to be enunciated much later when, the instrument being made, it learns to put words upon notes. This is a subsequent and separate study, (ask Porpora and all the Masters). Well, the first obstacle opposed to good vocal teaching in the *Conservatoire* here is, then, the persistent adoption of the *solfège*. Now, about a fortnight since I chanced to see lying on the pianoforte of a lady friend of mine, a little modest looking volume, in 8vo., entitled "Abécédaire vocal; a preparatory method, teaching how to emit and place the voice, and how to vocalize." As I have made the musical art the object of good many year's study, I was strongly attracted towards the little book, and opened it. I was delighted at every line. The author, Panofka (a name well-known to all students of the vocal science), in a few words establishes the fact of the injury done to the education of the voice by the *solfège* system, and the absolute necessity of forming previously the sounds which are to be made to bear other vowels besides *a*, and any consonants. I then and there devoured the book, and was rejoiced to find that one man, at least, had at last been found to declare loudly the French system an impossible one, when to my unspeakable surprise, what should I discover?—that the *Conservatoire* itself had "authorized" the volume, had "recommended" it, and declared it "excellent" as "a preparation for the *solfège*!"

Now, if ever there was an instance of people adopting what is their own condemnation, this is one. The whole professorial class in this country knows only how to teach by use of the *solfège*; if that be once exploded, where will be the teachings of these gentlemen, the consequences whereof are more deplorably manifest with each succeeding day? That the volume I speak of is super-excellent—of that there can be no doubt; but that the *Conservatoire*, with its traditions, should adopt it, is what I cannot comprehend. What I had read however, made me anxious to read more of an author so deeply informed upon a theme where ignorance is now the universal

law. I accordingly procured a large folio volume entitled "*L'Art de Chanter*," and have with genuine delight read it through three times. At last, then, a real professor of the vocal art is to be found, reviving all the science of the old Italians, continuing their lessons, inventing, too, no little; for there are precepts and practices in this voluminous treatise of M. Panofka's for the "junction of the chest and head-registers of the voice," which are utterly new, and overcome what sometimes puzzled the doctors of other days. The "*Art de Chanter*" is a wonderful book, it is the work of a Master. The author, I am now assured, resided several years in London, and gave up, it seems, many years to the studies requisite for the composition of so valuable an addition to the musical literature of this age. One of the greatest theorists now living, one of the last genuine authorities upon these matters, Fétis, has, I am told, written something upon the work I speak of, and, as might be easily foreseen, has given it the meed of praise it merited, but which is doubled by the world-wide fame of the giver.

I do not apologize to your readers for so long a letter upon what some may call a "dry" subject, for I began by exclaiming, "Oh! for a musical Ruskin!" And I ask you whether any one would apologize to his readers, if he had suddenly fallen upon a yet unknown work of Ruskin's, and had been over-talkative upon it? This Panofka is a sort of Ruskin in the vocal art; and if I had the honor of his personal acquaintance, I would try and excite him to the preaching of a crusade against the heathens. Vocal art is becoming extinct, and at a time when fashion calls for a larger supply of professional vocalists every day. This is a false state of things, and one against which, whosoever loves music, or makes one of his pleasures out of the hearing of it, ought to lift his voice. That France should persist in her old absurd system should astonish no one. *Le Solfège* is a species of artistic "protection and prohibition." Its overthrow will be as difficult as the establishment of Free Trade.

The *Conservatoire* is as retrograde as everything else here; nevertheless, it has just now adopted what is the principle of a reform; and, like the society of old welcoming Beaumarchais, has welcomed its opponent.

Balfe's "Satanella."

Mr. Balfe is proverbial for his indifference to the merits or demerits of a *libretto*. To poets he is the most obliging and condescending of composers. Having undergone a severe course of Bunn, he might naturally be supposed to have qualified himself for overlooking any amount of librettorial inefficiency.

With all his amount of poetical apathy, nevertheless, it was to be wondered at that he did not shrink from the task of setting *Satanella* when it was presented to him. The new *libretto*, by Messrs. A. Harris and E. Falconer—poets of the *Rose of Castille*—is said to be taken from the once highly-popular ballet of *Le Diable Boiteux*—produced many years ago at Her Majesty's Theatre, for Fanny Elssler—written by M. Burot de Gurgy. There is no similarity whatever between the two works, beyond the incidents of the devil attending on the hero, and the latter being implicated with three ladies. In *Le Diable Boiteux* the hero, Cleofas, after encountering the three dominos at the Opera ball, gets into a row, and, in making his escape from his pursuers, clambers into an attic studio belonging to a necromancer. He overhears some strange noise in the room, and fancying it proceeds from the interior of a bottle, breaks it, whereupon out jumps Asmodeus, who has been imprisoned therein for ever so long a time by the arts of the magician. Asmodeus accompanies Cleofas through all his adventures with the three ladies, and finally persuades him to choose the most deserving. Here is a plain tale, and, allowing for the supernatural element, a perfectly consistent one. In *Satanella* there is no "concatenation accordingly." The *primum mobile* is not only supernatural, but every consequence arising from it is unnatural.

When the devil is evoked by Rupert, there is no logic in his being accompanied by a female fiend. Why does he come double? Could he not transact his own business single-handed? It was a shrewd thought of the poets, however, while everything else in the opera betrays the purely comic element, to make the arch-fiend, the prince of darkness, the, the—

"Oh, thou, whatever title suit thee,
Auld Hornie, Satan, Nick, or Clootie"—

the only serious personage in the plot; a real hideous Apollyon, yelling, anathematizing enough to fright the soul out of Christian himself. Why did not the poets of the *Rose of Castille* transfer to their adaptation the fiend Asmodeus, a jolly, harmless, good-natured devil, full of fun and frolic, and with no more mischief or evil in him than becomes a born enemy of man? The crowning extravagance of the piece is the fact that the arch fiendness, who is employed by the arch fiend to ensnare the soul of Rupert, repents at the end, becomes virtuous, and is taken up to heaven. It is due, however, to the poets of the *Rose of Castille*, to acknowledge that, although the dialogue is strangely diffuse, the versification and style in *Satanella* shows an improvement on their first production.

With such materials, what could Mr. Balfe do? Fortunately, he possesses his own abstract notions of the poetical, and does not too closely examine the details. He was, therefore, but little trammelled by incongruities, inconsistencies and impossibilities. He caught the leading idea, or, in lieu thereof, conceived one for himself, and sprinkled his gold-dust over the doubtful matter. The music, indeed, is worthy of the name of Mr. Balfe, although here and there he has found himself unable to grapple with the story or its treatment, and has failed to do his talent complete justice. The exceptions to the general excellence, nevertheless, are few and far between, and, taking it altogether, the opera may be pronounced one of the most successful of the composer.

The opening chorus, "Donor of this lordly fête," with dance, is animated and taking, and was admirably sung throughout. The first ballad, "Our hearts are not our own to give"—sung by Miss Rebecca Isaacs in the character of Lelia—is after the old-fashioned pattern—almost stereotyped by Mr. Balfe—in which sentiment, putting on a melodious dress, assumes the form most likely to captivate the public. The gambling scene, in which Rupert is ruined by his betrothed, the Princess Stella—a startling incident, by the way—is bustling, but lacks variety and dramatic colouring. Moreover, it is strongly reminiscent of the famous play-scene in *Robert le Diable*, where Robert loses his whole fortune. The first encore was bestowed on the ballad by Karl (Mr. St. Albyn), "Oh would she but name the day," which is tuneful, and without the slightest pretension.

The duet following between Arimanes (Mr. Weiss) and *Satanella* (Miss Louisa Pyne), may be dismissed with the observation that Mr. Balfe does not seem to shine conspicuously in supernatural music, and, if he did, that the scene is hardly capable of being moulded to tuneful purposes. Mr. Harrison's first song, "The glorious vintage of Champagne," is certain to become popular, being exceedingly bold and catching, and written in the true bacchanalian vein. It was sung with immense spirit and energy, and unanimously encouraged. The next song—"The power of Love," sung by *Satanella* to Rupert in a dream—is the gem of the opera and cannot fail to obtain an equal celebrity with "When our lips" in the *Bohemian girl*, "The Convent Cell" in the *Rose of Castille*, or, indeed, with the most popular compositions of Mr. Balfe. It is eminently graceful and melodious, and, being sung to perfection by Miss Louisa Pyne, excited the enthusiasm of the audience to the highest pitch, and was redemanded by the whole house.

The second act opens with what, we may suppose, was intended to be the grand *coup* of the opera, namely, a scena of the requisite form and proportions for Miss Louisa Pyne, containing a recitative, and *andante* and *allegro* movements. As this scena has been withdrawn, being too onerous for Miss Pyne, we may simply state, that it indicated Mr. Balfe's thorough knowledge of the Italian method of writing for the voices, and that the *andante* was given with great expression, and the *allegro* with almost unsurpassed brilliancy. The next ballad for Rupert, "An angel form in dreams behold," of the ultra-sentimental kind, is characterized by much sweetness and simplicity, and was awarded the fourth encore. This will be another special favorite. The concerted *morceau* in this scene, "Behold she's here," in which *Satanella* discloses to Rupert a means by which he may discover the truth or falsehood of Stella's protestations—namely, by using his "beaver" handwise or headwise—is highly dramatic and effective, and obtained a success similar to the "Ha, ha" scene in the *Rose of Castille*—to which, no doubt, the poets had an eager eye when they concocted it. Its extreme length and repetitions, however, were rather inimical to its thorough appreciation the first night. The scene has since been considerably abridged, and now goes infinitely smoother and better. The next scene opens with a chorus of pirates, "Rovers, rulers of the sea," which, though pleasing, is somewhat common-place. The solo with chorus, which immediately follows, sung by Mr. H. Corri, as chief of the pirates: "My brave companions," is felicitous both in idea and treatment, and

may be reckoned among the choice things in the opera. The ballad with recitative, "Let not the world disdain," another gem for the *prima donna*, and an undeniable candidate for popular favor, was given by Miss Louisa Pyne, with inimitable taste and the most refined delicacy. A slow cadence at the end, after the manner of that introduced into "The Convent Cell," was deliciously rendered. A chorus of male peasants, introductory to the nuptials of Rupert and Lelia (how that has been brought about the poets do not inform us) "Smile, oh, heaven," constituting a part song, as it were, is melodious and striking, and extremely well written for the voices. The accompaniment, however, is perhaps hardly in keeping with a gentle invocation. This was encoored with acclamations. The bridesmaids' chorus and dance, "To Hymen's love-crowned altar now," is pastoral in character, and very pretty, and leads to the finale, which is worked out with spirit, if not with power.

Act the third opens with a diablerie scene in the hall or cavern of Arimanes, containing an invisible chorus, "Upward from the nether world," and duet for Arimanes and Satanella, "Tho' the angry bolt has sped." As we have said above, Mr. Balfe has not entire command of his resources, when he is in the world of spirits. Give him only *terra firma*, or a well-built brig at sea, and no composer can go to his work with greater zeal and determination. This infernal music, in fact, should never have been written—never composed—never allowed to be sung. Miss Louisa Pyne and Mr. Weiss did their utmost to render it effective; but the devil himself, and his imp, could do nothing for it. From the lower regions to Tunis is but a short step. The comic scene in which Hortensius (Mr. George Honey), Rupert's tutor, and Carl (Mr. St. Albyn), the old lover of Lelia, are about to cudgel each other at the instigation of the pirate, dramatically speaking, is better suited for a burlesque than an opera, but, musically considered, is exceedingly clever. A chorus and dance, "Merry Tunis," a merry tune is, and leads to the best concerted *morceau* in the opera. The bustle and stir of the slave market is capitally exemplified and skilfully treated. A quintet, "Oh, woe! despair," was so attractive and so admirably sung by Miss Louisa Pyne, Miss Rebecca Isaacs, Mr. Harrison, Mr. St. Albyn, and Mr. Corri, as narrowly to escape an encore. The air which Satanella sings, "Sultana Zulema," in order to fascinate the Vizier, is full of character and simple beauty. Still more attractive is the air, "Would'st thou win me," with tenor accompaniment, with which Satanella brings the Vizier to her feet. Both were delightfully warbled by Miss Louisa Pyne, who, up to this moment, it will be acknowledged, had executed considerably more than a *prima donna's* average share of the music. Nothing daunted, however, and apparently not in the least fatigued, the fair artist attacked the bravura, with which the act terminates, "Old man, thyself deceiving," and brought down the drop scene amid a hurricane of applause.

The fourth act is the weakest. With the exception of a serenade for chorus, "Haste, lovers, haste," and a ballad for Rupert—another effusion of sentiment for Mr. Harrison, but extremely taking withal—the act is devoted to a long and not particularly interesting trio, which forcibly recalls the last situations in *Robert le Diable* and the *Huguenots*, in which the multiplicity of the incidents is only surpassed by the impossibility of the motives. Suffice it, that Satanella repents of being a doomed sojourner in Hades, and accepts a rosary from Lelia, with which she keeps at bay "auld Clotic" and his minions, who come to take her home, and is straight wafted up to the skies, to the utter discomfiture of the father of all evil.

A few words must serve to chronicle the success or the opera, which was triumphant from first to last. At the end of the first act, Miss Pyne, Mr. Harrison, and Mr. Balfe were recalled. A similar compliment was paid them at the end of the third act and the fall of the curtain. On the last occasion the enthusiasm of the audience knew no bounds.

Musical Correspondence.

NEW YORK, JAN. 18, 1859.—ROBERT GOLDBECK has just started a new system of class teaching, after the style of the *Conservatoire de Paris*. He designs having three separate classes, the first of which, shall perform the works of such masters as Liszt, Chopin, &c. He intends to give at the end of every quarter a concert in which the pupils, assisted by professional vocalists, shall take part. A certain tenor singer, (well known in Boston,) has taken exception to his plan, and blames him for allotting to the members of his third and lowest class the accompanying

of the vocalists—for accompaniment, he says is an art of which not more than a dozen players in New York are masters.

To judge from many specimens of accompanying that may be heard at concerts in this city, this remark is not far from the truth. I don't mean to say that the accompanists always lose their place, or commit any decided blunders, but they are generally fearfully mechanical and automatic in their performances. I have rarely heard a German who could accompany better than a street organ. The German musician may be very wise, and overflowing with Bach, and gushing over with Gluck, and gorged with Beethoven, and actually choking with Mendelssohn, but he is generally no more able to accompany elegantly, than is the elephant to leap gracefully from tree to tree.

ARTHUR NAPOLEON is one of the few good accompanists I have heard. He at once appreciates the composers meaning. HENRY C. TIMM is first class—in every respect, a model accompanist, but sometimes too nonchalant and careless. THEODORE EISFELD is much the same in style.

Talking about Arthur Napoleon reminds me that the little pianist—little only in size and age—gives his farewell concert on Friday, previous to starting for Albany, Troy, Hartford, and Boston. Last Sunday evening he presided, by invitation of the organist of the church, at the organ at Dr. Chapin's, in Broadway, and though the organ is not his instrument, he exhibited great skill in his performance. At this church they have adopted the system of congregational music, the children of the Sunday school taking the lead. They are carefully drilled every Saturday, learning the rudiments of music under the tuition of an able teacher. As the congregation is very large, and as they join in freely, the singing of such fine old tunes as "Old Hundred," "Dundee," &c., has a noble effect.

In a previous letter I gave an account of the FERNI Sisters, the Italian violinists, and told how a rich nobleman wanted to marry one of them, and blew his brains out into her lap because she refused. Now this was a very pretty, touching story, and bordered on the horrible; it therefore irks me to retract and inform you that the report was all a humbug, and that the sisters themselves deny its truth, and that the cautious and wary "Trovatore" was decidedly sold. But what says the Owl Book? I refer you to Paragraph XXXV, page 642.

However, the Ferni sisters are really in trouble now. They have a cherished young sister, who has also great musical talent, though she has not appeared in public. A few weeks ago, this sister visited Lausanne, on Lake Geneva, and in alighting from the rail-car, dropped a violin box. As she stooped to pick it up, the car started, and a wheel passed directly over her right arm, of course breaking it, and preventing the poor girl from pursuing her musical education.

Dear old Lausanne. What a glorious place it is! Situated near the head of Lake Geneva, amid most sublime scenery, with the Alps almost encircling it, there are few places surrounded with greater natural advantages.

It is free, republican, lively, and Protestant. There is a noble Cathedral overlooking the town, and near the Cathedral stands a castle, and a group of old houses surrounded by what was once a ditch, and is now a street. But the city itself stretched far beyond these limits. A mile to the rear is a mountain peak, —a sort of public haunt, whence you can see far off into Savoy, and gaze down upon Lausanne, and even catch a distant glimpse of Geneva. And then a little walk in another direction will lead you to the home of Rousseau, now occupied by an Englishman—and for a quarter you can take the little steamboat to Villeneuve, and so visit Chillon, and see the dungeon where Bonivard was confined, and walk about the

"Seven pillars of Gothic mould.
In Chillon's dungeon, dark and old,"

where Byron's "Prisoner" passed his dreary life. Then, if so disposed, a couple of days journey will take you to the Pass of St. Bernard. But we will go no farther than Chillon at present. TROVATORE.

NEW YORK, JAN. 25, 1859.—ARTHUR NAPOLEON gave his farewell concert on Friday night, at Niblo's Saloon, but owing to a fearful storm, there were but about a hundred there, and the majority of these, belonging to that excellent class of people who should have inscribed upon their brows the explanatory words "CAPUT MORTUUM."

Of course the concert did not pay, though it was an excellent one, and Miss ANNA VAIL, a brilliant, noisy singer, with a rich, well cultivated voice, sang some opera selections. Miss CECILIA FLORES, a young lady of this city, who has recently returned from Europe, where she studied with Persiani, also took part. She sings sweetly, but lacks power. Arthur Napoleon played beautifully, as he always does, especially in a new Fantasia written by himself, on themes from the *Huguenots*. He has given five concerts here, four of which have been accompanied by violent storms of rain. Mr. Napoleon *père* says he has decided to visit New York again during some fearful summer drouth, and advertise a concert. It will be sure to draw rain if it does not draw an audience. Last night Arthur gave a concert in Albany, and is proceeding to Hartford and Boston.

The Mendelssohn Union had a meeting the other evening and put it to vote whether they should bring out STEEPEL'S "Hiawatha" music. Some old fogeys said "No! no!" but the majority were in favor, and so the society will go right to work at it. They will devote extra evenings to its rehearsals, and want to produce it on the 10th of February. I suppose Mrs. Steepel will do the reading.

CARL BERGMANN is giving orchestral concerts every other Sunday evening, with fair success. This is an experiment that has been tried before, and depends for its success upon our German residents, as few of our American citizens will go to a concert on Sunday evening.

There are occasional charity concerts, of mediocre musical attractions, but they do not amount to much — Mr. APTOMMAS, the best harpist in the country, gives a *matinée* on Thursday, where he will allow the audience to select from his large repertoire.

TROVATORE.

HARTFORD, CONN., JAN. 23.—I wonder why my "Dwight" did not come yesterday! I have missed it much to-day — the Berlin articles, the New York correspondence, &c., which I read with the liveliest pleasure. It is with receiving a newspaper regularly as it is with one's dinner; — when you make up your mind that you are to have it at a certain time, and it is not forthcoming, you are at once disappointed and aggravated — apt to say things which you would not say under any other circumstances. So it was with myself yesterday, — after going to the Post-office two or three times, up to a late hour in the evening, and not finding my Dwight, — nor has it yet made its appearance.

There has been a dearth of concerts for some time past — not a solitary instance since I last wrote. The only thing which has partaken of the nature of a concert was a *musical* gotten up by one of the best, if not the best, of our lady pianists, assisted by Mr. ALBERT WOELTZE, of New York. I am sorry to say that I was unable to be present. The programme was of the first order, the piano-forte selections being made up from the works of Kontski, Heller, Thalberg, Chopin, &c., with one or two compositions by Mr. WOELTZE. The vocal portion was composed of one or two selections from "Les Huguenots," "Il Bravo," &c. Mrs. CLARE HOYT PRESTON, was the principal lady singer — in fact, the only one, and her performances were highly spoken of, as might be expected. Messrs. WANDER, MAERKLEIN and GUNDLACH also acquitted themselves finely, as I learn from the best judges who were present.

All the high board fences about town are heralding the advent of the boy pianist, ARTHUR NAPOLEON

—a fine sounding name, and one which looks well in print, especially on the big, black posters which stare you in the face at every corner. I have a great desire to hear this prodigy, because I have an idea that he is really an artist—not only that, but a true musician. These prodigies usually spring up like mushrooms, and as suddenly disappear; their little heads burning out, like an over-heated stove, long before they arrive at manhood, and that is the end of them. I recollect of RUBINSTEIN's telling us one night in Leipsic how he, ten years before, made his *début* in London with ten other prodigies, all equally good and astonishing performers on the piano-forte, and of that number he knew of only one who had retained his fame, and that was ALFRED JAELL! Of course he might have consistently added his own name, for of all the most wonderful and astonishing players I have ever heard, Anton Rubinstein takes the precedence. He has lately been appointed, I notice, "chief-musician" to the Court of St. Petersburg. ARTHUR NAPOLEON was giving brilliant concerts in all the large cities of Europe four years ago, and the brilliancy of his career has not seemed to diminish. I understand that after his American tour he will return to Europe to perfect himself in composition.

The "Beethoven Society" are still at work getting up the "Seven Sleepers," by Loewe, and will probably bring them out, when fully awakened, some time this winter. The "clerk of the weather," however, as seemed determined to throw cold water upon the rehearsals for he has tipped his watering-pots bottom side upwards on almost every Friday evening, for one or two months past, thereby deterring a great number of singers from attending, as they would wish. Several other matters I had intended to write about, but I must desist.

H.

Dwight's Journal of Music.

BOSTON, JAN. 29, 1859.

MUSIC IN THIS NUMBER.—Continuation of the Cantata: "Miriam's Song of Triumph," for Soprano Solo and Chorus, by FRANZ SCHUBERT.

Annual Meeting of the Harvard Musical Association.

The return of this interesting anniversary was welcomed with unusual eagerness on the evening of Monday, the 17th inst., by all the members within hail. Indeed, the memory of the occasion in past years had grown so pleasant, and the report thereof so tempting, that no one kept away who could by any possibility be present. We met, as usual, in the sumptuous parlors of the Revere House, where there was nothing wanting, except fresh flowers (kept back perhaps for another festival the next night), to make the good cheer and æsthetic sentiment of the symposium perfect. Considering the filial relation in which this Journal stands to the Association, how generally read among its members, and how large an influence, direct or indirect, those members have of late years exercised in the musical movement of this neighborhood, it becomes us to make some record of those delightful hours, although of course it is impossible to seize and fix the life and sparkle of what was in its nature so impromptu. We can only briefly note what was done in the way of business, and add some few reminders of the supper table, which will be valued by those at least who were there, and possibly tantalize a little those who were not. But first, for the information of the uninitiated, let us briefly state what the Harvard Musical Association is, by recalling a paragraph from our last year's report.

The H. M. A. grew out of a little musical club of undergraduates at Harvard University, called the "Pierian Sodality." It was formed in 1837, on Commencement day, and was at first a union of actual and past "Pierians." The objects were partly social, partly practical. It was hoped that such a union would lead to a fuller recognition of Music among the branches of a liberal culture in the University; that funds might be raised in course of time for the foundation of a musical Professorship; that a Musical Library might be collected; but above all, that the mere association of educated men in such a cause would tend to rise the general respect for Music, at that time not by any means profound or hearty. The Professorship is still in the future, though Alma Mater has done something, has employed a teacher of singing in the College walls. The Library has become a notable and solid fact, as we shall see. But the chief fruits of the union are found in the social impulse which it has given to musical culture in the highest sense. Confined chiefly in its memberships to graduates, it has also added to its numbers not a few other gentlemen of musical, literary and artistic culture, and now combines a weight of character which cannot but have influence. By the exertions of its members our noble Boston Music Hall became a fact; in them this Journal of Music found its first enouragement; the first Chamber (Quartet) Concerts were given in Boston under their auspices; and constantly suggestions spring up at its meetings which lead to public action.

The hours from 7 to 9 P. M. were devoted to business. Reports of the Directors, the Treasurer and the Librarian, showed that the bantling had reached the age of manhood (twenty-one years), sound and vigorous and bidding fair to be a useful member of society, and ever mindful of his Alma Mater. Several new members were voted in, and the officers of the past year were re-elected, to wit:

President, H. W. Pickering.
Vice President, J. S. Dwight.
Cor. Secretary, Dr. J. B. Upham.
Rec. Secretary, Henry Ware.
Treasurer, J. P. Putnam.
Directors at large, } Dr. F. E. Oliver.
 } C. F. Shimmis.

A hearty vote of thanks was passed to our brother WARE, to whose unwearied care, discretion and good taste, the improvement of the Library for several years has been particularly due. And here we will insert, as a document likely to interest the friends of music generally, the

Librarian's Report.

Since the last meeting of the association, the proposed arrangement with the Boston Athenæum, to which reference was made in my last Report, has been carried into effect, and now at last this Library, which for more than twenty years has been passed from hand to hand among those who were willing to shelter and care for it, exposed to many perils of fire, water and thieves, has found a secure resting place and constant oversight and care in an alcove of the Athenæum in Beacon street. * * * * The books have been arranged as conveniently as possible, in relation to their subjects, upon the shelves of the alcove assigned to us which in a few years, they will completely fill; they have been catalogued by shelves, and each volume properly numbered, so that each has its proper and permanent place. A complete card catalogue has also been prepared, giving the full title and description of every volume in the Library, and a copy of the printed catalogue has also been renumbered, which will be found at the Librarian's desk, and may be consulted for the purpose of finding any particular work. * * * *

The removal has also required a considerable outlay for binding, partly for the preservation of the books, and partly that their appearance should not discredit the general character of the books upon the shelves of the Athenæum Library. They are now in quite good order, but the somewhat hard usage that is inevitably given to all volumes of music, will in the future demand a somewhat larger outlay for bind-

ing, than we have formerly expended. The works of Mendelssohn are still in sheets, and I have not thought proper to remove them from my own custody until they shall be as far as their nature permits, well bound. A good deal of the imported music, scores, operas, &c, comes in paper binding, and comes to pieces the first time it is opened, and thus requires immediate and careful binding. The entire number of bound volumes is now about seven hundred.

The books are accessible at all times to the members of the Harvard Musical Association, whether proprietors of the Athenæum, or not, under the same general regulations as heretofore. They will be received and delivered, and charged by the Athenæum Librarians in a separate book, in the same manner with the books of that Library. They are also open for consultation by persons entitled to the privileges of the Athenæum, but can be taken out by our own members only. It will of course be absolutely necessary that the rules for the use of books should be observed with strictness, under the present arrangement, which is incompatible with the looser system that may be permitted when the books are constantly more or less under the eye of an individual; and all members using the books will confer a favor by replacing them carefully in the places where they belong.

A list of the additions of the last year has been printed (see below) and is here for distribution. With this and the similar list of last year, our printed catalogue is complete. * * * *

In former years the Library was indebted very largely to the donations of individual members for its increase, the number of volumes purchased being a very small proportion to those given by individuals. Of late years but very little has been done in this way, and I again bring the matter to the attention of the Association, as many members undoubtedly have what they could well and gladly spare, to be placed upon the shelves. The Library appropriation is expended mainly upon such works as are comparatively rare or costly, and not in the possession of individuals.

We have been indebted for six years to Mr. Nathan Richardson, for the yearly publications of the "Bachgesellschaft," of Leipsic, and we have now assumed the subscription which he has given up and shall for the future be enrolled among the subscribers to this great work. * * * *

In giving up the immediate charge of the Library, which has been under my care since 1857, I should acknowledge the pleasant intercourse and acquaintance which I should not probably otherwise have enjoyed, with very many members of our fraternity, and should congratulate them on the freer access that they can now have to our books, and on the good care that they will receive in their present resting place, where they will doubtless remain till, in some future time, they may possibly be given to the charge of our Alma Mater for the benefit of the Harvard Professor of Music.

The following appropriate *Resolutions* were then offered by Mr. Ware, in relation to the death of our much esteemed associate, FRANCIS LOWELL BATCHELDER, of Cambridge:

Whereas since the last meeting of the Harvard Musical Association, the hand of Death has taken from us one who had been closely identified with its interests and its pleasures;

Resolved, That we hold very dear to our hearts the memory of FRANCIS LOWELL BATCHELDER; that we recall with pleasure the recollection of his singularly pure and lovely Christian life and conversation; that we esteem it a privilege to have known and loved one who was in every way so worthy of affection and esteem, and that here especially and on this Anniversary which brings to mind the pleasant recollections of college days and college friends, we shall long recall to memory the face, the presence, and the conversation of him who has gone from among us.

Resolved, That we tender to his family our sincere sympathy for the irreparable loss that they have sustained and rejoice with them in the painless recollections of his blameless life and character, and that these Resolves be transmitted to them and entered upon the Records of the Association.

Before the Resolutions were passed, Dr. J. B. Upham spoke as follows:

It is with much hesitation, Mr. President, after the beautiful and touching tribute just rendered to the memory of our departed brother, that I rise and attempt to add a single word. But the relations sustained between Batchelder and myself were such and so intimate, while he was living, that I cannot refrain from giving some expression to my sorrow at his early death.

As is known to most present, he was, for many years, a member of this Association; and, whether in the capacity of private fellowship, or as one of its most faithful and efficient officers, he had always its best interests at heart. It was here and in this connection, as, likewise, in his capacity as clerk of the Boston Music-Hall Association, where he performed his duty most faithfully and assiduously, that my acquaintance with him began; an acquaintance always coupled with esteem and respect; which soon ripened into friendship and ultimately into intimacy and the strongest attachment. More particularly, during the last two years of his life, were we drawn together by the bond of sympathy in a common object and topic of interest—having relation, I mean, to that noble structure—the embodiment both of science and of art—the *Organ* which was his favorite instrument.

I have now in my possession, a ruler made from one of the keys of the old organ in Christ Church, in Cambridge, where our friend was accustomed to worship, and where he often officiated as organist in the three or four years preceding his death. This relic he gave me on the morning of my departure for Europe, a couple of years ago. The instrument from which it was taken, was, in itself, a curiosity, and in its day a valuable work—some of the incidents of whose history are most interesting and remarkable; it having been built so early as about the year 1760, by the famous John Snetzler, of London, robbed in the Revolutionary war, by the besieging army under Washington, of its six leaden stops (which were then put to a more practical use,) and taken down and exchanged for the present instrument some dozen or fifteen years since—an event (this last) over which Batchelder, in his gentle and refined taste, never ceased to mourn. I mention this anecdote, Mr. President, otherwise irrelevant, perhaps, at the present time, as indicating, in some sort, the appreciative and artistic tone which pervaded our friend's nature. And this it was, I can add my testimony, which characterized his whole life; a spirit of gentleness, and refinement and kindness and goodness of heart; a love for the picturesque and beautiful in Nature, and for Art in all its forms,—for *Music* especially. Add to this a cultivated mind, a well stored intellect, urbanity and affability of manner and of conversation, and do we wonder it has been said of him—he never had an enemy, he never lost a friend?

Mr. Batchelder was by no means demonstrative of his talents or his acquisitions. His voice was rarely heard in our meetings, though no one was more constant and punctual in his attendance. So it was elsewhere, whether in the business, the duties, the rational enjoyments of life. He did much, he said little. But by a certain something, more easily felt than described, one could not be with him much without acknowledging his excellence and his moral worth. And if we could see, as some believe it will be in our power one day to see, the shadows imprinted on the surrounding objects with which we come into proximity in our daily life—both publicly and in retirement—daguerreotyped, photographed as it were, we should read all around I am sure, in his case, the record of a beautiful and blameless life.

The last time I saw our lamented brother in health was on the occasion to which I have alluded. On my return home, a few months afterwards, he had gone South, to escape the severities of our New England spring. After a few months sojourn, he came back, and I visited him (in company with my friend, Dr. Derby,) at his quiet home in Cambridge. We found him cheerful and happy, and full of hopes of recovery;—for his disease, as you all know, was that mysterious and insidious, one which so simulates health, and steals onward so gradually in its fatal march, and is so almost invariably accompanied by courage and fortitude, and the persistent hoping against hope, that when its end comes, which is death, it appears sudden and surprising; thus, on the occasion of this visit, with our friend and brother; he was himself, as I have said, buoyant and hopeful; to us, however, his doom even then was plainly written in the lineaments of his face. We bade him farewell with well assumed cheerfulness, but with sorrowing hearts, feeling, *knowing* it to be for the last time.

He went a second time to Florida—like the Ponce de Leon, and innumerable multitudes since, in vain search after the fountain of life—where, in a couple of months, he died—in such manner and with such surroundings as, it seems to me, most fitting he should die, and as he himself, I believe, could most have desired;—in the genial air of Florida, near the coast, not without the presence of relatives and sympathizing friends—the winds blowing on him in cease from the breathing pines inland, and the voice of the sea which he so much loved speaking to him from the shore—and, floating all around him, the melody with which that delicious climate seems laden, in all seasons, summer and winter, in the day and in the night, throughout animal and vegetable life—where, as some poet has beautifully expressed it, even

"The mute still air
Is music slumbering on her instrument."

Thus he died—died as he had lived, patient and uncomplaining to the last; calm and happy, and peaceful and resigned; still trusting in God; in the exercise of a Christian faith, and in full hopes of a glorious immortality.

At 9 o'clock the folding doors were opened, and disclosed a table spread with nectar and ambrosia, and adorned with emblematic figures, fit to grace a banquet of sons of Apollo—a table so formidably grown in length since last year (between forty and fifty guests sitting down), that it needed such electric wires of song, speech, poetry, and winged wit, as were there in abundance, to bring us near enough together. Mr. President took the head, with distinguished guests on either hand, on whom he evidently had designs. There was Longfellow, with the poetic, genial presence, eloquent as words, and there was the "Autocrat," and there was Fields, and Prof. S. G. Brown, of Dartmouth, and Hillard, and many more choice spirits, a sure warrant that the "feast of reason" should not fail. The singing "mediums" had concentrated themselves at the lower end, near that galvanic battery of tones, a Chickering "grand," at which brother Willcox presided—determined all to make up by the warmth of song for such remoteness from the sunshine of the Presidential countenance. While all yet stood, the old English canon "*Non Nobis, Domine*," was sung. A short hour was spent in cheerful discussion of the good things furnished by mine host of the Revere. Then a toast to "our Association," and the practised eye of Mr. President, who also is an Autocrat on such occasions, and yet as suave and beaming with good fellowship as he is full of tact and ever ready, began to glance ominously along both sides of the table reading the secrets of the guilty; but we all knew where his lightning would first strike; for had not brother HILLARD arrived after all, when we were fearing that we should be deprived of that musical eloquence of his which always set the ball in motion—a little late, but

evidently so glad to be with us, that his spontaneous little speech was as inspiring as Champagne. Vain, therefore, to arrest its sparkle, to give the manner and the life of it; but this was his text.

Mr. Hillard remarked that he had been unwell during the day, and at one time had determined not to come to the meeting; but he had reconsidered his determination, and was very glad of it. To find himself among his friends of the Association, to see their animated faces, to receive their cordial greetings, had had a restorative influence upon him; he had felt himself growing better from the moment he came into the hall. He advised his medical friends present to prescribe a visit to the Harvard Musical Association in certain forms of illness. He had attended many anniversaries of the Association, and beyond all question or controversy he was not so young as when he began to attend them. But somehow or other, he could not tell how it happened, the moment he found himself among his friends of the Harvard Musical Association, his years dropped away, and he felt like a boy once more. They must keep a fountain of youth somewhere on their premises. He could not make a set speech—he could only speak right on, a few words warm from the heart; and he was glad that he did not hear that foe to all spontaneous utterance—the scratch of the reporter's pen. He concluded with an earnest invocation of prosperity to the club and happiness to its members.

Dr. HOLMES of course was not the man to shrink when our President's eye fell on him. The muse had favored him; she always does. There was a tear too in his voice. Music and Harvard carried the poet's thoughts back to the old gable-roofed house, his Cambridge home, and he sang in verses musical and sweet the "Opening of the Piano," the new Clementi brought from London, and how "we children" crowded round the marvellous box, how "Mary" played on it, restoring quiet, and so on. It was a strain right from the heart; and as the voice ceased its tremulous music, a shadowy hand—of the "Professor"—reached from behind his chair and snatched the verses, so that we have them not; doubtless said Professor will return them some bright morning at that "breakfast table" of us all; but those who only read by day will envy us who heard by night. So too the FIELDS, though it was winter all without, grew musical as birds and running brooks, there in our charmed inner world; a witty, merry strain ran gurgling thence; but vainly sought we to entice the coy and laughing stream into these printed and prosaic channels. Wanting those two poems, where is the life, the two eyes, of our supper portrait!

We have no room nor power to tell what ringing glees were sung, what sentimental part-songs; or what speeches, grave, enthusiastic, humorous, and happy repartees, sprang up spontaneously and made short hours till morning, amid that genial company of doctors, lawyers, poets, artists, merchants, legislators, professors, &c. Some took the shape of practical suggestions and led to immediate action. Thus, counting up the rich and telling voices that there were among us, it was resolved to organize a Maennerchor or Glee Club within the Association, who should keep in tuneful practice for future occasions of this kind. Mention being made of the ill health and proposed journey to the South of that excellent and esteemed young artist, Mr. TRENKLE, and of the complimentary concert to be offered to him by his brother artists, the warmest sympathy was expressed and a committee of ten gentlemen then and there appointed to lend the aid of the Association to this project of the artists. Upon that committee the choir named Messrs. J. S. Dwight, Dr. H. I. Bowditch, James Sturgis, E. D. Brigham, Dr. J. B. Upham, and J. P. Putnam, Henry Ware, F. H. Underwood, George Hews and Eben Dale.

The elegant remarks of Prof. BROWNE, and other good things, some of which did not even find room at the table, shall have room in our next. For the present we must end with showing how the Chair led up the "Judge" and made him play upon the organ, and how well he played when once upon his pedals.

The President then called on the Treasurer of the Association, Mr. PUTNAM, to give some account of the new organ now building in Germany, for the Boston Music Hall, which he had seen during the past summer.

Mr. Putnam said that he arose under great embarrassment, for the President had completely deprived him of the opportunity of making the speech he had prepared. For four successive years he had been called upon, at these Annual Suppers, to make "a few remarks" in response to the sentiment of "Old Put." Whether there was anything in his appearance which reminded the President of that worthy gentleman, or whether the President supposed that because he bore the name of Putnam he must necessarily be one of his descendants he knew not. He was reminded of the story told of a criminal who had been successfully defended by the eloquence of a celebrated lawyer. After the acquittal, his friend said to him, "Now tell us, honor bright, did you steal that horse?" to which the other responded, "Well, I always thought that I *did* steal it, but since lawyer A.'s plea, I begin to think I *didn't*."

And so with him, the President had complimented him with that same toast so often, that he began to think, spite of his convictions to the contrary, that he *was* either a son or grandson of that distinguished gentleman; and so he had been "posting himself up" on his family history, and anticipating that he might be called upon this evening, in the usual manner, he had prepared himself with sundry anecdotes and scraps of history which it had been his purpose to inflict upon his hearers. He was prepared to prove that Gen. Putnam commanded at Bunker Hill, and that he led the choir in his native village, so that he had some claims to being remembered in this association. He reminded his hearers also, that by a singular coincidence this was the birthday-eve of "Old Put," that is, if he had lived until the morrow, he would have been just 141 years old.

He was happy, however, to see that the President had this evening "struck a new vein," and so his friends would be relieved for the present at least from the inflictions he had purposed to put upon them. He was thankful, for another reason, for the President had given him an opportunity to show that he himself had a fair claim to membership in this Musical Association. He had always insisted that he had no right to be there, except upon the *lucus a non lucendo* principle; for though his passion for music was great, he professed to have no great scientific knowledge of the subject; but now he was called upon to *play upon the organ*. Well, he could say a few words about it, and it gave him great pleasure to say to his friends, that during the past summer, feeling a deep interest in that work, and at the request of his friend, Dr. Upham, whom we all recognized as the "head and front" of the organ, he took letters of introduction to Dr. Hopkins, the organist of Temple church, London, who had taken a great interest in the building of this organ, and also to Mr. Walcker, of Ludwigsburg, in Germany, the builder of the instrument. And here he would say *en passant*, that if any of his friends should find themselves detained in London, over Sunday, they would hear at the Temple Church some of the finest church music to be found in that city. Upon reaching Ludwigsburg, which is near Stuttgart, he found it a quiet, retired place, with about 7000 inhabitants and 4000 soldiers, to keep them in order. This did not seem to argue great *harmony* in the place, but he found it was formerly a place of some

importance, and that the soldiers were rather kept there for sake of appearances, than because the inhabitants were particularly revolutionary in their feelings. He found Mr. Walcker a highly intelligent German, a man of note in the place, and of the highest respectability, and character, and he could assure the gentlemen subscribers to the organ fund, that their interests in this particular, could not be in the keeping of a more upright and honorable man. Mr. Walcker expressed his great delight at seeing him, and Mr. P. said that he fully and duly impressed Mr. Walcker with a proper idea of Boston, and its citizens, and in particular with the character of its musical public. He informed him that "Boston State House was the hub of the social system," an idea which the honest German, owing probably to some *organic* defect in his mind, did not, at first, seem fully to comprehend, but which he, Mr. P. put to him in two or three different ways, so that he finally seemed to yield to the proposition, for he begged him to assure his friends in Boston, with a grip of the hand which *told*, that they should have an organ, which, with but possibly two exceptions, would be the largest ever built, and equal to any of them in quality. Mr. Putnam visited the manufactory, in company with Mr. Walcker, and then saw what he would call the "*organic* remains" of the instrument, did not that remark seem to imply that it had already been once completed. He would rather call them the "*dissecta membra*," (that was classical) of the organ; here a pipe, there some other portions scattered about. He was not "let down" into one of the pipes as his friend, Dr. Upham was into one of the pipes of the organ at Ulm, as into a deep well, but he would warn them that if the noise the pipes make, is proportionate to their size, the citizens of Boston, he feared, would imagine themselves living in the midst of a perpetual *thunder* storm.

Mr. Walcker had just completed a fine instrument for the cathedral of Ludwigsburg, which he had generously given to it, and he, Mr. P. had the pleasure of listening to it. He had also just finished a very superior instrument for the cathedral at Ulm, which he wished much that Mr. P. should see and hear, it being one of the finest organs in the world. Mr. P. went to Ulm, and passed some time in hearing, what he described as the finest organ which he had heard in Europe, and he had the opportunity of hearing many. He said that he never before fully understood what that noble instrument was, or felt its true inspiration until, at Ulm, he stood beneath the solemn arches of that grand old cathedral, (one of the six finest cathedrals in all Germany) and listened to that wonderful organ. He begged to assure gentlemen, that if Mr. Walcker furnished us an instrument at all comparable to that at Ulm, we should have one of which Boston and the country might well be proud. Mr. Putnam begged pardon for detaining them so long, but begged to be considered now as having some claims to membership, because he had "played upon that organ."

The "Hiawatha" Music again.

To the Editor of Dwight's Journal:

Dear Sir: It is so seldom that I fail to recognize the justice and fairness of all that appears in your editorial columns, that I am sure you will permit me to recall your attention to some remarks respecting Mr. Robert Staepel's "Hiawatha," which appeared in the *Journal* of last week, and in which I find a departure from the candor which I always look for from you. You speak handsomely of the work, and give the composer much credit; not so much as I believe he deserves, but enough to prevent me from making any allusion to your criticism, had it been merely upon a question of taste. It is some matters of fact which you have not sufficiently considered, that I desire to speak about; and even concerning these I should have remained silent, but for your endeavor, while uttering your own opinion, to throw discredit upon that of others, who, not without care and thought, have placed a higher estimate upon Mr. Staepel's composition than you appear inclined to do.

The remarks to which I refer, are contained in the following extract from the *Journal*, (Jan. 15.)

The testimony of the great majority of those who

heard the work is much more warm, in many instances amounting to enthusiasm, and in some cases to the most desperate extravagance of praise. Newspaper critics riot in superlatives, as if they had discovered a new Shakespeare. They talk of its marking "an era in our musical history"; of "his *infinite* resources of counterpoint and imitation" (more could not be said of Bach or Handel); of "imaginative and creative genius of the highest order" (what is there left to say of Beethoven or Mozart?); of having "found no instrumental writing finer than this of Mr. Staepel's," and more *ad nauseam*. Let us, at least, avoid all such extravagance. Better for the artist that his work fail to meet due recognition all at once, or for a long time, than that it go forth coupled from the first with such pretensions. Never was any Beethoven or Mendelssohn, in countries where they *do* appreciate such efforts, greeted on a first production in such terms. The title to such epithets can only be established in the course of time.

Of the four quotations from notices by "newspaper critics," which you introduce, I have seen only one — the last, referring to Mr. Staepel's instrumentation. I do not doubt, however, that they are correct, although the one which I recognize is not fairly printed in your paper, an italicism (1) having been introduced, which needlessly intensifies the opinion, with a view, of course, to render the contrast between it and your own more marked. But assuming the quotations, let me ask what there is in them that indicates the desperate and nauseating extravagance of which you complain? First, "Hiawatha" is said to mark "an era in our musical history." You will hardly deny that of all musical works originally produced in this country, Mr. Staepel's is so incomparably the best that no other can be named with it. Hence it is right to assert that when such a composition, claiming comparison with those of acknowledged European masters, is written and first performed in America, an event which has never before occurred, an era (2) in our musical history is marked. Second, Mr. Staepel's "*infinite* resources of counterpoint" are spoken of — (it may be supposed that here, again, the word "*infinite*" is forced beyond its meaning by an italicism which the original writer did not employ) — to his praise. (3) I can only say that so far as this subject demands them, the composer's resources of counterpoint are without limit. In "Hiawatha" you will find on examination some contrapuntal writing which is perfect in its way; and sufficient to show how much farther the composer could have gone, had he chosen. By your allusion to Bach and Handel, who were masters of the fugue and little else besides, it may be supposed that you reject this claim of contrapuntal learning on the part of Mr. Staepel, because no fugues are found in "Hiawatha." Their absence is rather to be set down to his credit, since such effects would be wholly out of place in a piece of this character. I believe it is correct to suppose that the declaration of Mr. Staepel's resources of counterpoint are intended to apply solely to their employment in "Hiawatha," and as such discover nothing desperate or nauseating in it. If I thought they had any reference outside of "Hiawatha," I too would go beyond the record, and convince you that the composer has produced fugues as correct and learned as any by the masters you have mentioned, by sending you one or two for publication. As it is, I would prefer to confine myself to the consideration of "Hiawatha" only. Third, Mr. Staepel is said to possess "imaginative and creative genius (4) of the highest order," which you object to, because more cannot be said of Beethoven or Mozart. If I understand the term aright, in this connection, Mozart's

"imaginative genius" cannot be called of the highest order. He was so deficient in imagination that his music very often fails to express the meaning of the words to which it is applied, and sometimes exhibits an entirely opposite spirit; which, after all, does not interfere seriously with his claim to be considered the greatest composer of his age, and, in some respects, the greatest of all time. Beethoven's "imaginative genius" assuredly was of the highest order, but it does not appear that either of these composers attempted to illustrate a subject of such new and extreme difficulty as the one which Mr. Stöpel has chosen, and I very much doubt whether either would have succeeded better, in the specially characteristic portions of the music. Mr. Stöpel's means were unprecedentedly limited and unpliable; observe what he has effected with them. His extraordinary power of idealization, and, at the same time, preservation of the true spirit, of his theme, is what constitutes his claim to imaginative genius of the highest order. The assumption of the highest creative genius, I admit, in this case, too much. Mr. Stöpel has not shown it; but you will see, as indeed you have said, that in this work no proper opportunity is afforded for such display. Probably the critic's knowledge of other of the composer's writings caused this remark. I am willing to allow, however, that here the boundary of prudence was overstepped, and that Mr. Stöpel has not proved himself a Beethoven or a Mozart, so far as creative genius goes, at the first leap. Fourth, one says he has "found no instrumental writing finer than this"—a remark not hastily nor heedlessly uttered, but the result of careful examination, and comparison of the score, page by page, with works of the best orchestral composers. (5) No such judgment, thus formed, should be repelled, excepting after similar investigation, and I do not think, Mr. Editor, that, after investigation, you would have any wish to repel it. I am firmly persuaded of its entire justice.

In order that I may not be misunderstood in what I claim for Mr. Stöpel, let me say briefly what opinion I entertain of his work as a whole. I certainly do not place it beside the greatest compositions of Beethoven, Mozart, or Mendelssohn. At the same time I believe that it marks "an era in our musical history," as above explained; that it shows a musical learning surpassed by no composer of these days; that it indicates the highest imaginative genius, in its exquisitely poetic and artistic illustration of a peculiarly unmusical subject; that it contains specimens of instrumentation equal to any ever written; that most of its melodies are unique and beautiful; and that it is as perfect a portrayal of the subject as could be looked for. Of course, it is not all equally excellent, and has its weak points. Some passages—a very few—are commonplace; that is to say, the composer has made use of forms which are the common property of all composers. But altogether considered, it ought to rank as one of the most important musical productions of this time, and must stand as the most important ever brought out in America.

You must allow me to say, Mr. Editor, that I do not consider your arguments against the present recognition of "Hiawatha's" merits at all convincing. You intimate that this work should rather languish for a long time in obscurity, than

go forth coupled with the "pretensions" which I have endeavored to sustain, because—Beethoven, Mendelssohn and others were not at first appreciated. This, certainly, is the idea that you convey—because the greatest composers of the world were not at first appreciated, Mr. Stöpel should not be; because they suffered from critical coolness during their lives, this gentleman, too, must wait for fame until the time when it can afford him very little satisfaction. (6) The "course of time" may be sure in establishing the title to eminence, but it is lamentably slow; and I believe that it is the duty of all whose influence can quicken its measured progress, and aid the struggles of aspiring genius, to heartily and sympathetically extend their encouragement when they may with justice do so. To come to particulars, I believe it is the duty of every writer on musical subjects, to closely examine a work like this of Mr. Stöpel, before rendering any opinion upon it, and above all, to respect such opinions as are based upon this principle, even when opposing them.

I feel myself justified in thus defending what has been said in commendation of "Hiawatha" against your gentle sarcasm, because it seems throughout your notice, that you have hardly viewed the composition from the right standpoint. You have treated it as a work of less dignity of purpose than it really is. (7) A single example will explain my meaning. You say, in speaking of "the Beggar's Dance, that 'the Indians must have known rum and white men before they danced to such tunes.' Here the misconception is palpable. We have nothing to do with tunes to which the Indians danced. The composer's idea was very far from that of reproducing the particular music which accompanied the wild dances of the Indians. He meant to give a musical picture of the gay scene at Hiawatha's wedding; a suggestion of the sports in which for the moment Pau-Puk-Keewis was the principal actor. The composer's intention was poetic and ideal; the one you attribute to him is vulgar and prosy in comparison.

I had intended to leave out of consideration everything that might be esteemed a question of taste, and I hesitate to dispute your assertion that "Hiawatha" is monotonous, for that reason. But after all, it is not exclusively a matter of taste. "Hiawatha" is composed of fourteen numbers, each one of which is different from the other in style, time, and rhythm. How then, can it be pronounced monotonous? (8) Had you said dull, I should have doubted, but in silence.

I need not assure you that my dissent from the views you express upon this subject does not conflict with the respect and esteem I entertain for the *Journal of Music*, and that my object in endeavoring to sustain my own opinions, and those of many others, is only to properly bring before the public the claims of a composer in whose genius and abilities I feel a deep trust.

Yours truly,

II.

NOTES ON THE ABOVE.

1. The italicism here, as elsewhere, was not intended to "throw discredit" on any one's opinion, but simply to direct attention to the unqualified character of the statement which we pronounced and still pronounce extravagant. We trust this removes the only shadow of a ground for charging us with want of "candor."

2. Many an event in this world's history, the birth of a child for instance—has, when looked back upon, been said to mark an "era." But it is a mind of rare prophetic insight

that can confidently read the era in the very hour the child or the event is born. The consequences of an event must be somewhat unfolded before we common mortals can proclaim an era. Now we cannot deny, neither can we affirm that "Hiawatha" is "incomparably the best" work yet produced in this country, we not having heard some of the largest claimants. But even if it were, would that make it an event necessarily of any very great importance to the world? Wait and see what influence it will have, and whether it will shape or color much the musical future of our country: then it will be time enough to say it marks an "era." It may be very fine, nay, even a work of real genius, and yet fall far short of that. Therefore we would forbear (and that was meant to be the moral of our article) passing *presumptuous* judgments, and we must still regard this "era" talk as verdant, hasty, over-confident, extravagant.

3. These claims no doubt are honest, springing from sincere enthusiasm: but are they modest? Who is the man among us, unless we had a Mendelssohn or Beethoven, that is competent, on a few hearings, or a reading of a score, to pronounce a composer's contrapuntal resources "without limit"? One must have exhausted all the possibilities of Art to be able to say that S. can do all that Bach or Handel did! We should not dare say that at once of any man, even if he were another Bach; such candidates must wait examination of their peers. And he who says that Bach and Handel were "masters of the fugue and nothing else" (?) would, we seriously fear, be among the last to recognize a really great work should it appear among us. Again, correct writing, of fugues as of other things, is not enough to make a Bach, any more than it is to make a Shakespeare. There may be infinite distance, as to genius, charm, expression, meaning, &c., between fugues equally "correct."

4. To question Mozart's "imaginative genius" because his music means more than the trash of words to which he often wrote, or to attribute the highest order of such genius to Mr. S. because he has been happy in the musical illustration of a more difficult poetic subject, than Beethoven ever undertook, shows, in either case, a very superficial notion of "imagination," "genius," "creative faculty," &c. We have no room to discuss it. Mozart wanting in imagination! Much as we were pleased with Mr. Stöpel's music, we find more imagination in one of Zerlina's little songs than in the whole of "Hiawatha;" we appeal to mankind. But our critic seems to waver in the re-assertion of his own strong statement.

5. "No instrumental writing finer than this." Were Mendelssohn to say that, we should place some trust in the opinion. But who of us—nay how many, think you, even of our best musicians, are really competent, from simply reading score with score, to say of a new work, that it is equal to the best orchestral writing of the greatest masters! If a thing is so great as that, it must take time to find it out, at all events if it be something new in kind.

6. You mistake our meaning. We did not say that this composer ought not to be recognized at once, because greater men than he were not. We only sought to show, by great examples, that in the very nature of the case the highest kind of genius cannot be recognized at once, except perhaps by here and there an individual of the rarest insight.

7. You mistake us again. We did not mean that Mr. Stöpel's purpose was to embody real "live Indian" music in his "Beggar's Dance;" but to hint that the quick movement thereof sounded to our ears by no means original, and very like, almost identical with some common, far from ideal jig that white folks dance to.

8. A musical work, a play, a poem, anything, may be "monotonous," although its form and time should change at every step. Still it may leave a monotonous impression on the mind. A perpetual succession of new images is no safeguard, necessarily, against that; while on the other hand (to come back to our friend's peculiar stumbling block), an organ fugue of Bach (!) that changes not in tempo, stops, degree of force, or thematic phrases, from beginning to end of the longest, shall sound ever fresh and new to us.—Ed.

Musical Chit-Chat.

Mme. BISCACCANTI and Miss JULIANA MAY, give a "Combination Concert" in the Music Hall this evening, which certainly combines many elements of interest. It will be an opportunity which no Bostonian would like to miss of hearing once more Boston's most accomplished prima donna, after years of triumphs on the operatic stage in Italy, France, Russia, South America, &c., while it will afford a new chance to appreciate the merits of the younger artist more fairly. They will be assisted by Signor BISCACCANTI, violoncellist, MESSRS. LANG and BAUMBACH, pianists, and the Mendelssohn Quintette Club. . . . CARL ZERRAIN's second Philharmonic Concert will take place next Saturday evening, when the orchestra will play Mendelssohn's A minor Symphony, Beethoven's "Leonora" overture, the *Fackeltanz* of Meyerbeer, &c., and a violin solo will be performed by M. COHEN. Perhaps also the German "Orpheus" will contribute some part-songs.

We have the programme of the closing soirée, for the past year, at Mr. E. B. OLIVER's excellent "Mendelssohn Musical Institute" in Pittsfield, Mass. This gentleman and his assistants, persevere successfully in the good work of inculcating a taste for truly classical music in their many pupils. The performances on this occasion were all by the young ladies, who are said to have done great credit to themselves and their instructors. The pianoforte pieces were a Rondo, (4 hands) by Clementi; *Sonata Pathétique*, Beethoven; Sonata in F, Mozart; Adagio (4 hands), Thalberg; *Rondo brillante*, S. Heller; Sonata in D, Mozart. The vocal pieces were Schubert's "Elogy of Tears"; Kücken's "Return of Spring," (two-part song); a song with guitar, "Miller's Maid," by Gould; and two-part song, "The May Bells," Mendelssohn. This is in delightful contrast with the usual dreary sentimentality and clap-trap of Seminary musical exhibitions. . . . They have capital programmes of orchestral music at the concerts of the "Classic Music Society" in New Orleans, under the direction of Mr. G. COLLIGNON. This, for the second of the series, Jan. 5th, could hardly be beaten: Part 1. Overture to Iphigenia, Gluck; *Concert-Stück*, Weber; Andante, Haydn; Overture to *Ruy Blas*, Mendelssohn; Part 2. Beethoven's Seventh Symphony.

Music Abroad.

London.

(From the *Athenæum*, Dec. 25, 1858.)

At the last *Musical Soirée* of the Eighth Season of the *Réunion des Arts*, M. Wieniawski was the principal vocalist. He is associated with M. Julien in his coming "farewell" tour through England, which is to precede that triumphant, artistic, philanthropic, and scientific *promenade* round the globe,—to which allusion has been made in the *Athenæum*. It seems unreasonable, to the verge of absurdity, that so little chamber-music is possible in London before *Valentine's Day*. M. Sainton is about to take a short flight to the Continent,—Herren Molique and Pauer and Mr. Sloper are silent,—Signor Piatti and Pezze might simply be practising their *violoncelli* at home, for any noise of quartets and trios which reaches our ears. In fact, a strange Viennese, or Cremonese, or Parisian, who had alighted in our capital during the past month—so memorable for its darkness,—might have been excused had he gone home and printed in his book of travels that there was only one solitary instrumentalist to be found in London after "the House is up,"—that one being Miss Arabella Goddard. Verily, the inconsistencies in musical Art of the English are odd.

The list of operas to be produced during the coming French season at the *St. James Theatre*, is ample, and runs as follows:—"By Auber: *Domino Noir*, *L'Ambassadrice*, *La Sirène*, *Le Maçon*, *Fra Diavolo*, *Les Diamans de la Couronne*, *La Part du Diable*, *Haydée*, *Le Philtre*. By Herold: *Pré aux Cleres*, *Marie*. By Adam: *Le Chalet*, *Postillon de Longjumeau*. By Ambroise Thomas: *Le Songe d'une Nuit d'Été*, *Le Caïd*. By Halévy: *L'Eclair*, *Les Monsequaires de la Reine*. By Boieldieu: *La Dame Blanche*, *Le Petit Chaperon Rouge*. &c. By Grétry: *Richard Cœur de Lion*, *Zémire et Azor*. A good list is the above; yet,—though in no respect "fish-like," something "ancient." There are little operas by composers like M. Réber,—("Les Papillotes," to name one), or by M. Messé—"Les Noces de Jeannette," (to instance another), which would be acceptable in London, and are especially adapted to a company such as the one about to open its accounts with the public on Wednesday. But the management, no doubt, speculates on the English love for that which is known—not to say well worn. In any event, we hope that its success will enable it to fulfil its intention, which is stated to be the permanent establishment of an *Opéra Comique* in London.

At the *Crystal Palace Concert*, on Saturday last, was performed the music of Mendelssohn's Operetta, known here as "Son and Stranger," by Mrs. and Mr. Weiss, and Mr. Wilbye Cooper as principal singers.

The Drawing-room Opera written by Mr. Palgrave Simpson and Signor Biletta, for a company comprising Mrs. Enderssohn, Mrs. and Mr. Tennant, and Mr. Patey, is now, we understand, ready to start;—and, on New Year's Day, will put itself bodily into railway-carriages with a van for stage and "proper-

ties,"—and commence its journey from town to town in the true old Thespian style. It is the wise intention of its members, we learn, to work themselves up to the most perfect finish in the provinces before attempting performance in the Metropolis.

The journals of the week have announced that Dr. Bennett's "May Queen" is the musical work commanded, according to usage, for the New Year's performance at Windsor Castle.

M. Rémusat's comic opera company began their proceedings on Wednesday evening with "La Part du Diable," in which the principal character was taken by Madame Faure. This lady, who has sung chiefly in the French provinces since her marriage, will be best known to the frequenters of operas by her maiden name as *Mlle Petit-Brière*:—and in that most remembered for the lively way in which she gave the couplets of the *camel-boy* in M. Auber's "Prodigal Son."

Madame Viardot is expected in London very shortly. Mr. H. Leslie's Biblical *Cantata*, "Judith," will be performed at *St. Martin's Hall* early in March, with herself, Mr. Sims Reeves, and Signor Belletti, in the parts sung by them at Birmingham.

PARIS. A new tenor, M. Montaubry, has appeared at the *Opéra Comique* of Paris, in a new opera, "Les Trois Nicolas," by M. Chapissou, with considerable success, both as actor and singer. The piece itself seems to be a poor one, and is built on incidents, which never happened, in the life of Dalayrac, the well known French composer. Correspondents in Paris state, that it will be premature to expect M. Meyerbeer's new opera, with only three characters and no chorus, for some months to come.

THE ITALIAN THEATRE IN PARIS.—M. Calzado, director of the Italian Theatre, lately brought an action before the Tribunal of Commerce against M. Galvani, one of the singers, to have his engagement for the season declared null and void. His advocate represented that Galvani had been engaged at a very liberal salary as *primo tenore assoluto*, but that he had made a complete *fiasco* in the first part which he played—that of Lindoro in the *Italiani in Algeri*,—and that he had been pronounced by some newspaper critics not to be at all equal to the position he had taken; and the advocate contended that every theatrical engagement was held to be void when the performer failed to please the public, in proof of which he cited various law authorities and precedents. M. Galvani, on the other hand, through his advocate, stated that M. Calzado had not engaged him until after he knew that he (Galvani) had sung with success in Italy, Germany, and Belgium; that foreign journals had spoken highly of his talent, and that it was on the express recommendation of no less a person than Madame Borghi-Mamo, a competent judge of singing, that M. Calzado had engaged him. He further said that on the first night he had been afflicted with a cold, but that nevertheless if some journals had spoken ill of him, others had spoken well. He produced a certificate from Duprez, who is now director of the singing school at the Conservatoire, to the effect that he had a veritable tenor voice, and he said that M. Calzado's reason for wanting to get rid of him was that, in addition to Mario and himself, he had engaged two other tenors, Graziani and Belard, and did not need four. Galvani therefore prayed that the action might be dismissed, and that M. Calzado might be condemned to pay him a month's salary, which fell due on the 1st of November last. M. Calzado's advocate begged that three experts might be charged to report on the extent and quality of Galvani's voice; but the tribunal, without noticing this request, decided that the engagement of a performer can only be put an end to when it shall be clearly proved that the public have received him with marked disfavour, and that M. Calzado produced no such proof with regard to Galvani. It therefore rejected his action "for the present," and ordered him to pay Galvani 2,571*fr.*, his month's salary, due on the 1st of November last.—*Galvani's Messenger*.

M. Borlioz, in his last *feuilleton*, speaks so emphatically in praise of Madame Barbot, the new *soprano* who lately appeared at the *Grand Opéra* of Paris,—that, once again, we will hope her success there to be a real success, in spite of the praise in the papers. It is certain, at least, that such favour as the lady has gained owes nothing to "puff preliminary." The project of re-building the theatre on the site of the *Hôtel Osmond* has been, wisely, abandoned; a less convenient situation (as has been already said) hardly existing in Paris. Miss Thomson, the young English lady whose promise attracted attention at a late Concert of the *Conservatoire*, has made her *début* at the *Grand Opéra* of Paris as *Mathilde* in "Guillaume Tell."

Special Notices.

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A very taking waltz of medium difficulty. We predict a great popularity for this composition.

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A charming impromptu in the form of a modern study, much less difficult than the works of this writer usually are. The music fully justifies the propriety of the title, which promises silvery strains inexhaustible.

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A nice arrangement of the now well-known air, adapted to the wants of the majority of piano-players.

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Dwight's Journal of Music.

WHOLE No. 357.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 5, 1859.

VOL. XIV. No. 19.

Poems at the Burns Festival.

BOSTON, JANUARY 25, 1859.

BY OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.

His birthday. — Nay we need not speak
The name each heart is beating, —
Each glistening eye and flushing cheek
In light and flame repeating!

We come in one tumultuous tide, —
One surge of wild emotion,
As crowding through the Frith of Clyde
Rolls in the Western Ocean;

As when yon cloudless, quartered moon
Hangs o'er each storied river
The swelling breast of Ayr and Doon
With sea-green wavelets quiver.

The century shrivels like a scroll, —
The past becomes the present, —
And face to face, and soul to soul,
We greet the monarch-peasant!

While Shennstone strained in feeble flights
With Corydon and Phillis, —
While Wolfe was climbing Abraham's heights
To snatch the Bourbon lilies,

Who heard the wailing infant's cry, —
The babe beneath the shieling,
Whose song to-night, in every sky,
Will shake earth's starry ceiling. —

Whose passion-breathing voice ascends
And floats like incense o'er us,
Whose ringing lay of friendship blends
With Labor's anvil chorus!

We love him, not for sweetest song, —
Though never tone so tender, —
We love him, even in his wrong, —
His wasteful self-surrender;

We praise him not for gifts divine, —
His muse was born of woman, —
His manhood breathes in every line,
Was ever heart more human?

We love him, praise him, just for this;
In every form and feature,
Through wealth and want, through woe and bliss,
He saw his fellow-creature!

No soul could sink beneath his love, —
Not even angel blasted; —
No mortal power could soar above
The pride that all outlasted!

Ay! Heaven had set one living man
Beyond the pedant's tether, —
His virtues, frailties, He may scan,
Who weighs them all together!

I fing my pebble on the cairn
Of him, though dead, undying,
Sweet Nature's nursling, bonniest bairn,
Beneath her daisies lying.

The waning suns, the wasting globe
Shall spare the minstrel's story, —
The centuries weave his purple robe,
The mountain-mist of glory!

BY JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.

I.

A hundred years! they're quickly fled,
With all their joy and sorrow,
Their dead leaves shed upon the dead,
Their fresh ones sprung by morrow!
And still the patient seasons bring
Their change of sun and shadow,
New birds still sing with every Spring,
New violets spot the meadow.

II.

A hundred years! and nature's powers
No greater grown nor lessened!

They saw no flowers more sweet than ours,
No fairer new moon's crescent; —
If she would treat us poets so,
Would so from Winter free us,
And set our slow old sap aflow
To sprout in fresh ideas!

III.

Alas! I think, what worth or parts
Have brought me here competing
To speak what starts in myriad hearts
With Burns's memory beating;
A theme like this would Bryant choose,
Longfellow, Holmes, or Whittier;
If my poor muse can't fill their shoes,
Pray pardon her and pity her.

IV.

As I sat musing what to say
And how my verse to number,
Some elf in play passed by that way
And sank my lids in slumber;
And on my sleep a vision stole
Which I will put in metre,
Of Burns' soul at the wicket-hole
Where sits the good St. Peter.

V.

The saint, methought, had left his post
That day to Holy Willie,
Who swore; "Each ghost that comes shall toast
In brimstone, will he, nill he;
There's none need hope with phrases fine
Their score to wipe a sin frae; —
I'll chalk a sign, 'to save their tryin,' —
A hand *U* and *Vide infra*!

VI.

Alas! no soil's too cold or dry
For spiritual small potatoes,
Scrimped nature's spy the trade to ply
Of *diaboli advocatus*,
Who lay bent pins on the penance-stool
Where Mercy spreads a cushion,
Who've just one rule for knave or fool,
It saves so much confusion!

VII.

So, when Burns knocked, Will knit his brows,
His window-gap made scunter,
And said: "Go rouse the other house,
We lodge no Tam O' Shanter!"
"We lodge!" laughed Burns, "now well I see
Death cannot kill old nature,
No human flea, but thinks that ho
May speak for his Creator!

VIII.

"But Willie, friend, don't turn me forth,
Auld Clootie needs no gauger,
And if on earth I had small worth,
You've let in worse, I've wager!"
"Na, nane has knockit at the yett
But found me hard as whunstone,
There's chances yet your bread to get
Wi Auld Nick, gaugin' brimstone."

IX.

Meanwhile the "uncle guid" had ta'en
Their place to watch the process,
Flattening in vain on many a pane
Their disembodied noses;
Remember, please, 'tis all a dream,
One can't control the fancies,
Through sleep that stream with wayward gleam
Like midnight's boreal dances.

X.

Old Willie's tone grew sharp's a knife;
"In *primis*, I indite ye
For makin' strife wi' the water o' life
And preferin' *aqua vite*."
Then roared a voice with lusty din,
Like a skipper's when 'tis blowy,
"If that's a sin, I'd ne'er ha' got in,
As sure as my name's Noah!"

XI.

Sly Willie turned another leaf: —
"There's many here have heard ye,

To the pain and grief o' true belief,
Say hard things o' the clergy!"
Then rang a clear tone over all: —
"One plea for him allow me,
I once heard call from o'er me, 'Saul,
Why persecutest thou me?'"

XII.

To the next charge vexed Willie turned
And, sighing, wiped his glasses, —
"I'm much concerned to find ye yearned
O'er warmly tow'rd the lasses!"
But David cried: "Your ledger shut,
E'en Adam fell by woman,
And hearts close shut with if and but
If safe, are not so human!"

XIII.

Then sudden glory round me broke
And low melodious surges,
Of wings whose stroke to splendor woke
Creation's farthest verges;
A cross stretched, ladder-like, secure
From earth to heaven's own portal,
Whereby God's poor, with footing sure,
Climbed up to peace immortal.

XIV.

heard a voice serene and low,
(With my heart I seemed to hear it,)
Fall soft and slow as snow on snow,
Like grace of the heavenly spirit;
As sweet as ever to new born son
The croon of new made mother,
The voice begun, "sore-tempted one!"
Then, pausing, sighed, "our brother!"

XV.

"If not a sparrow fall, unless
The father sees and knows it,
Think! recks he less his form express?
The soul his own deposite?
If only dear to him the strong
That never trip nor wander,
Where were the throng whose morning song
Thrills his blue arches yonder?"

XVI.

"Do souls alone clear-eyed, strong-kneed,
To him true service render,
And they who need his hand to lead,
Find they his heart untender?
Through all your various ranks and fates,
He opens doors to duty,
And he that waits there at your gates
Was servant of His Beauty.

XVII.

"The earth must richer sap secrete
In time, could ye but know it!
Must juice concrete with fiercer heat
Ere she can make her poet;
These larger hearts must feel the rolls
Of stormier waved temptation,
These star-wide souls between their poles
Bear zones of tropic passion.

XVIII.

"Her cheaper broods in palaces
She raises under glasses,
But souls like these, heaven's hostages,
Spring shelterless as grasses;
He loved much! that is gospel good,
Howe'er the text you handle;
From common wood the cross was hewed,
By love turned priceless sandal.

XIX.

"If scant his service at the kirk,
He *paters* heard and *aves*
From choirs that lurk in hedge and birk
From blackbird and from mavis;
The cowering mouse, poor unroofed thing,
In him found mercy's angel,
The daisy's ring, brought, every spring,
To him Faith's fresh evangel!

XX.

"Not he the threatening texts who deals
Is highest 'mong the preachers,

But he who feels the woes and weals
Of all God's wandering creatures;
He doth good work whose heart can find
The spirit 'neath the letter;
Who makes his kind of happier mind,
Leaves wiser men and better.

XXI.

"They make Religion be abhorred
Who round with darkness gulf her,
And think no word can please the Lord
Unless it smell of sulphur;
Dear Poet-heart, that childlike guessed
The Father's loving-kindness,
Come now to rest! thou did'st his best,
If haply 'twas in blindness!"

XXII.

Then leapt Heaven's portals wide apart,
And, at their golden thunder,
With sudden start I woke, my heart
Still throbbing full of wonder;
"Father," I said, "'tis known to thee
How thou thy saints prearest,
But this I see—Saint Charity
Is still the first and fairest!"

XXIII.

Dear Bard and Brother! let who may
Against thy faults be railing,
(Though far, I pray, from us be they
That never knew a failing!)
One toast I'll give, and that not long,
Which thou would'st pledge if present,—
To him, whose song, in nature strong,
Makes man of prince and peasant!"

BY JOHN G. WHITTIER.

How sweetly come the holy psalms
From saints and martyrs down,
The waving of triumphal palms
Above the thorny crown!
The choral praise, the chanted prayers
From harps by angels strung,
The hunted Caneron's mountain airs,
The hymns that Luther sung!

Yet, jarring not the heavenly notes,
The sounds of earth are heard,
As through the open minster floats
The song of breeze and bird!
Not less the wonder of the sky
That daisies bloom below;
The brook sings on, though loud and high
The cloudy organs blow!

And, if the tender ear be jarred
That, haply, hears by turns
The saintly harp of Olney's bard,
The pastoral pipe of Burns,
No discord mars His perfect plan
Who gave them both a tongue,
For he who sings the love of man
The love of God hath sung!

To-day be every fault forgiven
Of him in whom we joy;
We take, with thanks, the gold of heaven
And leave the earth's alloy.
Be ours his music as of Spring,
His sweetness as of flowers,
The songs the bard himself might sing
In holier ears than ours.

Sweet airs of love and home, the hum
Of household melodies,
Come singing, as the robins come
To sing in door-yard trees.
And, heart to heart, two nations lean
No rival wreaths to twine,
But blending, in eternal green,
The holly and the pine!

For Dwight's Journal of Music.

The Diarist Abroad, No. 14.

My idea of what we mean by the term *classic*? Certainly. Simply this. Time was when the modern languages were uncultivated, and still in a rude, chaotic state. All literary labors, all state papers, all scientific works, all teaching in Universities, all was in the Latin language. The student then took the pains to learn to speak and write Latin correctly and with elegance, which he now bestows—or should bestow—upon his mother tongue. Certain books in Latin and Greek were universally acknowledged to be mod-

els of elegance in style, in depth of thought, in logical development of idea, in rhetorical form. Now, I have always supposed that these, being used as text books in the "classes" of the Universities (not classes, of course, in our American sense), came to be called "classic" or "classical."

As the modern languages grew to perfection, the works of great thinkers, if also distinguished for elegance of style, would naturally, as models for young authors, come to be called "classical" works in their respective tongues. All such terms are apt to be extended in their significance. So this term has been adopted also in Art, and we hear of the "classic" models of sculpture, painting, architecture, which Greece and Italy offer to the student of those arts.

In music the experience of two or three centuries has proved that certain forms of composition, certain modes of vocal writing and instrumentation afford the most permanent satisfaction. The works of the Raphael, the Phidias, the Michael Angelo, the Rubens, the Corregio of music, whoever they are, are the works which are most perfect, as judged by those rules and principles which experience has drawn from the study of millions of pieces of music of all forms and kinds. These works we offer to the student of music as models upon which he is to base his future reputation and success. The ephemeral novel of the day finds more readers than a volume by Emerson, Hawthorne, Prescott, or Macauley, of our time, or than any of those volumes of older date, which every scholar capable of judging decides to be the highest and noblest models for the use of the English language. So the last new waltz or polka finds a hundred purchasers where a Bach, Mozart, or Beethoven Sonata finds one. So too a flashy quartet or quintet from some ephemeral opera is sung by hundreds while the sextet in "Don Juan," which, according to Rossini, is the greatest thing of the kind in existence—the highest classic therefore—goes begging for singers. The best models from which to learn a language are not the most popular books, the best models in music not the most popular pieces. The works of certain old Italian writers, of Handel, Bach, Haydn, Mozart, Gluck, Beethoven, afford more or less examples in all departments of the musical art, in which one finds the highest perfection of form, of elegance of expression, of depth of thought, of skilful use of voices and instruments. The bad music of these great men is not classical just because they wrote it; their good music is, simply because it is good. That which is worthy of being studied by the student as a means of instruction, may be called classical. We are not obliged to write like Bach and Handel, even if we could; and yet only by making such as them our "classics," until we have caught their spirit, can we ever reach any great eminence in musical composition. A. W. T.

Mr. Fry on "Hiawatha."

We copy the following, from the New York Tribune, as one of the curiosities of criticism.

MR. ROBERT STOEPEL'S ROMANTIC SYMPHONY OF HIAWATHA.—It is not our usual custom to make a notice of any composition of music intended for large masses of performers and a public audition before it has been rendered in this City. There are reasons, however, why a work composed by a resident European or an American should receive superior, and even eccentric attention, inasmuch as its character has to be made here, and is not established already

abroad; and the public, we are sure, are ready to receive not only the criticism on such a work but the work itself in a kindly spirit, and care nothing for names, provided they are pleased. It is only necessary that the composition of the music should be genuine, the quality of the executants good, and the persistence of the performances secured up to the time that the hearers are familiarized with the work. A new name in the circle of the muses ought to be welcomed, for the public ought to be weary of the endless praises of Handel, Haydn and Mozart; seeing that they find the *Messiah* an infernal bore, yawn through five-sixths of it, are only aroused by the Hallelujah Chorus, provided there is a colossal choir, and by two or three other portions of the work, and one-half of them leave the concert room wearied, as they did when it was magnificently performed at Tripler Hall, with an extra full vocal department, and the incomparable monster orchestra of Jullien; seeing, too, that they yawn through four-fifths of *Don Juan*, where the voice accompanies the orchestra, and not the orchestra the voice, and there is no climax of plot, and none of impassioned lyrical ecstasy; seeing, too, that the highest achievement of composition, the opera, alongside of which all else is easy, was never essayed successfully by Haydn, who, like Handel, accordingly took to the lower art of oratorio-writing—doing it nobly, however, but still a much inferior thing to that of the Shakespearian department of music for the stage; seeing, too, that the sense of honor is so squelched in mercantile rapacity and religious hypocrisy that the "American Academy of Music" of this City, whose charter was drawn up and passed by the Legislature for national lyrical purposes, for eliciting native compositions, for the end of elevating the taste of the people to an understanding of the intellectual value of domestic art, and its peership with literature, and even Congressional speeches, and not of pirating ready-made operas always and killing our own works—does nothing for native art, but everything against it. Seeing this and much more, we say a new name ought to be welcomed. Mr. Stoepel, accordingly, we mention in connection with his work. This musical production has been given in Boston. Of course the composer lost money by it—twelve hundred dollars—but that is a rule where a nation is wanting in duty to itself, as ours always is in everything relating to civilization which cannot be imported ready-made. Wherever we can take anything at second hand, we do it, like a herd of snobs. But Mr. Stoepel deserved a better fate, and is about to try again in Boston, and also in this City soon, assisted by the Mendelssohn Union.

We have not heard *Hiawatha*, but have read the full score. It is thoroughly artistic in the art performances, and illustrates modern art, which, of course, in many details is in advance of the classics—otherwise, why have flutes ten keys instead of two; violins a Paganini method instead of a Viotti; double basses, a Bottesini instead of a Dragonetti; music, ethereal forms instead of mechanical fugues; and so throughout the chapter. We mention this incidentally in reference to the ordinary braying about the classics. A word of criticism on this work: The first thing to look to in every composition is melodies. Poor melodies, like Handel's, may be backed up and sanctified by words from the Bible, but they are not the less poor; heard without the words, not even saints would listen to them. A melody is to be considered utterly dissociated from the words. Its rhythm, of course, must be imbedded in and shaped to the last azimuth of an accent by the words, but when cut loose from them it must stand superbly alone by its own beauty. Such melodies can be set to hand-organs; and if they cannot they are bad melodies. But, they may have a certain merit, acting and reacted upon by the harmony, and by the virtue of beautiful sounds in combination, by the loveliness or halowness of the words, and by the majesty and beauty of the singer. A composer, Mendelssohn for example, who could not make a salient melody for the public, may be very delightful in other relations—great finish of detail, nice sense of chro-

matic or coloristic qualities in the orchestra, and so forth. There is but one test of good melodies—their popularity, ultimately established after sufficient hearings. Some melodies are more slowly taken hold of than others. Some very vulgar ones become popular; but no melody that is really good will fail to please an audience if sufficiently often rendered. Of the memorable qualities of Mr. Stoepe's melodies we can say nothing, as only time and the public can decide; all we hazard is that they are intelligently written, with a beginning, middle and end, and lie easily under the voice. In the matter of accent he is correct. In form, where so much license is allowed, and none of the frenzy and condensation of the stage required which so multiplies the composer's difficulties, and lessens his chances of success, Mr. Stoepe is happy. "The Beggar's Dance" may be cited as a happy piece of grotesqueness and hurry-scurry; the introduction of the barbarous sub-seventh of the Highland pattern, particularly well founded. The address of the Great Spirit, accompanied by trombones, is a nice piece of recitation. There is a trio of a very naïf melody; and the finale is well worked up. The harmonies are varied and appropriate. Mr. Stoepe has had the good sense to leave out "learning" when not needed—his business being poetry and not pedantry. A composer who would listen for a moment to certain self-constituted critics, would be sure to have his work damned. We once heard every piece of a certain work, which was subsequently encored, condemned by a would-be musical authority—they were not "learned." The only difficulty was, they were too profound to be understood by people who affect to despise melody, and do not comprehend the higher mysteries of dramatic harmony. The instrumentation of Mr. Stoepe is excellent. He has a clear conception of orchestral divisions: of the art of not overlaying his voices: of knowing what he means to express, and expressing it.

We have written somewhat at length, for we believe in much revolution needed for musical composition, and much increased decency and patriotism on the part of the American public toward native works of art—not that the Americans care for a composition that stupefies them, no matter how venerable a name is attached to it; not that they will not listen gently, kindly, and enthusiastically, to a new work by a home-hand; but because they do not insist upon their own countrymen, by birth or adoption, having a fair chance in their own country; otherwise the American Academy of Music "would not, like a tall bully, lift its head and lie." Art of course is progressive, and the best composer is he who plagiarizes most from all who have preceded. That alone will constitute his learning, his universality, his humanity. When it is found that certain forms are alone graceful, it is the business of the composer to use them, even if they have been used before. When certain chords are terrible—unless he is going to make a new human nature—he must use them. When a certain instrument recalls memories or imaginings of war—of the chase—of idyllic life—of sub-mundane theology, of the middle ages—of chivalric life—of Catholicity—of Protestantism, of the sky, the trees, the flowers, the winds—the composer is bound by his allegiance to Art, not to use the contrary and be false in order to be original. As antecedents are multiplied upon a limited platform, of course the scope for originality is lessened. Some arts have come to a dead-lock as regards originality; this is not so as regards music, though the first thing that strikes every hearer, in attending the performance of a new piece of music, is its resemblance to other things. If it did not resemble them, the musical martyrs of the past ages would have sacrificed themselves in vain to their art. The inevitability of melodic progression; the unyielding laws of harmony; the properties of instrumentation; the canons of musico-verbal accent; the progressions of ideas and the eloquent structure of form, are all common property; and genius is simply the quality which takes these accretions and adds something to them delightful and memorable.

ANALYSIS OF Handel's "Israel in Egypt."

BY G. A. MACFARREN.

PART I.

This division of the Oratorio presents, first, the sufferings of the Israelites; then the plagues wrought upon the Egyptians; and, finally, the grand miracle of the Exodus, and the impression this made upon the believing people. The narrative of the incidents here embodied is comprised in the first fourteen chapters of the book of Exodus; but the texts employed are taken from the 105th and 106th Psalms, with some occasional passages from the 78th Psalm, and also from the book of Exodus.

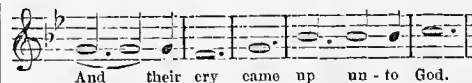
Though the texts here chosen constitute a narrative, Handel has treated them dramatically, representing the events they relate as passing in present action before the auditor.

(1). *Recit.*—Now there arose a new king over Egypt, which knew not Joseph; and he set over Israel task-masters to afflict them with burthens, and they made them serve with rigour.

The commencement of a work of such grandeur of purpose, such magnitude of design, and such importance of character as the present, with so slight a means of fixing the attention of an audience as an unaccompanied Recitative, unpreceded by any kind of instrumental prelude, unaccompanied by a single chord of the sonorous orchestra to define the termination of the vague period of expectancy, and announce the presence amongst us of the composer,—this unique commencement is an example in Handel of rare confidence, and in itself, if regarded with artistic feeling, is more impressive than any of the effects known when it was written—perhaps than any yielded by the extended resources of the present much further developed state of the art could have been. The text of this Recitative, and of the following chorus, is purely introductory to the grand argument of the Oratorio, and these two pieces may be regarded as forming a kind of prologue to the work, of which the action opens with the succeeding Recitative; the object is, we may well suppose, to impress the hearer with a sense of the sorrows of the people of Israel,—to make us feel how deep a suffering of theirs induced the awful miracles that were wrought for their deliverance: the Recitative simply recounts the circumstances of their condition; aiming at no expression, but prompting us only with the cause of the heavy anguish that is depicted in the following movement. Any attempt to give expression to this plain narrative text would have been an extravagant squandering of means, exalting into undue importance a simply explanatory passage, and so taking from the effect of the subsequent appropriate employment of the artist's resources, where the most powerful expression is demanded: thus Handel, confident in his own manner of treating it, trusts his subject to the sympathy of his audience as their best preparation to receive it, and makes his tenor singer, in whom always he appears to have placed his chief reliance, stand forward not to excite interest in himself, but to direct attention to the intense interest of what is to follow.

(2). *Chorus.*—And the children of Israel sighed by reason of the bondage, and they cry came up unto God. They oppressed them with burthens, and made them serve with rigour; and their cry came up unto God.

The elaborate, and, at the same time, pathetically expressive character of this piece, at once announces the profound earnestness of purpose that pervades the entire work, which is an equal demonstration of the masterly skill of the technical musician and of the passionate feeling of the poetical artist. We must distinguish the three elements of which the movement is composed, in order to trace them through their various and very ingenious combinations: first, the pathos embodied in the opening bars of Alto Solo, with the poignant and graphic rendering of the word "sigh'd," which constantly occurs with the repetition of this portion of the text by the body of voices; second, the ecclesiastical character conveyed in this Canto Fermo,—



the theme upon which all the contrapuntal contrivances of the movement are grounded, and from the peculiar construction of which, formed as it is according to the Dorian mode of the Gregorian system, results the correspondingly peculiar character of harmony that prevails in this Chorus, save only in those places where the sighing of the sorrowing people is embodied in the inartificial progressions of our modern natural harmonic scale; third, the didactic, or, it

may be, the imitative character contained in this passage,—



which forms the chief counterpoint (or independent melodic accompaniment) to the Plain Song quoted above, and is possibly, it is not quite vain to fancy, designed to represent the weary restlessness of the Israelites toiling under the burthens with which their taskmasters oppressed them. I have only further to remark upon the singularly beautiful and very modern progression of harmony upon which the words, "And the children of Israel sigh'd," are first set for the choral voices,—which forms a striking episode in the stately gravity that mostly prevails throughout the movement.

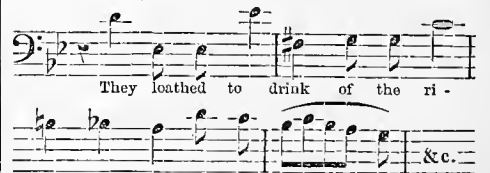
(3). *Recit.*—Then sent He Moses, His servant, and Aaron whom He had chosen; these showed his signs among them, and wonders in the land of Ham.

He turned their waters into blood.

What has preceded may be considered as more or less analogous with the opening Recitative and the Overture in Mendelssohn's *Elijah*; and as the real action in that work commences with the first Chorus, so it does here with the present Recitative. This passage, like that at the beginning of the Oratorio, being plain narrative, is, with the same purport, set in the unpretending form of unaccompanied Recitative: the closing phrase, however, which tells the incident of which the effects are depicted in the next Chorus, is distinguished by having to be sung in definite rhythm, and it is connected with what is to follow by being in the same key; it conveys an obviously purposed expression, in the descent of the melody to the final word, of the especial horror that word suggests.

(4). *Chorus.*—They loathed to drink of the river. He turned their waters into blood.

Now that the fugal form has passed out of habitual use in composition, and is employed rather for the purposes of exercise than as the most familiar mould for the development of a musical idea, we marvel when we find an example of the very great dramatic power involved in it, and can scarcely credit that a vivid embodiment of a multitudinous emotion should be comprised in a rigid specimen of technical elaboration, which, apart from all merit of expression, is to be criticized by the severest tests of schoolcraft, and found wanting in nothing. Such is the case with the present Chorus; it is one of the most strict fugues Handel produced, and it is one of the most striking instances of musical expression extant. I will not specialize its many points of musically excellence, but with reference to its poetical merit I will adduce, first, the peculiar presentation of disgust and loathing conveyed in the progression of singular intervals composing the Subject,—



and second, to the wide generality of this sickening sensation, conveyed in the successive entry of the several parts of the choir, and in the constant recurrence, always unexpected, always with some fresh variety of contrapuntal complexity, of the especially significant Subject.

The Subject of this Chorus is identical with that of the fugue in A minor in the set of Six Fugues for the Harpsichord of the same author, and many points in the conduct of the composition are similar; the present piece is, however, little more than half the length of the original, and in respect of constructive merit it is as greatly improved as shortened by the condensation. We have the right to assume that Handel selected this Subject for second elaboration because of its especial fitness to the words, to their just declamation, and to the perfect embodiment of their sentiment.

(5). *Air.*—Their land brought forth frogs, yea, even in their king's chambers.

He gave their cattle over to the pestilence; blotches and blains broke forth on man and beast.

One might suppose, from the evidence of the singular construction of this very unique work, that it had been the composer's first thought to present the entire series of the Plagues and the Deliverance in an unbroken chain of choral movements,—a grand conception, worthy the greatness of the subject to be illustrated; but, if we give a moment's entertainment to such a supposition, it can only be to make us reve-

rence the more the profound judgment of Handel, that could induce him to reject so fascinating an idea when his sensitive appreciation of the susceptibility of his text discerned in the words of the present piece an inappropriateness to choral treatment as great as is the peculiar fitness of all the subsequent passages in this division of the Oratorio to the multitudinous rendering of them he has given: with admirable discretion, then, if ever he conceived such a thought, he abandoned it for the purpose of delivering the text in so quiet a manner as would embody the sense of the entire passage without obtruding the abstract signification of the separate words upon the sense of the hearer. The only apparent purpose of illustrating the words in this song is the fanciful imitation of the



leaping of frogs by the skips of the two violin parts in alternation, which are imitated occasionally by the bass; these form an accompaniment to the voice at the commencement, — but ceasing with the change of words, have merely such slight occasional recurrence in the sequel as to give unity to the entire composition. Beyond this, the simple, unaffected declamation of the text is the sole means employed to render it emphatic. One incident of musical beauty, apart from any purpose of expression, is too striking to escape observation; I refer to the unexpected change of key that introduces the words, "He gave their cattle," which assumes especial prominence because of the else unbroken smoothness of transition that prevails throughout.

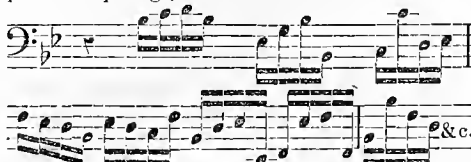
The beauty of Mendelssohn's organ-part to this song is peculiarly conspicuous; its sustaining through the broken figure of the string instruments, — its supporting the voice where Handel has left nothing but a bass part, — and its relieving this by some charming artifices of counterpoint founded on the suggestions of the meagre original score, all tend to carry out the composer's idea, and they realize for it an aspect of beauty which the slight skeleton he has left is quite inadequate to present.

(6). *Chorus.* — He spake the word, and there came all manner of flies and lice in all their quarters.
He spake; and the locusts came without number, and devoured the fruits of the ground.

From hence to the conclusion of the First Part, we have an unbroken succession of Choruses. There exists not, I believe, a parallel example of so long continuous an employment of the entire means at a musician's disposal, — so long continuous a disregard for popular effect in leaving ungratified the public craving for the personal interest of a Solo singer, for the concise rhythm and definite phraseology of a Solo composition: the master, manifestly, felt here the stupendous greatness of his subject — felt the total inadequacy of all conventional means to embody the grandeur of his conception; and, impelled by this feeling of a creator, wrote with the single consideration of the noble work on which he was engaged; he made the constant employment of his entire means, from whence a writer who wanted self-reliance might have apprehended monotony, yield the effect of ceaselessly accumulating power, and he makes such an appeal to the emotions of an auditory with any perception of the aim of art and its achievement, as must draw them with him, forgetful of the habitual exigencies of an exacting crowd, step by step in the gigantic course his genius alone could plan — his genius alone could accomplish. Such an auditory distinguishes the musical character of our time from that of the period when Handel wrote; and though we must be at least equally susceptible with his contemporaries of the charms of the lighter forms of musical composition, we have acquired what they possessed not — the power to revere, to watch with interest, and thus finally to appreciate, and even to comprehend the development of a design so mighty as the present; and hence the equivocal success that marked the original production of this Oratorio could not, I believe, have attended the first production of such a masterpiece before a now existing London public.

We have to notice in this Chorus, the imposing announcement of the divine commandment, the stern solemnity of which gives severity and dignity to the effect of the whole scene; the peculiar distribution of the voices in all but the declamation of the first four words, which, by their generally acute pitch, by their distinctness from the tone of the instruments, and by their change of harmony with each word, give singular distinctness to the enunciation of the text, and great prominence to the peculiar passages for the violins that accompany them; this constant motion of the violins, which suggests to our fancy with a graphic reality, at which we marvel the more, the

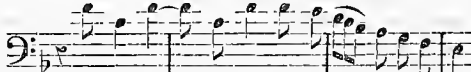
more we admit it, the ceaselessly busy vitality of the innumerable multitudinous insect existence; and finally, the felicitous reserve of the continuous power of the bass instruments until the first entry of the words, "And the locusts came without number," when the introduction of their grave tones upon this ponderous passage, —



suggests the thought of the darkness of the countless cloudlike coming of the winged host that veiled the face of heaven.

(7). *Chorus.* — He gave them hailstones for rain; fire, mingled with the hail, ran along upon the ground.

This wonderfully exciting Chorus is one of the most remarkable triumphs of extreme simplicity in perhaps the whole range of music, — extreme simplicity, the extreme of power in the hands of him who owns the power to wield it, who has that confidence in himself which proves his reason for such confidence — the sense of sublimity. With the simplest harmonies, with the simplest modulations, with the absence of all form of contrapuntal contrivance, and of all complication of vocal and orchestral combination, this prodigious inspiration produces an effect irresistible as it is unique. The idea first suggested to us is of the falling of single raindrops, which rapidly increases in rapidity and volume, until, at the entry of the voices, one might suppose the heavens to open and pour forth the torrent of Divine anger in a single sheet of water; then, at an unexpected transition of key, there breaks forth a cry of "Fire!" which is answered from side to side of the echoing choir, and speaks the terror with which the bewildered multitude are appalled on witnessing this new phenomenon of Omnipotent vengeance; next, the remarkable distinctness with which the words make themselves heard in this passage, so conspicuous for that peculiar cross accent which modern hearers are accustomed to associate with the idea of Beethoven: —



mingled with the hail, ran a-long on upon the ground. and finally, the colossal force of the passage where the bass voices and instruments proceed in an uniform motion of quavers against the detached chords of the rest of the choir, that make us think of an immense stream of burning lava, and of the shrieks of the amazed masses, who stand as spellbound, gazing on the inevitable means of their own annihilation.

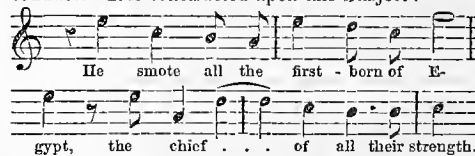
(8). *Chorus.* — He sent a thick darkness over all the land, even darkness which might be felt.

This Chorus conjures up the most terrible picture in the whole of the marvellous series, — a picture so supernatural, yet so truthful, that it at once identifies itself with our liveliest sympathies, and places us in a scene with which, but for this medium, it would be impossible for us to sympathize. We perceive in our imagination the darkness, not as the mere absence of light, but as a heavy tangible substance hanging like a pall over nature. The supremacy of music above the other arts as a medium of expression, is especially proved by this wonderful presentation of a vague, mysterious awe, such as the prodigious appearance the text describes would excite: language might catalogue the emotions of men thus confronted with the wrathful power of Deity under its most fearful aspect, the withdrawal of that light which is the constant pledge and token of its benignity, — painting might imagine the outward workings of these emotions, as they who suffered them were supposed to shrink within themselves in abject, hopeless agony, or to break frantically forth in the impotent ravings of desperation, — but this music proves that music can awaken the emotions in our own hearts, and make us feel the feelings it literally presents anew in its representation, so tempered however, by the medium of the ideal through which they are conducted, as to color even their terrible sublimity with the prismatic hues of beauty. The technical means Handel employed to translate his true inspiration to the world, are those since used with masterly power by Mendelssohn in his *Elijah*, and in his Greek tragedies, — the form, namely, of Choral Recitative; and we have not only to admire his perfectly successful anticipation of one of the legitimate resources of the art most recently acknowledged in the repertory of the musician, but equally to wonder at the extremely modern harmonic progressions that support this extraordinary piece of declamation, which give to the composition the prophetic character of having fore-

shadowed to a past generation the utmost to which music may ever hereafter attain.

(9). *Chorus.* — He smote all the first-born of Egypt, the chief of all their strength.

Here we have a fugue of a very free character, the fugal form being employed but to give the effect of multitudinousness to the expression, to which, and to the grand idea of Almighty power this Chorus most vividly realizes, other elements, also, are combined to conduce. It is constructed upon this Subject: —



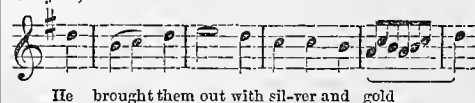
which is identical with that of the fugue in A minor in the set of Six Harpsichord Fugues, whence the composer has also borrowed in a former Chorus in this Oratorio; and upon this counter-subject, commencing on the third bar of the principal theme: —



which is not precisely the same as that in the harpsichord fugue; and these two are worked with masterly fluency, displaying the powerful effects of Double Counterpoint (or Counterpoint that may stand in two ways, either below or above the Subject), and of the most interesting artifice in the development of a fugue, the Stretto (or the compression of the Subject by bringing in the answer at closer and closer periods, making the Subject to form a Canon with itself). This theme was, it should seem, selected, because of its excellent fitness to the words which it declaims with truthful and powerful emphasis; the conduct of the fugue entirely differs from that of the original. A most impressive effect is attained in this Chorus by the measured marking of the rhythm with massive detached chords, given by the chief and the most weighty power of the orchestra; and as much as we are impressed by this, must we admire the excellent discretion with which so individual a figure of accompaniment is occasionally discontinued for just so brief a period as to prevent its becoming monotonous, and to give to it still greater force on its resumption. Thus Handel suggests to his hearers the idea of the stupendous strokes with which the chief of all the Egyptian strength were smitten; thus he makes us comprehend the thought of the overwhelming power which crushed all the first-born as with a rod of iron; and while this Omnipotent might is dealing its inevitable blows of destruction, he presents to us, too, the image of the multitude, heaving like waters in its vastness, on whom the death-strokes fall.

(10). *Chorus.* — But as for His people, He led them forth like sheep: He brought them out with silver and gold; there was not one feeble person among their tribes.

A most marked change of character distinguishes this Chorus from all that has preceded it, and illustrates most powerfully the altered sentiment of the text. The frank, natural, hearty gladness of the opening vividly suggests the confident elation with which the liberated people issue from their bondage, and this expression rises by reason of its contrast to the representation of their sorrows with which the Overture commences, no less than of its opposition to the embodiment of the terror of the Egyptians suffering under the plagues. Then, in the tranquil, peaceful, pastoral character of the passage that follows, we have a charming metaphor of the loving tenderness of the Good Shepherd guiding his flock with fondest care to a refuge of sweet repose. The contrapuntal style, which so eminently prevails throughout this work, is not forsaken even in the present unstudied, unsought, fluently-written movement, of which the conception appears to have been spontaneous as is the expression; a closely-worked fugal development of this Subject,



is the next incident in the conduct of the plan; and, after the recapitulation of the earlier themes of the Chorus, it is resumed with the felicitous device to enhance its interest of a most skilful Stretto. We may suppose this to picture the tumultuous gathering of the treasure-laden tribes, who throng exultingly from all parts of the detested land of their servitude. Finally, with an effect of power peculiarly Handel's own, the vigorous energy of the enfranchised host is made so truly present to our consciousness, that we feel a new strength within us excited by the stirring declamation of the passage; the iteration of the words "not one"

is singularly emphatic, and the very simple and natural change of key at the repetition of the phrase is so striking, that no one, however unversed in musical technicalities, can be insensitive to its forcible impression.

(To be continued.)

How the Books were Secured.

A correspondent of the *Transcript*,—one whom many of our readers will gladly recognize,—writes from Berlin, the following account of the manner in which the library of old musical works was secured (as we stated some weeks since) for our Boston Public Library.

I wish to mention an incident which has an interest for all Bostonians, and signally for the musical student. I believe I am "within the rules" in relating, in this way, what is no longer a secret here,—and I will respond for the entire accuracy of the facts. There died in Vienna, some time ago, a distinguished Austrian General, Herr Von Koudelka, who, to his other titles to distinction, added that of a refined taste for and profound knowledge of music. His zeal for the accumulation of musical literature was proverbial, and his industry unexampled. A sketch of Herr Koudelka's life would, I think, greatly interest a large class of your readers, and perhaps I may give it to them at another time.

The library thus formed soon became noted in the musical world, and when its possessor died, an enterprising book-dealer of this city posted to Vienna, and by a promptness and perseverance more American than German, secured the prize. By the way, this spirit of enterprise, for which our countrymen are so eminent, exists in larger measure in Prussia, especially in Berlin, than in the other States of Germany, there being good reasons therefore, and very interesting ones, on which I hope to entertain you in some future letter. Our energetic, discriminating and wide-awake "Diarist"—the modest and disinterested "Mr. Brown"—gets scent of this rare collection, and the fever of desire burns in his veins. Not for himself, but for Boston, does Mr. Brown desire these the invaluable books: he sighs when he hears the price, and he writhes too, but unlike the slower German, he does not stop there. A hundred and fifty pounds sterling does not grow on every bush. *Que faire?* Those books must not be lost to Boston:—somehow they must be had. He consults friends; many sympathize, but nobody can aid. Time flies; they are now advertised to be sold by public auction. "Oh, misery, what can I do? Spirit of Beethoven advise me!" (This last is poetical, and not historical, but poetry is sometimes fact, and I am sure this must be an instance.) And a spirit, in his extremity, whispered: "Write to the liberal patron of letters in general, and of the Boston Library in special,—and ask him if he cannot divert a part of the fund already given to the Public Library into this narrow but deep-channel." Like all men of genius, Mr. Brown knew the physiognomy of an "Inspiration," and did not mistake it for a distemper of the brain. So he gave it cordial welcome, sat down and wrote a simple and straightforward letter to Mr. Joshua Bates, (which one of the firm of Barings characterized, in writing to me, as a "clever and excellent letter") stating the need, the opportunity and the way which had occurred to him of securing so desirable a possession for our beloved city. The best commentary on the good "Diarist's" letter, however, is its fruit. A prompt and gracious answer gave permission to draw on Baring Brothers & Co., for £150.

But Mr. Brown has also showed good business tact in this transaction, for he insisted on a rejection of all duplicates from the catalogue, and thus reduced the price to £130. Finding he could drive the price no lower, and being really in imminent danger of losing the collection, (for he had a competitor, and the auction day was approaching) he closed the bargain. After which he "put it" to the conscience of the book-seller, whether he was not entitled to a commission. This proposition rather startled our dealer, who perhaps thought that his customer, like some of our house brokers at home, was looking for a commission from both vender and vendee; but it ended in according our good friend some four or five pounds sterling, pretty hardly earned, as I know; and perhaps even some moralists will here think that Mr. Brown was a little morbidly conscientious, when I tell them that he would not consent to touch these twenty or twenty-five dollars, but put that, too, on the credit side of the fund.

I would not deny myself the pleasure of recording this fact, so honorable to our nature, though I have no authority for making it public; and I cannot, will not doubt, that the zeal and time and labor thus expended for our own Boston Public Library will meet with some adequate reward. We know a class of

men who would say—"More fool you, for giving away five pounds which was your own, and which you needed"—and to such it would sound like barren sentimentality to say: "I was in some sense an agent, though not a paid one, and I chose to keep my hands clean of any profit at the expense of my principle." But let us hope, the Herald to the contrary notwithstanding, that we have many amongst us who would feel and act with the "Diarist."

A.

Annual Meeting of the Harvard Musical Association.

(Concluded.)

We add here a few documents for which we lacked room in our last. First a sketch of the happy remarks, made in answer to a call from the Chair, by Prof. S. G. BROWNE, Professor of Rhetoric and English Literature at Dartmouth College, who is an honorary member of our Association, a true lover of the best in music; and whose stay in the city during the delivery of his course of Lowell lectures made his company available, as it was peculiarly welcome. He spoke as follows:

"I should hardly venture to respond, however briefly to your call, did I not feel bound to acknowledge my allegiance to your Fraternity, and to thank you for the kindness which has made me one of your number. You remember Sir Boyle Roche's equivocal invitation to an Irish nobleman: 'My Lord, I hope if you ever come within a mile of my house that you'll stay there all night.' I am sure that if it is ever my good fortune to come again within such distance of your annual gathering, I shall find it hard, if not impossible to resist the central attraction.

"But my mind rather turns to the graver aspects of the subject before us—to the educational influences of the cultivation of music,—especially its effect on the general culture of young men. I am sure we all have had occasion to recognize its healthful influence as a general recreation, as affording a stimulus, gentle and pleasing, to the sympathies and emotions, and serving as a powerful antagonist to the more gross and dangerous forms of amusement and dissipation, to which, for young men away from home and a good deal secluded from society, there is sometimes a strong temptation. Nor can we be unmindful of the fine intellectual results which may flow from that study and practice of this beautiful art, which is daily coming more within the reach of us all. I remember that one of the finest scholars and most devout of men, one who marched over the domain of foreign languages with the easy tread of a conqueror, and early consecrated himself to toil in distant and uninviting fields, for the sake of the good of others, once told me that he thought he owed his power of perceiving the delicacies of a foreign speech, the nice shades of meaning in words, the aroma which exhales from native, idiomatic expressions, more to his study of music than to any other means of discipline. May I refer too—I must, I cannot help it—to another name familiar to you all, of one who brought to science all the modesty and severe thoroughness of a sincere lover of truth, who ever rises before my mind as the image and impersonation of whatever is most pure, delicate and refined, as a model of a Christian scholar and gentleman. I mean the late Dr. Daniel Oliver, to whom music, as I know, was not only a delight and a solace, but an art to be studied as well as enjoyed.

"But to obtain these noble results of the study of music, at which I have barely hinted, or to obtain them in their best forms, is it not necessary that in our colleges and universities there should be some one to serve as a guide and master; who by lectures and instructions, by controlling the musical portion of the devotional exercises of the students, and in whatever other way might be found most convenient, should show the noble use of the art and demonstrate its value.

"I beg your pardon for these crude hints which may be too grave for the occasion, but I have understood

this, or something like this, to be one of the objects of your association; and if you succeed in it with respect to the noble university so near us, there will be others who will rejoice in your success, and join with you in a *Benedictus and Te Deum*."

The next is something which we should have lost, were it not that our reporter was more vigilant than Mr. President in spying game. It is from a brother whose valued company we had missed for several anniversaries, so that Mr. P. very naturally had him not upon his list of victims. It comes to us in this shape:

MR. PRESIDENT. — Pshaw! I mean EDITOR, (I might say *Vice*, however)—the truth is I have hardly yet got my carefully conned speech out of my mind—Sir, you and the polite and genial circle in which we found ourselves the other night will never know what a shot came near being fired into it, unless I should save up the charge for the next Anniversary, or unless I now rush into print under your auspices.

I confess, Sir, that, having learned wisdom from experience, and knowing that there is no calculating whereabouts, at the supper-table, the chairman's lightning may strike, and having, moreover, been placed on my guard by the special admonition that no one was exempt from the liability to be drawn upon to make contribution to the general fund of entertainment, I had been prosecuting some researches concerning a certain musical instrument once of great importance, though now absolute, a specimen of which, one that had done good service in the choir of a country town not far remote for nearly a century, I had until the last moment expected to have brought with me for exhibition, as a curious relic of past time. Indeed, Sir, a bolt fell very near me, once or twice; but I was spared, I fear for a worse fate, that of being unprepared on some other occasion. Sir, however deferentially we might bow before the eloquence and genius of the orators, professors and poets with whom the President was surrounded at the other end of the table, I think between you and me, (and you won't forget that it was Mr. S. that sat between us) we had all the fun to ourselves, and if it would not have seemed too much like turning upon the Autocrat, and the author of Hiawatha, who sat directly opposite us, their own weapons, I should have embraced the opportunity, if any had happened to offer itself, to discharge certain reflections upon the forgotten instrument, whose name you will observe was derived from something which may be said to lie at the very foundation of music, something so indispensable to the musical performer, that until provided with it, neither choir nor orchestra could ever take a step, nor we, on the occasion in question, however skilled in singing, could by any possibility have harmoniously sounded the first note of the introductory *Non nobis*. Of course, I need not tell you that it was "my friend," the organist, who dressed up for me in presentable fashion these

LINES TO AN ANCIENT PITCH-PIPE.

Under the shade of the "patulous fige,"

(For such is now the approved translation)

Tityrus did his hours engage

With these dulcet sounds that night well assuage

The griefs of that rusticus's vocation.

How well in our memory doth remain,

With boyhood's associations blent,

The pastoral and pleasing refrain.

"Begin, my pipe, the Maenalian strain,"—

Whatever a strain Maenalian meant!—

Ah! 'twas quite other strains, I ween,

Than such as solaced old Tityrus,—which,

When thou wert figuring on the scene,

In New England meeting-houses have been

Begun with thee, oh Pipe of Pitch!

And methought 'twere meet ere Oblivion should wipe

Thy name out, and lay thy note on the shelf—

For we in our day take the key, oh Pipe.

From organs of very different stripe—

That we should make a brief note of thyself.

The good old leader — I see him rise
At the head of his choir, while iaily thus,
Every singer with ears and eyes
Intent on the sound thou utterest, cries
His *dona nobis* — the pitch give us!

Now the Trebles their Do roll full and free;
The Altos are firm on their Sols, and I hear,
When the Tenors have settled town on Mi,
The choir devoutly uplift Dundee.
Old Hundred, Coronation, or Mear.

And how oft, oh Pipe, have that chorus-host
Been swallowed up in some fugue's Red Sea,
Their Do's and Mi's all sunken and lost,
And their Sol's all hopelessly tempest-tost,
Till restored to their haven-tone by thee!

Oh Pipe of Pitch! though less known to fame
Than the Peace-Pipe, scarce less worthy, for if
That concord brought, didst not thou the same?
Like in effect as well as name,
There was much virtue in thy whiff.

Shakspeare, who saw with a prophet's sight,
Doubtless thy music had in view,
When he with melodious phrase did write
Of "sounds and sweet airs that give delight
And hurt not;" — words of thee how true!

And I bring thee this for my parting thought;
Henceforth oh never be thou reviled,
For the pitch which from thee the chorus caught
Was a pitch with no baneful influence fraught,
One forever might touch and not be defiled.

J.

The third is the list, omitted from the end of the
librarian's report, of

Additions to the Library in 1858.

SCUDO P., *Le Chevalier Sarti*. Paris, 1857. pp. 551.

(Presented by E. C. Guild.)

DWIGHT'S JOURNAL OF MUSIC. Vols. xi., xii.

BEETHOVEN. *Grande Sonate Pathetique*.

(Presented by S. Kneeland, Jr.)

NICOLAIS. *Three Sonatas for Piano Forte*, with
accompaniment for violin.

(Presented by S. Kneeland, Jr.)

ORPHEUS. (German four-part songs.) 10 vols.

MOZART'S SYMPHONIES. (Score.) Nos. 2, 3, 8, 9,
10, 11, 12.

MOZART'S SYM. CONCERTANTE. Op. 104. (Score.)
ACT OF INCORPORATION, &c., of Handel and Haydn
Society.

(Presented by E. L. Balch.)

SCHUBERT, FRANZ. *Symphonic (C. Dur) für grosses
Orchester*. Partitur. Leipzig. pp. 322. 8vo.

SCHUMANN, ROBERT. *Symphonic. No. 1. B dur.*
Op. 38. Partitur. pp. 211. 8vo. Leipsic.

— *Zweite Symphonie. (No. 2.) Op. 61.*
Partitur. pp. 232. 8vo. Leipsic.

— *Dritte Symphonie. (No. 3.) Es dur. Op.*
97. Partitur. pp. 211. 8vo. Leipsic.

— *Symphonic. No. 4. (D. Moll.) Op. 120.*
Partitur. pp. 165. 8vo. Leipsic.

WEBER, C. M. von. *Concert-Stück für das Piano
Forte, mit Begleitung des Orchester*. Op. 97. Par-
tatur. pp. 132. 8vo. Leipsic.

BACH, J. S. *Werke. No. 7. Leipsic, 1857.*

— " *No. 6. (New edition.) 1857.*

MOZART. 10 Quartetten and Fuge. Partitur.

BEETHOVEN. Quartetten. Vol. 1, 1—6. "

— " " 2, 7—11. "

— " " 3, 12—17. "

— Trios and Quartetten. "

MOZART. Quintetten. "

BEETHOVEN. Quintetten, Sextett and Septett. "

MOZART. Duette, Quintetten and Sextett. "

H. WARE, LIBRARIAN.

ERRATUM IN OUR LAST. — In the last of the Resolutions re-
lating to the death of Francis L. Bachelder, the word "pain-
less" was a misprint for *priceless*.

STUTTGART. — There is news from Stuttgart (in
the *Gazette Musicale*) of an entire success lately won
in the Opera-house of the Suabian capital, by 'Anna
von Landskron,' the composer of which is Herr
Abert, whom, some few years ago, on Stuttgart au-
thority, the *Athenæum* mentioned as a composer from
whom something was to be expected.

Dwight's Journal of Music.

BOSTON, FEB. 5, 1859.

MUSIC IN THIS NUMBER. — Continuation of the opera "*Lu-
crezia Borgia*," arranged for the piano-forte.

Concerts.

MENDELSSOHN QUINTETTE CLUB. The
fourth chamber concert fell upon another stormy
Friday (their fatality thus far); which did not
keep a numerous audience from finding their way
to the new hall of Messrs. Hallet & Cumston,
piano-makers, in Washington Street, to which
the Club were forced to resort for that night only.
It was a meeting in "an upper chamber" — but
a pleasant one and very good for music of this
kind. The programme was this:

PART I.

1. Quintet No. 1, in C minor. Allegro—Andante—Minuetto
—Finale, Allegro: Mozart.

2. Recitative and Air: "Che farò senza Euridice," from
"Orpheus; Gluck: Mrs. J. H. Long.

3. Tema con Variazioni, from the Notturmo from Quintet,
op. 35: Spohr.

PART II.

4. Solo for Violoncello, on an Air of the Pyrenees from the
16th century; Offenbach: Wulf Fries.

5. Songs: "The Violet," Mozart: "Breath of Spring," B.
J. Lang Mrs. J. H. Loog.

6. Seventh Quartet, No. 1, in F, of the Razoumofsky set, op.
59. Allegro—Scherzo—Adagio and Finale, (Theme Russe,)
Allegro: Beethoven.

This programme was rather below the average
in interest; but that "Razoumofsky" Quartet of
Beethoven was inspiring enough, — and would
be, if we had heard it a hundred times — to com-
pensate for any other deficiency. It was the best
played piece of the evening, and was truly edify-
ing. That first of Mozart's Quintets is not one
of the most striking in the list. The Adagio and
Allegro are fine; but the latter portion of the
work seemed commonplace for Mozart. The va-
riations by Spohr were elegant, but scarcely
memorable; — perhaps, however, it was the fault
of our own sleepiness, or cold in the head (that
drizzly, miserable night!) that we do not now, as
we write, remember them. Mr. WULF FRIES,
by the lucky accident of mislaying or forgetting
some music, offered a welcome substitute for the
solo set down to him, in the shape of a beautiful
slow movement from one of Mendelssohn's Son-
atas for Violoncello and Piano, in which the 'cello
part discourses prominently, exhibiting the per-
former's skill and feeling to much advantage.

Mrs. LONG's selections were choice, and she
seems to have gained in fulness and richness of
voice, as well as in largeness of style, and general
ease and finish. We could not feel quite satis-
fied, however, that *Che furò*, though one of the
best of songs, was just the best for her; yet the
success with the audience was quite decided.
Mozart's melody to Goethe's little "*Veilchen*"
song was pretty and naive; and Mr. LONG's set-
ting of the little "Spring" song which we trans-
lated from the German in one of our numbers of
last April:

O'er the garden hear the voices!
Birds of passage on their flight!
Spring is coming, earth rejoices,
Grass is springing all the night, &c.,

struck us as very felicitous. Truly a charming
song and true to the spirit of the lines; a clear,
simple, natural melody, if not marked by any

rare individuality. The figures of the accompani-
ment, lying so natural to the easy play of the
pianist composer's figures, were quite suggestive.

MME. BISCACCIANTI AND MISS JULIANA
MAY. — The "Combination Concert" given by
these singers last Saturday evening, in the Music
Hall, drew a large audience, and was a success.
Every piece sung by our accomplished towns-
woman — weak as she was and nervous after
long illness — was a signal triumph. We all
knew before that she was one of the most highly
cultivated sopranos of the day, and that she sings
from a real musical passion; but the extraordi-
nary finish and artistic refinement of her singing
upon this occasion took us by surprise. Her voice,
while it has natrally lost some of its power,
makes up for it by the sweetness, purity and re-
finement of its quality. Marvellously fine it is in
the highest notes; and she has the faculty of pro-
longing a high note for a remarkable length of time
and with a sweetness, a perfection of *crescendo*
and *diminuendo*, a purity of line, that surpasses
almost anything. But here too her strength was
her weakness. Where all else was so tasteful and
so perfect we hate to notice one exception in
point of taste: namely — the perhaps pardonable
weakness of doing a thing which she could do re-
markably well, *too often*. Once or twice in an
evening that prolonging of a tone was very effec-
tive; to certain pieces it was suited; but out of
place in others; in Schubert's "Serenade," for
instance, the note was held and held beyond all
reason, until you forgot its purpose and could
think only of the feat of skill. Her most perfect
effort, to our taste, was in the Romanza from
"William Tell" (*Sombre forêt*), one of the finest
melodies in any opera, which she sang in a
most chaste, expressive, finished style. It was a
luxury to hear that.

The quaintly tender cavatina from "Rigolet-
to": *Caro nome*, &c., was a consummate piece of
soprano-ism; and here, in the peculiar conclusion
of this love soliloquy, where the yearning soul of
the maiden seems to float away in reverie, the
long holding of the note had a poetic meaning
and appropriateness. Schubert's "Serenade"
was finely sung, with the exception above named.
Signor BISCACCIANTI accompanied with the sym-
pathetic tones of his violoncello. In her last
effort: *Ah non credea*, and *Ah non giunge*, from
the *Sonnambula*, Mme. B. betrayed fatigue, but
she put a deal of pathos into the cantabile melody,
and of brilliant, joyous execution into the rondo.

Miss MAY sang *Ernani, involami*, which we
were too late to hear; "The Last Rose of Sum-
mer," which she treated mechanically, emptying
it of tenderness, and marring it with trills which
seemed undecided on what pitch to settle. These
be honest truths, and will not discourage the lady
if she has the soul of music in her, capable of one
day inspiring and subduing to finer impulses and
meanings the clear, large, splendid voice which
certainly she has. As yet mere execution is too
paramount. *Di piacer* showed a good deal of
that, yet crude. The Bolero from Verdi's "Si-
cilian Vespers" was again her most successful
effort; less so the brilliant *Non fu sogno*, from
the *Lombardi*, with which she responded to an en-
core.

The Piano-forte accompaniments were played
with skill and tact by Mr. BAUMBACH. The
MENDELSSOHN QUINTETTE CLUB, strengthened

by a double-bass, contributed the overture to *Cenerentola*, and an arranged song from *Tannhäuser*; and Mr. B. J. LANG, with Messrs. SCHULTZE and FRIES, played finely the Adagio from Mendelssohn's Trio in D Minor. But these things told rather feebly, of course, in that great hall.

Musical Chit-Chat.

CARL ZERRAHN holds out grand attractions to his second "Philharmonic Concert" at the Music Hall to-night. His noble orchestra will play the "Scotch" Symphony, by Mendelssohn—perhaps his finest work; the glorious "Leonora" Overture, by Beethoven; that blazing piece of brassy jubilation, the "Torch-light Dance," by Meyerbeer; and the ever popular "Tell" overture. The German "Orpheus" Club, under Mr. KREISSMANN, will sing that beautiful Psalm by Schubert (published some months since in this Journal): "The Lord is my Shepherd," and "She is mine," by Hærtel. Mr. LOUIS COENEN, an accomplished young violinist from Belgium, will play a solo by Spohr, and a Fantasia of his own. Mr. Z. wishes it understood that *Complimentary* tickets, issued for the first concert, will not admit to this.

Mr. TRENKLE left us last week on his way to Florida, seeking restoration of his health. A thousand good wishes accompany him. The Complimentary Concert, which his brother artists mean to give him, is now fixed for Saturday evening, Feb. 19th, that being the earliest evening when the Music Hall is unengaged. No pains will be spared to make it a successful concert of the highest order. Zerrahn's orchestra, the "Orpheus," OTTO DRESEL, Mrs. HARWOOD, and others, will take part. Every artist gladly would, were there but room for all... Mr. STOEPEL's "Hiawatha" is to be brought out in New York, with the aid of the Mendelssohn Union, about the 12th of February; after which Mr. S. will return to Boston and commence here new rehearsals for its second and more perfect performance, probably in the Music Hall, which will be much the best place for it.

THE HANDEL AND HAYDN SOCIETY have reached the point of rehearsals with orchestra of Handel's "Israel in Egypt;" and it will soon be publicly performed—possibly on Sunday after next. This is a work which will most certainly re-pay more than a single hearing. It would be only next in general esteem to the "Messiah," could it be heard as often. To aid the understanding of the listener, we have commenced copying this week, a good descriptive analysis of it by Mr. Macfarren, of London, having already said our own word about it in this Journal a year since (Nov. 1857)... The next concert of the MENDELSSOHN QUINTETTE CLUB will take place next Friday Evening—we suppose at Mercantile Hall.... We are glad—and all our readers hereabouts will be glad—to learn that the friends of Madame BISCACCANTI intend to give her a complimentary Farewell concert prior to her departure for Australia. It will probably take place in the course of next week. The compliment is certainly most amply due, and it will be a hearty one.... We learn that Mr. HUGO LEONHARD, one of the most talented and classical of the pianists who have resided among us, and one of the ablest interpreters of the master compositions, young as he is, proposes soon to give a concert. It is time he should be heard.

We spent a delightful evening last week with our Teutonic brethren of the "Orpheus" in their own "den"—a perfect *Ton-halle*, or hall of harmonies, in spite of beer and smoke. Grouped around tables over all the room, with their glasses and their music books before them, Herr KREISSMANN presiding at a Grand Piano in the midst of all, there they sat and sang, the choicest music, with admirably blended voices. The tones seem to spring up all around you; to exhale from the very floor and walls and mingle

like those wreaths of smoke. They sang a couple of beautiful part-songs by Schumann; another by Liszt, which happily seizes the humor of the "Student's Song" in "Faust;" a fine Mozart-like finale, (Trio and chorus of Soldiers) from Cherubini's *Wasserträger*; and many more fine things. The brothers Schraubstredter sang solos; and Messrs. Leonhard and Dresel played to them. That is the way to have good times.

The Worcester *Palladium* thus gives vent to its enthusiasm after BISCACCANTI's singing, at a concert in that city:

After listening to Biscaccianti's singing it was the remark of many, "this brings back old times! this is such singing as we used to hear!" It was true enough, and thus we explain it. After hearing prima-donna after prima-donna sing continually, little save the "gems" of Verdi—than which nothing can be more injurious to the best of voices, a voice like Biscaccianti's trained in a purer school of Italian music, comes with grateful significance. Then she is a true artist. Mark her singing of that romanza from "Tell"—its artistic shadings, the careful subduing of every detail to the complete whole. Or in her Italian cavatinas, how impassioned is her rendering of them, yet how pure! True artist that she is, she is satisfied with no half-way work; and so her German *lied* or English ballad is as true to the requirements of musical art as her most difficult aria.

A recent number of the New Orleans *Picayune* says:

At the opera we have had a performance of Verdi's "Jerusalem," of Anber's "Ambassadrice," of Meyerbeer's "Prophete," and of Halevy's "Juive." Tomorrow evening we are to have the so much talked of new comic opera of Maillard, (whoever he may be,) in which Mlle Bourgeois and Messrs. Bourgeois and Beance and M'me Vadé are to appear. This piece is said to have been performed at the "Lyrique" in Paris every night for three months.

Musical Correspondence.

NEW YORK, FEB. 1.—The "Mendelssohn Union" is an off-shoot of the "Harmonic Society," and threatens to eclipse its predecessor. Mr. G. W. MORGAN, the organist of Grace church is the conductor, and Mr. BERGE, organist of the Roman Catholic church of St. Francis Xavier is the pianist. The society meets at the Cooper Institute. They have this season produced Mendelssohn's *St. Paul*, and last week gave us Rossini's *Moses in Egypt*. The performance took place in the large room of the Cooper Institute, one of the most remarkable concert halls in the world, because it is nothing more nor less than a large cellar, the floor thirty-five feet below the level of the street. The interior is painted white, and the acoustic capabilities of the establishment are good.

The solos in *Moses* were confided to various resident singers. Mrs. CRUMP, the soprano of the Episcopal Church of the Incarnation, sang the music of Esther; Miss HADLEY, of St. Francis Xavier, that of Nicanor; Mr. MIRANDA, of Dr. Macanley's, that of Osiris; while the other male soloists were Mr. WERNEKE, of St. Francis Xavier, and Dr. GUILMETTE. The work was very respectably given. Miss Hadley, whose delicious voice I have before spoken of, sang with pathos and earnestness, but is lacking in power for a large concert hall. There was no orchestra, and Mr. Berge accompanied on the piano. He is one of the few really good accompanists we have, and is not sleepy in his style of playing.

The Society now devote two evenings a week to the rehearsals of STOEPEL's *Hiawatha* music, Mr. Stöpel himself conducting. He pays the Society one hundred dollars for their services, and expects to produce his composition at the Academy of Music, on the evening of the 11th of February. Of course, an efficient orchestra will assist, and Mrs. Stöpel will read the explanatory portions of the poem. After *Hiawatha* has gone to the kingdom of Ponewah, to the land of the hereafter, the society will attack Costa's *Eli*, which they have hitherto performed.

In the meantime, the Harmonic Society is not inactive. They meet, as they have regularly done every week for the last five years, at Dodworth's room, and

are rehearsing Handel's *Israel in Egypt*. It is proposed to give Mr. BRISTOW, who now acts both as their conductor and pianist, a complimentary concert, when, I understand the first part of Mendelssohn's *Elijah*, together with a variety of miscellaneous music will be performed. Mr. Bristow is a worthy recipient of such an honor. He is a solid, hard working musician, the organist of St. George's (Dr. Tyng's) Church, and the composer of that beautiful American Opera, *Rip Van Winkle*.

Miss DINGLEY, a good resident vocalist, gives her second annual concert this week.

PICCOLOMINI is to sing at the Academy of Music, at a *matinée* on the 12th of February, when she will appear for the first time here as Norina in *Don Pasquale*.

APOTOMAS, the Harpist, gave a successful harp *matinée* the other day, when he played the harp for two and a half hours. He is a second David upon that instrument. TROVATORE.

PHILADELPHIA, JAN. 25.—On Monday night of last week, Mlle. PICCOLOMINI died of pulmonary consumption, surrounded by an immense audience of sympathizing Philadelphians; but she arose on the following morning, in time to be off to Baltimore, Washington and Richmond, where she is said to have concertized before delighted thousands. The Opera habitué will readily comprehend how the above announcement is to be taken; of course, facetiously, to obviate the necessity of stereotyped phrases such as "Verdi's *Traviata* was performed on last Monday night,"—which mode of commencing musical correspondence seems as commonplace as the *Libiamo* itself. Piccolomini played the character of the lamentable Violetta with much effect; but sung some of the music as though her own lungs were half consumed; indeed, in the *Sempre libera*, she might have fiascoed but for the discretion of Herr Anschütz, who checked the orchestra suddenly, and rescued the pretty little *cantatrice*.

After the *Traviata*, came Meyerbeer's *Huguenots*. Verily this change seemed like laying aside a flashy "yaller-kiver'd" novel and taking up some finished and classical work, like Macanley's History of England.

The *impresario* evinced much liberality in the production of the varied *mises en scene*, and accessories; while the cast only lacked a competent tenor to render it unexceptionable. Its first representation drew an immense audience,—one of the largest ever congregated within the walls of the Academy. So, too, the third, while the second took place amid a storm, which rendered access to the building disagreeable, even in a closely secured cab, and the audience was therefore small, but highly appreciative. The imposing choruses, consummate orchestral effects, and the impressive, religious vein frequently pervading the music, produced a sensible effect upon the many-headed. So, too, the efforts of the individual artists. FORMES disarmed criticism by his perfect rendition of the Huguenot soldier, for even though his intonation at times proved unsteady, his portrayal of Marcel was so superb as to drive all thoughts of carping at such vocal defects, out of the heads of the public and the press-writers. Mlle. POINSOT made a very favorable impression, both as a vocalist and an actress,—and LABORDE threw the people into ecstasies by her singular flexibility of voice, fine taste, and perfect method of vocalization. Much interest prevailed to hear this finished *cantatrice*, prior to the first night of the *Huguenots*,—in as much as people still bore in vivid remembrance her triumphs here, ten or eleven years since, on the boards of the old Chestnut Street Theatre. I, for my part, can scarcely conceive of a higher point of musical education than that to which Laborde has attained.

We had more of Meyerbeer last night. *Robert le Diable* was given before a splendid audience, but was performed in a very careless manner. What with an incompetent Robert, (LONINI,) a wretched Raimbaut, (PICKANESER,) and a badly rehearsed chorus, even the superior deportment of Formes, Poinsot, and Laborde seemed wanting in proper effect. In the duo between Bertram and Raimbaut, at the commencement of the second act, Pickanesser sang so frightfully out of tune as to cause thousands to screw up their mouths and knit their brows with just indignation. MANRICO.

BERLIN, JAN. 5. — Happy new Year! to you, dear Dwight, and to all those of your readers, who, in process of time, have come to feel some degree of interest in "A. W. T." I hope during the year that has just closed that the number of these has materially increased, and that when 1860 comes, they will be doubled or quadrupled. I promise to do my best to this end. During the Christmas and New Year's holidays many of the places of resort here are of a charitable character, one of which is worthy a word or two. Very likely I wrote about it long ago, but it will bear repetition.

In one respect the Germans set us an example good to follow, if in no other, in matters of Art. I refer to their combining together — forming a sort of brotherhood — aiding each other in life and extending a helping hand to the widows and orphans of the deceased. The Architects have an association, which now has a noble range of rooms, fine library, courses of lectures in the winter, and, in fact, all that we can think of as being fitted to make them better artists and give them a position in the community. So too the painters, and so too the "*Tonkünstler*" — musicians. It has long been a subject of sorrow to me that there is no association of the musical men of Boston — the practical musicians and teachers, that is — with a club room and library, where one can see all the musical journals and meet with those, who, each in his own way, is working in the cause of music. Such an association, besides being of great use to every member, would be a severe blow to musical quackery, it would tend to elevate the standard of musical culture, make men, now almost strangers to each other, better acquainted, raise the tone of the profession, and give that force to it which can only be obtained by combination.

Once a year the "Association of Berlin-Artists" gives an exhibition of transparencies, accompanied by the delicious music of the Dom Chor. The exhibition, lasting an hour, is given twice each evening, from 5 to 6, and from 7 to 8, for some two weeks; admission, 25 cents of our money. This year the pictures are six in number.

Go with me. We enter the building built by Frederick II., I believe partly at the suggestion of Voltaire, called the Kunst, or Art, Academy, and up one flight, in a narrow hall, with seats for some three hundred persons, we take our places. At the other end of the hall is the curtain. At the hour, screens, by a single movement, cover all the lights, the curtain divides, and the first picture — the "Deity in Glory," the vision of Ezekiel — after Raphael — appears, and a "Gloria in Excelsis," by Durante, streams out to us from the room behind the picture. We sit in darkness, save from the light which lights up the picture and passes through it to us. With the last dying tones of the chorus, the curtain noiselessly closes, and the lights of the room are uncovered.

No. II. The Annunciation, after Rubens, with an anthem by Grell, "Gracious and merciful is the Lord."

No. III. The worship of the kings to the child in the manger, also after Rubens, with an "Adoramus te, Christe," composed by Bortniansky.

No. IV. Mary standing with the infant Jesus and the child John, Joseph in the background, after the well known picture of Raphael; and this gave me a better idea of the original than I ever before had. The music was an old choral by Eccard, not the less interesting to me, as it is given, not much changed, in many of our psalm-books.

No. V. Christ and the two disciples at Emmanus, after Rubens; music, "Lord, now lettest thou thy servant depart in peace," by Mendelssohn.

No. VI. A very fine copy of the celebrated and wonderful picture of St. Cecilia, at Florence, by Rubens. I say of this, as of No. IV., that I never before had any clear conception of the marvellous beauty of that picture. How it is possible to imitate,

in these transparencies, oil paintings so perfectly, is to me a mystery — but I am not a painter. The music is a "Sanctus," by Count Redern.

Now think a moment of the effect of such an exhibition. In the course of a few years very many of the finest pictures in Europe are made familiar to the public, as they could be in no other way, thus cultivating the taste and the eye, and at the same time the ear is delighted by vocal music of the highest order, sung as by no other choir on earth, with the possible exception of two or three in Russia.

As I sat there, I could not but think that it would be a grand speculation to take over some forty of the singers, and a score or two of the pictures which have accumulated upon the Association, and exhibit them in Boston and New York. I believe it would pay in the end for the city to pay a small sum per head to have all the school children have the advantage of the artistic culture, which a dozen such pictures and the accompanying music would give them.

As I mentioned the association of Architects above, here is a fact which shows to what good uses such an association tends. It makes the birthday of the great architect Schinkel one of its annual festivals. At the approaching one the plans of a new parliament house are to be examined, and a prize for the best to be awarded. The candidates for this prize must all be young men, who have just made their examinations, and the prize consists of — the best, in my opinion, that could possibly be offered — an annual sum sufficient to enable them to travel in Italy and other countries for some two or three years. From various sources similar prizes are awarded to young musicians, painters, and I believe to some others. When shall we see anything of the kind in America? Why cannot the city of Baltimore with its magnificent funds from Peabody set the example, and offer prizes of say \$500 a year for two years to one young musician, one sculptor, one painter, and one architect? Why not?

In Stuttgart there appears to be another rising young composer. His name is ANERT. Like Laub and Moscheles, he is from Bohemia, studied at the Conservatorium in Prague, where at the fifty years' Jubilee last season, he produced a Jubilee overture, and now belongs to the Kapelle of the King of Wurtemberg. Three symphonies by him, I believe, have been published. Just now he is attracting attention by an opera, "*Anna von Landskron*," his first for the theatre — the scene of which is laid in 1273, during the time of the party quarrels in Basle. At the rehearsal it was highly applauded by the Stuttgart orchestra, and at the public performance, the audience confirmed the decision.

The name of the "Gesellschaft der Musikfreunde in der Oesterreichische Kaiserstadt" — Society of the Friends of Music in the Austrian capital — must be familiar to you. It was for this society, as well as for Boston, that Beethoven was to compose Bernard's oratorio "*Sieg des Kreuzes*" — Victory of the Cross. This Society is the grand dependence now of Vienna for classical music. It has a noble library, a fine museum of instruments, and the like. A recent report states that it receives from the government 3000 gulden — say \$1,500 — from the Government, and 2,000 from the city. These sums, in addition to the 15,000 gulden bequeathed by Carl Czerny, have put it into so flourishing a condition, that a really fine, large new hall is projected. In the conservatory under its care there are now 211 pupils, of whom 127 are free and 84 pay half fees. Who of us will live to see the Handel and Haydn Society, the Harvard Musical and the Music Hall Associations acting together for the cause of music, and receiving some assistance from the city so that we can have a true conservatorium in Boston? If you want such a man as Laub to reside with us, it could be made in this way an object for him to come over.

It is almost wrong to announce it at the close of a letter, but better late than never — the fine collection

of old works upon music, of which I have written you in such pathetic tones, both in private letters and for the Journal, is secured for the Boston Public Library. Now let the musical profession do something to the end of collecting the works of the great composers. More on this topic hereafter.

In my account of Radecke's concerts printed in the Journal of Dec. 4, I spoke, it seems, of "the Serenade composed in 1784." As in all probability several such works saw the light that year, it may be well for those who save their papers, to note on the margin that this particular work was by Mozart.

A. W. T.

Special Notices.

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These are the "gems" in the above-named Opera, which now re-echo throughout England, wherever musical people convene. Further particulars may be gleaned from the last numbers of this Journal, where a detailed account of the first performance has been given.

ASPIRATION. (Sehnsucht.) E. B. Oliver. 25

A Poem by Schiller, well known among the admirers of the great German-poet. The composer has linked with it a simple, pathetic melody.

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Dwight's Journal of Music.

WHOLE No. 358.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 12, 1859.

VOL. XIV. No. 20.

For Dwight's Journal of Music.

The Diarist Abroad, No. 15.

AN IMAGINARY CONVERSATION WITH "JOHN."

[John thundering away in the next room upon his pianoforte and pedals, on an organ Fugue of Bach.]

Diarist. — John! I say, John!

John. — Halloo — Wha' yer-w-a-n-t?

D. — Come in here a minute. (enter John.)

J. — Well, what now?

D. — I want you to see what the saying means — "Happy as a king."

J. — Well, you do look tickled.

D. — Why shouldn't I? That book-case jammed full of musical Lexicons and periodicals, and there by the door that great heap of books for the Library — and, oh, John, just look at those piles on and under the large table!

J. — Well, who will ever care one copper for all these old books? What earthly use can they be to anybody?

D. — If of no other use, they are a sight to cure bad eyes — just look at that!

J. — I can't read it, — yes I can — the title at least.

"*Aritmetica* — (great music book this!) *Geometria et Musica Boetii*." It is an old thing, isn't it?

D. — Turn to the last page. There, read that. I'll read it for you. "*Venetii Impressam Boetii opus per Johannem et Gregorium de Gregoriis fratres, &c. &c. Anno humanae restaurationis 1492, die 18 Augusti, &c.*" We shall not go much farther back than that, I think, after musical books! Now hand me that third book, on the third shelf, and we will see what Forkel has to say about it. Here is a little sketch of his life, by which it appears he was a Roman patrician, three times Burgomaster (!) at Rome, and one of the most important of the ancient writers of music, and so on. There are quite a number of editions, especially those of Venice, 1491–1499, and of Basle 1546–1570. So you see, this splendid specimen of old printing is one of the earliest — and of the year of Columbus's discovery. You see Forkel gives nearly two pages to the contents of the work.

Now look at this little thin quarto. "*Flores Musice omnis cantus Gregoriani*." Look at the running titles: *De Alphabetis*: *De Monocordo*. *De Modis*. *De Tonis*. And here at the end is the date — Anno M.CCCC.LXXX.VIII — 1488. You can see how Gen. Koudelka prized that book by its beautiful binding in fragrant Russia leather elegantly lettered, and with the date in big figures. Let us see what Forkel says, — What? How is this? Ha, ha, ha, Forkel did not know of the book!

J. — What are those eight great folio volumes there, unbound?

D. — Open one of them and see.

J. — (Reads) "*Parafrasi Sopra Salmi*." *Procul este profani*!

D. — The next is the title page.

J. — "*Estro poetico-armonico*," &c., &c., di *Benedetto Marcello*, Venezia, M.D.CCC.III. What

a noble portrait! These are the splendid Marcello's psalms, you were talking about the other day.

D. — Yes. Don't they look good? And see what a splendid edition, large paper and all — I must have them suitably bound before sending them to Boston. When you get so you can write like that, you will do.

Look at those two large, thick quarto volumes. That is a book I have been looking out for this five years, — and never could find a copy for sale — "*Allgemeine Geschichte der Musik*," by J. N. Forkel. That is the book of which a critic says: "Forkel wrote a history of music, a splendid work, but ending just as the history of the art becomes interesting." The fact is he never finished his work. But I assure you I am glad at last to have secured a copy for a library at home. There's the great history — these three large quartos — "*Storia della Musica*" — by padre Martini! Some time, when you come to read Burney, you will know more about him. You remember how Mozart, when a little boy, went to see him — Holmes tells about it. This is another book we do not find in every antiquarian shop.

J. — What is this thick, fat small quarto, so capitably bound, as if Koudelka had thought it a treasure?

D. — What? That is the "*Syntagma musicum*," of old Michael Praetorius — the three volumes bound in one — a capital copy — the book which, with Kircher's "*Musurgia*" and "*Phonurgia*" — those folios there — is in a great measure the foundation of our knowledge of old instruments. Hawkins quotes half of Kircher almost. You see this was printed at the Wittemberg of Luther in 1615. Praetorius died at Wolfenbüttel, (where we visited Holle) in 1621. It is a most valuable book.

J. — What have you in that pile of little scamps — pocket volumes? Are they good for any thing?

D. — This one is the "*Miramantisches Flölein*," or, "*Geistliche Schäferey*" (spiritual sheepfold) of Laurence von Schmellis, "in which Christus, under the name of Daphnis, wakes the soul of Clorinda, sunk in the sleep of sin, to a better life and leads her in a marvellous manner and way to great holiness. Third edition, in which all the melodies are set in three parts, with ritornellos," and so on. It is not very old. Frankfort, 1711. Laurentius was a capuchin monk.

What the book is you will see by this paragraph from the preface. "This fluteling is composed of 30 elegies, each elegy of 20 stanzas, not in fact to be sung, because they are too long; but to please the lovers of music I have given to each elegy its own melody, and one fitting to the corresponding copperplate, reminding the reader, by the way, that in my Clorinda I mean no particular individual person, but every soul which is converted to God; and by Daphnis Christ is meant."

This little thing is a musical catechism, 1523, by a certain "venerable brother Bonaventura de

Brixia;" it is all about the "*regula musica*," of tones authentic and tones plagal, and so on, in Latin and Italian.

These two little ones are monastic missals, 300 years old, badly worm-eaten, and quite useless. Here is another compendium of music. Venice, 1513 — not much value perhaps — but curious — at all events it belongs in the collection. But here is one I am mightily glad to get — a couple of small works bound together, — the "*Musica Figurata*" and "*Von den Proportionibus*," by Martin Agricola — the friend of Luther — two works which Forkel only knew from a mention made of them by Gruber.*

Now cast your eye upon the title page of this thin folio.

J. — (Reads) "*Dialogo di Vincentio Galilei nobili Fiorentino della musica antica et della moderna*. In Firenze. MDL.XXXI. Well?

D. — That, John, is a book by the father of the great Galileo. It is a sort of polemical work directed against Zarlineo, whose works you will find somewhere in the pile complete, and indeed there are two or three editions of part of them. Very valuable they are in the early history of modern music.

Here is something I am very glad to get complete. In the Dehn collection was only one volume, which I took at three thalers — a man was there at the time who would give five or six for it. I wish now that he had it, as it becomes a duplicate. It is Gerbert's collection in three vols, quarto, of "*Scriptores Ecclesiastici de musica sacra*," now rare and worth from 25 to 30 Thalers.

That will do for this time. If there is any body in England collecting as successfully for our Library, we shall soon cease to be under the necessity of voyaging 3000 miles to find musical books.

Speeches at the Burns' Festival.

BOSTON, JAN. 25, 1859.

SPEECH OF RALPH WALDO EMERSON.

(To the first toast: *The Memory of Burns*!)

Mr. President and Gentlemen — I do not know by what untoward accident it has chanced, — and I forbear to inquire, — that, in this accomplished circle, it should fall to me, the worst Scotchman of all, to receive your commands, and at the latest hour, too, to respond to the sentiment just offered, and which indeed makes the occasion. But I am told there is no appeal, and I must trust to the inspirations of the theme to make a fitness which does not otherwise exist.

Yet, sir, I heartily feel the singular claims of the occasion. At the first announcement, from I know not whence, that the 25th of January was the hundredth anniversary of the birth of Robert Burns, a sudden consent warmed the great English race, in all its kingdoms, colonies and States, all over the world, to keep the festival.

We are here to hold our parliament with love and poesy, as men were wont to do in the middle ages. Those famous parliaments might or might not have had more stateliness, and better singers than we, — though that is yet to be known — but they could not have better reason.

I can only explain this singular unanimity in a race which rarely acts together, but rather after their watchword, each for himself, — by the fact that Robert Burns, the poet of the middle class, represents in the

minds of men to-day that great uprising of the middle class against the armed and privileged minorities,—that uprising which worked politically in the American and French Revolutions, and which, not in governments, so much as in education and in social order, has changed the face of the world.

In order for this destiny, his birth, breeding and fortunes were low. His organic sentiment was absolute independence, and resting, as it should, on a life of labor. No man existed who could look down on him. They that looked into his eyes saw that they might look down the sky as easily. His muse and teaching was common sense, joyful, aggressive, irresistible.

Not Latimer, nor Luther, struck more telling blows against False Theology than did this brave singer. The "Confession of Augsburg," the "Declaration of Independence," the French "Rights of Man," and the "Marseillaise," are not more weighty documents in the history of freedom than the songs of Burns. His satire has lost none of its edge. His musical arrows yet sing through the air.

He is so substantially a reformer, that I find his grand plain sense in close chain with the greatest masters—Rabelais, Shakespeare in comedy, Cervantes, Butler and Burns. If I should add another name, I find it only in a living countryman of Burns. He is an exceptional genius. The people who care nothing for literature and poetry care for Burns. It was indifferent,—they thought who saw him,—whether he wrote verse or not; he could have done anything else as well.

Yet how true a Poet is he! And the poet, too, of poor men, of grey hoddens, and the guernsey coat, and the blouse. He has given voice to all the experiences of common life; he has endeared the farmhouse and cottage, patches and poverty, beans and barley; ale, the poor man's wine; hardship, the fear of debt, the dear society of weans and wife, of brothers and sisters, proud of each other, knowing so few, and finding amends for want and obscurity in books and thought. What a love of nature, and, shall I say it? of middle-class nature. Not great, like Goethe, in the stars, or like Byron, on the ocean, or Moore, in the luxurious East, but in the homely landscape which the poor see around them,—bleak leagues of pasture and stubble, ice, and sleet, and rain, and snow-choked brooks; birds, hares, field-mice, thistles, and heather, which he daily knew. How many "Bonny Doons," and "John Anderson my jo," and "Auld lang Syne," all around the earth have his verses been applied to! And his love songs still woo and melt the youths and maids; the farm work, the country holiday, the fishing cobbles, are still his debtors to-day.

And as he was thus the poet of the poor, anxious, cheerful, working humanity, so had he the language of low life. He grew up in a rural district, speaking a patois unintelligible to all but natives, and he has made that Lowland Scotch a Doric dialect of fame. It is the only example in history of a language made classic by the genius of a single man. But more than this. He had that secret of genius to draw from the bottom of society the strength of its speech, and astonish the ears of the polite with these artless words, better than art, and filtered of all offence through his beauty. It seemed odious to Luther that the devil should have all the best tunes; he would bring them into the churches; and Burns knew how to take from airs and gypsies, blacksmiths and drovers, the speech of the market and street, and clothe it with melody.

But I am detaining you too long. The memory of Burns,—I am afraid, heaven and earth have taken too good care of it, to leave us anything to say. The west winds are murmuring it. Open the windows behind you, and harken for the incoming tide, what the waves say of it. The doves perching almost on the eaves of the stone chapel opposite, may know something about it. Every name in broad Scotland keeps his fame bright. The memory of Burns,—every man's, and boy's, and girl's head carries snatches of his songs, and can say them by heart, and what is strangest of all, never learned them from a book, but from mouth to mouth. The wind whispers them, the birds whistle them, the corn, barley, and bulrushes hoarsely rustle them; nay, the music-boxes at Geneva are framed and toothed to play them; the hand-organs of the Savoyards in all cities repeat them, and the chimes of bells ring them in the spires. They are the property and the solace of mankind.

SPEECH OF GEORGE S. HILLARD.

(To the fifth toast: "The Minstrels and Minstrelsy, of Scotland.")

A few days since I was asked by a friend if I could tell him why it was that the birth-day of Burns is so generally celebrated, both in England and America, and for so long a period had been so. Why is he among so many other poets and men selected for such peculiar honors? The answer to the question

does not at once suggest itself, but it can be answered. It is certainly a remarkable fact that, at this moment in all parts of the world, on the Banks of the Clyde, the Thames, the Ganges, the St. Lawrence, the Mississippi—Scotchmen, Englishmen, and Americans are met together, to do honor to the memory of a man who was born a hundred years ago this day, in a clay cottage which his father had built with his own hands,—who made no discoveries in science, or inventions in art; who was not a great soldier or a great statesman, whose birth was humble and whose position through life was obscure, who died young, after having written a few poems, chiefly in the Scottish dialect. He was a singer, and nothing more. He fluttered into the light and warmth of life for a brief season, warbled a few songs, and then disappeared into the grim outer darkness, where no eye could follow his flight. Why is it that he has taken such hold upon the hearts of all who speak with English tongues and read the books of England? Why, among other proofs of this, are we here to-night?

It seems to me that this is due in part to his character as a man, and in part to the peculiar qualities of his poetry. His character was remarkable for its manliness, its sincerity, and its independence. He was too brave for disguises, and too truthful for affectation. In all his life there is no stain of meanness, of treachery, of cowardice, of hypocrisy. If he was vehement in his dislikes, and sometimes almost savage in the expression of them, he was also the most faithful of friends. We mark in him one sure indication of a noble nature—the warmth and constancy of his gratitude. The burden of obligation he wears like a jewel and not like a chain. He often yielded to temptation; but his errors are half atoned for and wholly forgiven by the frankness with which he confesses them. He was born in a very low estate, and reared in bitter, soul-crushing poverty; and this, too, at a time when native worth was less valued, and adventitious distinctions were more regarded than they are now. But in spite of this, his life was marked by a manly independence, sometimes pushed to a fierce and defiant self-assertion. The low-born peasant, whose hands were hardened and whose frame was bent by toil, stood in the presence of noblemen and gentlemen, of wits and scholars, unabashed, "pride in his port, defiance in his eye," as firm upon his feet, as when he strode behind his plough upon the mountain side. He never lowered the flag of genius before the flag of rank. Wherever he met a man's mind, he laid his own alongside of it, yard arm and yard arm, for a fair fight. He respected in others the claims of essential superiority—the God-given patents of nobility—and he exacted from them the same deference. In his life he put into action the sentiment of his fine song:

Is there, for honest poverty,
That hangs his head, and a' that!
The coward slave, we pass him by,
We dare be poor for a' that!
For a' that, and a' that,
Our toils obscure, and a' that;
The rank is but the guinea's stamp,
The man's the gowd for a' that.

All the primal sympathies of the human soul recognize the power, the charm, of a character of such manly self-reliance, such lofty self-assertion. We follow with admiration the movements of the broad-shouldered, swarthy-checked, black-eyed peasant, who on all occasions and in all societies sustains himself with such simple dignity, who plants himself with such assured force on his worth as a man, and whose vigorous, untought genius beats down the feeble guards of commonplace cultivation and the thin defences of social rank.

There is another winning element in the life of Burns, arising from the fact that he generally acted from impulse, and that his impulses so often led him right. It is a striking remark of Coleridge's, that "motives imply weakness, and the existence of evil and temptation. The angelic nature would act from impulse alone." We may note another illustration of the same truth in the conduct of men and women. Women act more from impulse, and men more from motives. Thus women may make more mistakes than men, but when they do go right their actions have a higher grace, a sweeter flavor. All men, says Emerson, love a lover. There is a sympathetic charm in the bearing of one who is visibly and unmistakably under the guidance of a strong and natural emotion. The very follies and extravagances of a man thoroughly in love have a sweet and gracious aspect, and are never ridiculous. The life of Burns glitters with the beauty of fine and cordial impulses. They sometimes hurried him into grave errors, but as he himself has said, the light that led him astray was light from Heaven. Men who act always deliberately and from well-considered motives—who are always self-vigilant and self-distrustful—who never make mistakes—who never say or do anything they ought not to—may secure esteem, confidence, re-

spect, but rarely inspire love. That we bestow upon characters in which the lights and shades are more strongly contrasted—which sometimes rise above and sometimes fall below the level line of prudence—in which beautiful actions and heroic sacrifices plead for excesses of temperament and the occasional riot of unruly blood; and of these Burns stands forth as the perfect type and representative.

But it is the poetry of Burns, far more than his character as a man, that brings us here to-night. He was a poet of the first order; but that is not all. Among all the poets endowed with a vision and a faculty so high as his, we recall no one whose genius is of so popular a quality. The lowliness of his birth, in some respects a disadvantage, was herein a help to him; for it gave him a comprehension of the common heart and mind of his countrymen which must have been denied to him had he been born in a higher sphere. Take, for instance, his immortal poem of "The Cotter's Saturday Night." Where can we find another poet with an imagination capable of so idealizing the subject, and yet so familiar with its details as to present a picture as true as it is beautiful? The poetry of Burns hits the heart of man just between wind and water; every line and every word tells. With the inspired eye of genius he looked abroad upon the common life of Scotland; and there found the themes of poetry—and the highest poetry, too—in scenes, in relations, in objects which to the prosaic apprehension seemed compact of hopeless prose. As in works in Florentine mosaic,—in which leaves and flowers are reproduced in precious stones—our pleasure is made up in part from the beauty of the material used, and in part from the familiar character of the forms represented. So in reading the poetry of Burns, we are not only charmed with the genius it displays, but thrilled with a strange electric delight in seeing the ordinary themes of every day life so glorified and transfigured. At his touch, the heather bloom becomes an amethyst and the holly leaf turns into emerald. Every man can comprehend, feel and enjoy the poetry of Burns; for this no other training is needed than the training of life. There are no learned allusions, no recondite lore, no speculations that transcend the range of average experience. To have seen the daisy blow and heard the lark sing—to have clasped the hand of man and kissed the lips of woman—are preparation enough for all that he has written. The sentiments with which the poor man reads him are compounded, perhaps unconsciously, of admiration and gratitude—gratitude to the genius which has poured such ideal light around this common earth; which has empanned with celestial roses the very turf beneath his feet; which has opened to him, the child of poverty and toil, the fairy world of imagination; which has held to his lips the sparkling elixir, the divine nepenthe, of poetry; which on its mighty wings has soared with him into regions where he could see the waving of angelic robes and hear the music of paradise!

The genius of Burns expressed itself most naturally and easily in that shape which is best adapted for popular influence. His songs are his best, his most characteristic poems; and in all British literature he is the first of song-writers. A song, as it is the ariest, the most subtle, the most delicate form in which the conceptions of a poet are embodied, so it is the most volatile, the most lightly borne, the most easily diffused. A song has wings but no feet: it darts from lip to lip, and from heart to heart. The empire of a great epic or didactic poet may be higher, but that of a great song-writer is wider. The reason of this is that a song is the growth of that part of our nature in which all men are alike. A good song may be defined to be one man's music and every man's experience.

The themes of the song writer are taken from the passions, the emotions, the sentiments of the common heart. They are found blooming by the side of that great highway on which humanity travels from the cradle to the grave. The mere literary merit of the songs of Burns can hardly be overstated, but their highest charm comes from their truth. Every line in them is vital; there is none of the cold and glittering beauty of frost work; they spring not from the cunning brain, but from the beating heart. There are many songs in the English language—and good songs, too; in which we can plainly see the marks of elaboration; the lines of the graving and chasing tools. But the songs of Burns are growths and not manufactures; as the fountain gushes from the earth; as the daisy springs from the sod; so they have sung themselves. The metre was but the mould into which the liquid heart was poured. We cannot conceive of a word in them ever having been any other than it is.

The greater part of the songs of Burns are love songs: and herein the life of the man is reproduced

in his verse. Burns was always a lover; his temperament was so ardent and susceptible that he never saw a fine female face without falling in love with it. Love was with him no mystical sentiment, no ethereal tenderness, no airy rapture; it was not of that class of which some sublimated philosopher says that it is born with the first sigh and dies with the first kiss; but it was a passionate flame which ran like lightning through his veins, felt in the heart, felt in the pulse. His love poetry is informed with burning life; his love songs are the foam-flakes of a heaving sea of fire. This element of truth it owes to the fact that it was invariably the utterance of emotions actually felt. He wrote not from general imaginations, but from particular impressions. He had ever before him, in his mind's eye, some individual face or form; some Jean Armor, Mary Morrison, or Jessie Lewars; to inspire his muse. His biographers will tell you to whom belonged the rosy lips, the snowy bosoms, the golden ringlets, the "two lovely een of bonnie blue," that are immortalized in his verses. Alas, where are they now? The love poetry of Burns is also nearly as remarkable for its purity, its tenderness and sweetness, as for its passionateness and truth. He sometimes offends against decorum in his poems, but almost never in his songs.

Burns is thus the laureat of love. He is the best interpreter of that universal passion; that great magician under whose sway all men are, or have been, or are to be. Hence one chief ingredient in his popularity and power. His love poetry addresses the experiences or the recollections of all. Fervid is the non-day glow of love; pensive and sweet are its twilight memories. The old man, whose pulse has long been calm, will read with delight the songs of Burns, for they recall and renew those delicious days when a white frock and a pink sash were all that were wanted to make an angel of. But the highest charm of Burns's poetry is one which his countrymen alone can feel in its full extent, and that is its intense nationality. Scotland had had before him philosophers and men of letters of the first class, like Robertson, Adam Smith, David Hume, Dugald Stewart and Thomas Reid; novelists like Smollett; poets like Thomson and John Home, but, as Carlyle truly remarked, there was nothing in them that was Scottish, nothing that was indigenous. They did honor to Scotland, but they did nothing to make the peculiar characteristics of Scottish life and manners known to the world. There had also been writers imbued with this national flavor, like Ferguson and Allan Ramsay; but they were not first-class men. Burns was the first man who, with a genius of the highest order, found his inspiration and his themes upon the soil of his native land. He was a great poet and a national poet too. In his dedication of the Edinburgh edition of his poems to the noblemen and gentlemen of the Caledonian hunt, he says: "The poetic genius of my country found me, as the prophetic bard Elijah did Elisha, at the plough, and threw her inspiring mantle over me. She bade me sing the loves, the joys, the rural scenes and rural pleasures of my native soil in my native tongue." This is said with as much truth as beauty. Burns is a thorough Scotchman; the flavor of the soil can be tasted in everything he wrote. He was himself perfectly conscious of this feeling; he knew where his strength lay.

The rough bur-thistle spreading wide
Among the bearded bear—
I turned the weeder-clips aside
And spared the symbol dear.

The thistle was to him not a weed but a symbol: the poet spared what the farmer should have cut down. When we add to this that he has sung in vigorous and animated verse the praises of a haggis, it must be admitted that the force of nationality can no farther go. We outside barbarians admire the poetry of Burns heartily and honestly; we may flatter ourselves that we feel all its power and are thrilled by all its music: but beyond all question we are mistaken. There is an inner circle of apprehension and comprehension into which we cannot enter, into which no one can enter but he who has learned upon a mother's knee that sweet and expressive dialect which he used with such grace and such power.

Men of Scotland! countrymen of Burns! you do well to celebrate his memory with song and speech, with eyes suffused, and hand clasped in hand. You owe him a debt of gratitude which you can never repay. You are wiser than your fathers. God sent them this glorious genius, and they made him an exciseman, with seventy pounds a year, and allowed some pultry jack-in-office to tell him that his business was to act not to think. Alas! the pity of it! the pity of it! He has long been where cruel indignation can no longer lacerate his heart. You can only pour your vain libations upon his dust. This will not profit him, but it will profit you. You have a

right to thank God in your prayers for the gift of Burns. Every Scotchman has a right to hold up his head higher from the fact that Burns was his countryman. For him every blue-eyed lassie that runs about your flowery braes or bathes her feet in the wimpling burn is a fairer object. For him every heathery hill glows in richer purple: every glen lies steeped in softer light: every mountain lake gleams with deeper blue. For him the wild rose burns with finer flame, and the thorn exhales a sweeter breath. His spirit hangs like a glory over your land; your streams are vocal with his name: the lyric lark sings of him whose music was sweeter than his own: of him your torrents rave: your winds murmur of him. The Scotland that he left was not the Scotland that he found. By him it was exalted, glorified, idealized; by him it was bathed in light that never shone on earth or sea—and until the rocks around your coast shall melt in the sun—until your hills shall pass away like the vapors that curl and play upon their sides, let not his image be banished from your hearts, let not his praise be silent on your lips.

ANALYSIS

OF

Handel's "Israel in Egypt."

BY G. A. MACFARREN.

PART I.

(Continued.)

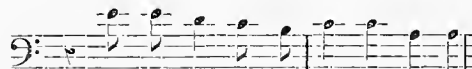
(11). Chorus.—Egypt was glad when they departed, for the fear of them fell upon them.

Whether to prove his contrapuntal powers by showing his fluency in the severest scholastic form,—whether to exemplify the variety of the fugal style,—whether by introducing here a new element to distinguish the barbarous gladness of the Egyptians in their fear from the trusting joy of the Israelites in their faith,—whether either or all of these incentives, or any other, led Handel to adopt the style employed in this Chorus, may be surmised, but not determined; it is written according to the Phrygian Mode of the Gregorian system, and it shows more evidently than any course of reasoning could do, by means of its extreme harshness and unnatural effect, the entire inappropriateness of this obsolete, crude, artificial, and most arbitrary code to any but what may be classed as purposes of dramatic illustration among the uses of modern art. It is a masterly piece of writing, displaying perfect knowledge of the conventionalities of the school upon which it is formed, as perfect command of the resources of the same, and an amount of invention such as might scarcely have been supposed compatible with the limited means for its exercise; it is, in truth, an equal demonstration of the scholarship and the genius of Handel; and if such a production fail, as this does utterly, to elicit beauty and interest from the ancient ecclesiastical code, we may, with every deference to the motives that have impelled some distinguished men to attempt its resuscitation, honestly conclude that, being wholly unsympathetic with modern trained feelings, it is wholly unavailable to modern use. The chief Subject of the elaborate fugue under consideration,—



E - gypt was glad when they de - part - ed

is first answered by inversion (having descending intervals for ascending, and the contrary), and it is given either direct or inverted, according to the exigency of the situation and the discretion of the author throughout the composition; when it has been developed at considerable length, this Countersubject is introduced:—



For the fear of them fell up - on them

which is worked together with it till the conclusion of the fugue.

In this and several subsequent movements of the same character, the voices are at first accompanied with the organ only, the string and brass instruments being introduced considerably later to enforce some new entry of the Subject, which has the admirable effect, not merely of giving prominence to an important point, but of giving color and variety to the tone of the whole Chorus.

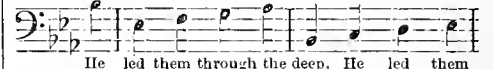
(12). Chorus.—He rebuked the Red Sea, and it was dried up. He led them through the deep as through a wilderness: But the waters overwhelmed their enemies, there was not one of them left.

The three ensuing movements are to be regarded as forming one connected piece of music, the incon-

elusiveness of the first two necessitating the immediate commencement of the one next following. The whole embodies the grand miracle of the passage of the Red Sea, depicting in its three divisions the several workings of that prodigious manifestation of Omnipotence—the utterance of the Divine command, the deliverance of the faithful tribes, and the destruction of their oppressors.

There is sublime grandeur in the broad solemn simplicity of the brief opening movement. The extreme brightness of the setting of the first phrase for the utmost instrumental and vocal power of the orchestra, and the subdued mystery with which the second is rendered for the whispering voices wholly without accompaniment, wondrously suggest the Almighty power of Almighty will, and the recoil of nature at the tremendous edict.

The second movement, though not a formally constructed fugue, comprises the most interesting elements of this class of writing. Its chief Subject,—



He led them through the deep, He led them

through the deep as through a wil - derness

is elaborated with great closeness, and combined with this singularly well contrasted counterpoint,—



as through a wil - derness

so ingeniously and so imaginatively, as could have been done by no one but a consummate master. Such are the means that under such treatment depict the steadfast progress of the tribes, to which implicit faith gives dauntless firmness, through the depths of the till then unfathomed waters, and the waves that divide before the enfranchised people, and ebb from the pathway their opening has formed; through the continuous motion of the Counter-point, the measured march of the Subject, with its long weighty notes, presents the passage through the deep,—and in our comprehension of the living picture, we should not regard as unworthy of esteem, since Handel thought it not unworthy to be used in illustration of his subject, the punning quibble upon the word "deep," of the long descending interval in the melody.

The last movement of the series is a terrible idealization of the great destruction that succeeded the great deliverance. The furious heaving of the excited billows fraught with God's wrath, of which they are the agents—the shrieks of the warrior host who are engulfed in their inevitable vortex,—these are the ideas from which the artist formed his marvellous conception—these are the images his genius presents to his hearers with an appalling truthfulness such as no power of art can transcend. In a previous Chorus, the iteration of the words "not one" was used as a means to enforce the idea of the total absence of physical weakness among the tribes who were spiritually strengthened by the conviction that they were championed by Heaven and their reliance upon Divine support: here the same words are again and again repeated, but with an effect different as the purpose; in this case the reiteration prompts a thought of the swiftness of Omnipotent purpose, and of the fixed necessity for His destroying agencies to fulfil it,—it is decreed that all the pursuing myrmidons of Pharaoh shall perish, and every separate wave seems instinct with a special will to select and to overwhelm its victim. This is the tremendous crisis to which not the present connected series of movements only, but the entire chain of Choruses, is the gradual and unswerving climax; I have spoken of the distribution of the plan of the work as yielding an effect of constantly accumulating power,—of such power here is the point of culmination.

(13). Chorus.—And Israel saw that great work that the Lord did upon the Egyptians; and the people feared the Lord, and believed the Lord and His servant, Moses.

Here again we have two movements continuously connected—the first being, like the first of the previous series, entirely prelude. This is one of a class of movements of which the present work contains several examples, that derive from the extreme fulness of the harmony, the massive grandeur of its progressions, the solemn stateliness of the motion, and the peculiarly emphatic enunciation of the words that are declaimed with the broadest simplicity by all the voices with the same accentuation, a majestic grandeur that has perhaps no parallel. In the present instance, as in that of "He rebuked," and as in all those which are to follow, each harmonic transition amazes the hearer, and the effect of the whole conjures up a sense of immensity beyond what any mind could conceive without such wonderfully suggestive

in this the employment of the harmony of the second bar is so singularly striking, and so new, that one marvels to associate it with the period at which the work was produced. The passage is repeated a fourth higher, and is rendered still more effective by the transposition.

Several of the phrases in "The Lord is a man of war," are taken from a Duet in C, also for two basses, to two words beginning "Quia fecit," in the *Magnificat* before cited; among others, that which I have quoted, but, as the harmony that gives to this the whole of its remarkable interest occurs not in the original, the entire beauty of the passage is there wanting.

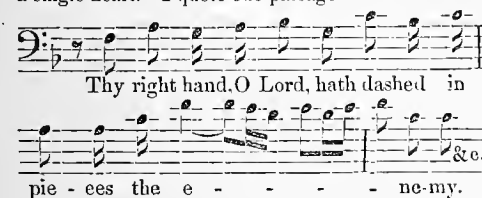
(18.) *Chorus*.—The depths have covered them, they sank into the bottom as a stone.

Here we enter upon another chain of choral movements, not equal in constantly accumulating power and ever proportionate effect, but of such various and always striking character, whether from its descriptive force or from its scholastic elaboration, as ceaselessly to rivet the attention and perpetually to renew the interest of the hearer.

This opening movement of the group is one of those tone-pictures in which the present work is, above every other, successful. It represents the profound stillness of the mighty deep, no longer raging in the active immensity of its destructive power, but passively engulfing as a vast sepulchre the countless victims of its own terrible energy, to hoard them in the eternal sleep at the bottom of its never retraced abysses. The figure of the accompaniment, the phraseology of the voices, suggests the thought of an ever, ever-descending motion, gradual, solemn, funeral, and inevitable; and we think the while of the unruffled repose that, on the surface, marks the destruction it covers with such smiling serenity as teaches man to regard it as the symbol of peace, forgetting in its present loveliness all its terrors past.

(19.) *Chorus*.—Thy right hand, O Lord, is become glorious in power; Thy right hand, O Lord, hath dashed to pieces the enemy.

How wonderful is the contrast between this and the foregoing movement, nothing but to hear the two in succession can make one comprehend. It bursts forth from the dreamy, indefinite, vague termination of the last Chorus like a young lion starting out of sleep, quick with impulse, vigorous with power to fulfil it, knowing no bound to his desires, feeling no bound to his internal means for their fulfilment. What a triumphant gladness, what a vigorous freshness does it embody, and what elasticity of spirit and thirst for action does it impart to us who hear it! There is no piece throughout the Oratorio in which the important resource of the double choir is employed with such peculiarly powerful effect as in this Chorus; the antiphonal responses resound from side to side like the tumultuous cries of joy of a vast multitude who have one impulse to their common exultation, and this floods the air with waves of sound that flow as from a single heart. I quote one passage—



to facilitate the tracing of its ingenious working through the complicate imitations with which the several parts answer one another: but it is in the prodigious effect of the movement as a whole, more than in the minute beauty of its detail, that the transcendent excellence of this Chorus lies; feeling of its effect, not knowledge of the means of this, can alone enable us to comprehend, alone to appreciate it.

(20.) *Chorus*.—And in the greatness of Thine excellency Thou hast overthrown them that rose up against Thee.

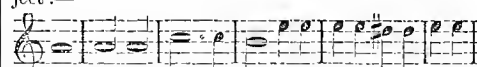
Thou sentest forth Thy wrath, which consumed them as stubble.

An introduction and fugue constitute the plan of this Chorus. The expression passes from the jubilation of the last piece to profound awe,—a true sense of Omnipotence, and a feeling that they who now rejoice in the consequences of its demonstration are in its hands, and may, at the moment, become its sacrifice. This is succeeded by a more gradual transition to a religious or at least ecclesiastical regard of the burning vehemence of the Divine wrath, which is described with that severity we cannot but associate with the strict style of music used for the rendering of the passage; and the strangely ironical declamation of the final word at the close of the Chorus seems to speak a menace of the instantaneous annihilation that hangs as by a hair over all of us. The harmonic progressions of the brief opening are so remarkable, and their

effect so astounding, that they demand the closest examination, requiring only to be made more and more familiar to become more and more prodigious in their impression:—



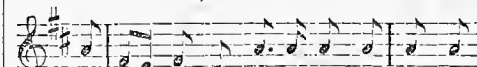
The fugue is an admirable specimen of mastery in this school of writing; it is formed upon this Subject:—



This is another important appropriation from the *Magnificat* that has furnished so much subject-matter for this Oratorio. A Chorus for double choir in that work, commencing with the words "Fecit potentiam," opens the same as the movement I have just described, and the conduct of the fugue for some considerable length exactly corresponds with it; the latter composition, however, much extended from the original, and the conclusion of this, which to an unschooled hearer will always be the most impressive passage in it, appears in this alone.

(21.) *Chorus*.—And with the blast of Thy nostrils the waters were gathered together, the floods stood upright as an heap, and the depths were congealed in the heart of the sea.

Of all the singularly successful examples of objective imitation throughout this remarkable work, which is unique in its success in a province many deny to the art, and, even in the face of such success, will ever remain questionable ground for the propriety alike with the capacity of musical representation,—of all the examples of suggesting the effects of sight through the medium of hearing, none is so conspicuous for the peculiarity of its Subject and for the complete fulfilment of its purpose as the present Chorus. Here, as elsewhere in this Second Part, it has been the composer's design to portray, not a present terror on beholding the awful suspension of the laws of nature in active operation, but the indelible images the miraculous exceptions have left upon minds rendered especially impressionable by personal anxiety from personal participation in the events; so we must regard the Chorus under consideration, not as an expression of active feeling, but as one of a series of passive pictures. The breathing of Omnipotence is represented by the streaming, gradual, accelerated motion of instruments and voices with which the Chorus opens; the accumulation of the waters, by the close and constant imitations, in answers at the period of half a bar, of this concise theme,

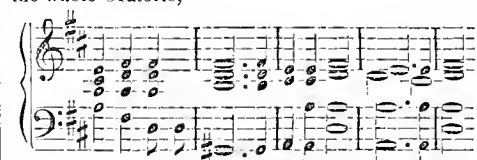


which are interrupted by this conspicuously contrasted phrase,—



suggestive of the sudden paralysis in one rigid mass of the ever-moving fluid; the towering, inflexible, impassable wall of waters is depicted by the slow, measured, always distinct, monotonous enunciation, on a high note for whichever of the voices utters it, of the eight emphatic syllables, "the floods stood up-right as an heap:" opposed to this is the representation of extreme depth by the low note of the bass voices accompanied with the resonant tone of the open string of all the bow instruments and the deep pedal pipe of the organ, with which the following words are

first rendered; the conclusion of the text is however too suggestive to prompt to Handel but a single image, so he repeats it on a phrase of successively descending intervals depicting the gradual sinking to the sea's centre, and again to the most wonderful passage in the whole Oratorio,



in which the remarkable and peculiarly modern employment of the harmony on the G sharp bass is not to be noticed alone as a beautiful musical effect, but as a singularly felicitous interpretation of the sense that is still enforced by the tremulous iteration of the notes by the instruments, and the striking repose of the two succeeding bars where the voices are left with the accompaniment of the basses only, as happily illustrates the profound calm to which no storm can penetrate of the unfathomed depths of the ocean.

The only contrapuntal Subject in this Chorus,—that to the words, "The waters were gathered,"—is to be found in a Chorus in the *Magnificat* I have so often cited; this coincidence would be too insignificant for notice, but that the many more important ones with the same work prove the composer must have had it before him for constant reference and extract during the composition of this entire Second Part.

(22.) *Air*.—The enemy said, I will pursue, I will overtake, I will divide the spoil; my lust shall be satisfied upon them: I will draw my sword, my hand shall destroy them.

This is the only piece in which Pharaoh is referred to as in action, and it is, therefore, appropriately different in character from the other music. It is by no means one of the most interesting compositions in the Oratorio, but it gives opportunity for animated and brilliant vocal display, so, if only as a contrast, it has its valuable importance in the plan of the entire work. It represents "the enemy" as fierce and impetuous, impulsively giving vent to his powerful anger in threats insignificant in proportion to their vehemence; and such may well have been the impression on the Hebrews of the Egyptian tyrant baffled in his purpose to arrest their flight.

(23.) *Air*.—Thou didst blow with Thy wind, the sea covered them; they sank as lead in the mighty waters.

Most striking is the opposition of this to the previous song as representing the infinite contrast between the perfectly calm serenity of Omnipotence which effects its greatest wonders in effortless tranquillity, and the irritated petulance of an incapable mortal whose fretful will is important to the accomplishment of his own design. Though describing a fearful event, the regarding it from this aspect divests it of its terrors, and the composer beautifully works out the design I ascribe to him throughout this Second Part in so embodying the text in the piece before us. The form of this song was suggested, obviously, by that in very common use a generation earlier than the time of Handel,—the carrying, namely, a Ground Bass (or an inflexible melodic phrase for the bass part which is constantly repeated as the support of constantly varied harmony bearing a constantly varied cantilena) uninterruptedly through an entire composition; but though the composer here practise this exercise of ingenuity as a means for all the good effect he can produce from it, to avoid the chances of the monotonousness that marks many a skillful piece of music so constructed, he occasionally breaks for a brief period the continuity of his Ground Bass, and so gives it greater interest on its resumption. Every one will be able to trace this characteristic theme:—



to which the mellow resonance of all the tenor instruments in combination gives special individuality and prominence, through the diversified superstructure that is built upon it,—and to perceive in its flowing motion, in the bright, clear tone of the soft wind instruments that accompany it, and in the sustained phrases for the soprano voice that surmount the whole, a purpose to suggest the placid respiration of Deity whose effortless breath created and could annul the universe.

(Conclusion next week)

Dwight's Journal of Music.

BOSTON, FEB. 12, 1859.

MUSIC IN THIS NUMBER. — Continuation of the opera "*Licrezia Borgia*," arranged for the piano-forte.

Concerts.

PHILHARMONIC. CARL ZERRAHN'S second concert, last Saturday evening, was a great success. The Music Hall was remarkably well filled. The orchestra of fifty instruments confirmed the good impression which they made before. Mendelssohn's greatest instrumental work, the Symphony in A minor, fraught with recollections of nature in Scotland, was rendered, perhaps not better than we have had it once or twice before, but for the most part satisfactorily and clearly, with spirit and with delicacy and in a way that brought its beauties and its continuous meaning out so as to rivet general attention, and excite spontaneous applause at the end of each of its four movements. We need not speak of them. Surely they form one of the richest and most well contrasted and consistent series of tone-pictures that the art affords. The Allegro is perfect in the working up of its fascinating and suggestive subjects; its complication and development are more like nature's growth than art; each change, each modulation, each amplification of the figure, each episodic surprise and return to the subject, seems to follow of necessity, in the very nature of the case; even that mighty storm passage, where the whole body of strings sweep like the wind through chromatic scales, swelling and dying away, comes in so spontaneously and naturally that you could not conceive of its being left out. It is a masterpiece of consummate treatment, while the ideas, the themes are true poetic inspirations. The Scherzo with its bright fresh colors, its piquant, saucy theme, and mocking answers, is always a favorite. The Adagio cantabile, in its two contrasted subjects, — the profoundly tender, pensive and religious cantabile, and the wild, responsive call of the low reed and brass sounds — is to our mind the acme, of all that we remember, of the peculiar genuine inspiration of Mendelssohn. The *Allegro guerriero* and Finale are a worthy conclusion. We doubt if a Boston audience ever enjoyed this Symphony so much before. Whatever blur there was in the rendering was chiefly perceptible in the first movements.

Greater still, and deeper, was the pleasure of listening once more to Beethoven's Overture to "*Leonora*" (No. 3, in C). We are tempted to say that it touches a deeper chord in us, and hence seems to embody a profounder life experience, with more poetic imagination, more dramatic fire and central passion, than any other overture. We never can hear it enough. It fills us and enlists all our sympathies, and still excites our wonder, stirring the feeling of the infinite as no work does, if we except the three or four grandest of the Symphonies. And then as to mere musical wealth, of ideas, of treatment, of marvellous surprises and effects of instrumentation, it is as brilliant and effective as any modern work. Think of its gloomy back-ground of chords suggesting the prison and starvation of a noble soul; its profound tenderness; the beauty and significance of the leading Allegro theme, full of the yearning of heroic love the breathless

surprise at the sound of the approaching trumpet of deliverance; and then the outburst of joy and triumph, ending with that immense crescendo of the violins, worked up to grander and grander climax to the end! This is one of the overtures which do not grow hacknied. It was very effectively played. Why will not Mr. Zerrahn give us some time in one concert the four overtures which Beethoven wrote to his opera, one after the other, so that we may watch the progress of his ideas? It could not fail to be most interesting to all who listen earnestly and intelligently to music of this class.

The other orchestral pieces were of the brilliant and popular order; but of the finest of this kind. Meyerbeer's *Fackeltanz* ("Torch-light Dance") is a march, composed for some public occasion, built on the same model, essentially, with Mendelssohn's "Wedding March," a smart, full-blazing strain of crackling brass harmony, pompous and heroic, alternating with softer strains, as if the procession were part military, part civic. It has some very energetic trombone work in it, which the players, red in the face, got through with famously. The last piece was the inspiring "Tell" overture, which is always a favorite, though there can be such a thing as hearing it too often.

The "Orphans Glee Club," — a delegation of some twenty of them — conducted by Mr. KREISSMANN, sung Schubert's Psalm: "The Lord is my Shepherd," — a composition of pure and spiritual beauty, which those who have a curiosity to know more nearly will find among the music printed during the past year in this Journal. OTTO DRESEL played the exquisite pianoforte accompaniment, which seemed, however, to require a "Grand" in that hall, and it was sung with good unity, and light and shade; making allowance for some disturbance of the euphonious impression by the straining of tenor voices in very high notes. The piece barely escaped an encore, and should be heard often. The pretty serenade, "She is mine," by Haertel, was sung with fervor, Messrs. LANGERFELDT, KREISSMANN and the brothers SCHRAUBSTAEDTER, doing justice to the bits of baritone and tenor solos.

In the virtuoso line we had a couple of violin solos by Mr. LOUIS COENEN, from Rotterdam, a member of the orchestra. In the *Scena Cantata* by Spohr, a sweet and elegant, but somewhat cloying composition, he showed a fine, pure tone, and much finish of execution, without great power. In the Fantasia on *Suoni la tromba*, by Coenen (his brother) — an absurd theme, it strikes us, for the violin — he plunged more deeply into the dazzling technicalities and difficulties of modern show-playing, and proved himself one of the adepts. But the piece itself is unmitigated trash, and was unworthy of a place in such a programme; besides that it was one solo too many.

ORCHESTRAL UNION. Last Wednesday the "Afternoon Concerts" were revived, — much longed for by the gay, sunshiny crowds, for pleasant memories lend magic to the name. But alas! there was no sunshine, and therefore no crowd. A few hundreds of people, braving the rain, were scattered about the Music Hall, and were treated to a fine performance of Beethoven's Haydn-like first Symphony, by an orchestra

reduced to about one half of that of the Saturday evenings, — but quite an efficient one — four first violins, four second, two basses, and so on — led of course by CARL ZERRAHN. Also a good list of lighter pieces: — overture to *Fra Diavolo*, a Mendelssohn Song without Words, Waltzes, &c.

DEATH OF MADAME ARNOULT. Our musical and social world has met with a real loss. Madame Arnould, one of the most excellent teachers of singing, who has ever taught in Boston — a lady highly accomplished and esteemed in a large and cultivated circle of friends — enthusiastic and devoted in her art; generous of her time and counsel wherever she met with a fine natural voice and talent, without the means of procuring instruction, — she, to whom so many of our most successful vocalists owe the best part of their training, was last week relieved by that messenger that comes to all, after many long months of suffering. The funeral ceremonies took place at the Catholic Cathedral in Franklin Street, attended by a crowd of sincere mourners, and were deeply impressive. The musical service consisted principally of the Gregorian Chants, with portions of Mozart's *Requiem*, in which Mrs. Harwood (one of the pupils of the deceased), Mr. Schraubstaedter and Mr. Powers sang the leading parts. Great sympathy of course is felt for Dr. ARNOULT, the accomplished and gentlemanly teacher of the French language, who but a few years since was called to mourn a beloved and only daughter, and now mourns a wife.

Fine Arts.

Our thanks are due to the artist A. B. DURAND, for a copy of a fine steel engraving of his admirable portrait of the poet BRYANT. As a portrait, and as a specimen of the engraver's art, it is one of the finest ever produced in this country. It was engraved by Messrs. ALFRED JONES and S. A. SCHOFF, and published under the auspices of that genial set of Art-lovers and patrons, the "Century Club" in New York. In every house where Bryant's muse has made a home, this "counterfeit presentment" of the poet also should be seen. With the white and venerable beard surrounding the whole face, serene and delicate and full of sweetness and of strength, and with the high symmetric dome of the forehead, it is one of the noblest and finest heads in the world's gallery of bards and sages.

ARTISTS' RECEPTION. It was a capital thought in some of our leading Boston artists — Gerry, Champney, Willard and others — to institute here, as the artists have done so successfully in New York, a series of free and easy social gatherings of artists and the friends of Art. We attended the second reception, at Mercantile Hall, last week, and we know of no kind of evening party which could be more enjoyable. The hall was beautifully lighted and adorned; a superb chandelier of fresh flowers depended from the centre of the ceiling, and other masses of flowers were well disposed about the room. The latest pictures and sketches of our artists hung upon the walls, and offered not a little to admire. BALL's fine statue, the "Fisher Boy," was in front of the stage; behind it the large sketch of LEUTZE's Washington at Princeton — a powerful design. T. B. READ's "Spirit of the Waterfall," and BARRY's fine crayon drawing of the Autocrat's "School-mistress"; capital heads by WIGHT; landscapes by GAY, CHAMPNEY, BIERSTADT, GERRY; nice things by ORDWAY, and many more, repayed all the attention one could give them in the crowd. The Mendelssohn Quintette Club discoursed pleasant music, while the refined crowd of several hundred ladies and gentlemen, including many of our fairest and our most distinguished, and some guests of note, conversed in groups or circulated through the room.

LEUTZE was there, just arrived from Düsseldorf, having declined the offer of the directorship of the School there, in his strong desire to build up a worthy school of Art here in his native country:

Such reunions must inevitably further the interests of Art and artists in our city. They will turn the tide of thought and feeling more in that direction, and bring out latent sympathies, which lead to practical results, in those who love Art and can do something for it when they come to know each other better. The whole affair was admirably managed, and the artists surely have the thanks of all the guests when they made happy, and instructed too, that evening.

New Music.

Le Retour de l'Hirondelle: Valse poétique pour Piano, by AUGUSTE MIGNON. Leipzig: F. Hofmeister.

"Poetic waltz" is a proper designation enough for that peculiar class of compositions in waltz rhythm, but more extended and more free in form, of which the so-called waltzes of Chopin are the most shining and most exquisite examples. They are as far off as the moon from waltzes to be danced to; as different as fairy dances from the conventional and set movements of a fashionable ball. They are fine poetic fancies borrowing the waltz rhythm to take an aerial whirl among the stars. Poetic in the finest sense are the waltzes of Chopin. This poetically named Auguste Mignon (the *nom de plume*, we understand, of a young Philadelphian of musical enthusiasm and talent) has evidently been moved to try a flight of the same kind, and hence he calls his work *Valse poétique*. It shows close study of its models, and genuine passion to pursue them, as one might be drawn upon the ice by the fascination, heartily appreciated, of a wondrous skater. It shows a considerable mastery of resources, both of musical structure and of the instrument. It abounds, perhaps super-abounds, with nicely weighed expression marks. After a few clever andante measures of widely dispersed chords, in B flat minor, the waltz sets off *Allegro vivace*, with a motive strongly suggestive of Chopin, and quite graceful in itself and in its ornaments. Then the key changes for a strain in octaves, which seems more labored and less happy. A third strain, (from G flat minor to D) is possessed with a restless trick of modulation at almost every step, and does not please us much; but the strain in B flat major into which it leads is graceful again, and really has a fine poetic sentiment. After another change (to six flats) those two pieces return again, and lead back, a little awkwardly it seems to us, the original waltz theme, ending with a graceful enough cadenza "*il più presto possibile*." This and the little B flat episode are the really happy and poetic parts of the work. As a whole, the labor of the effort is too apparent, as is natural in any young writer without the positive divine gift of genius. There is an excess of modulation in it, without in every case æsthetic result enough to justify. It strikes us that it would have been a better work if it had been simpler and less ambitious; while, without being strikingly original, it contains not a little that is pleasing and that shows talent and a refined feeling.

Musical Chit-Chat.

We omit many things to-day (and we have many communications on hand awaiting their turn) to make room for the extended analysis of Handel's "Israel in Egypt," which sublime work is to be performed by the HANDEL and HAYDN SOCIETY to-morrow evening, in the Music Hall. It is announced for "once only;" but we are sure it would be a capital mistake not to give it several times, for the very reason that it is perhaps too great a work to make its full impression all at once. But let it be heard again and again, and it is as sure to be admired and felt, as are the mountains of New Hampshire in the long run, however much the mists may veil their grandeur and their beauties on a first approach. We have copied and have said enough about the grandeur of this oratorio, even superior in its choruses to the "Messiah," and in its descriptive or illustrative music putting to shame the pany efforts of men of "the Future" now-a-days. Mr. ZERRAHN has trained his forces thoroughly; the orchestra will be strong and efficient, and our best solo singers are engaged, giving us a union of our two most prominent soprani. Let no one stay away this time, and then perhaps the Society will give us opportunities to get familiar with this gigantic oratorio.

The Complimentary Concert for Mr. TRENKLE is progressing finely. Its success is already ensured.

There seems to be a general eagerness among our music-loving families to subscribe for tickets, and the musical artists, who give the concert, are prepared to make it one of uncommon interest. Besides ZERRAHN's orchestra, the "Orpheus," and Mrs. HARWOOD, four of our best pianists will unite in the performance of some pieces upon two pianos, which will have effect in the large Music Hall, namely: Messrs. PARKER, LANG, LEONHARD, and DRESEL. The Concert will take place next Saturday evening, the 19th.

CARL ZERRAHN's third Orchestral concert will take place on the 26th. . . . Do not forget the Wednesday Afternoon Concert at the Music Hall; next time we trust the sun will shine upon a crowd of happy listeners; the orchestra deserve it. . . . Mme. BISCACCANTI has left town for Canada, intending to return in about three weeks. The Concert in compliment to her will have to be postponed accordingly. She has been singing to overflowing and enthusiastic audiences in Portland. The Portlanders in fact lay claim to her as theirs; since there the memory of her mother is much cherished, and much of the girlhood of our prima donna was spent there. . . . Mr. STEPEL's "Hiawatha" is to be brought out in New York on Monday evening. . . . PICCOLOMINI, on her way through New York to Albany, Buffalo and the West, sings to-night at the Academy of Music in *Don Pasquale*, with FLORENZA, LORINI and MAGGIOROTTI.

WM. STERNDAL BENNETT is composing an oratorio for the next Leeds festival. The *Athenæum* knows of three other oratorios in English now simultaneously in progress. . . . Mr. H. F. CHORLEY has a volume of "Handel Studies" in course of preparation.

Music Abroad.

MILAN.—The *Teatro della Scala* at Milan is described as being once again on the very verge of closing. A comic opera by Signor Bottesini is about to be produced at the *Teatro Santa Rodegonda* in the same city; but the public there, if newspapers are to be trusted, seems disposed to occupy itself with other matters than music just at present.

LISBON. Letters from Portugal announce the complete success at Lisbon of Signor Vera's "Adrianna Lecouvreur." The principal singers were Madame Tedesco, Signor Neri Baraldi and Cresci. The opera is also to be given at Florence. A Naples correspondent announces the coming *début* of Miss Balfe in "Lucia," at the *Teatro San Carlo*, there.

SALZBURG. According to the *Zeitschrift der Musik*, a grand performance of Mozart's *Requiem* was given on the 12th of November, to commemorate the death of the last male descendant of the great composer, viz., his son, Carl Mozart, who died in Milan on the 31st of October.

LEIPZIG. The son of "Mountain Sylph" Barnett, has recently distinguished himself at a concert of the Conservatoire, by his playing of Beethoven's great Sonata Opus, 109.

We have had recently the following operas at the Royal Opera:—Fidelio, Freischütz, Tannhäuser, and Figaro.

DRESDEN. The female members of the theatre have been requested not to wear hoops, or "parentheses," as these garments are called in Berlin. The request has been made for the sake of "decency and morals." All the managers of the larger theatres in Germany seem to be disinclined to let their lady-members appear in "parentheses."

Musical Correspondence.

BERLIN, JAN 9.—Of the various firms here engaged in the business of publishing and selling music, but one only has ever given me the slightest aid in my vocation as correspondent of a musical periodical. To Herr Bahn, now the owner of the establishment known as the "Trautwein Book and Music Store," founded in 1822, I owe thanks for giving me opportunities of hearing excellent music, which otherwise, in part, I should have lost. In return, I wish to call

the attention of the constantly increasing number of my countrymen, who come here for musical instruction, to him, and invite them at least to visit his place before deciding upon what particular firm to fix, of which to purchase the music they need. It is the custom, I find here, as with us, to make certain discounts to teachers and students. Mr. Bahn assures me he will do as well by any who will honor him with their patronage, as either of the other music dealers, and make the terms of his circulating library of music as reasonable. His place of business is in the Leipziger street—not so handy for such as live north of Unter den Linden, as Schlesinger's or Bote & Bock's, but quite in the neighborhood of those who should take rooms anywhere near to Kapellmeister Taubert or Hans von Bülow, the pianist.

To some few readers of the *Journal of Music*, I presume the name of Trautwein is a familiar one—they have seen it upon the fine large lithograph of Beethoven, upon certain of his Sonatas, upon Haydn's Quartets arranged in score, to the number of 82, upon some 40 or more of his symphonies arranged for 4 hands, upon Taubert's exquisite "*Kinderlieder*," &c. Mr. Bahn is also the publisher for Kullak; indeed his business is among the first in Berlin, in books and music. I am glad that for his politeness to me it is in my power to make this slight return, and hope that there are some friends, who read this, who will hereafter make his acquaintance. Speaking of music-stores, after the splendid establishments that one sees in our American cities—Ditson's, and Russell's, for example—those here seem strikingly small and inconvenient. The room into which a purchaser enters is hardly more than an office, the stock being kept, I hardly know where. I doubt if they keep so large a stock on hand as is usual with us. The business as a whole, is, however, immense; but I doubt if any firm in Germany prints one-half the number of pages of engraved music in a year that Ditson, for instance, does. People depend here more both for books and music upon circulating libraries; and, moreover, the number of purchasers in proportion to the number of music-sellers is nothing in comparison with the number in our country.

I had a pleasant hour or two recently of an evening hearing some Haydn Quartets. The first violin was played by Hans Dehn—son of the late professor—aged 13 years; second violin by Hans Einbeck, aged 15; the violoncello by young Barnewitz, aged 18; the viola by Herr Barnewitz, father of the latter, a member of the royal orchestra, and the boys' teacher. A little family party was gathered together on the occasion, and I do not know when I have been more interested. There was sadness, too; for the first quartet in the house, since the father's decease, had more of sorrow than joy, for us who knew and loved him. Once or twice the little fellow got out a little, but, on the whole, he went through bravely. His sister is a little more than a year older than he, and I heard them the other day practising a Mozart Sonata for pianoforte and violin together, for a children's party. They are no prodigies, but good examples of the manner in which those who really study music here go to work. As in their reading, writing, arithmetic, and so on, so in their music they are conquering its drudgery in childhood, and learning, even so young, to enjoy its highest delights.

Among the young musicians whom I knew three years ago here, was BERNARD SCHOLZ, a tall, fine looking young fellow, from Mainz—Mayence—or Mentz—as you please. He had come to Berlin to finish his musical education by a year or two of the strictest study with Dehn. As he lodged but a door or two from me, I had an opportunity to know much of him, and was invited to a private concert at Kullak's Institute, where nothing but his compositions were performed—sonatas, songs, and other chamber music. His success, I remember, was considered very encouraging. Scholz has now a place as music director in quaint old Nuremberg, and has just produced an opera in Munich—"Carlo Rosa"—the papers say, with a "favorable result." It is also stated that it is to be given at Wiesbaden.

Last Friday evening we had the third of RADECKE's Concerts. It opened with a very nice concert overture by Radecke himself, which, according to the blind man who reports for the National Zeitung, ended with a passage as much as to say—there, I have said all I wish, and now I am jolly. It pleased the audience—a very critical one. Did I mention in a previous letter that I had heard some choral music at a private musical party, by Radecke, which was very pleasing indeed? You must keep this young man in mind—this Robert Radecke. The second performance was a pianoforte concert by Mozart, in C, the solo by Madam OXFORD, of London. She plays nicely, but then in the second of these concerts we had CLARA SCHUMANN! and we cannot help contrasting.

Then Fraulein AGNES BUEY sang the air of the Queen of Night in the Magic Flute, and in the attempt to reach the key of F in altissimo made a break of it to the general hilarity of the audience. Then came LUDWIG STRAUSS, of Vienna, (one of the Strauss family?) and played an adagio and rondo by Molique, with a tone and execution, the like of which has this winter been heard here only from Laub. It was a most decided success. He played the other night at Leipzig; and Vaughn, an American musical student from that place, who is here on a visit of a few days, himself a violin player of great promise, assures me that the Gewandhaus audience accorded him, with one consent, a very high rank.

For the first time I had, then, an opportunity to hear the first finale of Mendelssohn's unfinished opera, *Loreley*. It equalled my expectations in all points but one—why did he score it with such an overwhelming flood of sound from the noisy instruments?

The second part of the concert was Schubert's symphony in C. It made the same impression it has made upon me before—stuff enough for two symphonies—and, as a whole, a little tedious—rather lyrical than symphonic.

Tunnhäuser continues to be given occasionally, and a few evenings since there was an orchestra rehearsal of *Lohengrin*, which has recently met with a sort of success in Vienna.

Now—news from BOTTESINI—the appreciation of whom as a virtuoso, like that of Bosio as a songstress—proves that we do not absolutely require an European reputation in an artist before we dare admire them. Both, you remember, came to us years ago unheralded and became favorites. My news is that at the Theatre St. Radegonda, in Milan, a new comic opera, "The Night Devil," by Bottesini, has been produced and "pleased extraordinarily."

There is at length, too, another German, who has the real *vis comica*—the only one since Lortzing. His name is JACOB OFFENBACH, and he is called a "Cologne-er," whether born there or only a music student there, I do not know. He is now music director at the "Bouffes Parisiens," in Paris, where he has produced a piece now given also in Berlin, under the title "The Betrothal under the Lantern," with great success. The last news from him is that he has given the world another very funny affair, "*Orphée aux Enfers*."

For the present until I can get time to write a private note, let an answer to certain questions be here given.

Mr. Blank plays pianoforte and organ and has been teacher of both, for years—I suppose, from what I formerly knew of him, that, at last, according to our American standard, he is a good musician. He now wants a period of rest, he feels, too, that he is dropping behind the best standard, he has labored long and now wants opportunity to enjoy fully that which so long has been a profession. He wants to give up everything else for a time and only hear and practice music. Good! A wise wish. One year, says my friend Blank, I will leave my pupils, throw off care, enjoy myself, and do something to make my

instruction hereafter less like the blind leading the blind—if—if—the expenses can only be kept within reasonable limits. What if I go to Germany? will it be worth while, knowing nothing of the language?

Now, my friend, one language is universal—that of music. Should you come to Berlin, you know from letters, that this language at an expense of three or four dollars a week you can hear in every variety of its highest forms, almost daily for months together. So much you may expect beforehand to devote to hearing music. If you will take a German story book, or reader, and a German book or two on music, and with grammar and dictionary, work with some German of your town three or four hours a week, reading and translating, you can in three or four months lay such a foundation as would enable you to understand Haupt in studying counterpoint, or Löschohn, Kullak, Bülow in practising pianoforte. Whether you would learn so very much in one year, I cannot tell; but in your case, it would be more the reduction of what you already know to available order, than beginning anew. But every one wants some regular employment for his happiness—so that if you gained nothing else, you would feel contented, because employed. I do not see how the expenses of teachers and instruments in your case could amount to more than \$12 or \$15 a month. Let us say then, you come over in the pleasant season, June or July, in a sailing vessel to Bremen—in a German vessel, for the sake of the language, and for the sake of a month of good, hearty, delightful laziness, after years of hard work. Then for \$75 you leave New York and reach Berlin. A Czernikow's or Taepfer's hotels, or the Hotel de Brandenburg, you will spend a day or two at perhaps \$2 per day—may be less, while you hunt out some American to give you an hour or two in finding a room. Go to Gov. Wright and you can get the addresses of as many of your countrymen as you want.

There are all sorts of prices for rooms. John and I are particularly favored. We are in a two-story house, in a *woodyard*, right upon the great Friedrich St., within six or eight minutes of the opera house, on the lower floor. He has the large room, and I the two smaller. Our bills average at this season of the year, for rent, fuel, light, service, coffee in the morning with its etceteras, washing and (is this all?) \$12 to \$15 per month. Dinners we get at the hotels or restaurants, at a cost of 15 to 20 cents. Sometimes we feast—and then go up to 25 or even 30!

Really, I do not see why you cannot come here and stay a year upon \$500, well. It you travel a little, that is not included. If music is your object, come here and devote yourself to it. For one who has music in his soul, and does not make it a mere money-making trade, as so many do, such a year will more than pay in the satisfaction and enjoyment he will have. I cannot tell you how Haupt's pupils respect that man for his learning, and love him for his goodness. You, my friend Blank, are not self-conceited. Those, who come here or go to Leipzig full of that delicious feeling, usually find, before any great length of time, if they are not enclosed in triple brass, that they are not phenomena.

One of the first scientific men in America said last year, that he envied me almost for my good fortune in being able to come over here again. He felt the absolute need of spending a year or two here in endeavoring to come up to the progress of science. If this was so with him, who spent years here formerly, and who, one supposes, might keep himself in advance by means of the new scientific publications, how much more a necessity is it for an artist in any sphere to come abroad now and then, and especially for a musical man, who never has had opportunity to hear great works save in very homeopathic doses, to give one year of his life to this one object, even though he does not study, but only hears music.

A. W. T.

Special Notices.

DESCRIPTIVE LIST OF THE. LATEST MUSIC, Published by O. Ditson & Co.

MUSIC BY MAIL.—Quantities of Music are now sent by mail, the expense being only about one cent apiece, while the care and rapidity of transportation are remarkable. Those at a great distance will find the mode of conveyance not only a convenience, but a saving of expense in obtaining supplies. Books can also be sent by mail, at the rate of one cent per ounce. This applies to any distance under three thousand miles; beyond that, double the above rates.

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GOOD MORROW. Song. Frank Mori. 25

An elegant parlor song.

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A revolutionary reminiscence, done into nice rhymes, and provided with a good, singable tune. It is a piece which, from the interest of its subject, should become a household song.

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A new duet for two female voices from the pen of this most popular of duet composers, light and graceful in character.

SHE'S LAUGHING AT MY SORROW. (Ah! ride del mio pianto.) Duet. "Martha." 30

This is that charming duet between the Lady and Lionel in the second act, which every hearer of this excellent opera will easily recall to mind.

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Three pretty songs by this favorite author. The last with its monastery bell-like accompaniment will become an especial favorite.

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Two gems for lovers of the comic by the arranger of that irresistibly funny travesty on "Traviata."

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Dashing and brilliant, although by no means difficult.

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An effective, if not brilliant, arrangement of a delicious bit of characteristic melody, which, from occupying an insignificant place in the opera, has not yet attained that popularity which it seems entitled to.

PICCOLOMINI POLKA. Rimn. 20

CLAIR DE LUNE POLKA. Zeffer. 25

ESTELLA WALTZ. P. J. Schreiner. 25

PROVIDENCE LIGHT INFANTRY POLKA. Almira E. Moore. 25

WALTZ QUADRILLE AND POLKA. Americus. 35

TEXAS POLKA. C. H. Rondeau. 25

New and pretty dance music for the parlor.

RIGOLETTO POTPOURRI, for 4 hands. F. Beyer. 60

This is one of that favorite set, called the "Revue melodique." It has, of course, the ever fresh "La donna e mobile" and the beautiful "Caro nome," besides other pretty airs. The Treble part (primo) is intended for the pupil, and easy; the Secondo for the teacher, and of medium difficulty.

PURE SICCOME, from "Traviata," arranged for four hands. Nordmann. 30

A pleasing arrangement of this plaintive air, in strict conformity with the original score.

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THE BEAUTIES OF CALEDONIA; or, Gems of Scottish Song; being a collection of more than fifty of the most beautiful Scotch Ballads, set to music, many of which have hitherto been unpublished in this country; the whole arranged, collected and compiled from the very best sources, and latest revisions of the author's works. With a portrait of Robert Burns, \$1. In cloth, emblematically embossed, 1.50

All admirers of pure Scotch Song will welcome this collection, made with unusual care and excellent taste and discrimination. A New volume of the same class is in preparation.

Dwight's Journal of Music.

WHOLE No. 359. BOSTON, SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 19, 1859. VOL. XIV. No. 21.

The Professor's Poem.

From the Atlantic Monthly, March, 1859.

And now you may read these lines, which were written for gentle souls who love music, and read in even tones, and, perhaps, with something like a smile upon the reader's lips, at a meeting* where these musical friends had gathered. Whether they were written with smiles or not, you can guess better after you have read them.

THE OPENING OF THE PIANO.

In the little southern parlor of the house you may have seen
With the gambrel-roof, and the gable looking westward to the green,
At the side toward the sunset, with the window on its right,
Stood the London-made piano I am dreaming of to-night.

Ah me! how I remember the evening when it came!
What a cry of eager voices, what a group of cheeks in flame,
When the wondrous box was opened that had come from over seas,
With its smell of mastic-varnish and its flash of ivory keys!

Then the children all grew fretful in the restlessness of joy,
For the boy would push his sister, and the sister crowd the boy,
Till the father asked for quiet in his grave paternal way,
But the mother hushed the tumult with the words, "Now, Mary, play."

For the dear soul knew that music was a very sovereign balm;
She had sprinkled it over Sorrow and seen its brow grow calm,
In the days of slender harpsichords with tapping tinkling quills,
Or carelling to her spinet with its thin metallic thrills.

So Mary, the household minstrel, who always loved to please,
Sat down to the new "Clementi," and struck the glittering keys.
Hushed were the children's voices, and every eye grew dim,
As, floating from lip and finger, arose the "Vesper Hymn."

— Catharine, child of a neighbor, curly and rosy-red,
(Wedded since, and a widow, — something like ten years dead,)
Hearing a gush of music such as none before,
Steals from her mother's chamber and peeps at the open door.

Just as the "Jubilate" in threaded whisper dies,
— "Open it! open it, lady!" the little maiden cries,
(For she thought 'twas a singing creature caged in a box she heard,)
"Open it! open it, lady! and let me see the bird!"

*At the annual meeting of the Harvard Musical Association. See this Journal of January 29.

For Dwight's Journal of Music.

Tomaschek.

Mr. Editor: — As Tomaschek is less widely known than he deserves to be, a slight sketch of his life and works may not perhaps prove unacceptable to the readers of your excellent Journal.

W. J. TOMASCHEK was born in the year 1774, at Skutsch, in Bohemia. He was educated for the bar, and was about receiving his final degree as Doctor of Laws, when Count Buguoy, one of the magnates of Bohemia, having accidentally heard the young lawyer's music to Bürger's "Leonora," thought it a pity such abilities should be lost to the musical world, and hence offered him a place for life in his service as "Composer." Tomaschek had thus time to devote himself entirely to Art, and, bringing the resources of a keen and cultivated intellect to bear upon the subject, he made the most severe theoretical and practical study of music, examining and comparing all known systems, from the earliest to the latest, and finally constructing one of his own, based upon the laws of nature, so rational, logical, simple, and condensed, that no student could avoid being struck by its beauty, and its superiority to all previously taught. Unfortunately, it was never published.

Tomaschek lived chiefly in Prague. With the Conservatorio of Music in that city he had no official connection, although the judgment of so excellent an artist was, of course, often consulted. His connection with musical associations was principally as follows; he was honorary member of the great Society of the Netherlands for the promotion of Music; Corresponding member of St. Ann's Musical Association, in Vienna; and honorary member of the great German National Association for Musical Art and Science, as also of the great musical Associations in Vienna, Insbruck, Pesth, Ofen, and Lemberg.

After a long, useful, and blameless life, Tomaschek died suddenly, in 1849, of a disease of the heart.

Although exacting and somewhat severe in his judgments, and impatient of all pretension and shallowness, he was a most delightful companion, with whom no man could associate without being directed toward all that is truly noble and elevating in life and in Art. As man and as artist he seems equally to have won the admiration of those who knew him best. He left behind him many works, some of which were published during his life, while others remain in manuscript to this day, if indeed they exist at all. The following list of his compositions is from memory, and by no means complete.

WORKS NEVER PUBLISHED.

Two Operas. The first, *Seraphine*, one of his earlier works, produced in Prague; the second, a far grander work, never produced.

Several Symphonies for full orchestra.

Several characteristic, dramatic, vocal and orchestral compositions, founded upon portions of *Faust*, *Wallenstein*, *Bride of Messina*, &c.

About seven piano Sonatas.

Numerous Songs, with orchestral or piano accompaniments.

WORKS PUBLISHED, NOT NOW TO BE OBTAINED.

One Quartet, for piano and stringed instruments.

One Trio, for piano, violin, and violoncello.

These works are said to be models of beauty of form and artistic treatment, but they are now out of print, and it is even feared that the plates have been destroyed.

WORKS PUBLISHED, STILL TO BE OBTAINED.

A solemn *Requiem*, vocal and orchestral, Op. 70.

A second *Requiem*, vocal, with accompaniment of double basses and violoncellos, Op. 72.

A solemn Mass, in C major, Op. 81, composed for the coronation of the Emperor Ferdinand, when crowned in Prague King of Bohemia.

Another orchestral Mass in E flat, never published in score, only in the separate parts.

Te Deum, for orchestra and chorus, Op. 79.

The Lord's Prayer, arranged for solos and chorus, with piano accompaniment, and ending in a fine fugue.

Many Songs. Lyrics of Goethe and other poets, with two sets of songs in the Bohemian language.

Two Overtures. One to *Seraphine*, Op. 36; One in fugue style, Op. 38. Both are arranged for four hands on the piano by Tomaschek himself.

3 Piano Sonatas.

3 Dithyrambs.

4 Books of Rhapsodies.

7 Books of Eclogues.

Tre Allegri copricciosi di bravura. Op. 52.

Tomaschek was the first who wrote in the four forms last mentioned.

Those desirous of acquiring a knowledge of Tomaschek's style and power as a composer, are directed especially to his *Requiem*, Op. 70, a noble work, challenging comparison with the two most renowned the world has known, that of Cherubini for full orchestra and chorus, in C minor, and that of Mozart in D minor. A patient and impartial student of the three, considering all things, science, melody, adaptation of music to words, and religious elevation and comprehension, would not, we think, long hesitate to which to award the palm. The following are also among his most characteristic compositions: — The *Missa Solennis*, Op. 81; Nos. 2 and 3 of *The Allegri di bravura*, Op. 52; 2 books, Op. 41 and Op. 110, of the Rhapsodies; and many, too numerous to mention, of his charming Eclogues.

These works are characterized by clearness and freshness, manly vigor and energy, tenderness, passion, and grandeur. However large or small the form, each whole is complete in itself. There is never a measure or a note too much or too little. Nothing can be slighted, for everything has a meaning. There is no wandering off into mere passages to fill up a vacuum in thought and hence these compositions require for their performance and proper appreciation, intelligent and conscientious artists.

So wide a culture as Tomaschek possessed of course preserved him from many faults of taste

into which others in his day had fallen. We cannot avoid, as with Chopin, being continually startled by the wealth of invention and novelty of effects which he displays; and the mastery with which he moved through the most intricate contrapuntal mazes, remind us of Sebastian Bach's wonderful skill in the independent and flowing treatment of combined parts. (In our day, it is the *successive* rather than the *simultaneous* parts which are apt to be somewhat *too independent*.)

Tomaschek was eminently a self-conscious artist, aware of all he did and why he did it, intellect and feeling moving together; and his productions recall to us noble paintings of which we find every part dwelt upon with care and love, and each minute portion highly finished, although of course, with all proper subordination to the general effect of the whole.

This tribute to the memory of a great man has been drawn forth by a sense of the justice due to departed genius and worth. Let the world, if it must, ignore living greatness, but at least, after death, let "all these odds be made even," and the meed of praise bestowed where it is truly due.

New York, Feb. 1, 1859.

L. D. P.

ANALYSIS

OF

Handel's "Israel in Egypt."

BY G. A. MACFARREN.

Part II. (Concluded.)

(24). *Chorus*.—Who is like unto Thee, O Lord, among the Gods? Who is like Thee, glorious in holiness, fearful in praises, doing wonders? Then stretched out Thy right hand, the earth swallowed them.

This Chorus opens with another, the last, of those grand introductory movements that not only give pre-eminent solemnity and emphasis to the portions of the text they declaim, but tend greatly to signalize the entire work with the peculiar character of dignity and majestic earnestness which I think renders it perfectly unique among all the productions of musical art.

The fugue, to which the last four words alone are set, I can but conjecture to embody an ecclesiastical regard of the awful manifestation of the might of Heaven, rather than a retrospect, through the vista of human associations, of its horrors, and that it conveys an analogous expression with that of the earlier Chorus, "Thou sentest forth," of a very analogous text, and maintaining the supposed design of withholding from this Part of the Oratorio all representation of the present effect of the tremendous incidents that are depicted as in actual occurrence in the First Part. The subject—

The earth swal - - - low'd them.

is immediately combined with the counter-subject which commences in the third bar of the chief theme,

The earth swal - - - low'd them.

An admirable feature in the composition is the conspicuous figure for the violins introduced near the close:—

which is wholly independent of the vocal progressions.

This fugue is the most important, because the most unqualified, appropriation from the often-cited *Magnificat* of which it is the final Chorus; the only modification of the original the version before us presents is the addition of some notes of ornament in the counter-subject,—the entire conduct of the plan, to the precise number of bars, even the remarkable instrumental figure at the end, are the same.

(25). *Duet*.—Thou in Thy mercy hast led forth Thy people which Thou hast redeemed; Thou hast guided them in Thy strength unto Thy holy habitation.

Let us imagine in this mournful Duet the contrition that alone can propitiate for time to come the mercy which has wrought the redemption this entire Part is

to celebrate,—a feeling of unworthiness of what has been, which makes benefits press heavier than chastisement upon the soul, but stimulates highest resolves for future deserving. The second sentence of the text is set with a stronger expression of confidence gathered from the sense of security these words imply.

I have here to make a last allusion to the *Magnificat*, whence so many of the leading ideas of this division of *Israel in Egypt* have been derived; in that there is a Duet, also, for tenor and alto, but in E instead of D minor, which exactly corresponds with the opening of the Duet before us; but, breaking off after the first ensemble, it is the only instance in which the unquestionable original surpasses in merit and interest as a composition, the subsequent piece that has been modelled upon it.

(26). *Chorus*.—The people shall hear and be afraid, sorrow shall take hold on them, all the inhabitants of Canaan shall melt away, by the greatness of Thy arm, they shall be as still as a stone till Thy people pass over, O Lord, which thou hast purchased.

This and the following piece constitute a most important episode in the grand theme the composer has chosen. The rejoicing and thanksgiving of the present, on account of the glorious wonders of the most recent past, are here suspended for the contemplation of the no less glorious if less awful wonders of the future, that Divine promise has assured to the enfranchised people. The happy goal of all their desire is but to be gained by means of the still further miraculous intervention of the same Power which has brought the Israelites thus far towards it; and their only prospect of the land of promise is through the idea of the total overthrow of the nation that now luxuriates in its rich fertility. The vague apprehension of a coming event is a remotely different feeling from the definite recollection of one we have witnessed, and the dreamy, mysterious foreboding is the feeling the composer here embodies, in opposition to the living consciousness he has realized in the foregoing development of his subject. The movement under consideration is in many respects the most remarkable, and, to my own individual appreciation, the most beautiful in the Oratorio; it is by far the longest; its design is the most comprehensive and extensive; it contains a greater number and variety of ideas than any other; its phraseology, its harmonic progressions, its modulations, are throughout conspicuous for their peculiarly modern character, for their peculiarly technical beauty, for their peculiar fitness to the unfolding of the master's great conception; and this conception—silence is the only veil for the utter inefficiency of words either to describe or to eulogize it: Handel must have concentrated the utmost power of even his transcendent genius upon this one point, to have surpassed Handel as he has done in its present marvellous manifestation. I shall best illustrate the purpose and effect of the extraordinary Chorus by cataloguing, without comment, the principal elements of which it is formed: the long-continued, anxious motion of the accompaniment; the gradual climax of the declamation of the opening words; the singularly graphic expression of this phrase,—

Shall melt a - way.

coming as it does after the first emphatic enunciation of the words "All the inhabitants of Canaan," which expression is still further heightened by this further carrying out of the same idea,—

Shall melt a - way. &c.

All th' in - hab - i - tants of Ca - -

the solemn stillness of the unisonous recitation of the low voices upon a monotone of the next following words; the multitudinous effect of the complicated elaboration of the phrase,—

Till thy people pass o - ver, O Lord.

which appears to exhaust all the resources of harmony; the terrible grandeur of the descending passage,—

They shall be as still as a stone.

with the impressive change of harmony and of key on the last note; and the great energy attained by the cessation of all motion and interweaving of the parts, and the single enunciation, wherever they occur, of the last four words. Without the dazzling accessory and brilliancy of effect which would have been wholly irrelevant to the situation, and would have always been felt to be so, this Chorus must ever make a thrilling and a deep impression on all who hear it with attention and with belief in its excellence, of which that impression will be the true metre. It is interesting to notice that the entire setting of the words "All the inhabitants of Canaan shall melt away," is an interpolation (introduced by a sign of reference in the MS.) after the original composition of this Chorus, and as interesting to observe how indispensable to the completeness of the whole does this remarkable passage now appear.

(27). *Air*.—Thou shalt bring them in, and plant them in the mountain of Thine inheritance, in the place, O Lord, which Thou hast made for Thee to dwell in, in the sanctuary, O Lord, which Thy hands have established.

Looking now beyond the medium of sorrow and death, through which only the promised land is to be attained, the chosen people regard Canaan as in their possession, and they see in it an abode of peace that toil and sadness cannot enter, but where gentle love and continuous content will make up the tranquil sum of life. The composer has rendered this idea in a song which is not merely a most artistic contrast to the great Chorus immediately preceding it, but a piece perfectly distinct in character and expression from everything in the work, and so most true to the present situation, which is the only one where the placid calmness of hope relieves the ever-varying tumult of exciting emotions that—whether in the witnessing, or in the retrospect, or in the anticipation of the terrors of Almighty power—constitutes the entire matter of the Oratorio. He has rendered this idea in a definitely rhythmical, flowing melody, of such loveliness as no one has ever been better able than Handel to produce, which is the only one the text of *Israel in Egypt* gave him opportunity to write, and which draws yet additional beauty from its opposition to the gloom and the grandeur that surround it, as the rainbow's brightness is in proportion to the darkness of the cloud in which it is reflected. This, with the preceding movement, completes the episode of the anticipated approach to and possession of the promised home beyond the wilderness.

The Air before us affords another example of Mendelssohn's felicitous carrying out of the composer's conception, in the beautiful additions of his organ-part to the original skeleton score, which are again so completely incorporated into Handel's idea, that this must henceforth always appear incompletely expressed without them.

(28).—Chorus, Recitative, and Solo.

Chorus.—The Lord shall reign for ever.

Recit.—For the horse of Pharaoh went in with his chariots and with his horsemen into the sea, and the Lord brought again the waters of the sea upon them: but the Children of Israel went on dry land in the midst of the sea.

Chorus.—The Lord shall reign for ever and ever.

Recit.—And Miriam the prophetess, the sister of Aaron, took a timbrel in her hand, and all the women went out after her with timbrels and with dances, and Miriam answered them: *Solo and Chorus*.—Sing ye to the Lord, for He hath triumphed gloriously; the horse and his rider hath He thrown into the sea.

Now, it should seem, the assembled nation grow impatient of any theme that distracts their thoughts, while their feeling is unchangeable from the great rejoicing they are gathered in thronging thousands to celebrate, and their enthusiasm, stimulated anew by the happy prophecy conveyed in the last words, breaks forth in an exclamation of rapture that includes the past and the present with all time to come in declaring the eternity of the reign of the Lord. The unisonous announcement of the first strain of this Plain Song—

The Lord shall reign for ev - er, and ev - er.

The Lord shall reign for ev - er, and ev - er.

against the moving Counterpoint of the bass instruments, its repetition with the full harmony of voices and orchestra, and its continuation in the second strain with the accelerated motion of the instruments, have such broad and simple grandeur, and such continually accumulating power, as are not to be surpassed; and raise in us a sense of stupendous immensity that no human production can, in its effects upon the imagination, ever more than equal. One among the people, or, we may suppose, Moses, God's agent in their deliverance, recalls to them the recent destruction of Pharaoh, and they burst forth again in

their exulting song of jubilant gratitude and praise. The High Priest's sister, with a far-reaching train of maidens glowing in healthful beauty, as pure in thought, dances amid the clangor of the joyous instruments they bear, to the front of the enraptured multitude; to the notes of the Plain Song that has just been poured out in an unanimous shout of fervor by the people, she repeats, as an exhortation, the words that opened this great solemnity, and the people answer her in tumultuous echo, phrase by phrase; and then, their capacity of excitement wrought to its utmost possible tension, they break into the general ebullition of transport with which the grand festival of the Exodus commenced, and they fill the air once more with their irrepressible praises of the glory of the everlasting King, whose triumph was not for the moment, but is eternally revered, eternally giving fresh tokens to his universal people of the greatness their universal praise can never equal.

It was an original, and, because original, a daring artifice to repeat this final movement, precisely from the beginning of the part, but we all are aware, the most no less than the least initiated in musical technicalities, how manifold the interest and the effect of a piece of music of any complexity of construction is increased by a second hearing, and Handel was as aware of this as we are; and thus knowing that nothing fresh that could be written would so powerfully impress his audience as that repeated which a recent hearing had enabled them to comprehend, he took advantage of the opportunity with which his text prompted him, and employed this artifice. The excellence of which, for the present purpose at least, is fully proved by its perfect success in exciting the auditory to the highest and the noblest enthusiastic exaltation, and by filling them with the sense of that Almighty greatness and power of which this colossal work is at once the celebration and the symbol.

London, March, 1857. G. A. MACFARREN.

From the Philadelphia Evening Bulletin.

The Charge of the Light-Kid Brigade.

BY UNISON.

"I am obliged to let Five Hundred Stockholders in for nothing" — *Ullman's Works.*

Down the street, up the street,
'Cross the street, onward,
Into the Opera House
Rushed the Five Hundred.
"Charge?" was the leader's cry;
"None!" was the proud reply;
On, on, to hear and see
Fair Piccolomini,
Into the Opera House
Rushed the Five Hundred.

Dead heads the right of them,
Dead heads the left of them,
Dead heads the whole of them,
Ne'er a head sundered;
Stared at with opera glass,
Manfully in they pass,
Into the Opera House,
Filling orchestra stalls,
Marched the Five Hundred.

Flashed all their heads so bare,
Flashed all at once in air,
Under the chandelier;
Parquet and upper tier,
Balcony wondered;
Stared then the manager,
Counted their heads so bare —
Bald-heads, or heads of hair,
All of them dead-heads were —
Counted with greedy glare,
Said he was plundered;
Firm and unmoved they sat,
Sat the Five Hundred.

Lorgnettes to right of them,
Lorgnettes to left of them,
Lorgnettes behind them,
Opened and wondered;
Stared at by wondering eyes,
Sat they without surprise,

Said they had built the house,
Sat then as mute as mouse;
Out rushed the manager,
All that was left of him —
Stayed the Five Hundred.

When can their glory fade?
O, the brave stand they made!
All the house wondered;
Honor the stand they made,
Gallant Light-Kid Brigade,
Noble Five Hundred!

For Dwight's Journal of Music.

A Hint to Mr. Zerrahn.

My Dear Dwight. — I am a subscriber to Carl Zerrahn's concerts. Considering them eminently worthy of support, I subscribe on principle, and appropriate to my own use only a very small portion of the tickets I pay for. I imagine therefore that I have a perfect right to do a little grumbling if I feel like it, and have good reason. I am going to do a little now, and let me hope that your well known influence in musical circles may accomplish something for us.

Why, in the name of all that is reasonable or unreasonable will Mr. Zerrahn persist, year after year, in placing the Symphony first in the order of performance? There are forty good reasons why he should not, and for the life of me I cannot imagine one why he should. Such an arrangement is unmistakably a bad one, both for audience and orchestra. I consider it a mistake for an audience to be plunged suddenly into a classic Symphony, without having been in some appropriate way, prepared for it. The change from out of door life is too abrupt, and takes the audience at disadvantage. It is bad enough for the early comers, who take their seats leisurely and quietly, and who have an opportunity of composing themselves to a musical frame of mind; but what shall we say of those unfortunates (and the number is not small) who, belated, rush to the hall in hot haste, and all breathless and flustered, strive hopelessly to appreciate a Symphony of Beethoven's before they have recovered their wind? Any one who has ever tried this knows that it is positively atrocious. Not much worse indeed is it for those who unavoidably arrive half an hour late, and find themselves served to a most excellent course of side dishes and vegetables, the body and soul of the feast having already been discussed without them. These simply find themselves "choused out" of their share for which they paid in advance.

In writing upon this very matter in your paper sometime ago, I think you called the Symphony the "Piece de resistance" of the concert-room feast, and said it should be approached artistically and served after a few lighter courses. Precisely. A Symphony is to a concert what Bœuf à la mode or plum pudding is to a dinner; yet what man in his senses would ever think of beginning his dinner with plum pudding? Does a poor digestion count nothing?

Take the orchestra. As the classic Symphony is the best part of a concert, so is it the most difficult of performance, and requires the greatest accuracy in time and tune. With the most complete orchestras this accuracy is rarely acquired at the first start. It takes some little time for the performers to compose themselves into that state of perfect ease and self-possession which is so necessary to a perfect performance; some little time for the instruments to become well tempered to each other.

It is the same with every thing else; any artist, before undertaking a scientific performance, wants first to "get his hand in;" the painter always makes a few preliminary flourishes. Eminently is this preparation necessary where artists are combined as in a large orchestra.

Nobody pretends to dispute all this; the thing is as clear as the noon-day sun, and yet Carl Zerrahn won't see it. Can't something be done about it? Are

we always to have the symphonies of Mendelssohn and Beethoven started out of tune? or supposing, even, that the Band commences in perfect tune, can not Mr. Zerrahn be made to understand that the tympanums and musical nerves of his audience, made discordant by the turmoil and hum of a busy day, require tuning just as much as his violins and drums?

Let Zerrahn lead off, then, with some richly harmonized and graceful overture, which shall settle both audience and orchestra well down to their work, and give subscribers who are belated, a little better chance. Then we can have the Symphony next, if you please, and what more appropriate finale can be desired for the *First Part*?

As to the afternoon concerts, where the same arrangement exists, I have nothing to say as I never attend them; but I think if the Symphony were played last instead of first, a good many who dine at two and half past two o'clock would drop in after dinner and hear it. I don't urge this point, however, because the freshness and vigor of an audience, — in its prime at the end of Part First — is apt to flag a little at the end of Part Second.

Far be it from me to rob Carl Zerrahn of one whit of the credit which is his due. We all know that his orchestra is as nearly perfect as can be. It is the very excellence of it which causes the blemish which I am writing about, to appear so flagrant; the more so as it might be easily rubbed out. DOUBLE BASS.

Foreign Correspondence.

BERLIN, JAN. 16. — A bit of a story to begin with.

In 1858, a good lady of Cincinnati, instead of waiting until Christmas or New Year, on the Fourth of July made her husband a present of another boy. Whether owing to the extraordinary amount of good music (!) which is always and everywhere to be heard on that particular anniversary, or to some other of the various causes, which might be studied out, time permitting, the history saith not — but the entire musical talent of the family centred in the little celebration of Independence. The family afterward settled in Cleveland, but upon a visit to Cincinnati, which the boy made when some fourteen years of age, he received from a kind friend, of all presents in this world — the right one, a violin. Of course father and mother did not wish young Independence to turn out a fiddler! What parent could? Still, they had no objection to his amusing himself that way better than loafing with bad boys. He however had somehow become impressed with the idea that fiddling for amusement was not enough; that he ought to study the violin, which is a very different matter. How to accomplish this? Yes, how? He was now fifteen — a little fellow, but with the right material in him. His father published one of the Cleveland papers, and the carriers could earn \$1.50 per week. Good! Young Independence, through all one long, dreary winter, rose every morning at four o'clock, folded his papers, and started off on his round through the city, facing old Boreas, who used to come sweeping down from the icebergs of Hudson Bay, across the frozen plains of Upper Canada, sharpening his frosty breath by a little extra dampness as he skimmed the surface of Lake Erie, and then, as if maddened by the sudden resistance to his course, which the high lake shore presented, rushed with all fury into the still silent streets of the city, and venting his ire upon the few solitary individuals he found, — newspaper boys, and milkmen and the like. Sometimes the cold old wind amused itself by heaping the snow upon the steps and thresholds of the houses, and the boy had to spend the long weary morning in brushing it away, door after door, at least so far as to admit of his thrusting his paper beneath, and so he earned his \$1.50 per week.

This money went immediately to a German, who

gave him two lessons a week upon the violin, and for the remainder some instruction in the German language. And all this time the boy spent his six hours daily in the public school, without neglecting his studies. By the time he was 17 he had proved that his taste for the violin was not a mere childish, transient passion, but that real devotion, which is one at least of the proofs of a true vocation. The boy too, had made such progress as to play in a concert with (I suppose) "tremendous applause."

He was already a victim of the Germany mania; but the means for its cure were wanting. His old Cincinnati friend, he of the violin gift, had not forgotten him, and now came forward with a proposition to send him to Leipzig to David for two years. Many were the pros and cons about sending the youth 3000 miles away among strangers, foreigners, temptations, and all that. But wise counsels prevailed, and the decision was, to let the instinct of his nature determine his profession.

In New York, where he came to take ship, he visited Ole Bull, and played to him, who encouraged him after this manner: "This," pointing to his own head, "is all right," and "this," pointing to his heart; "but you play shockingly," and so on; and gave him a letter to David. In September, 1855, he reached Leipzig, and the next month entered the Conservatory.

Of the three years since, one was lost by a severe attack of disease, but the other two have been nobly employed. The young man has been with us for a few days, and has let us hear him in Sonatas by Beethoven and Bach, and in show pieces by De Beriot, and Vieuxtemps. Last evening he played at Gov. Wright's, our minister, making a very marked impression. His tone is superb, his execution fine, but above all is the feeling with which he plays. An Adagio by Beethoven was given with exquisite tenderness, and at another period in the evening, Vieuxtemps' Yankee Doodle, he deviled with such comic effect that the audience might have sat for a daguerreotype of 'Broad Grins.'

MORAL.

HOWARD VAUGHAN is now just in the position of a Cambridge law student, who, having won high honors and taken his degree, finds it necessary to go into an office for a year or two to get the practical knowledge of his profession. So this young violinist, having gone through his regular course, needs one more year to make up for that which was lost, in which to gain that musical experience, to enjoy and benefit by those observations of performers, to hear and study all styles of music, and to practice himself in composition, — which are offered him nowhere on such terms and in such profusion as in the German cities. He should spend some months in Berlin, visit Prague and Vienna; in short, it would be well could he make the grand tour. This is however not in his power, and hence at present his great aim is to spend a year here studying with Lamb, and improving the daily opportunities offered of perfecting his musical education in the highest sense of the term. His taste is for the best music — not despising however that of a more showy character if good of its kind. The impression left upon all his auditors last evening, is, that we have in him a young man of very high promise; one who we may reasonably hope will prove an American artist, of whom we may yet be proud. If my testimony is of any value to him in his struggle to gain yet another year of instrumental and contrapuntal study in this best of all schools, I give it cheerfully, gladly, and of my own motion.

The events of the week have been Gluck's "Iphigenia in Tauris," and his "Orpheus and Eurydice," on Tuesday and Friday; the "Creation" by Stern's Singing Society on Thursday; Bülow's Concert of Music of the Future, on Friday; and a Symphony Soirée of the Royal Orchestra on Saturday, — a somewhat rich succession of evenings. There was also a

concert of Salon music by the Brothers Ganz — not Garoz as it was printed before — but I forgot it and spent the evening elsewhere.

The "Creation." I have often enough spoken of Herr STERN, in former letters, as one of the best if not the best of directors for a choral society, I have ever known, to be under no necessity now of adding anything on this topic. The old readers of the Journal too, know how much I have praised the perfection with which the Society as a body bears its part in all grand performances, — indeed, whether upon the whole its chorus singing is not the most satisfactory in all respects I ever heard, I am not quite decided. As I listened to the choruses of the "Creation" the other evening, a great many things occurred to me to write, more particularly to certain country readers of the Journal. Some of them I remember still.

The persons of both sexes who compose the principal Choral Societies here, the 'Sing Akademie,' that of Stern, and several others, are all such as have a musical education, which would be thought in many cases quite remarkable with us. Most of them know something about the common rules of harmony, at least so far as enables them to understand the part, which their own tenor, soprano, alto or bass, as the case may be, has to play in the general effect. The music given them to sing is made a matter of study; they expect to find difficult passages, such as will require a great many efforts on their part to fully conquer, and they are ready and willing to work upon them. Such a society here is not composed of mechanics, men who support themselves by manual labor, but of the upper middle classes of a state of society quite unknown in our country. Many members will perhaps be professional musicians, — or if not, still persons, who have made music in its higher forms a matter of regular study. You may look upon the society in question (that of Stern), as composed of individuals who no longer need a teacher, a master, and who do not come together to be taught this, that or the other great work. But they wish for the pleasure of singing Oratorios — of course there must be a large number to do this with effect. The principle of the thing is this, that many musical people, having a similar desire to study certain grand works, club together, and pay a certain definite sum for the season to pay expenses, and in particular to hire the services of a thoroughly competent director. Having hired him they allow him to criticize them to any extent; they are no longer individuals, but members of a chorus, and the end aimed at is that the chorus sing well. Now Stern is not merely particular that the part go in time and time. The singers must pronounce their words alike, must notice the minutest points of expression, must sing each with the same care in his choral part, that he would in a song or solo. All do this gladly — have they not employed him to look out for all this? The result is chorus singing almost in absolute perfection.

Now, what is true here in Berlin is true also in other and smaller German cities. There is everywhere here, in towns of 20,000 or more inhabitants, among the educated classes — not among the common people — quite a number of people, who have made music really a study. In Breslau with its 75,000 population, about a hundred such persons formed a choral society, with the university professor of music at their head. But this hundred were picked men and women. Frankfort-on-the-Maine has its "Cecilia" society, and so all about you find them.

We can show nothing of the sort in our country. There is no distinct educated class in the sense of the term as used for Germany. We must look to men and women who labor with their hands for the materials from which to form musical societies, and with these materials as they may be found in New England, I verily believe, as splendid performances

might be in the end attained as any where in the world. But to attain this something more is necessary than we have yet had.

First, I never yet attended a singing school either as pupil or visitor, where the instructor went a step beyond the mere reading of simple notation. The school was taught nothing about music — it was only taught to sing psalmody, a few anthems, glees and songs. And this for the very good reason that the teachers had never fitted themselves to go beyond this. I see as well as any one, that an attempt to teach harmony in a common singing school would be laughable. But surely we may have a generation of teachers able to call attention to harmonic effects, to the results of different combinations and successions of chords, able to show their classes what we mean by a fugued movement, by plain chant and florid song; in short, teachers able to get at least a step beyond the 1, 2, 3, and the do, re, mi.

Second. Having at length found a singing teacher able to go a step higher than the old ones were able to go, we must find a set of pupils who are willing to take hold of singing in earnest, are willing to work a little in the faith, that an adequate reward will follow in the new delight which music will open to them hereafter. We have the voices, we have the talents, we have the education, among the shoemakers and farmers and mechanics of Braintree and Randolph, and Holliston and Natick, — everywhere in New England — everywhere where the common school and the meeting house flourishes. Can these voices, these tastes, these talents, not be cultivated? It is absurd to suppose this. Let those, who take delight in singing, unite, married and single, and have their weekly meeting year in and year out, not minding a little extra expense, and employ as a director some one of the new class of teachers, that is gradually rising, I am happy to say, if what I saw last summer at North Reading gives not false hopes.

Third. In Germany, almost every town of a few thousand inhabitants has its official music director — with us there is nothing of the kind, and the musical class must depend upon its own resources. Now, no small town in Massachusetts, for instance, four to six thousand in population, can well give business enough to a music teacher of the right sort to support him. What now? Remedy simple. Suppose five or six towns in easy connection by railroad, for example, Milford, Holliston, Framingham, Natick, Ashland — associate in this manner, to wit — as Justice Bacon would say — viz: In each a musical society is formed. Each members of both sexes — for what cost, nothing is apt to be valued the same — depositing in advance annually a certain small sum for necessary charges; all these societies agree to employ the same music teacher and director, and to practice the same music; there being five towns thus associated, each takes a different evening for its meetings, so that there shall be no interference. Once or twice a year there shall be a general meeting of all the societies in each town, by turns, to have a festival performance of the music thus learned.

Now, as Mr. Weller remarked upon a certain occasion, the "advantages of the plan are hobvious." Here is at the very beginning a certain sum secured for the services of a director for a year, giving him employment five evenings a week. This is at once a strong inducement to a man of real musical culture and attainments to settle in one of the towns of the association, as he will naturally expect among the many persons with whom he is thus brought in contact, to find more or less who will wish for private lessons; and it might soon be found well for the interests of the association to pay out of the common fund for the special instruction of a few individuals of greater talent as solo singers. At all events such associations would soon be strong inducements to young men of talent to take particular pains in their musical studies to fit themselves for the place of director.

Again, besides the new musical enjoyments opened to the societies as a whole, opportunity will be given to young men and women to cultivate their musical tastes, and develop their voices. I heard voices last spring in Natick, which, if cultivated, would be worth \$150, to \$300 a year to their possessors; just such voices as are so much sought in choirs, but now of no value at all except as means of amusement to the singer himself.

Again, I see in such an association a great step toward what has so long been to me an object of most earnest desire—the elevation of singing in the churches to—*music*. Instead of spending \$50,000 in building ten little ugly wooden meeting houses, each just large enough for a family party, I would have two or three large noble ones, so that the children as they grow up may have some idea of the grandeur of what the Bible calls the great congregation! Instead of half supporting ten clergymen, I would have a pastor and a teacher, as in the good old Puritan days of Boston in each church. Instead of little boxes of whistles in the little meeting houses, I would have noble organs. Instead of half a dozen or a dozen untalented singers, I would have all the musical talent of the congregation in the choir, with a capable director. I would have the Psalmist's descriptions of the glorious music of the temple reduced to experience here as far as possible. And twice or thrice in each service, I would have some familiar choral song in grand unison by choir and congregation, while the organ rolled out its grand Bach and Handelian harmonies. But as I cannot have all I could wish, give me at least that improvement in taste and the execution of common music which the musical societies above proposed could not fail to produce, and that too in a very short time. Did it ever occur to you what an immense sum of money in the aggregate the erection and support of the half dozen so-called orthodox societies, which are almost within a stone's throw of the State House in Boston, for buildings, preaching, music, and all the other expenses, have cost, and still cost?

If the object in building little churches is to make the societies small bodies of exclusives—little family parties, to which none but 'our set' are to have admission, it is well enough; for a poor man cannot afford to take a pew in them. The Catholic understand this matter. They put up grand churches where all may come, and can afford to come. But this is very wide of the mark—3000 miles away from Stern and his singing Society!

Well, then, at this Society's performance of the "Creation," the other evening, chorus singing was heard in a degree of perfection, of which few of my country readers can form any adequate idea. But perfect as it was, delightful as it was, both to the singers and the hearers, almost if not quite an equal excellence might be attained at home, by persevering effort; and the course to be pursued to attain it, as indicated above, is the result of many years of observation and reflection upon this very topic. Can anybody suggest a better? If so, please write immediately to the Journal of Music about it. Let us have discussion. Let us have the opinions of others. Let us know what people think.

Friends, you who have never gone beyond the Fast day or the Thanksgiving anthem in vocal music, you have no idea of the feelings which come rushing up from your heart of hearts, as you take part in the mighty flood of tones in the "Hallelujah," or the "For unto us a child is born," "Lift up your heads," and so forth in Handel's "Messiah." After walking three miles and a half to and from the Handel and Haydn Society, once a week in rain and snow, mud and water, facing the cold winter winds for three months together—when all was ready, and the public performance came, that one evening's sensation more than made up for all the toil and study and labor which it had previously cost.

A. W. T.

For Dwight's Journal of Music.

Israel in Egypt.

Mr. Editor.—Was Handel the most sublime of all writers of music for the voice, or has the world been mistaken for these past hundred and fifty years? One might suppose from the tone of criticism in the Boston newspapers upon Israel in Egypt that his fame was all a mistake. Even the Courier, whose musical notices we generally read with great pleasure, thinks that "any complete work of Handel is too severe an infliction for an audience at the present day." That due allowance should be made for a difference of musical feeling in individuals I am well aware. No reasonable person can expect his raptures over any particular form of music to be shared by all his musical friends. We are differently constituted in this respect. The sense of melody is predominant and almost exclusive with some. In others the sense of harmony is most developed. The rhythmical faculty in a cultivated musical nature is led captive by the form of fugue when used by a master. But there are great works in every form (classic, if you please) which stand out boldly from the mass of ordinary composition and vindicate themselves to every musical nature. To this class, it appears to me, belong the oratorios of Handel, and preëminently his "Israel in Egypt." How one can listen unmoved to such sublime description seems to me as strange as an insensibility to the works of Michael Angelo. But the full force of either cannot be felt at once. To the casual glance a modern landscape, glittering in sunlight, and all the cheap effects of gaudy color, may be more attractive than a Salvator Rosa. Smooth and burnished water may please the eye more than the resistless roll of the ocean. Do we not find in the latter a type of the majestic fugues of Handel. His mighty genius is more fully recognized in the world at the present time than ever since his works appeared. Their popularity in England goes on increasing every year. Hardly a week passes without one or more of his oratorios being performed in London, while in the great cities of the north of England they have formed a taste which has made the chorus singing of Birmingham world renowned. In Germany as well as England Handel is fully recognized as one of the very few great masters. Even now all musical England and Germany are astir with preparations for festivals in his honor. Shall we in Boston pretend to put him aside as our newspaper critics recommend? Have our Handel and Haydn Society labored in vain for forty years? X.

HOW MEYERBEER GUARDS HIS NEW OPERAS.—"Dinorah" is the name of a new comic opera, by the illustrious Meyerbeer, shortly to be produced at the Opera Comique. The Parisians, who are incorrigible laughers at everything, do not hesitate to turn into ridicule the weak points of the great composer. They say:

During the rehearsals of the "Prophet," Meyerbeer had double doors put to the rooms in which the artists studied their parts, and only gave them these parts by piecemeal—a scrap at a time. The windows and shutters were kept rigorously shut. The watchman on duty had his ears stopped with cotton. The director of the theatre himself did not know a note of the score. During six months' preparation, the artists were not permitted to go out, except accompanied by sworn guardians; and, finally, before giving the artists their parts entire, they were assembled on the stage, at dead of night, and surrounded by red fires, required to take an oath, their hands grasping the blade of a tin dagger, not to reveal what they were studying.

In the strong room of the Opera Comique, there is, they say, an iron chest of formidable dimensions. This chest has a double lock, with two tremendous keys. One of these keys is carried by Meyerbeer; the other by Roqueplan, director of the Opera. In the chest lies the score of "Dinorah," reposing upon a crimson velvet cushion with gold fringe. Eight guards, armed to the teeth, relieving each other at intervals, keep watch day and night before the chest, with orders to fire upon anybody who refuse to keep his distance after being commanded so to do. At

noon, the company of the theatre is assembled and solemnly marched past the sacred chest, each participant prostrating himself before the relic, as practiced in China before the head of the Celestial Empire. After this ceremony, there remain in the apartment only three persons; Meyerbeer, the manager, and the sentinel who dies but surrenders not. This veteran is ordered to go into a corner of the room, with his face to the wall, so that he may not witness what is to occur. All the preliminaries being satisfactorily settled, Meyerbeer turns his key, the manager turns his, the pondrous door of the chest opens, and the two extracts such portions of the manuscript as may be required. Meyerbeer then gives Roqueplan a formal receipt; Roqueplan gives Meyerbeer another; then the chest is carefully closed, the sentinel resumes his post, and the two chiefs carry away the precious bits of music, which are taught upside-down to the artists, in order to prevent any possibility of theft or plagiarism.

Dwight's Journal of Music.

BOSTON, FEB. 19, 1859.

MUSIC IN THIS NUMBER. — This week we give the last four of the forty pages of SCHUBERT's beautiful and brilliant Cantata: "Miriam's Song of Triumph," for Soprano Solo and Chorus, with pianoforte accompaniment, as originally written. It will be found a capital piece for a short oratorio performance, or for practice in choral societies and clubs; and it will have an interest just now as being another and more modern treatment, by a man of genius, of one of the same grand themes illustrated in Handel's "Israel in Egypt."

We wish here to add that we are indebted for the translation of the German words to HENRY WARE, Esq.,—a fact which we forgot to acknowledge, as we should have done, under the title of the piece.

Concerts.

MENDELSSOHN QUINTETTE CLUB. The following was the Programme, as announced, for the fifth Chamber Concert, which took place at Mercantile Hall, on Friday evening of last week.

1. Quartet in D. No. 10: Mozart.
2. Piano Trio, in B flat, (dedicated to Mendelssohn: Reissig Messrs. Daum, Schultze and Fries.
3. Adagio and Fugue from the Quartet in F. No. 48: Haydn.
4. Selections for Piano: Song without words, in A flat, No. 6. Book III: Mendelssohn. Impromptu, in A flat, op. 29; Chopin: Mr. Daum.
5. Quintet in E flat, op. 20: Beethoven. (Arranged from the Septet by the author.)

An accident (the injury of his arm by a fall) deprived us of the performance of the new pianist, Mr. HERMANN DAUM. But reliable substitutes were furnished at short notice. Instead of the Trio, the Club repeated a couple of movements from that "Rasonnowsky" Quartet of Beethoven (No. 1, in F.) which gave such delight in the preceding concert, and which we always count clear gain. For the smaller piano pieces we were compensated by the fine voice of Mrs. HAWWOOD, who sang to great acceptance Handel's "Angels ever bright and fair," and Sig. BENDELARI's *Ave Maria*, (the composer accompanying at the piano), which proved remarkably well suited to the voice, and to her voice.

The Quartet by Mozart is one of the most interesting of the set, and was well played. A little of Haydn, too, seldom comes amiss. Beethoven's Septuor, in the original shape, with wind instruments, &c., would really be an attraction; but arranged as Quintet for strings alone, beautiful and graceful as it is, it had begun to be, we fancy, a little over-familiar and unstimulating to the musical sense of most habitués of chamber concerts. Parts of it, however, gave great pleasure. Why can we not hear more of the later works of Beethoven; a large part of the best of him is still unknown to our audiences.

ORCHESTRAL UNION. The Music Hall presented a gay scene at the second Wednesday Afternoon Concert. The attendance was numerous, and we saw unmistakable delight in many faces throughout the exquisite movements of the well-known E flat

Symphony of Mozart, and the fresh, stirring green-wood melodies of Weber's sparkling Overture to *Preciosa*; while those, who found their own conversation more interesting than the Symphony, took frequently their turn to listen during the lighter items of the Programme.

Israel in Egypt.

This sublime Oratorio of Handel was brought out on Sunday evening, by the **HANDEL AND HAYDN SOCIETY**, before a large audience, but not large enough to save the Society from loss. The chorus was powerful, although the seats were not full. Unfortunately there are always some in such a Society who do not take genially to the laborious study of so great a work, and who will not try to appreciate it; these drop away from the rehearsals, and of course lose the power and the right to participate when it comes to a public performance.

On the whole, the great mountain chains of choruses came out more clearly and appreciably than we had dared to hope. Some parts were roughly treated; now and then one of the four parts timidly failed to come in at all in a fugue passage, leaving it to orchestra and organ to sketch out the figure; and there was a failure always to realize anything like a *pianissimo*, where such was needed for the sake of contrast. But most of the grand pieces moved superbly, and were intensely enjoyed by many, if not by all. The solos—whose very quaintness of an old style gives them a charm of freshness after the hacknied sentimental sameness of the current opera melodies and cavatinas, although it is fashionable, —perhaps natural, to call them “ungracious,” “artificial,” “antiquated,” &c., were on the whole remarkably well sung; especially those by Mrs. HARWOOD and by Mr. ADAMS. The duet between Mrs. LONG and Mrs. HARWOOD, was a very successful achievement; and that for two basses: “The Lord is a man of war,” by Messrs. POWERS and WETHERBEE, even stirred up those who called the Oratorio dull. The orchestral parts, and Mendelssohn's Organ accompaniments, played by Mr. PARKER, lent efficient support; and surely nothing was, or has been wanting, on the part of the zealous and laborious conductor, CARL ZERRAHN. Yet many persons found the Oratorio “monotonous,” “heavy,” “too learned” for their comprehension, &c., &c.,—as if the “Messiah” were not quite as learned. And so what with the fear of losing money, and distrust of the public, fully confirmed by the newspaper critics, the Society seem quite indisposed to let us hear the “Israel in Egypt” times enough to learn to appreciate it and to have a right (critics and all) to offer opinions, or anything more than diffident impressions, about it.

We need not here repeat our own deep feeling of the interest and greatness of this work, which we have already explained and justified in full. For the present we refrain from all criticism or argument (simply referring those who care to take the pains to find out what there is worth attention in a work esteemed by all intelligent musicians as one of the half-dozen greatest works the art of music has produced, to Mr. Macfarren's excellent analysis), and ask our readers to content themselves to-day with the perusal of the following delectable “criticisms” from some of our Boston newspapers. They will at least serve to show the great advance which we have made, just here and now, upon the artistic taste and judgment which has hitherto made the opinion of the world. And that their brilliancy may shine out the more boldly, we add to them by way of foil the opinions of certain “old fogies” who were once supposed to know something, and to love beauty, nature, truth, even more than they loved learning.

(From the Boston Courier.)

Handel's oratorio, “Israel in Egypt,” was on Sunday evening sung by the society. The work belongs to a class which, although valuable to the musical

student, is on the whole unsuitable for public performance. Detached fragments, illustrating the musical manners of the times in which such works were written, might be heard with advantage, and often with interest; but the undivided performance of even the best of Handel's oratorios is an infliction too severe for an audience of modern tastes to endure. As “Israel in Egypt” is not the best of Handel's oratorios, it follows that it must inevitably fall with fatiguing weight upon the ears of listeners, however anxious they may be to enjoy. The music does not fulfil the musical want of the public. Generally considered, it has neither sentiment, grace, nor vitality. Of course, there are certain noble exceptions among Handel's works, such as a few airs in “Samson” and “The Messiah,” and some choruses in “Solomon,” &c.; but it unfortunately happens that “Israel in Egypt” is unusually deficient in those qualities which charm or rouse the multitude. It contains no memorable airs, the few that relieve the ponderous masses of choruses being all in the meaningless style of rough roudade which composers in Handel's time uniformly followed—and the choruses themselves are simply an uninterrupted succession of figures of the strictest, and consequently the least attractive, character. The greatness of Handel's choruses, in their way, is not to be disputed, but is a greatness like that of the Pyramids, which impress us by their colossal magnitude, but leave no memories of grace and beauty upon the mind. And so, of the figures of which these choruses are mainly composed, it may be said that they resemble the intricate passages which penetrate the Pyramids, among which the unskilled traveller wearily wanders, vainly struggling for light, and stumbling distractedly through each new opening that presents itself, in endless and agonized confusion. For musicians, these fugue studies have a distinct value; but for the masses they are simply wearisome and unprofitable. It is difficult to find among the vast number of choruses of “Israel in Egypt” more than two or three calculated to produce any sort of popular emotion; and these owe their effect to the abandonment of the fugue, and introduction of a style of harmony in advance of Handel's age. Some of the choruses are composed according to the barbarous Phrygian and Dorian modes of the Gregorian system, and of course affect the ear unpleasantly, although the reason why is generally unknown. We are persuaded that the performance of such works as “Israel in Egypt,” entire, adds nothing to the development of artistic feeling in the community, and that the labor and expense bestowed upon their preparation is a waste of means, which ought to be lamented rather than encouraged. The public really care nothing for them, and refuse to sustain the enterprise which produces them. Now, might not that enterprise be better and more successfully applied?

(From a facetious grumbler in the Transcript.)

ISRAEL IN EGYPT. What could possibly induce the Handel and Haydn Society to turn body catchers and snatch this decently interred thing from its well secured repose? Has a recent perusal of Champollion, Bunsen or Lepsius kindled an antiquarian spirit, and on this score they desire to give their own notes to the public? Why not let these poor old Egyptians and Israelites rest quiet in their sarcophagi, instead of exhuming their musty remains and forcing us to hark from their tombs a doleful cry of their plagues and sorrows? Why force them all to become wandering Jews, to be marched out and handled in such a way? The whole tribe is called on to the stage, and their troubles rehearsed in base words, the tenor of which is increased to treble force in mouths unpracticed in the lugubrious tones of the defunct Hebrews. The miserable Egyptians grope about in the midst of flies, lice, hailstones and darkness, and we hear of the first born, until we are inclined to smite the parents themselves to teach them not to whine in such dreary tones. We certainly sympathize in one thing, for we are “glad when the Israelites had departed.” They go through the deep and the wilderness; and a deep wilderness it is, a howling wilderness, into which the poor people get, for the travellers run about every way but the right one.

Among the most particularly oppressive influences is that produced by the unfortunate victims who are thrust forward singly to bewail their fate. One youthful Jewess arises, and in a dreary strain as soggy as their own swamps, tells of certain frogs which had the impertinence to thrust their big noses into the king's bedchamber. Now a *hap* with such a Jewess must have been no small gratification to even an Egyptian gallant; but at such a prolonged croak as those frogs emit, even a negro's “*har*” would stand on end, and we long for a brisk stave wherewith to beat time over their stupid heads.

Two Israelitish matrons sally forth and insist that the “Lord is their strength,” and a garrulous pair

they are, for neither will let the other make the assertion without instant interruption; and judging from the amount of breath expended on the same remark, the Lord must certainly have endowed them with strength of lungs, at least. Whether their endurance would outlive that of their hearers we cannot say.

Then two stalwart fellows arise to endeavor to prove that the “Lord is a man-of-war.” We can't say what the Hebrew idea of identity was. We have heard it proved that Jeremiah King was a Mango:—thus—Jerry King, Jerkin, Gherkin, Pickled Cucumber, Mango!—but how the Hebrews could make a man-of-war resemble Deity is a question Cahen must settle. Nevertheless these two Israelites imagine something, for they *run up and down* in the most stupid manner, as though they were in a white squall. But whatever the weather be, it is beyond their powers to induce people to see any likeness to the great spirit of beauty in such a worn out old hulk as they have left their shrouds to halloo in.

A little Rabbi starts up to state that the “enemy said he would pursue.” Now the enemy must have found it uncommon difficult and not particularly amusing, to pursue anything that *ran* in such a style, as a *method of delivery*. If any of Adam's race tries to cross such bars and leap such spaces, without accidental slides, at no very long intervals neither, he must be double sharp and very flat footed, if ever he expects to rest after it.

When this little Rabbi disappears on the run, there comes forth a lovely Jewess, who affirms that the “Lord did blow with the wind,” and a *pretty long* blow it was, and a strong one, too. What else but the wind the Lord could blow with, she could not suggest; but it is blow up and blow down, and blow over and blow on, till the *blow* becomes so heavy that the hearers are themselves inclined to *blow out*. It is certainly a *head wind*, directly in the lady's teeth, and may be a trade, for it *crosses* more than one line, and then *crosses* the audience. If it should blow on such a scale often, it would tend, in a *measure*, to make people *quaver* at its *crochety turns*, and *shake* at the sound.

One grand announcement made by the whole tribe is that “the people shall hear, and be afraid.” Here is a certain fact! For those who hear these lugubrious sorrows of fly-bitten Egyptians and itinerant Israelites will surely be mortally afraid to hear them repeated. Let them rest in peace! Only think of reviving those respectable old people to be reminded of their extensive use of fine-toothed combs, and the digs they gave their cutaneous troubles thousands of years ago! Think of exploring the post-pliocene deposits of Egypt, to unearth the buried batrachians which disported themselves among the defunct king's gaiters and unmentionables! Let the ancient worthies rest undisturbed in their pitch! Seek not to inoculate the life of 1859 with the blotches and blains which bother the whole medical faculty of Egypt, who wrote *stylish* prescriptions without pen or paper. Let us re-inter the exhumed antiquities. Let us occupy our *quires* with words of thanksgiving for their *departed worth!* 8.

(From the Atlas and Bee.)

The Handel and Haydn Society commenced their 43d season, last evening, at the Music Hall, by giving entire Handel's oratorio “Israel in Egypt.” The hall was fairly filled, but the receipts could not have been sufficient to meet the expenses. This oratorio consists almost entirely of choruses; the solos, a few in number, are of an indifferent, unattractive character. Several of the choruses are extremely grand and majestic; for instance, Nos. 7, 18 and 39 in the printed programme. These will be attractive at all times, but we doubt very much if the oratorio will be considered of sufficient interest to be again performed. It has been shelved long since by the sacred musical societies of Europe, and now only a chorus or two is ever introduced into the oratorio performances. The Handel and Haydn Society probably intended to follow the examples of the English societies.

(From the Boston Journal.)

We must confess that the early hearers of this work formed a correct opinion of its merits, nor do we wonder that they were so readily cloyed with its monotonous series of choruses. The bare idea of *twenty-eight* choruses in thirty-nine numbers—*eleven* of which follow in regular sequence, with no pause for a solo, and these of such a character that the voices are constantly upon a strain—is enough to cause ennui; we think that will be admitted.

The only approach to a solo, that had distinctive outlines, was the duet (excuse the Hibernicism) between Messrs. Wetherbee and Powers, entitled, “The Lord is a man of war,” and as it came about midway in the programme, the audience received it with unction, as a herald of something more brilliant—or at least less monotonous—to follow.

The Society were wise in announcing but one performance of this work. Where an audience with patience to sit through so much blatant vocal music, or lungs for the performance of it can be obtained, we are ignorant.

(From MENDELSSOHN'S Preface to the Score of "Israel in Egypt," as edited by him for the Handel Society in London.)

"The Council of the Handel Society having done me the honor to request me to edit "Israel in Egypt," an Oratorio which I have always viewed as one of the greatest and most lasting musical works, I think it my first duty, to lay before the Society the Score as Handel wrote it, without introducing the least alteration, and without mixing up any remarks or notes of my own with those of Handel. In the next place, as there is no doubt that he himself introduced many things at the performance of his works which were not accurately written down, and which even now, when his music is performed, are supplied by a sort of tradition, according to the fancy of the Conductor and the Organist, it becomes my second duty to offer an opinion in all such cases; but I think it of paramount importance that all my remarks should be kept strictly separate from the Original Score, and that the latter should be given in its entire purity, in order to afford to every one an opportunity of resorting to Handel himself, and not to obtrude any suggestions of mine upon those who may differ from me in opinion.

"The whole of the Score (excepting my Organ Part and Pianoforte Arrangement, which are distinguished by being printed in small notes) is therefore printed according to Handel's manuscript in the Queen's Library. I have neither allowed myself to deviate from his authority in describing the movements in the Score, nor in marking Pianos and Fortes, nor in the figuring of the Bass.

"... With these exceptions there is no deviation whatever in the Score from Handel's manuscript, which I found to be more correct and accurate than the printed editions, in spite of the great haste with which Handel used to write down his works.

"As for the Organ part, I have written it down in the manner in which I would play it, were I called upon to do so at a performance of this Oratorio. These works ought of course never to be performed without an Organ, as they are done in Germany, where additional wind instruments are introduced to make up for the defect. In England the Organist plays usually *ad libitum* from the Score, as it seems to have been the custom in Handel's time, whether he played himself, or merely conducted and had an Organist under his control. Now as the task of placing the chords in the fittest manner to bring out all the points to the greatest advantage, in fact of introducing, as it were, a new part to compositions like Handel's, is of extreme difficulty, I have thought it useful to write down an Organ part expressly for those who might not prefer to play one of their own. * * * * The descriptions of movements, metronomes, pianos and fortes, &c., which I would introduce had I to conduct the Oratorio, are to be found in the *Piano-forte Arrangement*. Whoever wishes to adopt them, can easily insert them in the Original Score, and he who prefers any other is not misled so as to take my directions for those which Handel wrote himself.

FELIX MENDELSSOHN BARTHOLODY.

London, July 4, 1844.

MOZART'S OPINION OF HANDEL.

Mozart regarded Handel as the highest among all composers. He was as intimate with the chief compositions of this master, so unsurpassed in his particular field, as if he had long been the director of the London Academy for the preservation of ancient music.

When the Abbé Stadler, after Mozart's death arranged his musical manuscripts, he found many proofs of his constant study of Handel's works.

Mozart said, "Handel knows best what produces effect. Where he wants it, he strikes like a thunder-bolt."

Mozart's predilection went so far, that he composed a great deal in Handel's manner; of which, however, little has ever been printed. According to Stadler, he used also subjects from Handel's works in his famous Requiem: thus the theme to the *Requiem* and to the *Kyrie* are taken from him.

He went farther than most of our present amateurs, he valued and cherished not only Handel's Choruses, but many of his Airs and Solos. He says, "Although Handel sometimes suffers himself in them to go on in the manner of his times, yet they are never without meaning."

Even in the Opera of *Don Giovanni*, Mozart wrote an air in Handel's manner, marking it thus in the score: this air, however, is always omitted in the performance.

Handel's greatest cotemporary, John Sebastian Bach, said of him, "He is the only one, whom I should like to see before my death, and whom I should like to be, if I was not Bach!" When this was told to the greatest composer after him, Mozart, he exclaimed, "Truly, I would say the same, if I could have a voice where they are heard."

(From Schoelcher's "Life of Handel.")

This oratorio is now sung constantly and everywhere. It is included in Mr. Hullah's repertoire at St. Martin's Hall; and each time that I have attended its performance there, the one shilling pit was filled with a compact crowd of persons, among whom I have noticed many who were following the score with small octavo editions. The popularity of such a transcendent work is an incontrovertible proof of the high point to which musical education has arrived in England. * * * * *

The lyrical Beethoven called him "the monarch of the musical kingdom. He was the greatest composer that ever lived," said he to Mr. Moscheles. "I would uncover my head, and kneel before his tomb." Beethoven was on the point of death, when one of his friends sent him, as a present, forty volumes by Handel.

He ordered that they should be brought into his chamber, gazed upon them with a reanimated eye, and then pointing to them with his finger, he pronounced these words, "There is the truth."

MUSIC IN PROSPECT. — We need not remind our readers of the Complimentary Concert to Mr. TREMLE, at the Music Hall, to-night. There is every assurance of a full hall, and an admirable concert. For particulars of programme, &c., see advertising columns. . . . Another AFTERNOON CONCERT next Wednesday. . . . MENDELSSOHN QUINTETTE CLUB again next Friday evening, Mr. ADAMS, tenor, and Mr. LANG, pianist, assisting; a Quartet by Schubert, Quintet by Beethoven, Capriccio by Bennett, Songs by Franz, &c.,—best programme of the season.

ZERRAHN will have a fine concert for his third (Feb. 26), when he will give us the grand old C minor Symphony, the overtures to *Tannhauser* and "Seige of Corinth," a Polonaise from Meyerbeer's *Struensee*; singing by Mrs. LONG, and a Mozart Pianoforte Concerto, by Mr. LANG. Zerrahn has the Choral Symphony in preparation! . . . Report speaks highly of the rehearsals, under the direction of Mr. J. R. MILLER, of the cantata: "The Haymakers," by G. F. ROOR. He has a finely trained chorus, and a strong force of soloists. See Card.

Musical Correspondence.

WORCESTER, FEB. 14.—Seldom, if ever, has there been in our city such a dearth of music — good or otherwise, as we have experienced this season. A few artists have visited us, but their reception was not brilliant enough to attract others. From "native talent," of which we used to talk much during the "hard times" — musically and financially — of last winter, we hear little. The Mozart Society has given three of a series of four concerts; the first two with superior programmes and small audiences; and the last with an inferior programme, and an audience proportionably large.

Some notice has already appeared in your columns of the successful establishment in this city of an Academy of Fine Arts. Within several months, its principals, Misses ROBINSON and GARDNER, have added a new department — the French Institute, where the branches usually pursued in academies are taught in the English and French languages by native teachers of the highest ability. The first public examination

took place on the 1st inst., and the large audience assembled must have been convinced of the sterling worth of the school as they listened to the intelligent and prompt recitations of the pupils. The remarkably pure pronunciation of the junior classes in French — classes of children between five and twelve years of age, was a matter of general surprise. The school made a novel appearance — "more European than American," as more than one spectator remarked. The young "French Cadets" appeared in their neat uniform with tri-color decorations, and the misses wore silken sashes of the French national colors. Vocal music, under the direction of the teacher, Mr. A. STOCKING, added grace to the occasion; and the happy pupils, their happier friends, in the midst of scenes made beautiful by Art — such scenes as Ruskin tells us all school-rooms should present, furnished a picture worth seeing, and, by your leave, worth recording. On the evening of the succeeding day, the rooms of the combined institutions were opened, and the pupils welcomed their friends to the number of a thousand or more, to the festivities of a social reunion.

HARTFORD, CONN., FEB. 6. — In my last letter I spoke of the "comming," as the large posters had it, of the wonderful boy pianist, ARTHUR NAPOLEON, who was to have given a Concert here on the Thursday evening following; but owing to the non-arrival of a "Chickering Grand," which was expected from Boston, the entertainment was postponed until Saturday evening, — but only to disappoint the artist again, from the same cause, and oblige him to perform upon a "Chickering Square" after all; for which casualty we may well be thankful, as it gave us two opportunities to hear him play, instead of the "one only" which was advertised — it being at once announced that the concert would be repeated on the next Tuesday evening, on which occasion the tardy "Grand" would be used. But where is ARTHUR NAPOLEON! — "grand," "square," "upright" — we are anxious to see the wonderful prodigy, if not to hear him under the best advantages. Shouldn't blame him if he didn't make his appearance at all before such a thin house! Ah! there he comes, with a one-sided, nervous gait — pale, delicate countenance and slender form — long, dark hair carelessly pushed behind his ears, and black, Spanish eyes, well contrasted by the very paleness of his face, — now putting one hand on the edge of the piano, he bows briefly and takes his seat. But what nonsense to say that that mere boy, scarcely taller than the instrument at which he sits, — equals Thalberg in all the force and delicacy of his playing, — don't believe it! There! he has commenced. — those religious tones of "Luther's Choral," in a fantasia on the "Huguenots," composed by himself. Who ever heard a square piano sound like that before in a large hall — rich, firm, and distinct? See! with what astonishing execution he is encircling that glorious old tune with a delightful halo of sound — piling up the difficulties as he advances, like an orator with his theme, — and this is just where Arthur Napoleon excels all other pianists I have ever heard, not excepting Clara Schumann, i. e., he is an orator as well as an eloquentist, and it is in the combination of these two, and only two, important qualities that our great players fail, as you may very well know.

Onward he pushes, like the great Napoleon, conquering difficulty after difficulty, as he takes up the different subjects from the opera, and finally closes with the bold, opening chorus, *Piacet della mensa*, which he works up in a most masterly manner, bringing forth enthusiastic applause as he leaves the stage.

I am almost tempted to burn this letter, because I feel as though I could not speak of this marvellous youth as he deserves. "Trovator" has written of him, and I can endorse all that he has said, and a great deal more.

The next piece which he performed, was that difficult Polonaise of Chopin's, opus 51, and which he dashed off from memory! Any one who has ever played it, may vouch, I think, for the octave difficulties in the left hand. It was splendidly delivered. Then came two most exquisite *morceaux*, by Pauer, "La Cascade" and "La Chace." Who could have touched that instrument more delicately and conveyed more expression than did that child of fifteen?

I need not go further than to add that the concert was a magnificent success; for the feeling came over all at its close, that it was the finest pianoforte playing that had ever been listened to in Hartford, without any exceptions; and that must be the verdict wherever he goes. Arthur Napoleon was assisted by Miss ANNA VAIL, and Mlle. CECILIA FLORES. The former is a fine singer, without saying much for the natural sweetness of her voice, — executing her

cadenzas, trills, &c., with remarkable ease and grace. Of the latter I must say, that the beauty of her face found more admirers than her singing; which is nothing strange, I am sure! She is of Spanish descent, and a young lady of refinement and education.

At the Second Concert, on a "Chickering Grand," young Arthur played, with telling effect, Thalberg's "Somnambula;" a "Nocturno," by Chopin, Opus 9; Konski's "Carnival de Berlin; his own "Caprice on the Huguenots;" Thalberg's "Home, Sweet Home," and the "Prayer from Moses." The house was again thinly attended, — which, with a severe cold which he had, must have materially affected his playing — as he afterwards remarked.

If people read "Dwight's Journal," or even any other musical paper, regularly, they would be saved from making themselves quite ridiculous by asking such questions as — "Is Thalberg a singer?" or "Who is Arthur Napoleon?" — Not knowing whether he be a "banjo player," or a "dancer on the tight-rope," — and this will explain why the hall was not better filled on the two evenings above named.

Napoleon has given two concerts in New Haven, and is now on his way South, where he will doubtless be greeted with all the warm-hearted enthusiasm for which the Southerners are proverbial.

Aside from his Piano-forte precocity, Arthur Napoleon is a remarkable youth — playing chess quite as wonderfully as he does the piano, — reading and speaking with ease, the Spanish, French, German and English languages — discussing various authors in the above dialects — and even writing novels for his own amusement, — modest withal, and gaining heaps of friends wherever he is, by his most agreeable affability and politeness. H.

CINCINNATI, FEB. 5. — Will you allow me to say a word by way of correction in reference to a statement I have seen once or twice in your paper — made by some correspondent, I believe, to the effect that a young lady we hold in high regard in this city, where she is well known, Miss HENRIETTA SIMON, of whose talents and promise you speak in deservedly commendable terms, was a pupil of Madame LAGRANGE. This is certainly a mistake. Miss Simon, who first began to appear in the world at this place, was not a pupil of Madame Lagrange, and acquired what proficiency she possesses quite independently of that distinguished lady. She is indebted for those excellent qualities you very justly acknowledge her to possess, to altogether another source.

You must know that we have out here in the West a Master of Music of rare competency and uncommonly fine attainments. A very superior man in many regards; and a teacher of music of the most accomplished qualifications. Himself a singer, — let me say, with a full comprehension of the weight of my words, — equal within the range of his fine baritone voice, to any singer now known on the stage — he knows experimentally the chief requisites of a cultivated singer, and how to develop the natural capacities, and give them force, purity and activity. It is to this man, I wish to say, — to CORRADI COLLIERE, whose musical abilities are only surpassed by the genuine excellence and modesty of his character — Miss Simon is indebted first and last, allowing for her fine natural qualities, for her present attainments, and her prospective promise as a vocalist. It is easy to make this clear to any questioner, but as Miss Simon herself gratefully acknowledges the claims of her real teachers, this simple counter-statement by one who knows whereof he affirms, may be sufficient.

I shall send you in a day or two, a sketch of the state of music in this place, with some mention of two or three juvenile celebrities — locally speaking — of whom you and the world will yet hear something. For, having produced some world-renowned pictorial artists, we are not to be behind. We are encouraged to think, in musical ones, as I will illustrate by and by. Mean-

while we are to have here a grand opening of a grand new Opera House; a really fine affair; scarcely second to the New York Academy, and built by the same man, with many improvements on his previous performance. This elegant hall is to be opened with a civic festival on the 22d inst. The Operatic opening, with the Strakosch Troupe, is fixed for the 17th of March; of the particulars of which event also, I will endeavor to take care that you are properly informed. For the preliminary festival, dance, or whatever it may turn out to be, there is nothing now to be said, but it is to be a dashing affair, overflowing with gaiety and mirth, music and feasting, the whole to be illuminated by some 1200 jets of gas, and enlivened by the wit and beauty of the State. Of the Opera, we may hope there will be something to say, when it comes, of more consequence. Till then farewell. LEPORELLO.

CHICAGO, ILL., FEB. 10. — We have formed a society here, on the plan of the *Maennerchöre*, to practice part songs with male voices.

The nucleus of our organization was composed of a few gentlemen who, having for some time been in the habit of meeting and singing at the rooms of our present conductor, had formed a strong relish for the kind of music which we have since determined systematically to cultivate. Opportunity seeming to favor, we took the first steps toward a permanent institution, and very soon found a sufficient number of gentlemen ready to take hold of the enterprise in earnest, and who became more interested with every rehearsal. We found too, that although the absence of the ladies must take away somewhat from the ordinary attractions of a singing circle, yet the suggestions (not to say the reproach) of our director could be made much more explicit and pointed, without danger of wounding sensitive feelings, which are said to abound where soprano voices predominate. We find no practice better fitted to give a perfect *ensemble*, and a correct intonation than just these songs for male voices. Our officers for 1859 are: *President*, HENRY JOHNSON; *Secretary*, J. S. COKE; *Treasurer*, S. WADSWORTH; *Conductor*, A. W. DOHN.

SALEM, N. C., JAN. 24. — Several months ago you gave us the letter of a correspondent of yours, in one of the South Western States — wherein he very amusingly, and, no doubt truthfully, portrayed the "musical" taste prevailing in that part of the country. That your friend's description is applicable to a large portion of the interior of the Southern States, my own experience and observation compel me to admit; but to show you that we have occasional oases in these musical deserts of ours, I enclose you the programme of a concert given a few weeks ago by the "Musical Society" of this place. You will perceive that, with the exception of the first piece, the music is purely classical; yet, notwithstanding its high character, it was well appreciated, and appeared to be heartily enjoyed by our audience. Overture, "Crown Diamonds": Anber.

Chorus from "Paul," "Oh, great is the depth": Mendelssohn.

"Hark! Hark! the Lark!" Four-part Song: Kuecken.

Solo and Chorus from "Lauda Sion," "Sing of Judgment": Mendelssohn.

Parting Song, Male voices: Mendelssohn.

"Sun Chorus," from the "Seasons": Haydn.

"Waldvöglein," Four-part Song": Mendelssohn.

"I waited for the Lord," From "Lobgesang": Mendelssohn.

"Farewell!" Male voices: Mendelssohn.

Chorus from Mass. in C., "Kyrie": Beethoven.

First day of Spring, "Come balmy Breezes," Four-part Song: Mendelssohn.

Chorus, "Great is the Lord": Mozart.

Our Society consists of about 30 vocalists, and an orchestra of about 14 instruments.

With one exception our members are Americans, and all but one or two are natives of the place. Our village has a population of 1200 or 1400. B.

Special Notices.

DESCRIPTIVE LIST OF THE LATEST MUSIC, Published by O. Ditson & Co.

MUSIC BY MAIL.—Quantities of Music are now sent by mail, the expense being only about one cent apiece, while the care and rapidity of transportation are remarkable. Those at a great distance will find the mode of conveyance not only a convenience, but a saving of expense in obtaining supplies. Books can also be sent by mail, at the rate of one cent per ounce. This applies to any distance under three thousand miles; beyond that, double the above rates.

Vocal, with Piano Accompaniment.

The old Hearthstone. Song. L. Heath. 25

A pleasing, easy ballad on a subject which will never fail to call up agreeable recollection is.

There's somebody waiting for me. C. W. Glover. 25

A nice parlor song, with a catching melody, of that bright and cheerful mood, which has made the author's "Little Gipsy Jane" the pet of all sprightly little singers.

My heart is sad without thee. E. Falk. 25

A song after the German fashion, touchingly plaintive.

Lost, proscribed, a friendless pilgrim. (Solo, profugo, rejeito.) Duet from Flotow's opera of "Martha." 25

This is the much admired, introductory duet between Lionel and Plunkett, in the 2d act, in the original key. Arranged as a solo, in a lower key, and with a different English version, "Since the time of earliest childhood," it has been formerly published.

The Ruler's Daughter. Sacred Song. Mrs. Dana. 25

This favorite song of the gifted poetess and composer is issued separately from the "Southern Harp."

The Power of Love. Cavatina for mezzo soprano from Balfe's opera of "Satanella." 30

This exquisite gem from the "latest, best and truest opera of Mr. Balfe," as the London Times has it, "will command the admiration of even those, who from their familiarity with former happy efforts of the composer, are led to expect much from a work which has been so extravagantly praised."

Instrumental Music.

Grand Juggernaut March in the Play of "The Cataract of the Ganges." T. Comer. 80

This march will be remembered by the many thousands who witnessed this unprecedentedly successful spectacle, as a characteristic and pompous piece of martial music.

Selections from "Martha." Thomas Ryan. 35

Introducing the duet, "Solo, profugo, rejeito" and two of the charming chorus airs. The arrangement is within the reach of ordinary players.

If I were a bird. Rondo. Bock. 25

An easy piece for first beginners, carefully fingered.

Les Hirondelles. Song by Felicien David. Transcribed and varied. Streich. 75

A piece of great brilliancy, which during the last London concert season has created a furore and become an established favorite. It is a composition for small as well as great players, since its showers of runs and trills are all within easy reach.

Books.

CZERNY'S STUDIES IN VELOCITY. (30 Etudes de La Velocité.) Preceded by nine new introductory Exercises, and concluded by a new Study on Octaves, (composed expressly for this edition,) for the Pianoforte, with Notes. By J. A. HAMILTON. New Edition. In Nos. 50 cts. Complete. 1.25

These studies are calculated to develop and equalize the fingers, and to insure the utmost brilliancy and rapidity of execution. In them the author (more particularly in the nine new ones) would be discernable, even if his name were not affixed to it; his expressive style, fullness of harmony, and peculiar skill in adapting music to the character of the instrument, are distinctly marked in every page.

Dwight's Journal of Music.

WHOLE No. 360.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 26, 1859.

VOL. XIV. No. 22.

(From the Boston Courier.)

Ode on the death of Prescott, the Historian.

"You know I go at autumn to my patrimonial acres in Pepperell, which have been in our family for two hundred years, to sit under the old trees I sat under when a boy."—[Wm. H. Milburn's interview with Prescott.]

I.

It was the Spring time mild,
When earth to heaven smiled
With green leaves laved in light and violets blue;
The birds with songs most sweet,
Spring days with hast'ning feet,
So joined their hymn in praises greatly due;
It was that crescent time of earth
Wherein high hopes for sacred work have birth.

II.

A child, with glance full bright,
Played in the misty light
On old worn acres of th' ancestral dead;
The young heart of the boy
Filled with an unknown joy
As Nature shade and sound upon him shed;
It was her voice, inspired of God,
That called him forth to ways of work before untrod.

III.

Long years have fled away,
It was the summer gay,
That filled the fields with golden fruit and grain;
The elms in sheltering mood
Around the old house stood,
O'er the flecked earth the slow sun drew his train;
Still Nature uttered mystic speech
Through shadowy grove and midday heat and murmur-
ring beech.

IV.

A strong man list'ning there,
Amidst the noontide air,
Still heard the Mother's voice with yearning heart;
But the young eyes were dim,
Veiled was the earth for him,
And darkness taught him with her sombre art;
The trees their shadows casting down:
So Nature offered her obedient child a crown.

V.

By her, the mother, taught,
Had he, th' historian, wrought,
'Till distant nations spoke his name with praise;
His was the storied page,
His was the wisdom sage
That showed how worth can walk in history's maze;
The light of the young spring, the voice
That called him up to unsought ways of God's own
choice.

VI.

The "sacred thirst" for gold,
The Aztec temples old,
In lands where Might assailed a nation's Right;
Pizzaro's cohorts strong,
And Cortez's chartered wrong,
All writ in history graced with justice bright;
The ruined nations' anthem'd song,
That raised to God brings nearer Freedom's festive
morn.

VII.

The secret ways of kings,
Of life the hidden springs,
Whence flowed the strength of Holland girt with seas;
The dark Escorial halls,

The Inquisition's walls,
Wherein all hope the faithful prisoner flees;
So painting life, where'er he trod,
That from the fearful picture gleamed the face of God.

VIII.

It was a winter day,
On earth the strong snow lay,
And the hoarse wind amongst the branches rung;
The low sun's slanting ray,
The old house clad in gray,
The sea, tossed with the breeze, its anthem sung;
No work is on the land to-day,
The flowers lie longing for the advent of fair May.

IX.

Within a city room,
Filled with no sad'ning gloom,
Lies the worn laborer, Spring still in his heart.
His work has been well done:
Winter to him has come,
It brings clear light, so long from him apart;
Let the wind sing no song of night
Midst the old trees that loved him, song of fadeless
light!

X.

So the young eyes are clear,
May-time for him is here,
In the great year that God appoints for man;
So the world's eyes are clear,
For that his home was here,
Ere that he entered light no eye can scan:
So the world holds her mystic way,
Led by her great sons into light of endless day!

The Diarist Abroad, No. 16.

NOTES.

I. I have rarely read an article with more pleasure than that of "Civis," copied from the *Courier* into *Dwight's Journal* of Jan. 1. At last—at last—after half a dozen years of protest against our Boston public's thinking it has ever heard and *seen* grand opera, one gentleman is found, who can speak with knowledge, experience and observation, and who fully confirms what I have so long been attesting. The "Huguenots," as given here, would not be—*could* not be satisfactory—to one who became acquainted with it in Paris, and whose familiarity with the French language, with the French stage and French music, would naturally give him those feelings of preference for opera there, which I have for it in German here. Moreover, the principal parts are sung here by singers who (mostly) have passed the age of fresh voices and sympathetic singing. But the public is familiar with their excellencies and their defects,—they *should* be, periods varying from 10 to 25 years of service can give familiarity—and they excuse the latter—they forget them, as we do the peculiarities in pronunciation of our daily companions. "Civis" would therefore, on these grounds, be much dissatisfied with the "Huguenots" in Berlin.

But there is another reason why he would be dissatisfied, if the history of the production of the opera here in 1842, as I have heard it, be correct. "Civis" says "Gli ugonotti" is not "Les Huguenots." And rightly. "Il Franco Arciero" is

not "Der Freyschütz"—German or French opera translated into Italian is no longer the same, and demands to some extent a translation—so to speak—of the music. Now Meyerbeer took the entire direction here when the opera was studied in 1842, and directed the first three performances. The text was translated into German, which is the composer's mother tongue, and (as I have understood) he made such changes in the music—particularly in the recitatives, as fitted it to the new language of the text. Such changes would grate harshly on the ear of "Civis," just as passages of the work as given at Paris, would grate upon mine,—he would have the French text in mind, I, the German. We then stand upon the same "platform" in so far as an imperfect representation of the work in an Italian dress goes, and hence the great delight with which I have read those columns of plain truth from his pen. The announcement of Ullman that the Boston public should "see this work as well given as in any city in the world," is simply absurd and ridiculous to anybody, who has seen it even in a second-class house in Europe. Where is the orchestra to be obtained? Where the chorus of 80, 100, or 125 voices, which has been practising the music perhaps for months? Where the unity of performance among the leading singers, which a common language and years of singing together in all sorts of opera, alone can give?

In one respect Meyerbeer is like Gluck—every note from the feeblest singer, from the most insignificant instrument, belongs to the general effect, as it is to be felt by the auditor in front, who is at the same time supposed to be looking at the scenery, sympathizing with the feelings of the actor, and almost taking part in the situation. Place the most exquisite bit of stage scene painting, which ever left the studio of Crocius, in a picture gallery, it would but be laughed at; put it upon the stage, and when the curtain rises, two thousand spectators burst into loud applause. You may say that certain music by Meyerbeer has no value. True, if judged from the "standpoint" of classical concert music. But to say it is not effective and *great* music in its way, until it has been heard accompanied as the composer intended by certain scenic and stage effects, is to talk of what one knows nothing about. Scenic music must be "scenically" heard.

II. I see ARTHUR NAPOLEON is coming to Boston. He was here and first played in concert (in Berlin) at Kroll's establishment, Jan. 31, 1855—four years ago, where he was engaged for several nights. He was then not quite eleven years old. To give an idea of an evening at Kroll's, I copy the advertisement on that occasion. It will show how great a variety of amusements—to say nothing of the beer drinking, the shooting with spring guns, the bagatelle boards (if that is the term), and other things which go on in the basement—is offered to the public there.

KROLL'S ESTABLISHMENT.

Wednesday, Jan. 31, 1855. In the King's Hall. First Concert of the Piano-forte virtuoso, Arthur Napoleon.

PROGRAMME.

1. Overture to Oberon, Weber.
2. Sonata by Beethoven, performed by Arthur Napoleon.
3. Thuringian popular song, sung by Herr Prellinger.
4. Le Papillon by Ascher, and Sonnambula by Prudent, performed by Arthur Napoleon.
5. Sextet from "Lucia", sung by members of the Opera, (Kroll's.)
6. Fantasia on motives from the opera "Moses," by Thalberg, performed by Arthur Napoleon.

Previously, "The Art of being Beloved," a drama with songs, in one act, freely translated from the French by Ferdinand Gumbert. To begin at 6 1-2 o'clock.

At the close, grand concert in the Roman Hall. Prices (in American money) 25, 37 1-2 and 50 cents.

On succeeding evenings he played "*Andante Rondo Capriccioso*," by Mendelssohn; Thalberg's "*Huguenots*," Fantasia; "*Reverie and Gouttes d'Eau*," by Ascher; "*Fantasia on motives from Oberon*," "*Polka-Mazurka*," composed by himself; Schulhoff's "*Carneval*," "*Sonata Pathetique*," Beethoven, "*Notturmo*," Doehler, "*Cracovienne*," by Wallace and the like.

I did not hear him; for very good reasons the many splendid concerts of that winter given by virtuosos, Vivier, Schulhoff, Arabella Goddard among them, were mostly lost to me. From the papers however, I formed a very high opinion of the boy.

One said: "After what we had heard of the success of this young virtuoso in Lisbon, London, Paris, &c., we had a right to expect great things of him. And yet were we in the highest degree surprised, to see this gentle child in his fascinating ingenuousness, with his childlike, innocent, and again so strangely spiritual expression, exhibit his artistic powers. His mechanical execution, however eminent in all directions, so far as his bodily strength admits, soon retired into the background before a something higher, which, alas, is so often wanting in adults,—the expression of an artist-tone, which in one so young is absolutely wonderful. How many virtuosos have we heard play the C sharp minor Sonata of Beethoven, and how few have known how to equal this child in playing the Adagio," and so on. Finally this: "In a word, nature has surpassed herself here, and we have only to wish that this blossom be not crushed beneath the deadly monotony of our modern concert productions, but may be developed to a point equal to our great and just expectations."

At that time it was said that the boy was poor, and that his object, or that of those who thought for him, was to collect a capital which should enable him to devote several years to thorough musical study.

In most cases these "wonder children" are never anything more. Travelling and being the pets of thousands gets them into habits, such that, application to anything but their daily pianoforte practice becomes impossible. It is no longer possible for them, so used to appearing before the multitude, and to the increase of applause, to withdraw into private life and work upon dry rules and theories. They pretend to study,—get a superficial knowledge of composition, and then write—write—write—as if the great aim of existence now were to cover so many thousand sheets of paper within a given time. Rubinstein was to the full as great a wonder in childhood as the young Napoleon is now; but all his compositions show the superficial student. Unless he learns by experience slowly, what he might have learned

quickly under a competent teacher, I fear his chance for immortality is small. There is no way to develop the genius of a Handel, Bach, Haydn, Mozart, Beethoven, or even of a Hummel, Mendelssohn, Meyerbeer, but by the thorough contrapuntal studies made by all these masters. The most one can venture to say of childish or youthful genius,—in science or in art, is, there is that to which it is worth while to give opportunity for extraordinarily hard study. Ninety per centum of genius consists in uncommon aptness for study—the other ten per cent, only, is the imagined power of doing things without study.

Mozart said himself, that one great reason why he stood higher than most composers of his day, was because he had studied so much more than they. Just at the close of life he found something that he did not know—namely, in Bach's vocal music, and immediately became a student again.

Read musical history, and you will see that no one has left long-lived works who did not base them upon severe contrapuntal studies under the famous Italian and German masters of the old school. Show music dazzles, but it gets out of fashion. But the most brilliant music, if it has the right foundation,—mere dances and virtuoso pieces, such as Handel, Bach, Mozart, and so on wrote—such as Chopin and Mendelssohn have more recently given us, have the elements of life in them.

Rather a long note,—but where to get time for an article?

For Dwight's Journal of Music.

Francois Adrien Boieldieu.

(Translated from the German.)

This world-renowned musician, whose "*La Dame Blanche*" and "*Jean de Paris*," need only to be mentioned, to remind us of all that is lovely, fine and charming in Art, was born at Rouen, on the 15th of Dec., in 1775. His father was secretary in the chancery of the Archbishop, and he himself was created chorister at the Metropolitan church, where he received the first instructions in music; then he was placed under the guidance of the organist, Broche, an intelligent but severe man, who treated him so badly that in despair he fled from Rouen to Paris. It is also said, that, like Haydn for Porpora, he was compelled to perform for Broche the lowest acts of servitude. The theatre however, which he was passionately fond of, offered him an indemnification for all his hardships; all his small savings he applied to procuring as often as possible the enjoyment of operatic representations; at times of pecuniary want he even resorted to trickery, stealthily entered the theatre at early day and concealed himself until the beginning of the performances. It will appear, that his highest aim must have been to come himself before his townsmen with an opera; and really there was found in Rouen a poet, who, like Boieldieu, was tortured by a thirst for publicity, and they jointly wrote an opera, the name of which the composer himself afterwards forgot, and which was received with applause. Nothing now could stay the youthful composer; he must go to Paris, the place where all French talents first became accredited. Travelling on foot he arrived at Paris with thirty francs, and his partiture in his pocket, but with many hopes in his breast and melodies in his head.

In the meantime, he had to be content with a considerable shortcoming of his brilliant expectations; he had not doubted that they would perform his opera at the Opera-comique; notwithstanding the intercessions of the cantatrices, who found the young man to be "très interessant," the direction had no

idea of giving the work of an unknown musician and poet. Until he succeeded in obtaining a text from one of the more known librettists, he had to support himself by giving instructions and even by Piano-tuning; yet he never lost courage, and vigorously struggled to advance. The house Erard, already at that time (1794) celebrated for its pianos, was the rendezvous of all artists, and Boieldieu was also introduced there; besides that the *chefs* of the house assisted him by counsel and dealt with the greatest amiableness, and sought by their influence to aid him; it was of an essential value to him, to be able frequently to be with the best musicians of the time, and to draw information from the productions and remarks of Garat, Rode, Mehul, Cherubini, &c. Herebefore his studies had by no means been of a deep and serious kind; a tolerable execution on the piano, and a knowledge of the most essential parts of harmony, was all that he had brought to Paris in this relation; he now began to feel that he must penetrate deeper into the mysteries of the art, and that much was wanting in him to its complete mastery. After he had obtained a sort of vogue by several successful romances, as "*Le Menestrel*," "*O toi que j'aime*," &c., which were first introduced by Garat's inimitable delivery, Fievée undertook to write a one-act opera, "*La dot de Suzette*," for Boieldieu, taken from his romance of the same name. It was given in the year 1799; and the grace of the subject, the fresh music, as well as the elegant and spirited acting of Mme. Saint Aubin, won for the little opera an uncommon success. The track was now beaten, and in the following year B. wrote "*La Famille Suisse*," which likewise was well received, owing to its naiveté and grace; then in 1797 "*Montbreuil et Meriville*," but which met with no success on account of its disgraceful text; and in the same year, on the occasion of the peace of Campo-Formio, "*L'heureuse nouvelle*." But it was the opera "*Zoraine et Zulnare*," (given in 1798, but composed several years previously) in which his talent began peculiarly to display itself, and which first truly gave surety for that which might be expected of him in the future.

Several instrumental pieces for piano, harp, violoncello, &c., which he had composed in the meantime, were generally admired; and these were the cause of his reception into the conservatory among the corps of Piano-professors. B. was not exactly suited to this post, for he was occupied by far too much with other things to take any interest in the dry piano-mechanism; nevertheless, his lessons were interesting to his pupils by his spirited remarks, and criticisms of art and artists. From this time until the year 1802, he composed the Operas: "*Les Méprises Espagnoles*," "*Beniowsky*," "*Caliph of Bagdad*," received with such tremendous applause, and which it is said in a short space of time received not less than seven hundred representations, and the charming "*Ma tante Aurore*," which was severely censured by the public at first on account of its vulgar third act, but afterwards, when contracted into two acts, pleased greatly.

In 1802, Boieldieu had the misfortune to marry the celebrated danseuse, Clotilde Auguste Mafieuroy, better known by her name of Clotilde. This connection caused him many sad hours, and a call to Petersburg as imperial Kapellmeister came very opportunely, whither he went in 1803, without his wife. He remained in the Russian capital until the latter part of the year 1810, and during this time he wrote, besides a great amount of military music, and the choruses to Racine's "*Athalie*" (one of his best works),—the operas "*Rien de trop, ou les Deux Parvenus*," "*La jeune femme colère*," "*Love and mystery*," "*Abdikan*," "*Calypso*," "*Aline, Queen of Golconde*," "*Les voitures versées*," and "*Une tourde Soubrette*." Many of these operas are very lightly worked, and Boieldieu himself considered *Calypso* the best of them; we may mention that the compo-

ser was very rarely inspired by his libretto, and the *faute de mieux*, which were frequently very unmusical, were transformed from vaudevilles into operas; on account of a scarcity of libretti, he had often to compose his music to those which other composers had made use of; such was the case with "Aline" and "Calypso," both of which had been previously set to music, the former by Berton, the latter by Lesueur.

After his return from Russia, he found the sceptre of the Opera-comique in the hands of Nicolo Isuard; and the first work (in 1812), which he opposed to the popularity of the last named, was "Jean de Paris;" this charming creation has lost none of its freshness to this day, although it does not show B. to have been a hero in counterpoint and fugue; in fact, he was not a learned musician, as he himself very readily admits. After "Jean de Paris," came the "Nouveau Seigneur de village," (1813), several minor operas written in connection with other authors, as "Bayard à Mézières" with Cherubini, Catel and Nicolo Isuard, "Le Bernais" with Kreutzer (1814), then "La fête du village voisin." Two years had passed by, and Boieldieu did not bring an opera on the stage, until, in the year 1818, he caused his "Chaperon rouge" to be produced, the work in which he, as it were, apparently desires to prove his right to the membership of the academy, into which he had been taken after Mehul's demise. His incessant labor, and particularly at this opera, provoked a serious disease, and he felt the want of repose. In consequence he retired to a lately acquired country seat, merely living for his health. This time of retirement continued pretty long, only interrupted by his instructions in composition, which he as the successor of Mehul gave at the Conservatory, (but now gave at his house on account of the condition of his health), by his participation in writing the operas "Blanche de Provence" and "Pharamond," and by retouching his "Les voitures versées"; not until the December of 1825 did he come out of his retirement again in good earnest, and this with his masterpiece, "La Dame Blanche." The success of this opera was immense; the name of its composer was in every mouth. His music was to be heard in every parlor, and was the subject of manifold arrangements. Boieldieu's last opera was "Les deux Nuits," text by Bouilly, but which met with little favor, principally on account of the libretto. This opera was produced in May 1829, and after this time Boieldieu's health began rapidly to decline. After the July revolution, pecuniary embarrassments were added to this misfortune; his pensions, which had been granted him by the last dynasty, were withheld, owing to the new situation of things. Not until he was able to enjoy them only for a short time, were they again granted to him; his disease grew more critical each day; and from Bordeaux, which place he had reached on a tour to the baths of Southern France, he had to be taken home again to Jarcey, his country seat, (a previous visit to Italy had been of no benefit to him), where, after a few days, he expired, on the tenth of October, 1834, in the arms of his friends and relations. After the death of his first wife, Clotilde, in 1826, he again married, a cantatrice by the name of Mlle. Philis. His progeny consists of one son, who possesses his father's name and a good musical talent.

H. J. W.

Dr. Faustus in France.

If "Faust" be too metaphysical in its bearings and suggestions, when the subject is fully wrought out, to be eligible as an acting play, the skeleton of the legend seems to us to offer difficulties in still larger amount to any one desiring a good theme for music. The hero's character, like that of *Hamlet*, is too full of chameleon-shapes, varieties, indications, to bear the expressive clothing of a sister art. When stripped of these, it is vulgarized. So, too, we hold that that most complex, but most brilliant of

existing female creations in drama, Shakspeare's *Cleopatra*, has been made intractable for opera by his immortal genius. Again it has been truly said, that "irony is impossible in music." Denude *Mephistopheles* of his irony, we have but the old opera-stager with horns and a tail. Elsewhere has been quoted by us Goethe's *dictum*, that no one lived who was capable of treating the subject in music save M. Meyerbeer. The world has since seen in what form M. Meyerbeer conceived himself able to present on the stage the group of Maiden, Lover, and Demon. It is one thing to write voluptuous *ballet* music to the scenes in the ruined cloister of *Saint Rosalie*; it is another to bring into tangible, visible, auricular prominence, the stupendous "*Dies iræ*," with the despair of the unvedded mother, and the incitements of the Demon at her ear, or the agony of the parting in the dungeon. These are scenes of emotion, we submit, too mighty and complete in themselves for Music to grapple with. But when they are withdrawn from the poet's tale, merely a dry and commonplace goblin-story is left. Yet, like other themes, though impossible, seducing, the story of "Faust" has been tried often and again. There is, first, the music which the Prince Radzivil wrote for Goethe's tragedy—music with a Berlin reputation: which amounts to little, since the excellent and accomplished amateurs of that critical city have always been able to work themselves up into an enthusiasm (comically combining "hot and cold") for certain works, produced under peculiar conditions,—and have habitually leaned to the side of Art and Literature, by the analytic comprehension of which they could prove their own sagacity. Thus Prince Radzivil's accessories to Goethe's noble play have no such universal existence as Beethoven's to "Egmont" or Mendelssohn's to "A Midsummer Night's dream." The next illustration, of course (and first in the list as regards our art,) must be cited the "Faust" of Dr. Spohr: an opera [*vide Athen.* No. 1290] remarkable for its audacity,—for it was written ere Weber's "Der Freischütz" was dreamed of—yet more remarkable for the feebly-correct mannerism of its execution—containing two of its composer's best single songs, but no good stage music—none so comparatively good as that of Dr. Spohr's introduction to "Jessonda";—an opera, in brief, which exists, but does not live. Then there is a "Faust" by Lindpaintner, which has "died and made no sign." We fancy that the list of German operas might reveal other works on the story, as laborious and obscure as the opera of the honest Kapellmeister of Stuttgart. As to France,—next to *Don Juan*,—there has been no "being of the mind" (during late years) talked of, with such incessant reference to the stage and the romance, as *Faust*; ever since the shallow yet prescient description of the drama by Madame de Staël—weighted by her versions of Goethe's sublime scenes of "Margaret in church" and "Margaret in prison"—attracted Parisian attention to the legend. It is only in the nature of things that there should have been musical attempts on the story; and, accordingly, we have had the *Cantata* by M. Berlioz, who, let his means be what they may, is among the most magnificent and poetical in his aspirations, of men living. In "Faust," too, are some of his best melodies. The Round of the Villagers,—the "Flea Song,"—the *Serenade* of Mephistopheles,—and the elaborate chorus and dance of the Sylphs,—have all a flow without forced singularity which is too seldom present in his ingenious compositions. But that the subject required an admixture of what was familiar, to bring down its mysteries to the level of popular musical apprehension,—even M. Berlioz (of all living *conceders*, one of the most niggardly) virtually conceded by introducing "The Hungarian March" at the end of the first act—a rhythmical *taking* tune. On the other hand, his music to the frightful ride of *Faust* and his familiar, and the *gibberish* chorus of Pandemonium, are within the boundaries of burlesque,—whilst his Easter music and his double chorus of soldiers and students, however elaborate, fail to be effective.

Meanwhile, it would seem to be an understood thing in France, that "Faust" must be "done,"

from time to time, at the theatres,—now, as a *ballet* at the *Grand Opéra*,—now, as that vulgarized *melo-drama*, which a year or two since a management was mistaken enough to import into Oxford Street,—more lately still as that *spectacle*, with its countless number of *tableaux*—with MM. Dumaine and Rouvière as its heroes, and Mdlle. Nelly as *Sulphurine* (a she-devil grafted on the original legend), which has been drawing all Paris to the *Théâtre Porte St. Martin*. Hence it is not to be wondered at, that M. Gounod (a French musician, but not without a turn of German mysticism) has—partly to meet the national taste, partly in compliance with his own instincts—been drawn within the magic-circle, and consented to try his hand where so many predecessors have failed. How far this temerity (for temerity it is) has been wise, or otherwise, we may attempt in course of time to tell. Some such preface to the tale as the above is, however, next to indispensable.

The Works of John Sebastian Bach.

(From the *Revue et Gazette Musicale*.)

It is now something more than a century ago that a man, with an organization and existence which must, now-a-days, appear rather fabulous, departed this life; that man was named John Sebastian Bach. He was endowed with sublime genius, and one of the most fertile imaginations it is possible to conceive, but, as he lived nearly always isolated in little towns, where he filled the modest position of organist or school-master, Art existed for him only in himself.

Possessing no audience, no appetite, and no fortune, he worked merely for the pleasure he found in what he created, and received no reward for what he did for music except that which he derived from the art itself. His warm soul and vast brain were able to create, at their leisure, immense combinations swayed by grand ideas, without his worrying himself about their external effect, and their effect upon any assembly. At that time very little music was printed in Germany. Nothing of what Bach produced was destined, therefore, to see the light of day; at least, so he believed. Each creation of his genius was put away in a cupboard, and, when finished, followed by a fresh one. There were, consequently, no restrictions, no considerations of success, no formulas of fashion. Hence those unheard-of instances of daring and invention which overflow in his *Passion* on the text of St. Matthew; in his *Mass* in B minor; in the *Psalms*; in more than a hundred sacred cantatas, adorned with perfectly original instrumentation; in a prodigious quantity of instrumental music of all kinds; and in an immense number of pieces for the organ—pieces as yet unequalled. Of all that has been mentioned, the only things known of John Sebastian Bach, at the conclusion of the eighteenth century, were a few stray copies of pieces for the organ and harpsichord. When he died in 1750, he was acknowledged to be the greatest organist that ever existed, but that was all which was known about him. At the commencement of the present century, there appeared, at Leipsic and Zurich, editions of the works of this great man for the harpsichord, especially of his immortal collection of preludes and fugues, entitled *Le Clavecin bien tempéré*. It was only then that the artists of all Europe began to have some slight knowledge of this musical giant, but twenty years more elapsed ere Zelter, Dehn, Mendelssohn, Mosevius, and some few other erudite musicians, discovered at Leipsic and Berlin, in the Royal Library, in the Joachimsthal Gymnasium, and in the archives of the Royal Academy of Singing, the colossal works of which I have just spoken. Germany was moved; solemn performances were given of some of these works, and struck with astonishment and wonder the audiences summoned to hear them. The scores of the *Passion* and of the *Mass* in B minor were published. Griepenkerl brought out, in eight volumes, the compositions for the organ; a new, and much more complete edition, in ten volumes, of the work for the harpsichord saw the light of day at Leipsic. Dehn and Rietsch rescued from the dust of the libraries fifteen concertos for one, two, three and four harpsichords, with orchestral accompaniments, and gave them to the world; twelve other concertos for all kinds of instrumental combinations likewise issued from the press. But all these constituted but a trifling part of the works created by Bach's genius.

At last, several enthusiastic artists and amateurs of Leipsic, Berlin, Dresden, Breslau, and Vienna, came to the resolution of publishing a complete edition of the works of one of the greatest masters who ever lived—one more astonishing than all the rest by the strength of his creative powers and the modesty of his life—

and of bringing it out with a correctness and degree of typographical magnificence worthy of the subject. The enterprise has been continued for eight years, with a zeal and perseverance beyond all praise, and with pecuniary sacrifices on the part of all associated in the task, for no other purpose than to erect an imperishable monument to Art. Now, once allow the perpetual copyright claimed for works of art by the descendants of J. S. Bach's twenty children, and such publishing enterprises, which cost much more than they produce, would become impossible.

FETIS, Sen.

For Dwight's Journal of Music.

The Best Place for the Symphony. — Another View.

MR. EDITOR. — I saw you at last Saturday's concert and suppose you were as agreeably surprised as all of us at the full house. I happened not to look at the programme; but I confess to a much greater surprise (of a different kind though) at hearing the opening triumphant call of the *Fidelio* Overture. Was the experiment proposed by your correspondent, "Double-Bass," in the Saturday's issue of your paper, already carried out? What was my dismay, when I saw the grandest symphony Mozart ever wrote at the end of the programme. My next idea was to leave the hall and wait patiently till 9 o'clock. *Dove sono*, the Air from "St. Paul," the two pieces by those eight skilful hands, and "Oberon," however, carried the day, or rather evening, much to my discomfiture, as I found when the Fugue began.

Why had the Symphony that evening a harassing, tiresome, wearying effect on me? Why just the reverse at other times? How can just this Symphony, so splendid and sweet in the first and so grand and strong in the last movement, with its climax in the last part of the fugue as bracing as the mountain air and as sublime as the view among the giants of the Alps, with occasional pleasant vistas down into sunlit valleys — how can just this Symphony exercise an influence of just the reverse character, on one who not only is perfectly familiar with it, but is accustomed sometimes to spend quite a number of consecutive hours in the study and enjoyment of music. The answer is very simple; Because it was offered to nerves that had been impressed by preceding musical influences, that were fresh no longer, that wanted rest, and, consequently, would not cheerfully yield to an excitement, that demands fresh energies. For a good symphony requires fresh energies; the genius of a composer soaring aloft into the world of tones of his own creating takes us up with himself into the blissful realms of rapture, sharpening all our sensations and leaving us happier and better beings.

And therefore the Symphony should be the first piece on any programme. At the start we are freshest, we are ready to climb up the paths the composer's imagination has prepared for us. But a fugue and a fugue with four subjects, however beautiful and natural its flow, walks on steeper paths still, and wearied limbs are apt to lag behind. This was precisely the sensation I had the last half hour of Saturday's concert.

Individual experience may be at fault; idiosyncracies may mislead. Such experience is strengthened, however, when it is shared in by many or at best a few very competent persons. You will readily agree to call Mr. Zerrahn a very competent person. What did he do?

There is a repeat mark after the first part of the first movement of the Symphony; there are similar marks after the first and second parts of the fugue. None of these repeat marks were heeded. Had Mr. Z. overlooked them in a Symphony placed at the head of a concert programme, he would have been inexcusable. There is a symmetry in the parts of any piece written in Sonata form, which requires absolutely the first part to be repeated. And so, excepting the ninth Symphony by Beethoven, it is required to be done in all symphonies. In the latter Beet-

hoven fully preserved the symmetry by the arrangement of the movement.

And yet Mr. Z. was right. The Symphony came too late; it would have made the concert too long to have performed it as it ought to have been. He knew his hearers were weary. But who can afford to lose the repetition of melodies as sweet as the two in the first movement, or as strong as the four in the fugue, in all their skilful intertwining and their graceful magnificence?

No, Mr. Dwight, it was a mistake, a very great mistake, to place a Symphony at the end of the list. May this attempt have taught a lesson!

Your correspondent "Double Bass" addresses some reasons why a Symphony should not be the first piece, and refers to an article by yourself which I confess to have entirely forgotten. Let us consider those reasons in the reverse order of his statement.

"It takes some little time for the performers to compose themselves into that state of ease . . . so necessary to a perfect performance!" Has Mr. Double Bass never been in the room for the performers before the concert? Never heard the various, multifarious scales, chords, chromatic and enharmonic modulations each of the fifty instruments is made to give forth so as to prepare the nerves and fingers of the performers for the performance? Artists familiar with the work they are to perform, hardly need more preparation than fifteen minutes employed in the way mentioned above. This is the way musicians "get their hand in."

The greatest master in Symphony writing has done something to strengthen Mr. Double Bass's position. Beethoven's first, second, fourth and seventh Symphonies begin with Adagio or Sontenuto movements, and the first sixteen measures of the ninth with their dim vibrations of fifths and only occasional melodic preparations for the theme are enough to put us in the right frame of mind. The master would doubtless have done so in all his symphonies had the themes required it. But he has not done so. And in his as in our time the Symphony took the lead.

Symphony — "*boeuf à la mode*, or plum pudding." We emphatically disagree. Every simile limps, is an old adage, but this *won't go at all*. A symphony might be compared to a very substantial piece of roast-meat, but *boeuf à la mode* or plum-pudding — pshaw! We protest, there is not the slightest similarity in the two pleasant occupations of assisting at a sumptuous dinner and listening to a concert. Our experience warrants us to state, that it never required any effort at all to swallow and digest a good dinner. It may be exciting, especially where there are libations to good and jolly old Bacchus added to the entertainment. Perhaps Lord Guloseston might be raised to a higher level of mental (?) enjoyment by an artistic diné. We are conscious of two utterly different levels at which we arrive by the feast of palate and that of the ear and the soul. The eating of a dinner is said to make us better men; the listening to good music certainly does make us better, and certainly does elevate our taste. No, because a Symphony is the "*pièce de résistance*" let it be attacked with fresh powers. Ask the successful heroes of the battle field. Do they lead their tired and heated troops, or the fresh ones, to the storming? If we can have it, let us have the principal attack first.

Getting late to the concert-room is a misfortune. We never are late at a concert, if we care to be there first. It may be different with others. But we protest, why should people be put into a state of mind, not intended by the composer, by the performance of an overture before the Symphony, an overture which may be a good preparation — but who warrants us the selection of a suitable overture in all cases?

No, Sir, we require to be perfectly free from all musical impressions, in order to be in the right frame of mind for a gigantic tone-poem, such as a good Symphony is.

Late comers are badly off, if they are hurried and

flushed, and ought to be pitied accordingly. But what are those poor people to do, who come from the suburbs, or sometimes ten to fifteen miles away, come early, just to hear the best part of the concert first and, find they have to leave just at 9 or 9 15 P. M. when the Symphony began last Saturday?

That was an unpleasant surprise to more than a few, Mr. Dwight, and whoever had the making of that programme, he does not deserve our thanks.

I am not a stickler for old habits — might be twenty years hence. But I do stick to the time-honored custom of having the Symphony first for reasons stated above.

An illustration might be added more suitable than the plum-pudding one. Lovers of Art in picture-galleries are sometimes in the case of finding the picture, and that takes the strongest hold on them, after looking at other pictures for an hour, or two. Whoever was in a similar situation, will remember, that he went away at once, to come back next day and to find his way first of all to his favorite picture.

This is the case with the Symphony. It is the chef d'œuvre and we want fresh senses to enjoy it. So let us have the Symphony neither second nor third, nor last, but first.

G. A. SCHMITT.

Cambridge, Feb. 21, 1859.

LUDWIG VAN BEETHOVEN. — The following prophecy concerning this immortal genius appeared in "Kramer's German Magazine of Music," 1783: —

L. V. B., a boy eleven years of age, with very promising talents. He plays the piano well, and with considerable power, reads well from sight, the proof of which is that he plays Bach's *Clavier bien tempéré*, which Herr Neefe has lent him. He who knows these preludes and fugues will at once perceive his talent. Herr Neefe has given him also, in the interval from business, some instructions in *il-rough-bass*. He is now working him on composition, and, to encourage him, has allowed him to publish his nine variations on a March. The means to travel ought not to be wanting for this young genius. He will certainly be a second Mozart, if he goes on as he has begun.

Musical Correspondence.

BERLIN, JAN. 20. — It is winter and icy. This perhaps is the reason that in my last letter, when under full headway, I tripped and slipped, only bringing to when 3,000 miles away, among the singing schools, and meeting houses, and singing people of good old Yankeeedom. Well, be it so.

Having praised STERN and his Choral Society sufficiently, I may add only that the solos were no better executed than we are used to hearing them in Boston. As to Fraulein AGNES BURY, who four years ago used to be advertised as chamber songstress to Queen Victoria, (if I remember rightly,) and who sang the principal solos this evening, she seems pretty thoroughly worn out as a singer, and sang shockingly flat more than once during the evening. A young pupil of Stern, Malvina Strahl, with a clear, penetrating voice, sang very well. Liebig's orchestra played finely. Stern took most of the tempos slower than we are used to.

Is it not an "Owl Book" that "Trovator" keeps? That number of the Journal in which the fact is announced to an admiring world is lent or mislaid, or "something," and I cannot refer to it. In that book has he already embalmed this receipt? "To kill a concert, make it the fashion." Time was when the New York Philharmonic Society rehearsed and gave its performances in a small hall to the few who loved grand orchestral music. The time came when it was the fashion to attend. Sometimes I have a sort of nightmare, and then I am carried back to the Philharmonic, after it became the mode, and endure again the horrors of that musical pandemonium, in which, I remember once the noise of the "fools who there did congregate" became so intolerable that

good-natured Eisefeldt — thank God, he lives! — was obliged to announce that it was impossible to go on with the rehearsal under such circumstances! When this nightmare comes over me, it causes "all my bones to shake," and the words of Mercutio come in place,

"At which he starts and wakes,
And being thus frightened, swears a prayer or two,
And sleeps again."

Friend Trovator, how is it in these days?

Formerly I attended more than one performance in the hall of the Sing-Akademie, at which the number of performers was, by count, greater than that of the audience! But now these concerts are the fashion, and some poor musical individuals are driven almost crazy.

You must remember that the hall hardly seats 800 auditors all told, that to accommodate as many as possible the benches are pushed as near together as people can sit, that the seats are all numbered, and at such a performance as that of "the Creation" all are taken — because it is the fashion.

I go to hear the music — hence go early. Stern gives some ten minutes extra for people to get their places, but at length gives the signal, and Haydn's "Chaos" — the musical one — begins. It begins with an obligato chaos in the audience. About twenty persons who, of course, have selected the seats most difficult of approach, come in, timing their entrance so as to continue the rustle of silk and crinoline as long as possible. There is that fat woman. She marches along up the central passage, stopping at some half a dozen benches as though one of the empty seats upon it was hers — of course the one at the farther end. The eight or ten persons already on each bench, in turn, turn pale with mingled wrath and apprehension, expecting that that mass of crinoline is to crowd its way through. It is but common sense to suppose that the feelings of all these people correspond precisely to the music, being very chaotic indeed. At last she finds the place to enter. All the incumbents of the bench rise, which is pleasant to the rows of people all the way back of them to the door, and the good old lady literally works her way through. She comes to the vacant seat, but alas, her place proves to be on a side bench, so she has the comfort of disturbing about two rows more. There come two girls, they walk all the way up to the choir, stop and discuss matters, not finding their numbers, and go slowly back again to the door to inquire. At this moment the recitative begins, "And God said," — "Fifth bench from the front, right," — this makes good sense enough, but you find by the text book (for which you pay 6 1-4 cents,) that these are not the words which Haydn has set to music. By the time Uriel in his first air comes to the words "disorder yields," that fop who always comes late, has just entered with two women, and to the words "and order fair prevails" causes eighteen people just in front of you to rise, while he and the two crinolines, press along. One of the latter catches on the corner of the seat, and makes it slam on the floor, the poor fellow who sits at the end loosens its hold; crinoline's owner utters an audible "Thank you," and as she crowds by, the chorus shouts out your own feelings exactly: "despairing rage," — and you mentally ejaculate: Oh, that those crinolines were involved in that "rapid fall!"

And so it goes on — it did on that evening — actually two-thirds through the first part. But these were not all the results of the oratorio having become the fashion. Such whispering — for that matter, almost loud talking — as I have not heard for a long time. The talk of the two women who sat next me was more provoking than edifying. Not the slightest attention to the music. They did not come to hear the "Creation," they came to say they had heard it. At the end of the first part I was put to flight — the original division of these parts is here preserved —

and made my way up into the balcony, where on a vacant back seat, in the heat, which was stifling, and quite out of sight of the stage, I listened in peace. But when Raphael declared that "God saw everything that he had made, and behold, it was very good!" the desire was very strong to rise and inform the said angel that however true that might have been 4,000 and odd years since, when Adam and Eve comprised the entire human population of the earth, late comers and talkers at concerts now-a-days form notorious exceptions. If any power declares them "good" without the words "for nothing" immediately following, I must beg leave to differ.

The next evening after Stern's concert we had one arranged and conducted by HANS VON BÜLOW, with the following extraordinary programme:

PART I.

Overture to Byron's *Corsair*: Berlioz.

Concerto for pianoforte and orchestra; op. 18 in G: Beethoven.

Air from *Benvenuto Cellini*; Sung by Frau von Milde: Berlioz.

The Ideal; Symphonic poem after Schiller: Liszt.

PART II.

Introduction to *Lohegrin*: Wagner.

Prayer of Elisabeth, from *Tannhäuser*; sung by Frau Milde: Wagner.

The Love Fairy: concert piece for violin with small orchestra solo; played by Ludwig Strauss: J. Ralf.

Song to sing on the water, "Mitten im Schimmer," &c.; by Stolberg: Schubert.

Lorely by Heine, for voice with pianoforte; sung by Frau Milde: Liszt.

Overture to the "Behmriehtern": Berlioz.

Mostly, as you see, "music of the future" with a vengeance.

The first overture I liked better than anything else I have heard from Berlioz. It was not quite so raging as usual, and more like what we of the school of Haydn and Mozart call music. The concerto for pianoforte is perhaps one of the least interesting of Beethoven's works of the kind — though of course beautiful. Bülow played it magnificently. He is undoubtedly the first now of the Berlin pianists. By the way I believe I made a mistake about his appointment in my letter a few weeks since. He is pianist to the Prince of Prussia — now regent — not his son, the husband of young Victoria.

The air from *Cellini* was not to me specially interesting — nor, as it appeared, to the audience. But Frau Milde is decidedly the finest singer we have had here this winter. Our friend A, who sat near the stage, was exceedingly pleased. The voice is not perhaps the finest, but she shows the benefits of a true cultivation. She sang the Schubert song delightfully.

Then came Liszt's Symphonic "Dichtung," poem. In the text book — price 2 silver groschen, (5 cents,) — is this note: "This musical composition, exactly following Schiller's poem, after the introduction, is divided into three principal strophes; 1. Soaring upward, (Aufschwung). 2. (Enträuschnng). 3. Employment, (Beschäftigung) — the motives of which are wrought up as they return toward the close into an Apotheosis of the past."

I will call this piece by no hard names — will simply say, that, where I have the poem before me as in Spohr's "Consecration of Tones" I find no great musical enjoyment; how much less then could I draw any satisfaction from music, which following closely all the ideas of a poem not known to me, attempts by mere bits of melody and combinations of instruments to convey those ideas — or the feeling aroused by them — to the auditor. I am so old-fashioned in my feelings, that where there is no regular theme musically wrought out, I soon become weary. Hence the show pieces of virtuosos cause me nothing but weariness, as soon as my mere curiosity is satisfied in regard to the men and their execution. Hence all picture music, such as Weber's overtures, famous as they are, palls upon my taste after a time.

Of all the overtures constructed on this principle, that to Rossini's "Tell" is my favorite. It is a succession of lovely "tunes," with no attempt at "working up" — the most beautiful of "pot pourris." Now in the piece in question by Liszt, we have not even the tunes, and I could not find myself at all at home in it. Still I had no objection to hearing it, being willing to prove all things. At length the piece closed, and an occurrence followed, which I fear will have painful consequences for Bülow. It was this. A few individuals in the hall (scattered here and there) applauded. This called out at once an almost universal and loud hiss! Bülow, who had nearly reached the back of the stage, turned and hurried forward and addressed the audience. Some understood him to say words to this effect: "Such a proceeding is not the style here, I beg you to omit it" (es unterlassen.) If these were his words, one feels inclined to judge him kindly, as the piece was by his father-in-law, and as it was well known beforehand what sort of music Liszt writes.

But I understood him, as did many others to say words to this effect: "Hissing is not the style here, I ask the hissers to leave the hall," (den Saal zu verlassen.) I have never seen during the four winters of my acquaintance in the musical circles of Berlin, an excitement equal to the one which these words have called up. At the moment people seemed struck dumb, and, in fact, the rest of the concert passed off quiet as concerts usually do here. But since that evening folks are gradually finding out that they have been insulted, and seem ready to pour out vials of wrath upon the man's head.

A. W. T.

NEW YORK, FEB. 14. — We have had a little snatch of opera — a season consisting of one night and one day performance. On Friday evening PICCOLomini sang for the first time here, Donizetti's pretty little opera, *Don Pasquale*, and in Norina found a part eminently suited to her capabilities. Her acting was charming and spirited, the contrasts of assumed bashfulness and boldness being strongly marked. LORINI sang pretty well, and MAGGIOROTTI and FLORENZA were just bearable. The orchestra was small, and as a whole the opera was given in a very inferior manner. I understand it is the intention of Ullman to give this opera in every city that Piccolomini visits, and as it requires no more scenic preparations than the smallest theatre possesses, and has but one chorus, that can be easily omitted, it is the very thing for an itinerant concert troupe. No costumes are required either, beside those which every lady and gentleman wears, and there is no reason why it should not be an acceptable treat to small towns. But for a metropolitan opera house like ours, *Don Pasquale*, as given by the present Piccolomini troupe, is hardly up to the mark.

The opera was repeated on Saturday, and the receipts for the two performances were \$6,500.

Saturday evening the Philharmonic gave its third concert of the present season, the programme including a symphony by Haydn, another by Schumann, and the Triumphal March of Ries. Mr. WILLIAM SAAR, a young pianist of considerable talent, and Miss COURAN, the first soprano of Rev. Dr. Bethune's Church in Brooklyn, were the soloists. The lady is young and has a good, well cultivated voice; she sang with good effect "O mio Fernando from *Favorita*, and will prove a very valuable concert singer.

The Harmonic Society will give next week a complimentary benefit to their leader, Mr. GEORGE BRISTOW. The German Liederkrantz, and the Harmonic Societies of Williamsburg and Brooklyn will take part. The concert will take place at the Academy of Music and promises to be an attractive one.

Mr. STÖPEL's *Hiawatha* is announced for performance next Monday evening. He paid the Mendelssohn Union one hundred dollars for their assistance,

and they have been rehearsing faithfully, but up to a few days ago, there had been no orchestral rehearsal. They want, also, to get some more tenors, in which department the Mendelssohn Union is weak.

These two projects oblige the societies to postpone their rehearsals of *Israel in Egypt* and *Eli*.

No other musical items at present. New York is dull, as regards music. There is a rumor that the "Gipsy's Frolic" opera, written by an amateur, Dr. WARD, will be produced at the Academy of Music, with DE WILHORST as the heroine; but it is so far, only a rumor. TROVATOR.

NEW YORK, FEB. 14. Our musical opportunities have of late been of rather spasmodic occurrence. Two or three weeks of almost complete stagnation have been succeeded by a flood of concerts, &c., dammed into the bounds of five or six days. The beginning was made by MASON & THOMAS's third *Matinée*, which took place last Tuesday. The programme was, as usual, excellent, though some of the compositions were perhaps not the fairest representations of their authors. Schumann's Sonata for piano and violin, op. 105, is too complicated to be well judged of at a first hearing; and the Quartet by Haydn, in which was played D minor, No. 43, did not strike me as being in the happiest style of the great master. Possibly this was caused by my not being as familiar with it as with some of its brethren. An *Etude* by Rubinstein, played by Mr. Mason, seemed immensely difficult and fatiguing, and elicited a vehement encore, to which the pianist replied with a *Galop Fantastique*, hardly less difficult, of his own. These pieces, from their very nature, brought out more spirit than their performer showed in his rendering of the Sonata. The concert ended with Mendelssohn's beautiful posthumous Quintet in B flat, which I had the pleasure of hearing from your Quintet Club, last Fall. This, as well as the Quartet, were exceedingly well played, and in consideration of the fact that "all's well that ends well," I think I must pronounce the concert, as a whole, to have been a satisfactory one.

On Thursday evening an entertainment of a miscellaneous character was given at the Academy by some of "the powers that be," for the benefit of "Little Ella," whose fame has probably ere this reached your ears. For the benefit of those who are not acquainted with this youthful candidate for public favor, I will state that she is a little one of but four summers, the child of a respectable, well educated widow, in limited circumstances, who (the child, not the mother) has a very remarkable memory and talent for elocution. Her mother, being unable to secure for her the education she would wish, has caused her to read and recite in public; she has been patronized by upper-tendom, (reading at their houses, &c.) and some members of this potent body, judicious enough to see that these public exhibitions would in the end be the child's ruin, arranged the above mentioned benefit for her, by which they hoped to effect the mother's object at once. I regret that indisposition prevented my attending it, as, not having heard the child elsewhere, I cannot give you my personal impressions of her. The house was crowded from top to bottom, and the proceeds must have been very satisfactory; I am told that the little creature's performance was equally so. It must be curious to hear Collins's "Ode to the Passions," Chaucer's "Dream," &c., from such childish lips. It would be painful and unpleasant were the little maiden not perfectly healthy and robust, and a complete child in every respect but one — lively, frolicking, mischievous, and I hope naughty sometimes, whenever her peculiar talent is not brought into requisition. Miss BRAINARD, and Messrs MASON & GOLDBECK, kindly gave their services for the occasion, and won their deserved applause.

At the Philharmonic concert last Saturday, we had

the rather unusual treat of two Symphonies, and two more thoroughly contrasted ones could not have been chosen. They were No. 2 in D, by Haydn, and op. 120, in D minor, by Schumann. The first, so limpid, clear and lovely, with its simple, childlike melodies, flowing along like a peaceful meadow-brook; the second so grand in instrumentation, so bold and vigorous in melody, so startling in its harmonic modulations and effects. Like a modest village maiden, with simple, rustic manners, but with her soul's purity and beauty reflected in the sweet serenity of her features, the first stole its way deep into the heart; the other, like a heroine, courageous, strong, her noble beauty enhanced by the fire of enthusiasm and ambition, which, however, does not smother the more tender womanliness in her breast, rouses all our admiration and sympathy, and excites us into following her footsteps with an ardor and devotion almost equalling her own. This Symphony by Schumann has been played here but once before, and though exceedingly difficult, repays, in its final effect, all exertions in practise. It is the finest of all the master's work of a like kind, and though very complicated, must impress even the uninitiated by its vigor and gorgeous coloring. Peculiarly beautiful and very original is the Trio of the Scherzo; one of the most graceful little things ever composed, — it sounds like the flowing and gurgling of water. I regret that my time and space do not admit of entering into a more detailed analysis of all the parts of this splendid work. The third orchestral piece was a Festival Overture by Ries, which was not particularly interesting, and in which the March which ended it, with the thin instrumentation and the drum and fife of a mere military band, did not seem to me to merit in the least the title of "Triumphale," which it bore. The solos were performed by Mr. SAAR, the pianist, who was known to our public as a boy-artist some years ago, but has since studied in Europe; and Miss COURAN, a debutante, who would have done better to remain in obscurity a while longer. She has a very fine voice, but sings very false, and needs much more cultivation. Mr. Saar played two movements of Chopin's piano-concerto in a creditable, but by no means exciting manner; he has but little force, and not as much neatness as he might have. A Notturmo, by Field, suited his style better; while in the *Etude* by Rubinstein he played with far less vigor than characterized Mr. Mason's performance of the same piece.

NEW YORK, FEB. 21. — I am glad to have an opportunity of giving you some farther account of our pleasing young pianist, Madame ABEL. She gave two concerts last week, one here, and one in Brooklyn. The first, owing to the weather, as well as its not having been sufficiently advertised, drew a lamentably small audience, but those who were present had their double share of enjoyment. A small, cozy room like Chickering's (or Dodworth's, which would have been better, as not being so near the street) is just the place to hear this lady to advantage. There is a delicacy and refinement in her playing which seems better suited to a more private performance than to a large concert hall. This is, however, mere conjecture; when we have heard her, as I hope we shall ere long, with an orchestra, I can judge better of her powers in that line. She played, on Tuesday evening, one movement of a Trio of Mayseder, with Messrs. MOLLNHAUER and BERGNER, Chopin's *Etude* in A flat and Mazurka in B minor, Beethoven's Violin and Piano Sonata in F, with Mr. Mollenhauer, and Gottschalk's "Last Hope." Besides these, in answer to encores, Chopin's waltz in A minor, and *La danse des Fées* by Prudent. Of all these the gem was the Sonata. The piano part was most exquisitely rendered, and no less so was the violin played. Indeed, Mr. Mollenhauer showed himself in quite a new

light. Accustomed to hear him play none but light, tricky, unmeaning solos, I should never have supposed him capable of entering so truly into the spirit of higher music. But I rejoiced to find myself mistaken, and that he sustained Mad. Abel most ably, so that the blending of the two parts was indescribably beautiful. The fair pianist's remaining pieces were done equal justice to; she brings out so distinctly the individuality of every composition, and gives each style its full value. The "Last Hope" and the *Danse des Fées* were models of neatness and facility of execution. But though this is the case, one cannot doubt what music she prefers. Her face, her whole manner show it plainly. It is interesting to watch her when she is playing a Sonata of Beethoven, for instance; to observe how her whole form becomes more dignified, her otherwise almost childlike face more mature, and how every trace of a slightly troubled and anxious expression which circumstances have imprinted on her features, disappears. Some call her playing cold — I cannot understand it; to me it is full of soul and feeling. She is not a Clara Schumann, by any means, nor has she as much force as some of her sister-artists whom we have heard here, but her playing speaks an exquisite taste and refinement, and a degree of womanliness, in fact, that is rarely found in a public performer of her sex. Messrs. Mollenhauer and Bergner played each a solo on Tuesday evening — the latter has only recently commenced to perform in any but concerted music, and gives the public reason to regret that he has hidden his candle under a bushel so long. In his quick passages alone, there is room for more softness and smoothness. A Miss LUNAN, a very young and evidently timid debutante, represented the vocal element of this concert. She has an uncommonly clear, powerful voice, which still needs, however, a great deal of cultivation and polish. I understand that she is preparing herself to be a public singer, and should therefore advise her not to risk her reputation at the outset, by "coming out" before she is fitted to do so.

Madame Abel's concert in Brooklyn was much more successful, the Athenæum Hall being well filled, in spite of the execrable weather. I hope my colleague "Bellini," was present, and will give you his account of it. I don't quite like to trespass on his ground, but as this is probably the only Brooklyn concert I shall ever have occasion to mention, I cannot refrain from giving you my impressions of it, for Mme. Abel's sake. That lady was assisted by Messrs. APTOMMAS, MAYER, MOLLNHAUER, and SCHREIBER. With Mr. Mollenhauer she played a duo of Osborne and de Bériot on themes from "William Tell," and the Andante and Variations from the "Krentzer Sonata," the latter I cannot express to you how beautifully! Chopin's Grande Polonaise, Op. 22, Thalberg's *Moïse*, and, as an *encore* piece, the *Lucia Fantasia* of Prudent, completed her share of the performance. The Polonaise was exquisitely rendered; in *Moïse*, however, she showed, for the first time, that its style was not exactly adapted to her powers.

The solos of the three instrumentalists were like a hundred others which they have played, if I except Mr. Schreiber's arrangement of the *Ave Maria* of Schubert, which showed his instrument to great advantage, and was finely played. Mr. Aptommas, after his last piece, was encored with a vehemence that gave me no very favorable idea of the manner of a Brooklyn audience. The ladies were beginning to fear a serious disturbance, when the clamor was put an end to by the announcement that Mr. Aptommas had already left the house. Mr. Mayer sang, very beautifully, three German songs: "How can I leave thee," Schubert's *Barcarole*, and, last, but not least, the exquisite "Gute Nacht" of Robert Franz. If he succeeds in making the songs of this composer popular in New York, I, for one, shall be grateful to him all my life.

Madame Abel thinks of making a trip to Boston ere long, when I hope your public will give her a warm reception, and you can judge for yourself as to her powers.

Dwight's Journal of Music.

BOSTON, FEB. 26, 1859.

MUSIC IN THIS NUMBER. — Continuation of the opera "*Lucerczia Borgia*," arranged for the piano-forte.

The Complimentary Concert to Joseph Trenkle.

Seldom, if ever, in our city has so genuine, so beautiful and so substantial a tribute been paid by artists to a brother artist, as that last Saturday evening, in the Music Hall, to Mr. TRENKLE. And our whole musical public seemed most heartily to share the spirit of the occasion; all had made it a point of duty and of feeling to be there — duty to Art, which in that well-planned, heartily prepared programme, was to have so rich and pure an expression, as well as duty to those sympathies and that respect which superior character and high artistic prospects, overtaken in life's Spring by dangerous disease and suffering, always must inspire. There were about two thousand persons present — an audience of the most cultivated and appreciative, the most agreeable to be surrounded with, that Boston could assemble. It was a true and a successful tribute in all respects: — a generous and a beautiful act on the part of the performers: — Mr. ZERRAHN, with his Philharmonic Orchestra — nearly the whole fifty; Mr. KREISSMANN, with his Orpheus Glee Club; Mrs. HARWOOD, the admired soprano; and the four brother pianists, the ablest whom we have among us, all coöperating of their own impulse and with a will, eager to do their best; then the number and character of such an audience, the rare perfection of the programme, and successful execution of its every piece; then the substantial result, the "material aid and comfort" which it was one, though not the foremost, object of this concert to extend to a suffering brother. May the news of it, when it reaches him in Florida, conspire with the genial influences of nature there, to turn the ebbing tide of life and restore him strong and glad to Art and friends.

The programme of the concert was so choice, so uniformly high in quality, yet novel in some respects, and wholly free from dullness, so happy in its contrasts, in the way that one thing succeeded another, each present enjoyment heightened and supported by a sense of the best of all, the Symphony, to come at the end, that we record it here in full:

PART I.

1. Overture to "*Fidelio*," - - - Beethoven.
2. Air from *St. Paul*: "*Jerusalem, thou that killest,*" &c.,
Mendelssohn.

Sung by Mrs. Harwood.

3. Duo for two Piano-fortes (8 hands) - - Moscheles.
Andante con moto — Fugue — Finale, Alla Siciliana.
Played by Messrs. Parker, Lang, Leonhard and Dresel.
4. Chorus from "*Œdipus*," - - - Mendelssohn.

Sung by the Orpheus Glee Club.

PART II.

5. Overture to "*Oberon*," - - - Weber.
6. Air from "*Figaro*": "*Dove sono,*" - - Mozart

Sung by Mrs. Harwood.

7. L'Invitation à la Valse, arranged for two Pianos (8 hands)
Weber.
Played by Messrs. Parker, Lang, Leonhard and Dresel.
8. Four-Part Song, - - - Mendelssohn.

Sung by the Orpheus Glee Club.

9. Grand Symphony ("*Jupiter*") in C major, - Mozart.
Allegro vivace — Andante cantabile — Minuetto — Finale,
Allegro molto (Fugue with four subjects).

The Orchestral pieces were rendered remarkably well, especially the exquisite overture to *Oberon*, which left a more delicately clear and perfect tone-picture in the mind than ever. Beethoven's overture, the last of the four he wrote to *Fidelio*, abandoning the themes and motives common to the first three, is less familiar to our public than the third and greatest of them, that in C, commonly called *Leonora*, and therefore had the charm of freshness, while it lacks nothing of the fire or depth or tenderness of Beethoven. The Symphony, too, was well played, and generally very much enjoyed; although it suffered somewhat from its late place in a feast of sounds so rich already, and prolonged a great deal by encores, so that there was some disturbance by persons hurrying for cars and omnibuses, and doubtless weariness in many who remained. The worst, too, was that this enforced a shortening of some of the movements by omitting the usual repetitions. Still in such a concert, where all else had tended to refresh, to cherish and sustain one's musical enthusiasm, it was pleasant to go home with the crowning impression of Mozart's great Symphony. A friend, in another column, complains bitterly of this arrangement. He was unfortunate; we, and some others, counted it a part of our good fortune all that evening, that, while all was so near perfect, the most perfect was to come. Yet we would not, as a rule or custom, plead by any means, that the Symphony should end a concert. What with the chance of weariness in one's self, and with the certainty of weariness in others, with their uneasiness and hurrying out, there is in most concerts too much danger that the true impression will be lost or much disturbed. Nor do we think the best place for the Symphony is at the beginning. We fully sympathize, as to that, with the suggestions of "Double Bass." It is too true that neither orchestra nor audience get musically attuned, nor fall into sympathetic true *rapport* before the chill, as it were, has been taken off, by some moments of enjoyment of good music first. There is always a best moment in each spell of musical enjoyment, — a moment when the "fits of easy transmission" and reception are most perfect; when the sense, the brain, the soul is taken at the top-wave of ecstasy and clear perception. The same experience we have in every mental occupation, in periods of reading books, of talking, writing, enjoying nature, and all else. The difficulty is, that this best moment is not always simultaneous with all persons in the company. But, when you consider the heterogeneous conditions in which minds and nerves and senses enter a concert-room; when you consider the distraction of talks unfinished, and of persons entering late, it is evident that the best chance of the average best listening state for all is some time after the beginning. At the close of the first part, or at the beginning of the second part of the concert, we fancy that the Symphony would, as a general rule, be better played and better heard and felt, than either at the beginning or the end.

Mrs. HARWOOD's selections were admirable and were finely sung, the last with piano accompaniment by Mr. DRESEL. The Orpheus never sang in better tune and voice; the "*Œdipus*" chorus, with its glorious climax, made a great impression and was encored. But the characteristic and peculiar feature of this concert was the performance of the pieces for eight hands upon two superb Chickering Grand pianos. We usually anticipate little but confused noise from such combinations. But in this case the quality of the four artists (Messrs. B. J. LANG and OTTO DRESEL at one instrument, and H. LEONHARD and J. C. D. PARKER at the other); the perfect unity, precision, vigor and delicacy of the execution; the rich and satisfying body of tone; the intrinsic interest of the compositions; and in short, the complete and triumphant success of the experiment made it just the fittest kind of tribute

that could have been offered upon such an occasion. Nothing could have so feelingly suggested the pianist absent, as those four friends and pianists thus artistically united. The piece by Moscheles is full of interest. Weber's "*Invitation to the Waltz*," a perfect resumé in music of all the finest sentiment and poetry of the waltz, was absolutely glorified in this superb arrangement, (which was made by Mr. Dresel for an occasion in which Jenny Lind took part some years since in New York.) It was splendidly played and most enthusiastically redemanded.

And so passed off an occasion honorable to all who took part in it, as well as to the esteemed young artist for whom the tribute was intended, and which, although with sadness, will be treasured among the richest musical memories of all who were present.

Musical Chit-Chat.

To-night another grand feast of orchestral music! ZERRAHN's third Philharmonic concert, when our friend Schmitt will be gratified by hearing the Symphony played first; and when we say it is the C minor Symphony of Beethoven, we know that this hint is enough for every music-lover hereabouts. The splendid *Tannhäuser* overture, and Rossini's to the "*Siege of Cornith*," and a brilliant Polonaise by Meyerbeer, and a Piano Concerto by Mozart, played by so accomplished a pianist as Mr. B. J. LANG, add rich attraction, further, to the instrumental portion. For singer, Mr. Zerrahn has succeeded in securing Mrs. LUCY ESCOTT, one of the first reputations among the American sopranos, who have had training and operatic experience abroad, and who, since her return, has not yet sung in Boston. The good things which Zerrahn, and which his noble orchestra have done for us in their last concerts, and especially in that for Mr. Trenkle, ought to insure a crowded house to-night, and many nights to come. We cannot but believe that the musical enthusiasm of Boston received a new impulse last Saturday night, which shall redound to-night and hereafter to the advantage of Zerrahn's labors in our cause.

At the last Wednesday Afternoon concert, the first Symphony of Beethoven, which so many did not hear that first stormy afternoon, was repeated. Herold's *Zampa* overture, reminiscences of Wagner, an arrangement from Wallace, a Strauss Waltz, &c., filled out the programme. We hope the orchestra will consider the suggestion of "Double Bass" of playing the Symphony last in these concerts, so that it may not cost real listeners their dinner, and so as to allow the butterflies to get their share, and fly away, if they wish, before the serious work comes on. . . . Mr. MILLER postpones his performance of "The Haymakers" from the 2nd to the 9th of March, that he may do it better. . . . The *Handel and Haydn Society* are rehearsing Neukomm's "*David*" — rather a come-down from Handel's sublime song of Miriam! . . . BISCACCANTI has had great success in Montreal.

Music Abroad.

London.

In England, "*St. Paul*" was probably never better relished than by the crowd in Exeter Hall yesterday week; — certainly, has never been before so well performed. The excellence of the orchestra accompaniments must be expressly dwelt upon. The chorus, too, which has much ungracious work to do — this fact of itself, in our estimation, marking the wide difference betwixt Mendelssohn's first and second oratorio — was, on the whole, good. That heavenly funeral strain, "*O, happy and blessed are they*" (which we commend to such folk as deny the existence of genius to its composer) went admirably. The *solos*, too, were excellently delivered. Signor Belletti had a cold, and his voice did not always answer its owner's will; but his reading of the music was, what Signor Belletti's reading always is, great, grave and dignified. Madame Rudersdorf sings best in oratorio, and by much the best when the music calls on her to subdue herself, as she proved yesterday week. The quartet was completed by Mr. Sims Reeves, whose voice was in excellent order — and by Miss Dolby. Such a tenor and *contralto* are not to be found within the limits of the German speech, from Königsberg to Presburg. Most careful had been the study of this fine and thoughtful work by all concerned, — and the performance of it, we repeat, was a memorable one. It is to be given, a second time, on Friday next.

"The Creation" was Mr. Hullah's Wednesday Oratorio at *St. Martin's Hall*, given to a very large

audience, and in its main points well given. In the third part, Miss Martin sang for the second time in public, and confirmed the good impression made by her first appearance: also the idea that Nature has destined her for brilliancy rather than expression. Her voice, at all events, is a sound and veritable *soprano*, which seems to answer its owner's call easily. Mr. Thomas and Mr. Santley were the basses. Mr. Sims Reeves was singing very finely. Are we never to hear him again in "Jephtha"? The part of *Jephtha*, too, would thoroughly suit Miss Kemble, as it calls for a singer young and dramatic. Mr. Hullah's next performance is to consist of a repetition of Dr. Bennett's "May Queen," and Beethoven's "Choral Symphony." A journal could be filled with reports of choral performances and oratorios up and down England.—Händel, Haydn, and Mendelssohn furnishing the programmes,—from which, it is instructive to observe, the name of Dr. Spohr has vanished almost as completely as if his "Last Judgement" had not been in great vogue a quarter of a century since, when an infatigable critic coolly tied up "St. Paul," and Mr. Perry's "Folshazzar's Feast," in the same article, and, of the two, found the latter the finer musical work! Yesterday evening, "The Seasons" was to be given in state by the new Choral Society at Manchester; which has the advantage of an established orchestra such as, we are assured, has never been collected in the provinces.—*Athenaeum*, Jan. 22.

Miss Arabella Goddard has left the metropolis for a provincial tour of a few weeks; but before doing so she gave a morning concert on Saturday last, in which she provided her usual irresistible attractions for lovers of the most classical style. It was given at St. James's Hall, and the audience was both numerous, and, at times, enthusiastic; in fact, considerable disposition was evinced to demand an encore of a part of a Sonata by Weber, for clarinet and piano; but, of course, Miss Goddard, with her usual good sense, did not respond to the appeal, and the concert proceeded.

The programme included the following:—

Trio in F major (Op. 65), for pianoforte, violin, and violoncello: Dussak.

Grand Sonata in C major (Op. 53), dedicated to Count Waldstein, for pianoforte solo: Beethoven.

Sonata in E-flat (Op. 45), for pianoforte and clarinet: Weber.

Suite de Pièces in F major (*Suites Anglaises*, No. 4), for pianoforte solo: J. S. Bach.

Quartet in C minor (No. 1. Op. 1), for pianoforte, violin, viola, and violoncello: Mendelssohn.

Miss Goddard was assisted by Herr Louis Ries (violin), Mr. Doyle (tenor), Signor Piatti (violoncello), and Mr. Lazarus (clarinet)—all of whom proved themselves worthy assistants of their talented principal. The last especially distinguished himself in the beautiful Sonata of Weber, which he performed in conjunction with Miss Goddard, a delicious composition, full of striking melody, and of which the *andante* and *rondo* are peculiarly fine, and in Weber's best style—the former intensely soft and elegant—the latter correspondingly brilliant and lively.

Next to this Sonata, which may be considered as the principal feature of the *matinée*, we must refer to the Beethoven Sonata as the most remarkable performance, not only on account of the intrinsic beauty of the composition, but of the wonderful ease and facility with which Miss Goddard dealt with the extraordinary difficulty of the work, written as it avowedly was, for the purpose of exhibiting the great talents and brilliant execution of the leading pianists of his day. The *Rondo* in particular—a light and very rapid movement, with some remarkably difficult passages—showed off most admirably the wonderfully even and perfect mechanism which Miss Goddard has attained upon her instrument.

The *Suite de pièces*, by Bach, was also a fine performance. It is a rather unusual, and dissuaded form of composition—six short movements, all in the same key, but differing in time and subject, in the same way as the movements of a sonata—but played with less interval and following more consecutively to one another. They all show very strikingly Bach's peculiar style, especially the *Gigue*, a *schmerzhaft* movement, which was played in the most elegant and graceful style. The quartet and trio were not quite equal in interest to the usual selections made by Miss Goddard for the stringed instruments. Dussak, though graceful and smooth, is in great danger of being underestimated when placed side by side with such a work as the Sonata of Beethoven, and the Quartet of Mendelssohn, though it is extremely interesting as being the "Op. 1" of that great composer, and composed by him when he was only 14 years of age, does not very perceptibly show the peculiar style which he afterwards impressed upon every work which issued from his pen. Both however were good, and were excellently

played by all the performers. Only one hint, however, we would venture to make to Miss Goddard. Does she not still (as we have before remarked) overrun the strings occasionally in her determination to keep up the vigour and energy of the quick movements? We mention it, not as a decided fault, but rather the evidence of a plethora of power in the performer. But, as we have said on a former occasion, "she is a great creature," and well merits the success which she has met with, at this and many previous concerts.—*Mus. Gazette*, Jan. 22.

From the London Athenaeum, Jan. 15.

PARIS.—We read of the success, at the *Opéra Comique*, of Mlle. Breuille,—a young singer—in M. Aubert's "Les Diamans." Private letters from those who should know, tell us that Miss Thomson keeps her ground at the *Grand Opéra*: no easy matter for a novice, and an Englishwoman:—the first, we believe, of our "perfidious" race who has ever sung there. Should she really equal description, there is occupation enough and to spare for her, whenever it pleases her to come home. The *debut* of M. Lebat, who has been promised as about to *out-tenor* all past tenors, may shortly be expected. The concerts of the *Conservatoire* have set in. The first of those by the *Société des Jeunes Artistes* (far fuller of hope and interest to all persons weary of iteration) will have our excellent townsman, Mr. Saintin, as *solo* player. Then, too, will be introduced a new Overture by M. Féis. There is a new four-act opera coming at Marseilles, by M. Morel, the Director of the Musical-School there, with the unrepresentable title of "Ingenium et Dieu"—a less pretentious one-act novelty, "La Perle de Frascati" (by whom it is not stated), at one of the theatres of Rouen. Every rumor of the kind is welcome as tending to weaken that centralization, or exclusive dependence on the metropolis, which makes travelling in the provinces of France so "stale and unprofitable" to lovers of music and drama.

GERMANY.—From the first number of a new, or rather enlarged, Viennese musical and theatrical journal, "Revisionsen und Mittheilungen," promising well, we gather a few odds and ends which illustrate the present state of taste in Germany—that great land of many lands, once so bounteous in creation. Something is, surely, told in a list of works given, or to be given, at the Vienna opera, "Don Juan" with recitatives—"Iphigenia in Tauris"—a treat to be enjoyed—"Euryanthe,"—so far so good; Herr Wagner's "Lohengrin," concerning which there may be two opinions,—and, after the above German standard works, and this one German novelty, "The Midsummer Night's dream" of M. Thomas, M. Halévy's "Jewess," "Martha" (the ubiquitous and insipid), "Masaniello," and M. Meyerbeer's "Huguenots," "Robert," and "L'Étoile." The repertory of concert music in the Austrian capital has included choral works by Haydn (to whom the Viennese are justifiably constant), and the choruses of Mozart to "King Thamos,"—which, if we mistake not, he afterwards arranged as *Motets*, known in England. Why, by the way, should not the series of them be assembled so as to form a sort of whole for some sacred performance? Besides these, there have been revivals of sacred music by the last great Viennese composer, Schubert; whose "All Souls' Litany" is said to have made a deep impression. Madame Sehmman's concerts at Vienna have been apparently popular. Among the part-singing Societies of men we find traces of songs by Herr Dürmer, a composer, as our readers know, long resident at Edinburg, and who has only just missed taking a place among the best modern German composers. Thus much from the South, in which sympathy and memory, rather than life, seem to be living. When we get northward, to Leipsic, in the winter concerts of which town there is still enterprize—we read of church-music by Herr Hauptmann—of Herr Joachim's admirable violin playing; of a new *Cantata*, "Frühlingsbotschaft" ("Spring's Message"), by Herr Gade, who seems resolute to circumscribe his invention within the smallest possible limits,—Aurora borealis, primroses, moorland scenery; are all good matters of inspiration; but the artist who rests exclusively among such themes must remain (as Herr Gade seems to do) vaporous, cold, and pale. The great men of old were not content without trying variety, by way of escaping from the monotony which inevitably besets those who are fertile in production. Dr. Liszt has resigned the Directorship of the Opera at Weimar. He was prompted to this decision by the decided *fiasco* of a new opera, "Der Barbier von Bagdad," composed by one of his pupils, Herr Peter von Cornelius, and conducted by Dr. Liszt himself. The public entirely forgot its customary roof breeding, and gave vent to its displeasure by hissing.—*London Athenaeum*.

Special Notices.

DESCRIPTIVE LIST OF THE LATEST MUSIC, Published by O. Ditson & Co.

MUSIC BY MAIL.—Quantities of Music are now sent by mail, the expense being only about one cent apiece, while the care and rapidity of transportation are remarkable. Those at a great distance will find the mode of conveyance not only a convenience, but a saving of expense in obtaining supplies. Books can also be sent by mail, at the rate of one cent per curve. This applies to all orders under three thousand miles; beyond that, double the above rates.

Vocal, with Piano Accompaniment. Te Deum laudamus and Jubilate Deo.

E. Howe, Jr. 60

This will prove a very acceptable addition to the small number of pleasing, effective and moderately difficult *Te Deums*, which are now in use. Whether it was one of the "rejected" or not, we cannot say; evidently it is a composition that Mr. Howe should be proud of.

Children. Words by Longfellow. Music by W. R. Dempster. 50

Dempster's reputation is such, that his musical version of Longfellow's charming and genial poem will at once find hundreds of lips ready to sing it, and hundreds of ears willing to listen to it. It is, as Dempster's songs always are, eminently singable and melodious, exhibiting a refined taste and nice understanding of the poet, that will be readily discovered and admired.

Daybreak. Words by Longfellow. Music by M. W. Balfie. 25

Bright and effective. One of the best little songs of the industrious and popular composer.

Fairy Songs I'll sing to thee. E. H. Hime. 25

Really something of a gem for little singers, graceful and sparkling. Since the "Will you love me then as now?" this author has written nothing, which seems more likely to obtain the same popularity.

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An easy parlor-song for medium voices.

Life's sunny hours. Ballad. Joseph Calkin. 25

Much in vogue in England. Sweet music and nice words.

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A splendid song for a baritone voice, bold and catching, which never fails to bring down the house at the performance of the Opera in London.

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Galop from "Vêpres Siciliennes." Brilliant amusements. Albert W. Berg. 30

Teachers will find this a very acceptable piece for moderately advanced pupils. Its bold rhythm and striking melody cannot fail to take at once hold of the fancy of a young player. It is worked out very cleverly and furnishes ample material for passing instructive remarks and development of velocity.

Twenty-Four New Studies. Op. 90. Book I. Stephen Heller. 1.50

It has been often asserted, that in the whole immense range of musical literature, intended for the technical advancement of the young piano player, there is nothing which can compare in artistic value with Heller's Studies. Each study is a tone-poem, finished in itself. Introducing all the peculiar difficulties in modern piano playing, the author is never dry or dull. Of his former studies, many are played and appreciated as "Songs without words." The present series comes in point of difficulty next to the easiest, viz. op. 47. It contains even more gems than that. The first book is now ready; the second will follow shortly.

Books.

CLASSICAL SCHOOL FOR THE PIANOFORTE. By Charles Czerny. No. 1, from the works of Haydn. No. 2, from the works of Mozart. No. 3, from the works of Beethoven. 1.25

The above is a collection of the most spirited passages and sentences from the works of the great composers—a selection of their happiest musical thoughts. Each of the melodies form a complete subject, and, consequently, an entire, though short piece. Those who would study music with profound attention will, in them, become acquainted with the genius of the great masters without being compelled to possess the whole of their voluminous works.

Dwight's Journal of Music.

WHOLE No. 361.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, MARCH 5, 1859.

VOL. XIV. No. 23.

The Diarist Abroad, No. 17.

NOTES.

I. A friend lends me an "Independent" or two. I find in a communication the following:

"What great events from trivial causes spring! Here is a man journeying on horseback from Paris to London. In his saddle-bags are a few books, for the traveller is a dear lover of books. He has pouch and girdle; inkhorn and pen, and a Greek Testament are at hand; as he rides, he reads and marks; as he rests, he reads and marks; thus for many days; and so on that journey, chapters and verses to the New Testament were devised, by Robert Stephens, scholar and printer, in the year of Grace, 1551."

As to the verses, I suppose this is correct; as to the chapters, let us look into these two Bibles, which I have just bought, one German and the other Latin.

"Biblia, Das ist die gantze Hellige Schrift, Deudsch." Folio, with a large number of wood engravings. All divided into chapters—both Old and New Testaments. Turn to the last page: "Gedruckt zu Strassburg bey Wendel Rihel und vollendet am ersten Tag des Herbstmonats, im Jar MDXXXV." (Printed at Strassburg by Wendel Rihel, and completed on the first day of the Autumn month, [September,] 1535.

"Biblia cum Summariorum apparatus pleno," &c. Octavo; a most exquisite specimen of old printing, both Testaments fully divided into chapters. Turn to the last page. "Lugduni [Lyons] in officina Jacobi Mareschal, anno domini, decimo nono supra millesimum." That is, 1019—a mistake of 500 years, as is noticed in Baumgarten's "Nachrichten." The true date is 1519.

A large portion of the communication above quoted, and an article referring to it in the succeeding number of the "Independent" relates to the necessity of using a "paragraph" edition of the Bible in order to read understandingly. How happens it that the excellent one arranged by "T. W. Coit, D. D., Rector of Christ Church, Cambridge," (Mass.), and printed there in 1834, is not mentioned? From Dr. Coit's preface, I quote the following in relation to chapters and verses.

"The division was not made till the middle of the 13th century, or about A. D., 1250. An individual, bearing a title not very attractive to Protestant and republican ears, a cardinal" (in a note "Cardinal Hugo de Sancto Caro") "was the author of this arrangement. The division into verses (at least as respects the Old Testament) has not so good paternity as even this, judging from the estimation prevalent among numerous Christians. It was introduced into the Hebrew Bible by one Athias, a Jew of Amsterdam, in his edition of it in 1661; many years after the oldest college in this new world had been established."

Dr. Coit says in a note, that this division had existed earlier in English Bibles, but when first

made he did not know. According to him, referring to Henry, Michaelis and Horne, Stephens was on a journey from Lyons to Paris, not from Paris to London, when he divided the New Testament so wretchedly into verses.

II. At the coffee house the other evening, I noticed in the London *Athenaeum*, that Lord Somebody had been struck with the legal knowledge of Shakespeare, and has prepared a pamphlet on the subject. This is spoken of as something so wonderful and new!

No doubt to Englishmen. Every American scholar, however, will tell the *Athenaeum* that the idea is an old one, and will point to some articles in an American magazine, arguing that the poet went up to study law in London, based on this very legal knowledge, that Lord Somebody has just remarked. But how can the London *Athenaeum* or Lord Somebody, be expected to look down so low as to an American publication! Can any good thing come out of Nazareth? Can any American know anything about Shakespeare, Goethe, Handel, or Beethoven, that has escaped the wonderful men of the London *Athenaeum*? Can American magazines possess any claim to their notice?

III. JOHANN WENZEL TOMASCHKE, born April 17, 1774, at Skutsch in Bohemia, lived in Prague and died there, April 3, 1849. I find him for the first time spoken of "as a giant, second only to Beethoven, in all that rendered Beethoven truly great," &c. His works, among which are sonatas, symphonies, concertos, variations, masses and other church music, one opera, a cantata or two, pianoforte trios and quartets, &c., amount to perhaps a hundred in number. He was quite a famous teacher in Prague, and his autobiography is a pleasant sketch, with its many anecdotes of famous men, Beethoven, Woelffe, Steibelt, and others. Of his greatness I certainly never dreamed. Moscheles once spoke of him to me without conveying any such impression, and I find it rather singular that, with the exception of two or three performances of symphonies in Leipzig, long ago, I find no account of any of his secular compositions having been played out of Prague and Vienna, where apparently they are all now forgotten. I know no notices of him in the musical journals from 1798 to 1850, which lead one to the idea that he was above and beyond the standard of an average good musician.

IV. A Query. What is the meaning of "rendition?" Mr. D., what does the great new Dictionary say? I have been writing for you since the second number of the Journal, and have never had any occasion to use the word, to my knowledge. Perhaps I have missed a great deal. Please tell me the meaning of it.

V. "Oh! Lo'd a' massy!" as uncle Sam Lawton used to say, with the emphasis on the last word—what will the readers of Dwight's Journal

say now? Here, in this number of January 8th, is a man asking seriously of an edition of the Holy Bible, if it be—a "vanity!" What blasphemy! The criminal acknowledges everything, but suggests that what he desired and still desires to know from some one better informed on the point than he is, is this;—is that particular edition of the Bible a RARITY? A. W. T.

The Rev. Henry Ward Beecher on Organ-Playing.

(From the Independent.)

The Organ, long expected, has arrived, been unpacked, set up, and gloried over. The great players of the region round about, or of distant celebrity, have had the grand Organ Exhibition; and this magnificent instrument has been put through all its paces, in a manner which has surprised every one, and, if it had had a conscious existence, must have surprised the Organ itself most of all. It has piped, fluted, trumpeted, brayed, thundered; it has played so loud that everybody was deafened, and so soft that nobody could hear. The pedals played for thunder, the flutes languished and coquetted, and the swell died away in delicious suffocation, like one singing a sweet song under the bed-clothes. Now it leads down a stupendous waltz with full bass, sounding very much as if, in summer, a thunder-storm should play above our heads. "Come, haste to the wedding," or "Money-Musk." Then come marches, galops, and hornpipes. An organ playing hornpipes ought to have elephants for dancers.

At length a figure is to show the whole scope and power of the instrument. The theme, like a cautious rat, peeps out to see if the coast is clear; and after a few hesitations, comes forth and begins to frisk a little, and run up and down to see what it can find. It finds just what it did not want, a purring tenor lying in ambush and waiting for a spring, and as the theme comes incautiously near, the savage cat of a tenor pitches at it, misses its hold, and then takes after it with terrible earnestness. But it has miscalculated the agility of the theme. All that it could do, with the most desperate effort, was to keep the theme from running back into its hole again, and so they ran up and down, around and around, dodging, eluding, whipping in and out of every corner and nook, till the whole organ was aroused, and the bass began to take part, but unluckily slipped and rolled down stairs, and lay at the bottom raving and growling in the most awful manner, and nothing could appease it. Sometimes the theme was caught by one part, and dandled for a moment, when, with a snatch, another part took it and ran off exultant, until unawares the same trick was played on it, and finally, all the parts being greatly exercised in mind, began to chase each other promiscuously in and out, up and down, now separating and now rushing in full tilt together, until everything in the organ lost patience, and all the "stops" were drawn, and, in spite of all that the brave organist could do,—who flew about and bobbed up and down, feet, hands, head, and all—the tune broke up into a real row, and every part was clubbing every other one, until at length, patience being no longer a virtue, the organist with two or three terrific crashes put an end to the riot, and brought the great Organ back to silence!

Then came congratulations. The organist shook hands with the builder, and the builder shook hands with the organist, and both of them shook hands with the committee; and the young men who thought it their duty to know something about music looked wise, and the young ladies

looked wise too, and the minister looked silly, and the parishioners generally looked stupid, and all agreed that there never was such an organ — no, never! And the builder assured the committee that he had done a little more than the contract stipulated; for he was very anxious to have a good organ in that church! And the wise men of the committee talked significantly of what a treasure they had got. The sexton gave a second look at the furnace, lest the church should take it into its head now, of all times, to burn up; and he gave the key an extra twist in the lock, lest some thief should run off with the organ.

And now, who shall play the organ? is the question. And in the end, Who has not played it? First, perhaps, a lady who teaches music is exalted to the responsibility. Her taste is cultivated, her nerves are fine, her muscles feeble, her courage small, and her fear great. She touches the great organ as if she were a trembling worshiper, fearing to arouse some terrible deity. All the meek stops are used, but none of the terrible ones, and the great instrument is made to walk in velvet slippers every Sabbath, and after each stanza the organ humbly repeats the last strain in the tune. The instrument is quite subdued. It is the modern exemplification of Ariadne riding safely on a tamed leopard. But few women have strength for the mechanical labor. It ought not to be so. Women ought to have better health, more muscle, more power, and one of these days doubtless will have.

Next, an Amateur player is procured, who was said to have exquisite taste and finished execution. A few pieces for the organ he knew by heart, a pretty way of varying a theme, a sentimental feeling, and reasonable correctness in accompaniment.

Next came an Organist, who believed that all this small playing, this petty sweetness, was a disgrace to the powers of the instrument. He meant to lead forth the long pent-up force, and according he took for his first theme, apparently, the Deluge, and the audience had it poured upon them in every conceivable form,—wind, rain, floods, thunder, lightning, with all the promiscuous stops, which are put in all large organs to produce a screeching brilliancy, full drawn, to signify universal misery and to produce it. That man gave the church their full money's worth. He flooded the house. The voices of the choir were like birds chirping in a thunder-storm. He had heard that the singing of a congregation should be borne up upon the music of the organ and as it were floated, and he seemed to be aiming, for the most part, to provide a full Atlantic ocean for the slender choir to make its stormy voyages upon.

A fortunate quarrel disposed of him, and the Organ went back to the tender performer. But before long a wonderful man was called, whose fame, as he related it, was excessive. He could do anything—play anything. If one style did not suit, just give him a hint, and he would take on another. He could give you opera, ecclesiastical music, stately symphony of Beethoven, the brilliant fripperies of Verdi, the solemn and simple grandeur of Handel, or the last waltz, the most popular song, (suitably converted for the purpose)—anything, in short. The church must surely be hard to please, if he could not suit them. He opened his organ as a peddler opens his tin boxes, and displaying all its wares, says, Now, what do you want? Here is a little of almost anything!

He took his turn. Then came a young man of a true and deep nature, to whom music was simply a symbol of something higher, a language which in itself is but little, but a glorious thing when laden with the sentiments and thoughts of a great heart. But he was not a Christian man, and the organ was not to him a Christian instrument, but simply a grand gothic instrument, to be studied, just as a Protestant would study a cathedral, in the mere spirit of architecture, and not at all in sympathy with its religious significance or uses. And before long he went abroad to perfect himself in his musical studies. But not till a most ludicrous event befell him. On a Christmas-day a great performance was to be given. The church was full. All were musically expectant. It had been given out that something might be expected.

And surely something was had a little more than was expected. For, when every stop was drawn, that the opening might be with a sublime choral effect, the down-pressing of his hands brought forth not only the full expected chord, but also a cat, that by some strange chance had got into the organ. She went up over the top as if gunpowder had helped her. Down she plunged into the choir, to the track around the front bulwark of the gallery, until opposite the pulpit, when she dashed down one of the supporting columns, made for the broad aisle, when a little dog joined in the affray, and both went down toward the street door at an astonishing pace. Our organist, who, on the first appearance of this element in his piece, snatched back his hands, had forgotten to relax his muscles, and was to be seen following the cat with his eyes, with his head turned, while his astonished hands stood straight out before him rigid as marble!

But in all these vicissitudes, and in all this long series of players, good playing has been the accident, while the thing meant and attempted has been in the main, a perversion of music, a breaking of the Sabbath-day, and a religious nuisance. The only alleviation in the case was, that the general ignorance of the proper function of church-music saved the Christian congregation from feeling what an outrage they had suffered. But, we must try this tropic once more, before we can get it fairly finished. *

The Sisters Ferni.

From the Vienna *Blatter für Musik*. Translated for the London Musical World.)

"Du hast wohl Recht: ich finde nicht die Spur
Von einem Geist, und Alles ist Dressur." *

Reckoning by the enthusiasm which, for some time, has been rolling its gigantic waves through the Italian periodical press, concerning this pair of violin-playing sisters, which waves have now advanced to the banks of the little Vienna stream, certainly astonished at such a deluge, we could not help, at the very least, picturing to ourselves artistic phenomena in whose ten fingers there must be more geniality and masterly skill than in ten Milanollos put together.

After daring to hazard the audacious opinion that, from what we heard, saw, and experienced at the first concert of these young ladies, in the Theatre an der Wien, both the Mesalles. Ferni could very well find room in the dreamy Theresa's little finger, we run the risk, probably, of being knocked down by the foam-crested billows of enthusiasm, which, however, as yet have only forced their noisy way as far as the standing places in the pit; but they cannot shake the rock of criticism which is accustomed to breakers.

Both in their personal appearance, and in their playing, the fair artists possess a great many points of attraction. The first is a matter of taste, and, therefore, of no account here; concerning the latter, we will explain our opinion by a few observations.

Whatever the so-called French school has collected in the way of affectation, piquancy, over-sharpness, and glimmering dast to throw in people's eyes, and by which it has succeeded in thoroughly banishing all truth and nature from Art, is exhibited, with exhausting completeness, in these two young ladies' playing. In the latter is mirrored, with frightful fidelity, artistic Vandalism, clothed in the most modern and refined form, such as is now in full bloom on the banks of the Seine, and it is not till any one has heard Mesdemoiselles Ferni play that he can believe in the possibility of a degree of demoralization in the conception of Art so great that even a Berlioz was not deterred from the blasphemy of which he was guilty towards the score of Weber's *Freischütz*.

The playing of these young ladies, however calculated to dazzle the great masses, and even, in many particulars, to gain the approval of professionals, must fill the real friend of Art with deep regret, nay, with pity, because he perceives that a couple of young girls, apparently artistically endowed by nature, have been subjected to

the most refined system of false education, which has not only robbed them of freedom of individual development, as well as independence of feeling and sentiment, but deprived them of the remotest consciousness of such mental qualities.

Their artistic taskmasters have not allowed these young ladies to express the smallest emotion of their souls as they felt it. With the scissors of the school they have pitilessly nipped off every blossom, which dared to sprout forth out of the impulse of an inward plastic power. They have succeeded, by force of cultivation, in changing into a smooth-shorn wall of leaves the fresh, free forest, with all the variety of its naturally sturdy trees, with the magical and mysteriously romantic charm of its gloom, with the smiling friendliness of its glades, with the refreshing joys of its shade, and the vivifying murmurs of its little brook.

From the way of holding the violin and bow up to the most brilliant passages, and down again to the simplest *cantilena*, nay, even to the production of each separate tone, everything in the playing of these young ladies is affected by mannerism, the inevitable result of a course of scholastic subjection, carried out with an anatomical minuteness, which breaks the structure of natural sentiment into a thousand pieces, for the purpose of producing out of them, according to the erroneous architectonic system of this method, a brilliantly colored caricature. We never hear a warm and really natural tone; the pathos is hollow; the sorrow feigned; the joy false; the bashfulness affected; and the resolution cowardice.

This applies especially to Caroline, in whose dreamy eye we feel inclined to believe there is a world of deep feeling, while, as the event subsequently proved, her glance really expressed nothing but complete apathy. Her sister, Virginia, on the other hand, appears to have rescued some fragments of original natural feeling from the conflict with the persons who have killed her soul; her strain is fuller, and warmer, although the instrument she uses is inferior in strength and melting character of tone to that of her sister. Her bearing, which is less constrained, as well as the fact that she glides with momentary nonchalance, as well as with greater lightness and fluency, over many passages, which, from her technical skill, she would be capable of executing in a perfectly irreproachable manner, are, for the reflective observer, characteristic signs of the existence of undestroyed traces of individuality. Virginia's playing can be influenced by her frame of mind; she may fail to-morrow in what she has succeeded to-day, while Caroline is infallible, and, in consequence of the complete absence of animation from her soul, can never change. She is the prototype of a carefully regulated piece of mechanism, which, with absolute certainty, hits the same point a thousand times running. In spite of this, we much prefer Virginia's playing with all its disregard of the influence of the moment, for it possesses one feature in common with mankind, namely chance, while infallibility is either above or below humanity.

A further proof of the artistic passivity of these brilliant examples of methodical art-gardening, is furnished by their repertory, which would otherwise not be intelligible, if we reflected, on the one hand, with what an endless variety of artistic productions they must have come in contact during the course of their career, and, on the other, if we remembered that these young girls are of an age which might enable them to judge of the value of the pieces in their list. But the want of freedom in their artistic education, the consequence of which must be the inability to form an opinion in musically æsthetical matters, would be alone sufficient to explain this phenomenon, even without the fact that, as pupils of Beriot and Alard, they have been educated merely to hawk about the tin-pot concert wares of those gentlemen. We do not, in the slightest degree, blame the young ladies for this, since, in consequence of the above circumstance, their horizon was necessarily bounded by the compositions with which their masters deigned to present them; nay, we rather think it a piece of negative good fortune

* * * Yes, you are right without a doubt; I find Plenty of training, but no trace of mind."

for Art that this is so, for we cannot help shuddering at the thought: Suppose the notion of laying hands on the modest creations of a Beethoven, Mendelssohn or Schumann, were to enter their heads!

But—we may make our minds easy on this score; such a thing will never happen. The young ladies will never play anything except what their masters have arranged for them atom by atom, and indelibly impressed on them; nay—however exaggerated it may seem—we can scarcely keep ourselves from assuming that, beyond Alard and Beriot, they have not the least idea what kind of an art music is, and—if more nearly questioned on this head—would be capable of returning an answer somewhat resembling that of Berlichingen's little son, of which the worthy Götz remarked: "The boy is so learned, that he does not know his father's name."

Yet, despite all this, we have no intention of blaming the Mesdemoiselles Ferni, for, as we have already said, they are, in an artistico-moral sense, irresponsible beings. But we certainly do intend to pronounce the most decided censure on a school, which, shallow in principles and hollow at heart, thinks, from its high-stilted and obscure, foggy self-conceit, to look down upon German Art, which, serious and dignified, is enthroned high above it on a pedestal of granite.

The public, more properly so-called, pays less attention to considerations of this kind, and is, therefore, perfectly justified in feeling attracted by the young ladies' elegance; excited by their uncommon, brilliant, and crisp style of execution, lighted up by a variety of brilliant tricks of fence; astonished at their manual skill, overcoming all difficulties with ease and certainty; pleased by the purity and comparative force of their tone, and, lastly, entranced by the way in which the performance of each fair artist blends, even in the most trivial details, with that of the other. We ourselves, however, do not know, in truth, whether we more admire the gigantic industry which must have been required from them both for so comprehensive a material victory, and the subjection of their individuality, or regard as unintelligible the perseverance with which they have gone through the process of mental transubstantiation to the utter sacrifice of their own identity.

But, however any one may think on this head—the sisters Ferni are worth going to hear.

L. A. ZELLNER.

For Dwight's Journal of Music.

Zerrahn's Programme's Again.

My Dear Dwight,—In writing you my first letter on this topic, it was partly with a view to discover some good reason, if there happened to be any, why the Symphony is always placed first on our programme. I have been unable to find one, however, in the communication of Mr. SCHMITT, which appeared in your Journal of last Saturday. I do not see indeed, that we differ, substantially.

The ground I took in my letter was, that the place for a Symphony is neither at the beginning nor at the end of a Concert, but that it should stand No. 2 on the list; or, what is pretty much the same thing, at the end of *Part first*; for an Overture and a Symphony must be considered nearly, if not quite, enough, for one Part. Mr. Schmitt wishes it to be played *first*, in order that he may hear it before his energies flag. We only differ then as to a matter of ten or twelve minutes in time, which would be required for the performance of an overture; and what reasonable man would do your correspondent the injustice to suppose that his energies are in danger of flagging in ten minutes?

The "poor people who come from the suburbs" would have no reason to complain if my suggestions were carried out; for by placing the Symphony at the end of the first Part, Mr. Zerrahn would give to those who desire to leave early, an opportunity of doing so, and enable them besides to carry away with them, fresh and unalloyed, the impressions created by the Symphony. A decided advantage, I think.

"Mr. Double Bass" has, many times, "been in the room for the performers, before a concert," and has always been under the impression that the mysterious discords heard there were caused by tuning the instruments, and were not produced solely to enable the musicians to "get their hands in." It is true that the artists manipulate a little and make all sorts of diabolical noises, mixed up with chromatic *roulades* from the oboes and flutes; but they don't *play* anything together. It seems to me there is a marked difference between tuning a violin in a private room and playing upon it afterwards in public. I think it will be conceded, that there are few artists, who do not sometimes experience more or less nervous excitement on appearing before an audience; and it *must* be conceded that, as a general rule, a player not only gains confidence, but enters more and more into the spirit of his music as his performance progresses. I do not see how Mr. Schmitt can get over this.

Again; I cannot perceive how this tuning of instruments in a side room is going to help the audience at all; for upon this question touching the propriety of tuning up an audience, so to speak, Mr. Schmitt must excuse me if I differ from him. It is no doubt true that professional musicians, who naturally keep their senses always tuned to a "concord of sweet sounds," are fully prepared for a Symphony at any time, so it does not come too late. But it is quite different with a majority of the audience who may be supposed to have been "knocking round" all day out of doors, or boxed up in counting rooms "down town." To these, I think your correspondent will admit that the ascent to a "gigantic tone-poem" should be somehow or other graduated. To such as these, a fine overture (of course Mr. Zerrahn is not going to give us a poor one,) is a positive benefit, while it cannot possibly be a disadvantage to anybody.

At any rate let us have my plan tried before we condemn it; and I heartily agree with Mr. Schmitt in considering Mr. Zerrahn a competent person to decide this matter, and only hope that his attention may be drawn to these communications and that they may receive his favorable consideration.

DOUBLE BASS.

P. S. I am sorry your correspondent does not see the force of my gastronomical simile. He takes umbrage at *Bœuf à la mode*, but thinks "roast meat" might do. *Chacun à son goût*—roast meat let it be, so the principle remains the same.

Mr. Fry's Lecture in Philadelphia.

(From the Evening Bulletin, Feb. 25.)

Mr. William H. Fry delivered a lecture on Music, last evening, before the Harmonia Society, the audience being a good one in point of numbers and intelligence. The lecture was extemporaneous, and was of a discursive character. Its length, too, would forbid any attempt to give even an outline of it. Mr. Fry regards Music as the highest and most pervading of the arts, and in expressing his worship of it, he became enthusiastic and often eloquent. He described and analyzed the diatonic and chromatic scales, and, with Mr. Cross's assistance on the organ, illustrated a variety of chords and modulations. Owing to want of time, he did not attempt a historical sketch of Music; but he mentioned the Chinese accounts of it, antedating all other accounts, and he introduced specimens of Chinese and East Indian airs, harmonized by himself and sung by the chorus of the Harmonia Society. As an example of very superior writing he introduced Handel's *Hallelujah Chorus*, which was also well sung. The lecture contained frequent allusions to the inadequate encouragement and protection of Art in this country, all of which were expressed earnestly and warmly, and were received with sympathy by the audience. There were a great many good things in the lecture; much sound philosophy, but much also that was mere rhapsody; a great deal that was original and striking and amusing, but much that was simply grotesque. The peroration was spirited and impressive appeal in behalf of American Art. Although the lecture was more than two hours long, the audience did not weary; for Mr. Fry is never common-place or tedious.

The Boston *Courier* gives an extract from a private letter describing the same performance:

"The audience was not large, but good-humored and made up of our brightest people, and the absence of the grim, and determined, and defiant, and investigating faces of the regular lecture-goers was refreshing. Fry lounged upon the stage at 8 o'clock, made up in a strange and not severely æsthetic manner. Dark coat and vest buttoned up to the throat, and a pair of very loose and lazy-hung pantaloons—his hands encased in immaculate kids. He spurned the pulpit—'stand,'—they call it—that had been provided for his use, and took a clear stage, and no favor, and no notes, except some irregular scribbles on an old card which he produced every few minutes from one of his waistcoat pockets. For *two hours and a half* did he talk brilliantly, quaintly, convulsingly, learnedly, buttonholedly, prophetically, half-inspiredly, whimsically, conceitedly, bravely, truly, about everything—and music. Now he made us squirm with fun; now he dazzled and lifted us by some unexpected soar of eloquence; now he set us on ecstasies with some bold, bright scoff at snobbishness and stupidity. Now he opened our admiring eyes to some rare poetic vision. His peroration was a noble appeal for art in this country. I believe the people would have sat delighted till midnight. But after threatening to stop half a dozen times, the brilliant fellow switched off, and shuffled away as if, for all the world, he had been doing nothing particularly clever all the while. Blackberries in February are not half so scarce as Fry's speeches, and not half so succulent and piquant. Get him to do it in Boston."

Musical Correspondence.

BERLIN, JAN. 26.—I think von BÜLOW is of importance enough, or will be hereafter to excuse me for giving a couple of paragraphs from the papers here in relation to the affair.

1. From the *Voss'sche Zeitung*. (Communicated.)

"Hans von Bülow, on Friday, regaled the Berlin public with an Ollapodrida of Music of the Future, in the hall of the Sing-Akademie. Among other horrors, the concert-giver brought to performance a work by Franz Liszt; 'Die Ideale Sinfonische Dichtung nach Schiller,' explained by H. von Bülow in his programme to this effect: that the piece is in three divisions, 'Aufschwung, Enttäuschung und Beschäftigung, die schliessliche Vereinigung dieser Motive eine Apotheose Schiller's Bilde.'" The public appears to have heard in this musical waste only the 'Enttäuschung' and opposed the small clique of applauders after the 'Apotheosis'—which doubtless would have made Schiller turn over in his grave—with decided hissing. H. von Bülow came before the audience like an angry lion, and said, 'Hissing is not the style here! I desire the hissing to leave the hall!'

"As to this we can assure H. v. Bülow in the name of the public; 1. That hitherto it has not been the style here to use the Sing-Akademie for the production of musical nonsense; and, 2, that it has not hitherto been the style to order the public, which has purchased the right of criticism for a thaler, to leave the hall. This much we remember, through a period of 40 years, that the hall of the Sing-Akademie has never been so dishonored.

Unus pro multis."

The man of the *National Zeitung* excuses himself in a paragraph, for not having in his notice of the Bülow concert given the particulars of the scene. He says: "Before coming to the topic of the day, we must refer to the much talked of occurrence at the concert of H. von Bülow on Friday, which is quite without precedent in Berlin concert history, and has awakened universal disapprobation. Our report of this has been deferred until now, because before the breaking out of the storm of Liszt, we had withdrawn into the most distant corner of the Loge, where we could not understand the words of the speaker." The story is then told again with the following remark appended: "Partly to the coolness, partly to the surprise of the public, thus *in corpore* insulted, owes the equally blustering and uncalled for Censor his thanks, that he, at that very time and place, was not driven back into his proper sphere."

I remember, when a boy, that one of the neighbors sued the Boston and Worcester Railroad Company for damages to his water power. Lawyer Mellen argued the case for him, and then, for the first time, the poor man found out how excessively he had been injured. I remember he cried while the neighbors laughed. Our public seems, now that three or four days have elapsed and the critics have had their say, to begin to find that poor Hans von Bülow has committed the unpardonable sin.

But enough — perhaps too much — of this.

The introduction to 'Lohengrin' is a taking, slow movement, away up in the upper violin regions, made *understandable* by a couple of pages of programme, all about the sacred "Gral." This, it appears, was the cup used by Jesus at the Lord's Supper, and in which, afterwards, his blood and water, when the soldier pierced his side, was caught — according to some old Catholic legend. Haupt, who sat by me, said the music sounded to him just like a pupil's exercise in three-part counterpoint, and it seemed to me much like a reappearance of familiar strains from the "Tannhäuser." We shall hear it again soon in the opera house.

The violin piece by Raff, played by Strauss most exquisitely, was but a weak affair — fairly music after the Mendelssohn pattern, for the orchestra, and a violin solo, of no great musical value.

I do not know whether you have ever had Berlioz's Overture to the "Vehmrichtern." If not, I hope your orchestra will not waste valuable time in studying it — unless it be for the fun of the thing. The stuff was so abominably bad, that we got over our disgust and had a hearty laugh — "we," that is, nearly all the auditors near me. One cannot describe it — in fact, it is not worth description with its drums and clashing of cymbals, and ridiculous trash generally.

Music of the Future enough for this winter!

The only claim of such things to the name of compositions seems to be the fact that they really are *compounded* — a set of heterogeneous short musical passages strung together on the thread of the intellectual idea of some poem. But as it is impossible to convey intellectual ideas in mere musical tones, so the thread of connection is one, which, if you keep in mind, causes you to lose the music; if you keep the music you lose the thread. If you lose the thread the music all falls apart, and you might as well call twenty consecutive pages of the *philosophy* of Martinus Magnus — the Great Tupper — a poem, as these disconnected phrases and chords a symphony or an overture. Perhaps I do injustice to the Great Tupperian Philosophy. I never read it. No judge has as yet sentenced me to three years State's prison, four days solitary, and a hundred pages of Tupper.

A. W. T.

BERLIN, FEB. 4. — Was not my last notice of a concert one in which the extravagances of orchestra run mad was the theme? Eight days later (Jan. 22) we had one of which the principal pieces belong (at least in style) to a period before there was any orchestra — when music was written for voices alone — nay, for men's, or men's and boys' voices only. It was the second concert of the Dom-chor. The ranks were pretty full; I counted 58 boys, trebles and altos, and 31 or 32 men, tenors and basses.

One or two points, minute but not therefore insignificant, are worthy of notice. The choir is arranged in four slightly curving lines, each line just enough raised to sing freely over the heads of that in front, and affording every individual a clear view of the conductor, who, of course, stands in the centre. The result is the highest precision, as every one takes his own time directly from the baton, and the greatest blending possible of voices. Again no one, not seated close to the choir, perceives when and how the pitch is given. There is no sounding of a pitchpipe,

or pianoforte, no audible tone given by the conductor. Each has his own music, makes himself perfectly ready, while sitting. Then, at a slight sign all rise together and the music "streams" forth. Again, the ancient music sung, with its long-drawn tones, æolian-harp-like melodies and harmonies, gives the singer opportunity to pay attention to the character of the tone which he is producing, his thoughts not being occupied with runs, and trills, and passages. Consequently, we have a body of as pure vocal tones as the natural powers of the singers will admit of. We all know the effect, when a fine organist closes a piece, raising finger after finger from the keys from the upper octaves downward until at last a single grand pedal note *vibrates* through the church. This effect, and far more powerful in its workings upon the feelings, we have given us by the Dom-chor, the deep bass voices being heard, like a pedal note, vibrating through the hall for a moment when all else is still.

But to the programme.

1. *Ave Regina*, by Vittoria; — born in Spain, 1560, kapellmeister to the church of St. Apollinare, at Rome, in 1585; later, singer in the Pope's chapel; in 1594 called to Munich. His works comprise all sorts of music for the Catholic church service, masses, psalms, motets, and so on, in from four to twelve parts.

2. *Kyrie*, for men's voices, by Giovanni Mattheo Asola; — flourished at Verona, 1565–1596; wrote much and well.

3. *Offertorium*, by Fioroni; — born at Paris, 1704 died as kapellmeister of the cathedral at Milan, in 1779; one of the greatest church composers of the last century.

4. *Clavier Concerto*, in Italian style, by Bach, played by Hans von Bülow. A piece for the pianoforte solo, with so much beautiful melody that it is not necessary to be a "Bachist" to enjoy it. The only criticism that I heard upon Bülow's noble performance of it, was that he took up the last movement a little too fast, so that the audience was more likely to wonder at the performer's execution, than to fully comprehend the greatness of the music.

5. "*Adoramus te, Christe*," by Benelli; — a great singer, and one of the greatest teachers of singing of recent times. He was born at Forlì, in the Romagna, Sept. 5, 1771; studied with those two great masters, Padres Martini and Mattei; 1790 was first tenor at Naples; 1798 engaged in London; 1801 at Dresden; 1823 came to Berlin as professor of vocal music, where he had the greatest success; 1829 fell into a controversy with Spontini, through certain articles, which he had printed in the *Leipzig Allg. Musikalische Zeitung*; retired to the neighborhood of Dresden, and died August 16, 1830.

6. *Choral*, the programme says by Eccard, a German composer, born at Mühlhausen, in Thuringia; pupil of Orlando Lasso (Roland de Lattre); 1599 kapellmeister in Königsberg; 1608 ditto in Berlin. This choral is, in fact, what is known in our older singing books as "Luther's Judgment Hymn." I have seen it in books printed before Eccard was born; so that he can only have the credit of having harmonized it; as Claude Goudimel did our "old 100." If ever I get time to write my "Psalmic Sketches" for the Journal, there will be more said about this choral.

7. *Lamentation*, (for men's voices) by Melchior Franck; — born in Silesia in the second half of the 16th century; 1603 kapellmeister to the Duke of Coburg; died there June 1, 1639.

(The motet here given is from *Lamentations* CV: 15–17.)

8. *Adagio and six variations*, op. 34, Beethoven; played by Bülow, in his most exquisite style.

And finally,

9. *Lobgesang*, by Mendelssohn — not the Song of Praise Choral Symphony — but a "Glory to God in the highest," &c.

I can say nothing new about such music. I can only repeat that no reader, who has never heard the like, can form any due conception of it, either in regard to the style of the music, the effect of the boy choir, or the perfection of the performance. The first hearing of a full orchestra or a grand Handelian chorus with two or three hundred singers, is not more new to a country lover of music, who has previously never gone beyond the village band, or choir than one of these motets would be to the most experienced singer of our Handel and Haydn Society. Why can we not have something of this kind in Boston? I will stake my character for truth on the assertion that our city can furnish as good materials for such a choir as Berlin. If it was not for the impossibility of finding men and boys with time, patience and perseverance to go through the needful course of study and practice, we might have such a choir. But here is just the trouble!

Jan. 21st, I attended the Zimmermann Quartet concert. 1. A quartet, by J. J. Koerner, of St. Petersburg, not very great, but very pleasing. 2. Quartet by Haydn in G, of course delightful. 3. do. op. 127, Beethoven — quite beyond me, on one hearing.

At OERTLING's soiree, a novelty to me was a Quartet by Spohr, in G, in three movements, which I liked much. I heard also, for the second time, one by Schubert, in D minor, the opening of the *Adagio* reminding everybody most forcibly of the second movement of Beethoven's 7th Symphony. If you do not know this work in Boston, I pray you get it.

At another concert of a very different order were a few things to be noted; such as, a Festival Overture by HUGO ULRICH, of whom I must at some time have written. He is one of the rising young composers; I think among the first here. Some years since a prize was offered (at Brussels?) for a "*Sinfonie Trionfale*," and he gained it. He has been for two or three years in Milan studying; and the story is that the Royal opera has accepted a new work for the stage by him. The overture in question pleased me much better than it did some of the newspaper reporters. I liked it. There were three pieces declaimed, or rather read by some of the best of the "Theater personnel" of both sexes — not of particular interest, however, to us.

A couple of young women from Vienna sang; Frauleins Sofia and Kraus, wiggly-voiced women to the most shocking degree; neither gave a smooth, sustained note from beginning to end. One of them sang the song by Schubert: *Meine Ruh ist hin, mein Herz ist schwer*. I could not imagine from her appearance that her peace really was destroyed or that her heart was very heavy, but I shuddered to think how true it would be of me, if condemned to hear such a wiggly-voiced woman often!

DAVID, the violinist, Mendelssohn's friend, was here from Leipzig; and performed a concerto from delightful old Viotti, who, forty or fifty years ago, was the great violinist in London. Do you remember in the Handel and Haydn collection: "See the leaves around us falling?" That melody was taken by Gardner from one of Viotti's violin pieces. That one specimen is sufficient to show what exquisite music he wrote. David also played variations on a Russian song.

But who do you guess played us a piece or two on the pianoforte? None other than fat, jolly, giant-muscled, multitudinous-fingered LEOPOLD DE MEYER — the veritable Leopold — himself, just as he used to be, — a little older, of course, but evidently just as ready as ever to give his certificate of the excellence of anybody's pianofortes.

He played a *Souvenir d'Italie*, made the melody sing itself almost to sleep, and then waked it up again, and everybody else. It was positively delightful to have something of the sort by way of piquant sauce to all the great music, which had been stirring up the depths of the heart, in so many concerts. I

like him far better than Thalberg. He is like Jaell, such a "jolly cock," you cannot suppose he ever had a dark day in his life; and in his music, from the utmost delicacy to thunder, you feel that he is enjoying himself, and you enjoy it too. Being called out again, he played a little queer thing, ending nowhere in particular, and dressing every face in smiles. I like him.

Last night RADECKE gave the first concert of a new series. It opened with a concert overture by Rietz of Leipzig; I liked it better than any other works by him. But what made the occasion most enjoyable to me, was two choral works by Beethoven: the "*Elegischer Gesang*," op. 118, "*Sanft wie du lebst hast du vollendet*, &c., and the "*Meeresstille und Glückliche Fahrt*." So delicious! Ah, when shall we have concerts, with such works on the programmes? David again played. He gave Mendelssohn's Concerto for the violin, and an Andante and Scherzo of his own. His greatness as a violinist, I think no one can deny. Crystal purity of tone, wondrous execution; but he does not touch the heart; herein Joachim to me surpasses all.

The closing piece was Rubinstein's Symphony, entitled "Ocean." The opening movement reminded me of Mendelssohn's "Hebrides" overture. The result of the whole only strengthened the impression made by other of his works, that he is in too great haste to compose. Musical creative talent is certainly there; thorough musical training just as certainly not. His works affect one as crude, wanting in logical connection, too much of the picture-music order. Pity, a great pity!

But many thanks to Radecke for giving it.

A. W. T.

NEW YORK, FEB. 28. — I was interested in reading in your last number, what the "Diarist" had to say about ARTHUR NAPOLEON. He is indeed a wonderful boy, and one of the few prodigies that stand anything like an intimate acquaintance. Apart from musical ability, he is a rarely gifted youth, well read, in English, French and German modern literature, a good linguist, and an excellent chess-player. Yet with all these accomplishments, he possesses an unpretending modesty that is, after all, his greatest charm.

At present Arthur Napoleon is in this city, quite ill. The climate is rather severe for one who is accustomed to more southern countries, and Arthur will travel south as soon as possible. An amusing caricature of this little pianist, has recently been published by Schubert & Co. It represents him with his piano astride of a telegraph wire, playing with fingers that cover several octaves, various selections from Liszt, Thalberg, Beethoven, &c. The features, though of course, exaggerated, are in the main faithful, and the little round velvet coat that Arthur always wears at his concerts is accurately represented. In a telegraph station house at the left hand is seen his business agent, Mr. Ties working the wires by the usual telegraphic operating machine.

During his recent trip to Albany, Troy, Hartford, &c, Arthur kept a little diary, amusing for its laconic brevity. Here for instance is an entry:

Feb. 15th. Came to Troy, a quiet little smoky town. Gave a concert. Burned my fingers with sealing wax." As yet Arthur Napoleon has not been appreciated as an artist in this country, but he will be.

We have had an amateur operatic performance, at Dodworth's Hall. It was a private affair, and fearfully select. No lady was admitted except in full dress, and if a gentleman ventured to appear in anything short of white kids, he was expelled at once from the sacred spot. Newspaper people were entirely too plebeian to be invited, and only one of our city papers has a word to say about it, and that favored journal describes the performance as "amusing." The opera was Donizetti's *Lucia*, a Miss Tryon singing the

music of the heroine, and a Mr. Boughton that of Edgar.

The plan of performing Dr. Ward's "Gipsy's Frolic" at the Academy of Music by a gang of fashionable amateurs is abandoned. The composer refused to allow his opera to be cut down at all, and the would-be performers thought it too long. So it is probable that *Don Pasquale* will be substituted. Miss Secor, a first rate singer will take the principal part, if it be ever played by the amateur gang. She is a young lady of excellent musical education and distinguished social position. Her father is a rich merchant, and the daughter has sung at charity concerts with effect. Handsome proposals were recently made to her, to sing in a series of concerts recently given here by a first class solo pianist, but though the lady herself would not have objected very much, the "stern parient" interposed, and Miss Secor is a flower wasting her sweetness on the desert air—a singer singing only to a private circle of fashionable friends.

Mr. STEPEL'S *Hiawatha* has given here last week with deserved success. The Academy of Music was fairly filled, most of our musical professors being present. The able criticisms already published in your paper on this work, render any critical notice of it in this letter superfluous. The most successful piece was the Harvest chorus, which was encored. Your Boston solo singers did not please our audience over much. The cantata is to be repeated this week.

A complimentary concert to GEORGE BRISTOW is to take place on the 7th of March, at the Academy of Music.

BRIGNOLI, I hear, is so pleased with this country, that he has no idea of returning to Europe. He gets with Strakosch, \$1500 a month, a vast deal more than is ever got on the other side of the ocean. He has in his possession several hundred love letters sent him by infatuated ladies in the various cities he has visited. At first he used to answer these, but they came so plentifully that he now contents himself with reading them, feebly laughing and adding them to his collection. When he shows them to a friend he does it with quite a Don Juan air, and hums Leporello's song "*Il Catalogo e questo*." At Havana he sang better than ever here, because the people hissed him a few times, and he got a little frightened.

AMADIO waddles about the West with as glorious a voice as ever. He is a jovial fellow, and leaves hosts of friends in every city he visits.

TROVATORE.

BROOKLYN, N. Y., MARCH 1st. — Absence from the "City of Churches," for some time, with matters of business, have prevented me from giving you any items of news of late.

The second season of our Philharmonic Society has been conducted with great success, and the interest remains unabated. The fourth concert of the season comes off on Saturday of this week, a notice of which I will send you next week.

We are now soon to have a new Music Hall, or, as some call it, an "Academy of Music," but this latter name is rather too pretentious, as the amount to be raised is only \$150,000, which will be hardly sufficient to give us a building with the necessary necessities, worthy to be called an "Academy of Music."

At the last meeting of the Stockholders, the Committee announced that all but about \$15,000 of the sum required, was either subscribed or pledged, and that the Committee had determined that the enterprise should not fail for the want of the necessary means to complete it; and more than that, they were also determined that the building and ground should be delivered to the stockholders in perfect completeness, *entirely free from debt*.

Our beautiful city certainly has reason to be proud of the enterprise and liberality of his citizens. Within a period of two years, the work of supplying the city with pure, wholesome water, has been projected, and

successfully carried out; a Public Library—called the "Mercantile Library Association of the city of Brooklyn," has been established with an expenditure of about \$15,000, which receives the hearty and cordial support which it richly deserves; a Philharmonic Society second to but one in the country, is now closing a second, and highly successful season; our lectures are better attended than any. The saying of the loquacious Mrs. Malaprop about comparisons, comes to mind just in time to prevent, what I fear, might have been a serious breach of propriety and good manners.

There was a largely attended Concert given last evening at Plymouth Church, in aid of two charitable institutions of our city. Financially, the concert was a splendid success; but as much cannot be said of the programme offered. There were some good things however, but the best of all was the Septet by Beethoven, led by Mr. NOLL. Such music, however, is far more enjoyable in a smaller room, with a select and appreciative audience, though on this occasion it was well received, and I am sure gave great pleasure to many.

I have been both amused and gratified at your treatment of the different criticisms in the Boston papers of the late performance of "Israel in Egypt." They certainly cannot say you are wanting in liberality, or that you fear to let your readers know what they have to say; they must be satisfied with your course in this respect. But it does not seem to me that you meet their objections, and adverse criticisms, in your usual, and thorough manner. Beethoven might highly esteem, and even venerate the works of Handel, without considering them adapted, or suitable for the masses. In fact, it seems to me, the opinions you cite and refer to as sustaining your position, can be used more effectively against you. When you can educate the people to love, appreciate, and enjoy best, that which Beethoven, Mozart and Mendelssohn found it necessary to study, and from which they derived so much delight in so doing, you will not find newspaper critics to deprecate the performance of *Israel in Egypt*.

What was profound, and deeply learned in Handel's time, is much more likely to be so considered now, than what was then considered elegant or beautiful, to be so considered now.

To discuss this as fully as I would like, would make this letter entirely too long. More anon.

BELLINI.

SALEM, MASS., FEB. 24. — I send you the programme of a very successful concert given in our city last evening under the direction of Mr. FENOLLOSA; because I think that the artist, to whom we are indebted for this and many previous musical favors, amply deserves an honorable mention in your columns. Mr. Fenollosa has become one of the institutions of Salem, and one which we could ill spare, for no one has ever done more than he for the cultivation of music in our community. The soil of Salem is poorly adapted for the growth of the true musical seed. John Endicott and Roger Conant ploughed and enriched it for another sort of crop, and their descendants have hard work to supply the deficiency which the old culture has caused. Mr. Fenollosa has been with us some fifteen or twenty years, digging about and pruning and cherishing our weekly tree of Art, and he now has the satisfaction of seeing it bear healthy fruit, and reaps the additional reward of a firm place in our esteem as a musician and a gentleman. Besides all that he has done for individual pupils, he has made large classes familiar with the best masses of Haydn and Mozart. He has also shown the audiences at his concerts how Rossini stands head-and-shoulders above all other modern Italian composers, and he has given them a taste of deeper and purer draughts than were ever mingled in Italy.

Here is the programme :

PART I.

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| 1. Quartet & Chorus, from "Moses in Egypt." | Rossini. |
| 2. Trio, "Beatrice di Tenda." | Bellini. |
| 3. Song, "Winged Messenger." | Fesca. |
| 4. Fantasia, "The Siege of Corinth." | |
| Piano & Violin. | Labarre & DeBeriot. |
| 5. Recitative & Romanza, "Romeo & Juliet." | Vaccaj. |
| 6. Duet, "Barcarole." | Kücken. |
| 7. Cavatina, "Semiramide." | Rossini. |
| 8. Trio, "The Faded Wreath." | Stevenson. |

PART II.

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| 1. Quartet, from "I Puritani." | Bellini. |
| 2. Song, "Kathleen Mavourneen." | Crouch. |
| 3. Trio, "The Distant Chimes." | Glover. |
| 4. Sonata—Piano & Violin, op. 12 in D major, | Beethoven. |
| 5. Trio, "Oratorio of Eli." | Costa. |
| 6. Scena & Prayer, "Der Freischütz." | Weber. |
| 7. Trio, "Donna Caritea." | Mercadante. |
| 8. Quartet, "Tancredi." | Rossini. |

Partly good, as you see; and in part indifferent and common-place. For the latter, necessity is the apology. You will readily understand that in one of our audiences there must be many weak stomachs, which require water to be mixed with the wine. The babes are growing, however, and if Mr. Fenollosa keeps on in his good work, he will soon be able to feed them entirely with the strong meat which is fit for men. Even now, we crave a larger modicum of Beethoven and Weber. We are grateful for the taste which we had last night, but in future concerts our stimulated affections will, like Oliver's, ask for more. Mr. Fenollosa rarely appears to better advantage than in the violin part of a Beethoven Sonata. On this occasion he was ably seconded at the piano by Mr. Breed, whose modest and retiring disposition has hitherto been too apt to keep in the shade a rare artistic taste and sensibility.

It is hardly fair to notice the amateur performers, but the ladies will perhaps pardon you for mentioning by their initials, Miss A., of Beverly, whose delicate soprano has become indispensable at our musical parties and semi-private concerts, Mrs. S. and two Misses S. of Salem, whose varied accomplishments do credit to the honored name they bear, and a second Miss A., of Beverly, with a face like a sweet melody, and a voice fit for its accompaniment, — all of them pupils of Mr. F.

The audience was attentive and appreciative, and by their hearty applause gave Mr. F. earnest encouragement to do for them other and still better things. Verily ours is becoming a city of harmony, as well as of

PEACE.

Dwight's Journal of Music.

BOSTON, MARCH 5, 1859.

JOURNAL OF FEBRUARY 19. Any person having a copy of this paper of February 19, and not desirous of preserving the same will confer a favor on the publishers by forwarding it to this office.

MUSIC IN THIS NUMBER. — Continuation of the opera "Lucrezia Borgia," arranged for the piano-forte.

Concerts.

MENDELSSOHN QUINTETTE CLUB. Friday evening, Feb. 25, at Mercantile Hall. The programme of this sixth Chamber Concert was by far the finest of the season; and so too, in the rendering of the various pieces, there was more felicity, more life and delicacy than usual.

PART I.

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| 1. Quartet in A minor, | Schubert. |
| Moderato—Andante—Minuetto—Finale, Allegro. | |
| 2. Cantate: "Adelaide," | Beethoven. |
| C. R. Adams. | |
| 3. Capriccio in E minor, with Quintet accompaniment, first time, | S. Bennett. |
| B. J. Lang. | |

PART II.

- | | |
|---|--------------|
| 4. Andante and Finale Presto, from the Quartet in E flat, op. 12, | Mendelssohn. |
| 5. Song: "Welcome, fair wood," | R. Franz. |
| C. R. Adams. | |
| 6. First Quintet, in E flat, op. 4, | Beethoven. |
| Allegro—Andante—Scherzo—Finale, Allegro vivace. | |

The feature of greatest interest, alike from novelty and from intrinsic merit, was the Quartet by Schubert. It is a thoroughly beautiful composition; remarkably clear, complete, concise, symmetrical in form; every movement happily rounded and just long enough; and thus uncommonly free from Schubert's usual fault, excessive length of treatment, — in his case a mere fault in form, in the art of mastering unusually rich materials. For it is clear that, since Beethoven, no composer's brain has teemed with such a wealth of wonderfully strange and exquisite ideas; nor has any one seemed so haunted and urged on by irresistible and restless inspirations. More quiet and more smoothly, simply beautiful than usual in this Quartet, Schubert still betrays in it that peculiar vein of restless individuality, that wild, heroic, solemn, summoning, exulting martial rhythm, which seems always leading his soul away as to some noble strife and victory. Beethoven's early Quintet, full of life and love and zest for all things high and beautiful, one of his golden promises, ere he had opened up his deeper vein, made a very fit counterpart and balance to the Schubert piece, so that one carried fresh and exquisite impressions home with him.

Mr. Sterndale Bennett, whom we have known hitherto only by his "Naiades" overture, and by some nice songs, German in their style and spirit, has long stood as the foremost of the English classical composers; — continually reminding you of Mendelssohn, yet not an imitator. This Capriccio is very brilliant and sparkling in the piano, forte part, full of arpeggio, and taxing execution, to which Mr. LANG proved fully equal. It was a facile, clear and bright performance. But the quintet accompaniments seemed to us empty and uninteresting, as if their share in the development of the ideas of the composition was not from the birth, but only an afterthought.

Mr. C. R. ADAMS is much the most satisfactory tenor singer now before us. His voice, essentially musical and sweet in quality, is evenly developed and has gained in manly strength; and if he lacked the fire and peculiar fervor for Beethoven's *Adelaide*, yet he sang it with more taste and purity and finish than we have heard for a long time. The exhilarating wood song of Franz was an excellent selection, and was sung with spirit, quickening the audience.

CARL ZERRAHN'S THIRD PHILHARMONIC CONCERT. — Saturday Evening, Feb. 26, Boston Music Hall. There is a certain inspiration in a great storm, an unexpected exhilaration, which old concert-goers have known often enough, to anticipate it in the performance of a Symphony or other great work, when it falls on such a night. Thin audience of course; but then it seems as if the very braving of the elements by the musicians and the few real music-lovers was rewarded upon such occasions by the rare *luck* of the concert in a musical point of view. Such, judging from the glowing reports of the most appreciative (although the newspaper criticisms are bewilderingly contradictory of each other) was the experience with the glorious old Beethoven Symphony in C minor, as

played last Saturday, by Zerrahn's orchestra. We infer that it scarcely ever went so grandly here in Boston. A snow-storm would not have robbed us of that pleasure; but the evil genius, taking the form of headache, was too powerful.

The other orchestral pieces were the overtures to *Tannhäuser* (which we heartily admire, without despising "Israel in Egypt," oh ye one-sided critics, who reject the everlasting youth of genius when it meets you in an old dress) and to the "Siege of Corinth," by Rossini; a strange, fantastical Polonaise by Meyerbeer, from *Struensee*; and a Piano-forte Concerto in E flat, by Mozart, — a delicious piece, played with fluency and spirit, (so we judge from a rehearsal) by young Mr. LANG, with the addition of a nicely made elaborate cadenza, in the place usually left for such things, of his own.

The singer, Mrs. LUCY ESTCOTT, made, from all accounts, a highly favorable impression. Judging from the rehearsal, in which she husbanded her voice, we should say she had a voice of musical and sympathetic quality, not very powerful, nor altogether fresh; but flexible and well trained; and that she sings with fervor, sings as if she loved it.

Zerrahn's next concert will not take place until the 26th, to give time for thorough vocal and orchestral rehearsal of the Ninth or "Choral" Symphony of Beethoven. That will form a part; the other will be Beethoven's music to Goethe's "Egmont," with reading of the play. Truly a great concert; worthy of that anniversary of the composer's death!

ORCHESTRAL UNION. — The last Wednesday Afternoon concert brought with it sunshine, large audience, and an uncommonly good selection of pieces. Beethoven's lovely Symphony in B flat, No. 4, was rendered with great delicacy and warmth by Zerrahn's select orchestra. The *Don Juan* overture went well too; the richly instrumented duet (arranged) from Rossini's "Tell" (we are thankful for a taste from that) not quite so smoothly; but bassoon and clarinet sustained the voice parts well. A flashing waltz by Gungl, and other varieties of that sort, pleased the young folks; but the Symphony got excellent attention over the whole house. Encouraging!

ACCOMPANISTS. — In the following communication we cannot but recognize a fair refutation of our friend "Trovator's" wholesale slander against German accompanists.

NEW YORK, MARCH 1, 1859. — "Trovator" is amiable, good natured, &c. These are virtues and graces. But "Trovator" also commits sometimes amiable blunders. Thus in his letter, Jan. 18, 1859, occurs the following, viz:

To judge from many specimens of accompanying that may be heard at concerts in this city, this remark is not far from the truth. I don't mean to say that the accompanists always lose their place, or commit any decided blunders, but they are generally fearfully mechanical and automatic in their performances. I have rarely heard a German who could accompany better than a street organ. The German musician may be very wise, and overflowing with *Bach*, and gushing over with *Gluck*, and gorged with *Beethoven*, and actually choking with *Mendelssohn*, but he is generally no more able to accompany elegantly, than is the elephant to leap gracefully from tree to tree.

ARTHUR NAPOLEON is one of the few good accompanists I have heard. He at once appreciates the composer's meaning. HENRY C. TIMM is first-class — in every respect, a model accompanist, but sometimes too nonchalant and careless. THEODORE EISENBERG is much the same in style.

And what country produces good accompanists? Where shall a man go to obtain the art of accompanying? There is a German now living, Jules Benedict. Jenny Lind is a *tolerably* good singer. Will "Trovator" be kind enough to inquire of said singer, whether Mr. B. is a good accompanist.

We have in New York a Mr. H. C. Timm, who has accompanied most of the celebrated vocalists and stars who have appeared here within the last twenty years. Will "Trovator" be kind enough also to inquire of some of them.

But it is not so much with individualities that we have to deal, but with the assumption that "*German Musicians rarely accompany better than a street organ.*" History itself is a perfect refutation to such a premise.

In "Trovator's" letter, dated Feb. 1, speaking of the Mendelssohn Union, occurs also the following:

Mr. Berge accompanied on the piano. He is one of the few really good accompanists we have, and is not sleepy in his style of playing.

Now I shall pitch into a German accompanist. Have we to learn that to thump and crash on a Piano the accompaniments of Mendelssohn, varying his (M's) magnificent piano scorings, so as at times entirely to obliterate the idea of Mendelssohn, is good accompanying? I am ready to testify to this in hearing the said Berge play the accompaniments of Mendelssohn's 95th Psalm. Some of the members of the Mendelssohn Union do know this perfectly well, and spoke of it with regret. "Trovator" calls this "*really good accompanying.*" It is true "he is not sleepy in his style of playing," but sleep itself would be a great relief. Mr. B. has energy and plays with earnestness, but he must confine himself more strictly to the text; and although doubling and trebling the parts might be desirable with a full chorus, yet the harmony itself should not be subject to sacrilege. There are some German accompanists in New York, who can teach "Trovator's" beau ideal how to accompany. S. L.

Israel in Egypt again.

Our Brooklyn correspondent thinks we failed to make out our case in citing the opinions of Mozart, Beethoven, Mendelssohn, &c., against the flippant condemnations of Handel and his masterwork by some of our newspaper critics. He thinks these great men might have admired "Israel," without considering it a fit work for "the masses." We thought we were careful enough to make it clear, that these authorities endorsed not merely the ingenuity, the "learning," but the beauty, the sublimity, the poetic inspiration, in short the *music* of the work. Do you suppose that men like Beethoven and Mozart could pronounce that a great work of Art, which had no other value than its learning? Do you suppose they looked at nothing but the form, the technical structure, the scientific part, that could be learned, acquired; or that any amount of such learning could make them indifferent to the absence of inspiring genius, of the soul of beauty, of imagination, of ideal meaning and divine expression? Be assured, such works as "Israel in Egypt," live by virtue of their *music* and not of their *mathematics*; their poetry and not their grammar; their human soul-to-soul-speaking Art, and not their learned complication; their meaning and their beauty and their godlike utterance, and not by their dexterous handling of square and rule.

Not fit for "the masses"! No really great thing is at first; *all* great things are in the long run, — sure to take hold of the general heart more and more as we grow familiar with them. Israel is admired, is vastly popular in England; and it delights many here, whom it repelled or failed to interest before they made a real effort to become acquainted with it.

Some of the critics, especially in New York, since the production there of Mr. Steepel's "Hiawatha"

music, finding themselves pleased with it, are so absurd and childish as to raise an issue between that work and "Israel in Egypt"; and to throw out wise hints that the to-day's success of the last new wonder is to push the works of Bach and Handel, *et id genus omne* (would that we had in our day a little of the *genius* of that genus, dry and learned as you think them) into merited oblivion. They would run native Indian, as it were, against what is to them Egyptian darkness! Will not the very issue raise a laugh in all really musical regions? Like "Hiawatha" as much as you please — we also like it — but what in the name of Past or Future has that to do with "Israel in Egypt"! How can the success or failure of the one at all affect the other? Here is Fry, for instance, in the *Tribune*; he is speaking of "Hiawatha":

We consider it a valuable addition to the music of the Concert-room, and, the subject being picturesque and varied, it and other such works ought to take the place of the obsolete oratorios. One of these, by the way, we characterized as a supreme bore — and we are glad to find that the most intelligent of the Boston press, no less than four of them, having found the ice broken for the first time in regard to these Handelian periwig nuisances, are now for the first time saving a true æsthetic word in regard to them. *The Boston Courier* is closely logical; *The Boston Transcript* absolutely witty on the awful infliction of Handel's Israelites in Egypt, with its plagues of frogs, lice, and other delicious materials for music; about as lyrical as bootjacks and old clothes. This dismal rubbish set to twenty odd fugues, more or less, very skilful, and as lyrical as the multiplication table, is the sort of stuff that the rubricates would render eternal. But we are in America, not England; neither a George III. nor an Archbishop of Canterbury here can indorse a whole pile of crude musical forms, filled with much of the barbarism of the day, without even a good melody; wanting in essential logical progress; and with only occasionally a redemptory passage to fit it to modern ears. Mendelssohn may edit and may indorse it, and a due reverence for what is vast is essential to music as to politics or religion; but there is a point beyond which human endurance cannot go. Besides, Mendelssohn wrote for the English people, and placated duly Church and State. But his knowledge of effective dramatic vocal music never entitled him to play the supreme critic. He never had the force to write an opera, and so he took to the easy art of composing oratorios; oratorios based — shade of Pindar! — on prose extracts from the Bible, which, metreless, defy association with a single melody worth listening to.

On the subject of the choice of words there is no criticism, hence the ignorance of taking *prose* words helter skelter from the Bible, and supposing that anything really fit to be sung can be evolved therefrom. The radical Bible oratorio theory is false. It has no solid lyrical facts to sustain it. There are occasionally good pieces — some sublime; but the standpoint of such work is false. If music be metrical, the words must be, and the great mass of the words taken by oratorio writers from the Bible are not good. So think the public, who yawn under the infliction; and so think many of our best musicians, but they have not the courage to say so.

This is mere wayward freak and paradox. No man in his senses, surely, expects to be held seriously accountable for such talk as this. It may do a little momentary mischief; it may flatter the vanity of a few shallow-pated would-be amateurs and critics, the blind leaders of the blind. But it is answer enough to it to say, that it throughout proceeds upon the capital error of confounding form with substance; it judges Art mechanically. This is its argument: Because the means, the instruments, the forms of music have become improved somewhat, therefore the old masters necessarily wrote poorer music than we now write. As if genius were not genius in whatever form, or limits it may work. Handel with few instruments, within strict forms, wrote what inspires the world to this day. Berlioz, Liszt, and others, with enormous orchestras, and free to follow every tempting method of effect, still fail to give us music, fail to produce that which is edifying, that which the listening soul can love. Fry, if we mistake not, has had like experience in his own practical attempts at musical creation. The real criticism on his voluminous and rapidly produced scores has been,

not that they were not learned, not that they overstepped old models and conventions, but that, whether with or in spite of their peculiar form, they lacked originality, lacked the vital charm of beauty. Were Handel writing here in our day, even on an Indian subject, free from the trammels of the fugue, and with all instruments at his disposal — writing Operas, or Symphonies, or Cantatas, or only songs, think you he would fail to breathe the breath of genius into them, and to *charm* with the same means by which those who scout him fail?

Musical Chit-Chat.

There will be no Afternoon Concert next Wednesday, the Music Hall being preoccupied. The next will take place Wednesday, March 16th. . . . The MENDELSSOHN QUINTETTE CLUB offers rare attractions for next Friday; among which Beethoven's Piano-forte Trio in D, op. 70, famous for its mystical "*Geister*" Adagio, to be played by Mr. J. C. D. PARKER; a Haydn Quartet; and a novelty — of course it will be good, being by Schubert — in the shape of a Quintet written with two cello parts.

A writer in the *Boston Journal* speaks very highly of Mr. Root's Operatic Cantata, "The Haymakers," which is to be produced on Wednesday night at Tremont Temple, under the auspices of Mr. J. R. MILLER. The work is no mere juvenile affair, but one of really quite highly pretensions, "needing only the addition of orchestral accompaniments to entitle it to the name of an opera." There will be a fine choir, fine solo-singers, Mr. LANG, as pianist, and the composer himself as conductor.

Mozart's Twelfth Mass, in G, has been performed in Albany, with great success, by a choir of over one hundred voices, and an orchestra of twenty, under the direction of Mr. LLOYD. The solo singing by Miss TERRY and Miss LILLIE BROWN is highly praised. . . . A Burlington, Vt. paper, while in ecstasies about BISCACCANTI's concert there, speaks of Mr. Wm. H. DENNETT, who sang *Non più andrai*, and other things, as "a basso only second to Formes." . . . The classic Music Society in New Orleans gave this capital programme recently: Overture to "Fingal's Cave," Mendelssohn; Symphony in D, Beethoven; Overture to "Leonora" Beethoven; Aria from "Jerusalem," Verdi; Scherzo from Schubert's Symphony; Romanza; Overture to *Freyschütz*.

Of Pike's new Opera House in Cincinnati, a correspondent of the *Philadelphia Journal* states, that it is built over stores which will pay an annual rental of \$20,000. The writer adds:

The interior is very fine, and very much in shape like Burton's Theatre, New York, and is, in fact, very elegant and spacious; but here we must stop, as the stage is not to be compared with either Boston, New York, or Philadelphia for a moment. The lobbies are narrow, being not over five or possibly six feet in width.

There are only three entrances to the house, and they are all to the same part, there being no gallery or upper tier, as in all the other houses before alluded to. These entrances are all on Fourth street. The centre or main one is twelve feet wide; the other two, eight feet each. These stairs are very steep, (for you must know that this "half-million" house is up stairs, and above the bazaars, or stores before mentioned,) difficult of ascent, and, in case of a crowd, would be exceedingly disagreeable, not to say dangerous.

Music Abroad.

London.

SACRED HARMONIC SOCIETY. — The second performance of *St. Paul*, on the 28th ult., was attended with fully the same success as the previous one, of which we had occasion to speak so highly. The only change in the executants was in the substitution of Mrs. Sunderland for Madame Rudersdorf in the soprano part. The Yorkshire songstress well sustained the reputation which she so justly earned in the *Messiah*, and her general rendering of the music was marked with a degree of intelligence which showed her thorough knowledge of the composer, while her fine voice told throughout with a very perceptible effect upon the audience. We would es-

pecially mention the air, "Jerusalem! Jerusalem!" and the recitative and air, "I will sing of Thy great mercies" (part 2). It was with difficulty that the attempted applause was suppressed in compliance with the Exeter Hall regulations which "taboo" any demonstration of the kind. This was equally the case in more than one instance with Mr. Sims Reeves's singing, which, despite the hoarseness he was evidently labouring under, was magnificent; and it was no wonder that the audience, roused to enthusiasm, broke through conventional etiquette, and gave vent to their feelings in an unmistakable manner. Signor Belletti and Miss Dolby, in their respective parts, were admirable; while to Mr. Willbye Cooper who sang some of the tenor recitatives, all praise must be awarded for his careful and artistic rendering of what was set down for him. The choruses were, if anything, an improvement upon the last time.

SACRED HARMONIC SOCIETY.—The fiftieth anniversary of Mendelssohn's birth-day, which occurred on Thursday—Mendelssohn having been born February the 3d, 1809—was celebrated by the Sacred Harmonic Society, at Exeter Hall, with a performance of *Elijah*, under the direction of Mr. Costa. The hall was crowded in every part. The occasion offered a satisfactory plea for the occasional disregard of the rules interdicting applause at these performances. And so the conductor seemed to think. A colossal bust of the great composer, modelled by Mr. Calder Marshall, was exhibited on a pedestal in front of the orchestra. The general impression conveyed to those who knew the composer was favorable. At all events the bust stood out in grateful contrast to the full length statue in the vestibule of the hall, the removal of which is desired by every lover of art, and which, were we iconoclasts, we should forthwith break in pieces. Among the principal solo singers were Madame Raders löff, Misses Dolby and Palmer, Mr. Sims Reeves, and Signor Belletti.

LONDON SACRED HARMONIC SOCIETY.—A performance of Handel's *Messiah* took place, on Wednesday, January 26th, in the Lower Hall, Exeter Hall. The principal vocalists were Miss E. Hughes, Miss Hæk (her first appearance), Mrs. Dixon, Mr. Dyson (of St. George's Chapel, Windsor), and Mr. A. Thomas. M. Tolbecque was the principal violin; and Mr. Pettit, violoncello. The rest of the band and chorus consisted of friends and members of the Society, who deserve credit for giving a highly respectable performance of the oratorio. The orchestra and the hall were both full, and many went away unable to gain admission. Mr. Surman conducted.

PARIS.—*Correspondence of London Mus. World*, Jan. 22.—The revival of Rossini's *Semiramide* has been the only noticeable feature of recent occurrence at the Italiens. That Grisi should have abandoned one of her grimest impersonations—if not her grandest—in favor of Madame Penco, naturally surprised the public. No reason has been assigned; but it is just possible that Grisi may have objected to the new Assur, Signor Budiali, who, though an excellent artist and a good florid singer, is as little suited to the Assyrian usurper as to the Spanish libertine of Mozart. *Semiramide*, nevertheless, has had an immense success, principally owing to Alboni's reappearance in Arsace, which seems to have delighted beyond measure the subscribers to the Bouffes, who, after her alleged resignation of male characters, never expected to behold the great contralto again in this one of her most funous parts. Surprise, therefore, heightened the pleasure of hearing her sing those delicious strains with which she first enraptured the ears of the London and Parisian audiences. Alboni, it will be remembered, made her first appearance at the Royal Italian Opera, as Arsace, in 1847, and the same season made her *début* at the Italiens in the same part. Although received on her entrance with marked frigidity by the Parisian public—ostensibly to exhibit their distrust of English favoritism—she had not sung a dozen bars of the opening air, "Eccomi in Babylonia," when she threw the audience into a ferment, and her reception throughout the entire performance was a perfect ovation. From that night Alboni became one of the greatest favorites that ever trod the boards of the Italiens. When she gave up her *contralto* parts, certain popular operas had to be laid aside altogether, among them, several of Rossini's finest—*Semiramide*, and *La Donna del Lago*, to wit.

Arsace is undoubtedly the most important part ever written for a contralto, and is as undoubtedly Alboni's most consummate achievement. Not only in the florid music with which the part abounds—and which no other living artist can sing like her—but in the grandeur and breadth of phrasing, so imperatively demanded in the first air and elsewhere, and in that freedom and largeness of style, too frequently incompatible with

bravura singing, without which no artist could attempt the part, does Alboni prove herself transcendent. No wonder that such a performance, resigned for years, and never again anticipated, should have thrown the Parisian public into ecstasies. Such a crowd was not remembered at the Italiens as that which congregated the first night of *Semiramide*. Alboni was hailed with a perfect tempest of applause on her entrance, and the opening recitative of the air, "Eccomi in Babylonia," so eloquently breathed and so exquisitely modulated to the very tone of melting pathos, irresistibly carried away the audience and made them applaud in spite of their desire to listen. The two duets, that with *Semiramide*, and that with Assur—as far as Alboni was concerned—were both masterpieces of florid and energetic vocalization, and were received with manifestations of intense delight. In fine, Alboni's Arsace may be accepted as a great fact in the Italian Opera. It brings back the most accomplished of modern singers in her most consummate part, and it will tend to restore to the stage some of the too-much neglected masterpieces of the greatest of modern masters.

Madame Penco's *Semiramide* seems to have pleased many, and to have dissatisfied a few. All agree that she sang well; but the tragic grandeur and impetuosity were wanting. Signor Belart made his first appearance this season—rather late for so popular an artist, we opine—as Idreno, and made quite a hit. In Rossini's music, Signor Belart is invariably at home.

Martha has been revived, with Madame Frezzolini in the part of the heroine, *vice* Madlle. St. Urbain, and the rest of the characters as before, by Signors Mario, Graziani, and Zucchini, Madame Nantier Didiée, &c. Madame Frezzolini is a great improvement on Madlle. St. Urbain in *Martha*. She is a more brilliant and practised singer, and acts with far more point and tact. The Irish air, "The Last Rose of Summer," most sweetly sung, was enthusiastically applauded. Mario was as fine as ever in the part of Lionel. Signor Graziani, as usual, found infinite favor in the eyes of the audience, and Signor Zucchini was more energetic than amusing as the amorous old Viscount.

Feb. 5.—Rossini's *Matilda di Shabran* has been revived at the Italiens, with Madame Penco, as Matilda; Madame Nantier-Didiée, the Page Edoardo; Madame Cambardi, the Countess d'Arc; Signor Belart, Conradino; Signor Zucchini, Isidoro; and Signor Corsi, the Doctor. This admirable work has been received with great enthusiasm, although the remembrance of Bosio and Ronconi was not effaced by Madame Penco and Signor Zucchini. Signor Belart was scarcely equal to the ferocious man-harper Corradino, but he sang the florid music with wonderful skill, and was greatly applauded in the opening air. Madame Nantier-Didiée is admirable in Edoardo, and Signors Zucchini and Corsi are both excellent as the poet and the doctor. In consenting to undertake so small a part as that of the Countess d'Arc, Madame Mathilda Cambardi has set a good example to all the artists in the establishment. Although of talent deemed equal to Elvira in *Ernani*, this lady does not think it beneath her to accept a subordinate character in one of Rossini's operas. The *début* of Mademoiselle Sarolta was looked for with great curiosity, the lady being represented as possessed of singular personal attractions. The wisdom of the management was not displayed in selecting the part of Leonora, in the *Traviata*, for the fair Hungarian, who, with a great deal of talent, and much physical power, is not yet sufficiently accomplished to essay so arduous a character. Her youth, nevertheless, turned the scale in her favor, and she was received with favor. Mr. E. T. Smith has secured Madlle. Sarolta for his approaching season of Italian opera. The Drury Lane manager, however, must take a hint, and select a part better suited to her than Leonora.

The friends of M. Sainton will be delighted to hear that his success in this capital has been triumphant. He played at the first concert of the *Jeunes Artistes*, and on Wednesday gave a concert, with full orchestra, at the Salle Herz, which was crowded with some of the most notable amateurs and connoisseurs in Paris. This eminent violinist played, by special desire, Mendelssohn's concerto, which was so eminently successful at the *Jeunes Artistes*, besides several works of his own composition—"Romance," "Tarantella," and "Fantasia, on *Rigoletto*." Both as executant and composer M. Sainton was greatly admired, and each of his performances listened to with rapt attention, and received with unbounded applause. M. Sainton was more than once recalled. He was assisted by Sig. Gardoni and Mad. Anna Bertini, as vocalists. The band was under the direction of M. Pasdeloup. M. Sainton, according to the *Orphéon*, was "the laureat pupil of the first class of old Habeneck."

Special Notices.

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A pathetic and impressive strain in the form of a song. The instrumental prelude to this piece, which is printed entire, has been much admired in London. Soprano voice.

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Sung with applause at the entertainments of Morris Brothers minstrels.

Come to me, gentle dreams. W. T. Wrighton. 25
A sweet song of easy performance, for voices of little compass.

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Pretty and taking, like most of this author's songs.

I know not why I love thee. C. Gustave Fitze. 25
An agreeable parlor-song.

O sing to me that gentle song. J. H. McNaughton. 25

Farewell. Song. J. F. Duggan. 25

Norah and Barney. Langton Williams. 25
Three decidedly pretty songs, the two first of a sentimental, the last of a light and semi-comical cast.

Instrumental Music.

Impromptu. Theodor Hagen. 40

Allegro agitato in four-four time. Highly interesting. It is written for a solid school of playing rather than in the modern parlor-style. The author is well known by a long literary career (as musical critic) partly in Europe, connected there with the *Leipsic Musical Journal* "Signale," and more recently in this country, connected with both the *New York Musical Review* and the *Philadelphia German musical paper*. The piece is dedicated to William Mason.

L'Andalousc. Grand Valse brillante. E. Wolff. 35

A highly effective piece, a chain, as it were, of the most sparkling, taking melodies in waltz time. Of medium difficulty.

L'Eclair. Nocturne. Joseph Ascher. 40

An elaborate transcription of that celebrated Romanza from the above-named opera by Hælevy, in Ascher's inimitably graceful style. Not difficult.

Books.

STUDIES FOR THE PIANOFORTE. For the further perfecting of advanced pianists; consisting of 24 characteristic pieces, in the different major and minor keys: with fingering, and explanatory remarks upon the object and manner of performing each. By Ign. Moscheles. Op. 70. New edition, improved by the author. In two books. Book I. 2.50

This work has the merit of being the fruit of long experience and much study. The author does not pretend to have made a work entirely new; but, after a deep study of the compositions of the great masters, after becoming imbued with their principles, he has given free course to his own thought, without imposing on it any guide except the knowledge of the instrument, whose resources seem to him unlimited. He does not design this work for persons who have only acquired a moderate degree of power on the piano, but for those whose talent is formed by the productions of the best masters, and who are much at home upon the instrument. To profit by these exercises, therefore, it requires not only previous studies; it requires, besides, that kind of execution, which results from taste and sensibility: for it is not so much the end of the author to perfect the mechanism of the fingers, as to address the imagination of the pianist, and enable him to express the sentiments and passions with all the delicate nuances that characterize them: in a word, to give him all the qualities which we are accustomed to designate by the collective term, *style*.

Dwight's Journal of Music.

WHOLE No. 362.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, MARCH 12, 1859.

VOL. XIV. No. 24.

For Dwight's Journal of Music.

Beethoven.

Alp in the realm of tone! to that false soul
Who seeks to exalt himself, while lauding thee, —
With vain display of critic mystery
Obscuring thine oracular thunder-roll, —
Thy heights sublime in truth no more unfold
Than windy plains that blow him every way,
Paths that his feet perplexed lead far astray,
And crags that blind him with their scurful cold.
But he who seeks sincere thy sovereign fane,
Walks with the mountain spirit's majesty;
For him, dark clefts their hidden flowers contain;
And from some peak divine, he, blest! may see,
Beyond the verge of this low sensual plain,
The spreading wonders of infinity.

FANNY MALONE RAYMOND.

For Dwight's Journal of Music.

Publisher Wanted!

Letter of Rev. Habakuk Lot to the Editor of the Journal of Music.

POPTOWN, FEB. 28, 1859.

Honored and respected Sir:

I presume that the poetic ability of my townsman, Mr. Anserus Esel, class leader and exhorter, as exhibited in the poet's corner of the Poptown Illuminator, cannot fail to have attracted your notice. You must have been struck by the beauty of the versification and the delicacy of sentiment, which pervades all his compositions. But above all is the vein of true religious feeling, which runs through all the productions of his genius. You may perhaps remember the piece, which went anonymously the round of the country newspaper press, and will need no farther testimonial to Mr. Esel's talent, when I inform you that it was from his pen. I refer to the following:

SUMMER CLOUDS.

Oh summer clouds, why fly ye so?
Why won't you wait a bit?
The wind doth rise, away ye go.—
So earthly pleasures flit!

Oh Summer clouds, how bright ye are,
A-sailing to and fro!
You're naught but fog although so fair—
Our earthly joys, jest so.

Oh Summer clouds, ye shine an hour
And then your beauty fades,
So clouds of sorrow on us lower,
And sinners go to Hades.

The schoolmaster objects to the last word, on the ground that it should be pronounced in two syllables. But if f, a, d, e, s, spells fades, why should not H, a, d, e, s spell Hades? Still, if the schoolmaster is right, we can make the last line,

"And sinners flit like shades."

But to the object of this letter.

Having had proofs of the great literary ability of Mr. Anserus Esel, class leader and exhorter, I have availed myself of it to carry out a long cherished idea, one which, in the pressure of my pastoral duties, and through distrust of my poetic abilities, I have been unwilling to undertake

alone. To explain myself more clearly, it is proper to state how the idea originated.

I was formerly in the habit of devoting many of my winter evenings to the business of teaching singing school, — and, as I flatter myself, with no little success. I noticed that many of the most popular tunes among my pupils, in the "Holy Banjo," the "Sacred Jewsharp," the "Religious Bagpipes," and other collections, which we used, were "arranged from the works of the greatest masters;" and some, which were especial favorites, were the profane strains of operas baptized, so to speak, with Scripture names and sanctified to the use of the church by having sacred words placed under them. Having afterward turned my attention to theological studies, it occurred to me that a great service might be done to the church by arranging poetry for her use, as the singing book makers have done with music.

At first my idea went no farther than thus to arrange the sublime thoughts of Milton and Young, of Pollok and Tupper; but meeting somewhere the admirable remark, variously attributed to Wesley and Whitfield, that "there was no reason why the devil should have all the good music," I felt at once that there is just as little reason why the devil should have all the good poetry. I therefore extended my plan, so as to include in our collection of "Hymns, arranged, &c." pieces adapted from Shakespeare, Beaumont and Fletcher, and other dramatists, intending these, particularly, to be sung to tunes arranged from operas, and arranging them in metre and rhythm accordingly.

I flatter myself that the combined labors of Mr. Esel and myself, during which we have spared no pains nor expense, will be found upon examination to have produced a collection of hymns and sacred songs, utterly unrivalled for variety, for good taste, for rhetorical diversity, for elegance of expression, for depth of religious sentiment, in short, for every quality which should distinguish the poetry of the church.

When we consider that the essence both of music and poetry — that which makes words to be poetry, and concordant sounds music, in any high sense — is the expression of feeling and sentiment, it is clear, that arrangements and adaptations in both cases stand or fall upon precisely the same grounds. Now, as the practice of all sects — or nearly all — from the Catholics of Vienna and Paris with their operatic Masses, to the humble worshippers of the backwoods village or the plantation, with their popular melodies — sanctions the stealing of the devil's music, I contend that we are doing God service in stealing also his poetry.

Our first volume is now ready for publication, containing 976 hymns and sacred songs. Upon consultation with Mr. Esel and the elders of our meeting, we concluded, that in the present dearth of good hymns and hymnbooks, there would naturally be a great competition among publishers for the honor and profit of publishing this book, and that it would be best to give some public no-

tice of our work and await proposals from various leading firms in the large cities.

After receiving a bare pecuniary remuneration for the time, labor, and expenses which we have incurred, whatever profits thereafter may accrue will be devoted to building up the waste places of Zion. I am preparing also a book of tunes to go with the hymn-book, consisting entirely of arrangements. Hence I have thought proper to make my first announcement of our collection of hymns in the Journal of Music.

I will only add a single stanza from two or three of our poetic arrangements, as specimens of the elegant manner in which Mr. Esel has solved the problem entrusted to him.

450. IMMORTALITY OF THE SOUL.

8 line L. M.

Arranged from ADDISON.

It must be so — 'tis reasoned well;
Else whence this pleasing, fond desire?
Or whence this dread of death and hell,
Which does the trembling soul inspire?
Why on herself thus shrinks the soul,
All startled at destruction dire?
Thus Heaven itself doth us control
And point us to a somewhat higher!

&c., &c.

771. THIS WORLD AND THE OTHER.

9s and 8s metre.

Arranged from GAY.

How happy could I be in either
Were t'other dear charmer away!
But while they invite me together,
I know not which voice to obey.
Sing Glory, Hallelujah, &c.

801. HYMN FOR A TEMPERANCE MEETING.

8s and 9s metre.

Arranged from GOLDSMITH.

The words of the preacher come down
And show us that drinking is sinful;
Nevermore from the sole to the crown
Of liquor will we have a skinful.
Repenting, we give him our pence,
And turn from our grog to religion,
And feel of new joy such a sense,
As Noah felt seeing his pigeon.

With a glory, hallelujah, &c.

That is, when the pigeon brought the olive leaf — which fact is to be stated in a note, at the bottom of the page, Mr. Esel not succeeding in bringing into the line the idea of the said olive leaf.

Although, Mr. Editor, I can but admit that the thought of "filthy lucre" has been sometimes in my mind during the preparation of this volume, and the idea that its sale may possibly enable me to swap my old white horse, for Deacon Abram's 240 sorel colt, yet my principal satisfaction arises in view of the vast amount of spiritual and everlasting good to my fellow mortals, which I am destined to effect. My feelings, at times, are too great for utterance, and can only vent themselves in the words of the sweet singer of Poptown, thus: —

653. WEALTH AND GOODNESS.

C. M.

Arranged from Goldsmith.

Dwell not my heart on outward show,
In goodness go it strong.
Man wants but little here below,
Nor wants that little long!

In conclusion, Mr. Dwight, should you incline to aid us in circulating our book, by looking over the manuscript, and suggesting such alterations as may, perhaps, notwithstanding all our care, be still advisable, we are willing to make such compensation as is right and proper.

With all due respect, your devoted servant,

Rev. HABAKUK LOT,
Pastor at Poptown.

Musical Legislators.

(From the New York Tribune, Jan. 29.)

There is a very rare quotation from Shakespeare which some of our erudite readers may have chanced to meet once or even twice, and which distinctly asserts that music has great power in soothing the savage breast, and that it is in fact the sovereignest queller of passions ever invented. This, we admit, has, up to this time, been regarded as a fanciful speculation or a pretty theory, as our Orphic signors, signoras and signorinas have preferred drawing dollars into the treasury of the Academy—dollars speedily and remorselessly reclaimed—to trying their head, throat and chest-notes upon our forests and our quarries. But what, in this practical age, is even the divine Art of Music—some call it a Science, and some call it both Art and Science—worth, if we cannot reduce it to plain, positive and indisputable utility? Something of this we have already accomplished. There was the screaming, yelling, howling, phthisical, demoniacal and altogether dreadful emissions of the Railway Callopie, which, to the apprehension of dislocation, added the actuality of deafening, and kept us in mind of our latter end. There were the brass bands which enable our glittering and gorgeous warriors to sustain, without any devastating mortality, that awful Anabasis from Union square to the Park, and which are, to our veteran regiments, what the bag-pipes were to the callow Highlanders in the Indian campaigns. There are the hand-organs—organs, indeed, of a judicious Providence, which, through such instruments, inculcate the beatitudes of patience and long-suffering. There is the accordeon played by weak-minded youth at the open casements on midsummer nights. There is your neighbor who, late in life, has commenced the study of the fiddle, under the impression that he had nothing to do but to buy a Cremona made last year, a box of strings, two pounds of rosin, the treatises of Spohr, Kreutzer, De Beriot and Rode, in order to make himself the cynosure of all concert-rooms and the rival of Viouxtemps and Sivioli. There is the amorous young gentleman who does Nicholsonian variations upon a silver-keyed flute presented to him by his grandmamma, and who gives us the most wonderful and involuntary double staccato. There is the young woman, with the seven-octave piano-forte, who is so prettily *pp.* and so furiously *ff.*, who alternately feels softly the keys and then fights them, and who plays Thalberg's "Moses" quite as well as she plays the first lesson in Bertini. There are artists who affect the Jew's harp (or jaw's harp, as it should be written), and artists who finger disconsolate banjos, and artists who favor us in the stilly night with gems from the African Opera, or even from the resonant haunts of the Italian Academicians, and who whistle what they cannot sing. These nuisances, like all earthly nuisances, have their uses, and from these seeming evils we may still educe good.

But, it is in that far off and almost fabulous land known as "Down East," whence come washing machines and the whole century of inventions, that Music is employed to some purpose indeed. There the Legislature has taken up the matter in earnest. We learn that the Senators

and Representatives of the State of Maine now assemble in the Capitol, and, before proceeding to their graver duties, sing sacred music together for an hour. We notice this latest artistic and political novelty, because we do very highly approve its introduction, and consider it a most commendable innovation. We have it upon the authority of an ancient poet, whose name has escaped us, that there are none so rare as can compare with the Sons of Harmony; and it is not to be supposed that, after these melodious recreations, when the leader has left the chair to Mr. Speaker, that, in the most fiery or in the most fussy debate, the tenor will call the basso no gentleman, or give the lie to the soft-voiced ally who has just so nobly sustained him *in alt.* After a strict attention to musical measures, will not the patriot be fitted for political measures? Will he not more accurately understand the value of a crochet? Or will he, as some may think, be more likely to quaver, when in the dilemma of the Yeas and Nays?

For our own part, we think so well of this musical idea, that we should like to have it tested for a single session in Washington. Why should not Mr. Speaker intone the House to order? Why should not gentlemen give notice of a resolution in a chant, or ask leave to make a motion *con dolore*? Most of the speeches are so bad *said* that they certainly would be better *sung*. Many and many a time have we seen, when a fiddle-bow in the hands of the presiding officer would have been quite as impressive as his hammer. Many and many a time, in the House, we have felt that the immediate introduction and plentitudinous play of forty bands of brass, would bring a comparative silence like the silence of Sahara. Why should not the "Yeas" vote in full chorus? Why should not the "Nays" bellow responsively? He would be but a poor *captor verborum* who should object that we cannot sing through the eyes and should not sing through the nose. How beautifully might the business of the House be arranged by Mr. Fry or some other American composer who understands both politics and music! How easy would it be to adapt the Italian melodies to Jefferson's Manual. First reading, *largo*; second reading, *andante*; third reading, *prestissimo*. First debate, *grave*; second debate, *allegro ma non troppo*; third debate, *fugato*; as nothing new would be sung, fourth debate, *forzando*; fifth debate, *a la militaire*; sixth debate, *con fuoco rapidamente sempre crescendo*, and then, if members must break each other's heads, there would be a fair chance that they would do it tenderly and delicately. The motion for final adjournment might be given in the melody of "Home, Sweet Home," and how would the people thunder back "Gloria in Excelsis!"

But one difficulty presents itself. Who, save Meyerbeer, could write music for the President's Annual Message? And how many years would it take that unwearied, patient, and most industrious master to marry Mr. Buchanan's platitudinous elongations to immortal music?

For Dwight's Journal of Music.

Peeps in Italian Papers.

No. I.

BY TROVATORE.

In a country where so much attention is devoted to operatic affairs as Italy, operatic newspapers are a necessity, and in all the large cities such journals—usually weeklies—are published. Operatic newspapers, I call them, and such they are—not musical, but operatic papers. They are filled with little notices of what this egregious soprano is doing at Florence, and what that incredible tenor is occupied with at Rome. From every little city and town of Italy they gleam some scrap of operatic intelligence, and while they never enter upon learned or even intelligent criticism, they form an agreeable *melange* of operatic items. The expressions are often curiously hyperbolic, and the importance with which very insignificant bits of information are paraded in their columns, is really amusing to those familiar with the

large English and American newspapers. At Florence several of these musical papers are published, being invariably four-page quartos. At Turin, *Il Trovatore*, the prominent semi-weekly musical journal contains a page of illustrations *à la Charavari*, which are not confined to musical subjects. For instance, in a recent number, there is depicted the "stratagem that must be used by the readers of the Tuscan Monitor, to peruse that journal after its contemplated enlargement; the picture represents the newspaper stretching over a vast expanse of ground, while several horsemen are galloping over it, leaning down and reading as they scurry along. This is not a bad hit on some of our own "blanket sheets."

I purpose sending you, semi-occasionally, bits of operatic gossip, from my Italian files, and as almost every operatic singer of reputation has visited or expects to visit this country, their doings may prove of interest to some of your readers. And so I would at once have you look over my shoulder, through American spectacles, at my Italian newspapers.

There is a tenor with the queer name of Irfé—Signor Irfé—who has been singing at Trieste, the streets of which are more like those of London, than any city on the continent. His admirers have presented him with a service of plate, with the inscription: "To the distinguished merit of the valiant tenor Ettore Irfé, from a few citizens of Trieste, January, 1859."

At Catania, Verdi's *Simon Boecanegra* has met with great success.

It is the custom in Italy to name the theatres after some distinguished literary or musical personage. There is a new Ristori theatre at Verona and they are now building the Niccolini theatre at Sesto, a little Tuscan town.

At Vicenza, a city of palaces built almost entirely by Sansovino, the architect; a Signora Amalia Fumagalli has created a sensation in *Sonnambula*.

At Piacenza, a little Lombard town, that beautiful creature Vestvali has been singing in *Trovatore*.

At Rome, Verdi's *Giovanni di Guzman*, Donizetti's *Elisa Fosco* (to the music of *Lucrezia*) have been played at the Apollo theatre with Madame Jullienne as prima donna. Beaucarde, a six-footer, and a glorious tenor, for whom Verdi wrote *Trovatore*, has appeared at the Valle Theatre in *Don Pasquale*. A critic says of Jullienne, that she debuted in *Buondelmonte*, and that the *timbre* of her voice is stupendous; that she has extraordinary power and compass, and a correct method, of the best school.

At Naples, Donizetti's *Maria Padilla*, a work quite unknown here, has been played with but moderate success; indeed, it seems a precursor of the oblivion to which Donizetti's works will be, in time, consigned, to hear this opera described by Neapolitan critics, which cannot longer please, because musical taste is changed, and the music of *Padilla* is not suited to our times. The same opera has recently failed at Palermo.

At Nice, that splendid artist, Boccabodati, the finest Linda I have ever seen, has been singing with acceptance in *Don Pasquale*. Boccabodati is a wonderful artist and would create a sensation here.

At Genoa, Donizetti's *Don Sebastian* is meeting success. At its first production there, the first act passed in silence; the second brought applause for the prima donna, Lamaire; while the third, fourth, and especially the fifth, secured the success of the piece. Parepa, (who sang last season in London,) had appeared in *I Lombardi* and *Lucia*, with Limberti. This Limberti is a fine singer. He has a high, sympathetic tenor voice, and is a good actor. Often have I heard his penetrating voice at the opera in Florence, and wondered why he was not better known. He seems gradually working his way north, and may in time, reach Paris, London, and even Boston and New York.

At Brescia—how well I remember it, with its

quiet, sleepy streets, its neat little museum, built amid the ruins of an old Roman temple, its grass grown walls, and its picture-gallery with one cabinet picture, savagely claimed to be a genuine Raphael — at Brescia, Pacini's *Stoffo* is being played.

At Florence, in the fashionable theatre, La Pergola, Mercadante's *Giuramento* is the attraction. At the popular Teatro Ferdinando, commonly called the Pagliano, after its owner, a successful quack doctor, *Il Barbiere* is on the boards. Pacini's latest opera, *Saltimbico*, in which a baritone, Rossi-Ghelli, finds great success, has also been produced at La Pergola.

Prati is a little shabby town, about fifteen miles from Florence. Like all cities of Italy it is surrounded by huge walls, though there is nothing in it that is worth walling up. The new railroad from Leghorn to Florence has obliged the citizens to make a huge gap in their wall, and there is something suggestive, if not poetic, in the iron horse thus forcing for itself a passage through massive blocks of stone, that have stood unharmed for centuries. They have a little theatre in this little town; and a little prima donna named Papini-Steller, is singing in *Ernani*.

Forlì is a horribly stupid place, near the centre of Italy. The present Pope was once Bishop of Forlì, and Orsini, the would-be assassin of Napoleon III., was born there. They have a good opera-house in Forlì, and Donizetti's *Linda* was the attraction at latest dates, a Signora Rebusini being prima donna. *Sonnambula* and *Scaramuccia* (by Ricci) are the other operas of the season.

At Madrid, Giuglini is singing with Elisa Kennett, a beautiful English girl, as the prima donna. I have before written to the *Journal* about this lady. She sang last year at Florence, and with a rich voice and careful regard to stage requirements is winning a good reputation.

Rimini is a glorious old place. Indeed there are none of the smaller towns of Italy that surpass it in general interest. Once the resort of philosophers and authors, the seat of a singularly refined court, it was in the fifteenth or sixteenth century the most attractive city on the south western coast of Italy. To be sure it is rather a forlorn place now, and the faithless Adriatic, that once washed its very walls, and formed a harbor for its fleet, has now retired a distance of nearly a mile, leaving a dismal marsh between its waters and the city. Yet they are not all asleep in Rimini, for the beautiful new opera house, built in '57, is a proof of unexpected go-ahead-iveness. Now a Signora with the preposterously long name of Ruggero Antoniolio is exciting the good folks of Rimini in *Traviata*, an opera, which in Italy is usually known by the name of *Violetta*.

Sketch of the Life of Beethoven.

BY G. A. MACFARREN.

(Greatly extended, by the writer (for the *London Musical World*) from an article in the *Imperial Dictionary of Universal Biography*.)

LUDWIG VAN BEETHOVEN, the illustrious musician, was born at Bonn, 17th December, 1770, and died at Vienna, 26th March, 1827.

A groundless rumor for some time prevailed that he was the natural son of the King of Prussia; but, at considerable pains, he proved himself to be the lawful child of Johann Beethoven, a tenor singer in the chapel of the electoral prince in his native town, in which establishment his grandfather, after whom he was named, and who was also a composer, sang bass. For the memory of this latter, although he died when the boy was but three years old, Beethoven, in after life, had a high veneration, and he treasured his portrait as a most valuable relic. The feeling of the grandson may be accounted for by the intemperate habits of his father, who could thus elicit no respect; and his strong sense of reverence having no present stimulus, attached him to an ideal, of which he could not recollect the original.

He had an elder brother, Ludwig Maria, who died in his infancy; and two younger, Casper Anton Carl, who became a teacher of the pianoforte, and Nicolaus Johann, who followed the trade of a druggist.

Whatever the professional ability and personal ir-

regularities of his father, the position of this choir singer was such as to give Beethoven the advantage, enjoyed by all the greatest musicians, of becoming familiar, in his earliest infancy, with music, and receiving his first impressions from it: his organization had thus immediate opportunity for development, and he at once gave tokens of a strong natural disposition for the art he conspicuously advanced.

His father, hoping to improve the slender means of the family by the display of the child's ability, was the first to undertake his technical training; but dissipation rendered him an unfit instructor. The boy's studies were, however, assisted by Pfeiffer, an oboe player and director of a military band, to whom in after years he made the kindest acknowledgement of the obligations he owed him. He evinced so remarkable a talent, as to attract the attention of the reigning elector, the Archduke Maximilian, at whose charge he received lessons of Van der Eider, the court organist, and, at his death, of his successor, Neefe. Beethoven's restless disposition rendered steady practice irksome to him; and his father's impatience at this increased his distaste for application. He, however, progressed so rapidly, that at eight years old he was already remarkable for his playing of the figures of Sebastian Bach.

His three sonatas, written when he was ten years old, prove his early acquaintance with the principles of musical construction, and show a fluency of thought, which, though rendered in the idiom of the time, is not without indications of originality. These interesting productions, as well as some songs and piano-forte variations, were printed in 1783. Sterkel, a pianist of some repute in his day, on seeing the variations, questioned the ability of their author to play them; whereupon Beethoven not only executed his printed piece, but improvised upon the same theme, in imitation of the manner of his sceptical critic, proving at once his agile finger and his prompt invention. This is the earliest anecdote of his marvellous extemporaneous power, which afterwards became one of the most remarkable manifestations of his genius, and which he often exercised with still more pointed pertinence to the occasion than in the present instance.

Coincident with his progress on the pianoforte and in composition, was his practice of the violin, which, if it led to no notable proficiency, enabled him to write most effectively for string instruments throughout his career.

His father's dissolute life seems to have excluded the best domestic influences from his home; but he found a circle of true and genial friends in the family of Breuning, one of whom, Stephan, his boyhood's playmate, remained his attached friend through life, watched his last moments, was appointed his executor, and died very soon after him. This friendship had occasional raptures — one caused by rivalry in a youthful love affair; but it was too full of the fond associations of their early times to be ever permanently broken. For Leonore, Stephan's sister, Beethoven also entertained a brotherly affection, and her husband, Dr. Wegeler, was one of those to whom he wrote at periods of his residence at Vienna with implicit confidence. His first connection with this family was in the capacity of teacher, the duties of which he always discharged with the utmost repugnance. The whimsical pretences which, many years afterwards, he was wont to make to evade giving his lessons to the Archduke Rudolf were prompted by the inveterate dislike to teaching which thus early proved itself; he would often go to the Breunings' house with the purpose of attending to his pupils, when his resolution would fail him, and he would leave some excuse at the door, deferring his appointment till the morrow. The widow Von Breuning not only forgave his constant dereliction, but, with parental kindness, encouraged his companionship of her children, amongst whom he became familiar with literature, and so made up for the scanty education he had received at the free school.

Before the completion of his fifteenth year, the elector appointed Beethoven organist of his chapel. In this situation he played off one of those practical jokes for which, to the last, he had an especial relish, in contusing a singer who chanted the *Lamentations* in Passion Week, by changing the key in the accompaniment during a sustained note of the voice; the compromised chanter complained of this trick to the elector; but the young organist had too good a friend in his patron from childhood for him to punish this offence, further than by an official reprimand, which was rather a compliment to his talent than a disgrace of his abuse of it. The genial humor, which is one of the most prominent characteristics of Beethoven's writing — such as we find expressed in the *scherzo* of his pianoforte and violin Sonata in F; in the last movement of his Pianoforte Concerto in G, and of his Solo Sonata in the same key, Op. 79; in

that of his Symphony in F; and in many other instances — showing a love of fun and a capacity for witicism that has rarely been, and never so fully, embodied in music — is powerfully illustrated by this personal trait of the composer, which stopped not at practical jesting, but led him to indulge in every kind of facetia that presented itself to his vivacious fancy. We can well suppose him — whose conversation abounded with *bons mots* and repartee, who exulted in mock-heroic grandiloquence, and who would risk a friendship rather than forego a banter — absolutely laughing aloud as he set down on paper some of the movements that have been cited, and chuckling over them with an unctuous enjoyment as absorbing as the glowing rapture in which he revealed his loftiest inspirations.

He had at this time another patron besides the elector, in Count Waldstein — to whom he subsequently dedicated his Sonata in C, Op. 53 — at whose instance it was that the elector gave him the appointment, which, as his talented teacher, Neefe, was still in the full exercise of his powers, and so had no need of an assistant, was but the graceful pretext for paying him a salary, and so relieving his limited circumstances.

Beethoven wrote the music, of which the count had the credit, for a *ballet* represented by the nobility at the court; but he was more than repaid for this act of youthful self-denial, by being, at his patron's instigation, sent in 1787 on a mission to Vienna, where he became acquainted with Mozart, and indeed received some lessons from him. The great musician promptly perceived the indications of extraordinary power in his young disciple; but he had not the opportunity to benefit him further than by his illustrious example, and by the emulation that induced, in consequence of Beethoven's early return to Bonn, occasioned probably by the illness of his mother, who died in this year.

For her he had a fond affection; and in the grief of the moment, which was aggravated by pecuniary embarrassment, Franz Ries, the violinist — who, with Bernard Romberg and himself, was engaged as chamber musician to the elector — showed him such timely sympathy as he could never forget: — "Tell your father," said Beethoven, to the son of his old friend, when he brought him at Vienna an introduction from the violinist, "that I remember the death of my mother." We may suppose that from their various characters, in his intercourse with his parents, he made the experience of both affection and contradiction, which, only, could have implanted the tenderness and the fretful irritability which were afterwards as conspicuous in his personality as in his works.

M. Schindler has a story of Beethoven's writing a cantata for performance at a breakfast given to Haydn, by the members of the Electoral Chapel, on this composer's "return" from England, in 1790. The discrepancy between the date and the occasion referred to it — (Haydn came to England in 1790) — is sufficient to invalidate the anecdote; further than this, the biographer naively states that no vestige of the cantata remains, and that Beethoven himself knew nothing of the composition or of the occurrence.

Shortly after the completion of his twenty-first year, through the liberality of the elector, Beethoven made his second visit to Vienna, where he found so many advantageous opportunities that his return was repeatedly deferred, until he decided to make the Austrian capital his permanent residence. His father died in this year, and he was now launched in the world, with no care but for his art and for his own progress in it. Mozart was no more; but his influence was perhaps stronger than when he was personally present to exert it; thus the highest class of music was in general esteem, and the most aspiring genius found ready recognition and cordial encouragement.

The Baron von Swieten — who engaged Mozart to instrument the *Messiah*, and who furnished Haydn with the text of the *Creation* — had, at this time, frequent musical performances, in which Beethoven constantly participated; and the Prince Liechnowsky was ever ready to receive him as a guest, and to create opportunities for the display of those brilliant abilities, which it was no little merit in him to appreciate. Further, the prince settled upon Beethoven an annuity of 600 florins, to be continued till he should obtain an official appointment; but this was only one among countless services that his truly noble family rendered to the artist, which Beethoven acknowledged, in his dedications to him and to his brother, Count Moritz, of several of his most important works. The prince proved, indeed, a most cordial zeal for the musician, in his tolerance of the countless caprices of his client, who bore his favors so gracelessly, as often to dine at a tavern rather than submit to the restraint of dressing, and of punctual presence at the prince's table, and to give many

other such whimsical tokens of independence.

Another distinguished patron of Beethoven, during his first years at Vienna, was Count Brown, a gentleman of Irish extraction, but of Russian birth, and a functionary of that government. To him, and to his wife, are dedicated several important works; among others, the pianoforte sonata in B flat, Op. 22. One of the acknowledgments the Count made to the composer for these compliments, which secure an enduring immortality to his name, was the gift of a valuable horse. Beethoven, for a short time, took great pleasure in this present; he then neglected it, and would have forgotten it entirely, had not his servant, who had continually let the horse on hire for his own advantage, one day brought him a long bill of arrears for fodder.

(To be continued.)

A Plea for the Ravels and for Fun.

(From the Cincinnati Gazette.)

Whoever loves fun, real genuine unmistakable fun—whoever enjoys whatever is grotesque in situation and absurd, and illogical and contradictory—whoever believes in the necessity and use of nonsense—let him not fail to see the Ravels.

Ever, since 1830, or thereabouts, the Ravels—fathers, brothers, uncles, wives, wives' brothers and connexions of one degree or another, have been making the universal Yankee nation laugh. What imminent dyspepsias have they averted! What numberless legions of Blue Demons have they put to flight! For there is nothing like a hearty laugh to put these Demons to flight, and keep the gnawing wolf of dyspepsia from the vitals.

As a nation, we don't have fun enough. We say fun; for the Americans have the only satirists living (*vide* North British Review) and that malicious wit, which is pointed and barbed, and venomous, we have enough of, and to spare. But of that fun which has no purpose but gratification, we have little. Physical sport we don't understand. A dozen men can't go rowing about the river for the sake of rowing. They must have a rival boat to race with, a set of colors to win, a siver pitcher to contend for. Look at the exercise of our boarding schools; melancholy young women or straight-laced boys, trooping like a funeral procession over the dustiest and least picturesque road in the region, walking a mile and back from "a sense of duty!" There isn't a sadder spectacle this side of the chain-gang! What we need is something that shall amuse. We think too hard and too incessantly. And we resort to all manner of pernicious stimulants to keep our brain constantly vigorous and keen.

So we grow dyspeptic and die young, or live invalids till our life becomes a misery to others and ourselves. Just that which is wanting is Fun—that indescribable offspring of Humor which we all recognize, though we can't name his features. We need—

"Sport that wrinkled care derides,
And Laughter holding both his sides."

to walk over this broad land and alternate with speculation and deep-browed thought and restless ambition, in the attention of our people. Puritanism, Asceticism, are all very well in their way and their day, but their way and their day are not forever, and everywhere. When the great temporal or spiritual interests of men are endangered, it is very well to be grave and sedate and deliberate, till the battle is fought out. But we must not forget that the greatest of reformers was one of the jolliest of men, and that his opponents say that "all Luther's table-talk was about wine and women." Of course that statement is an exaggeration. But a caricature fixes a truth, sometimes, more closely than a didactic and accurate proposition, and though the grim earnestness with which some men fight is terrible to the foe, the most dangerous fighting animal now-a-days is your Zouave, who runs up to the cannon with a song in his mouth, and is equally ready to play a part in a comedy or storm a fort.

Man is the laughing animal! Some naturalists say he is the only laughing animal. Others say that the dog alone, of all man's subjects, possesses this trait of his master. Be that as it may. Man laughs. He has muscles which were designed for no other purpose than laughter. And it is a crime not to use every faculty which our Maker has given us. Therefore do we appeal in behalf of the much neglected risibles. "Laugh and grow fat," says the maxim. Laugh and do your duty, say we.

Physiologists will tell you that one great evil in men and women is the faulty oxygenation of their blood. We breathe too much through our nostrils and clenched teeth. The broad, hearty laugh throws the mouth open wide, gives the lungs great capacious draughts of air and consequent oxygen, and everybody who has ever tried it, knows very well that after laughing heartily he feels younger, fresher, brisker,

and a great deal better fitted to attend to the "serious business" of life.

How refreshing to find the Latin Secretary of Cromwell, the writer of that magnificent plea for the unlicensed liberty of printing, where the language is as stately as the step of Truth, the author of *Paradise Lost*;—how refreshing, we say, to find him bursting forth into this most jolly of supplications:

"And if I give thee honor due,
MIRTH, admit me of thy crew."

Think of it! John Milton invoking Momus. Think of it, careful New Englander, with a mind given to the differences between the subjective and objective, idealism and realism. Think of it, hurried western man of business, occupied with the prospect of future Chicago speculations, in Cairo or Emporium. Think of it, most sanctimonious of men, who believest the garment of Religion to be the robe of a nun, or the vesture of a hermit. Think of it, most delicate and refined of women, who findest humor vulgar, and never laughest above the faintest smiles! Here is John Milton, so fair and beautiful that when he slept of a sultry afternoon beneath Italian trees, a fair lady kissed him, as Hyppatia might have done the Apollo Belvidere—John Milton, whose desire to justify the ways of God to man gave us the English Epic—John Milton, whose memory was the store-house of all the wisdom of the ancients—John Milton, whose words were always for liberty, the statesman's thoughts clad with the poet's grace,—this John Milton goes down on his knees to old Mirth and humbly, apologetically—"if I give thee honor due"—distrustful, it would appear, of his own ability to honor him with the honor due so exalted a personage—asks to be admitted to his crew.

We never expect to write the twin speech to Arcopagitica—we are rusty in our Latin, and couldn't write dispatches for Cromwell, provided he were alive and wanted us to do it—we gave over some time all thought that our great Poem would have a niche in the Temple of Fame, anywhere near that which the "Paradise" occupies; but in one particular we will follow Milton—nay, rather, we will be his peer—we will honor MIRTH; and we shall be proud to be of his "crew."

To honor Mirth, and return "to our muttons" together, let us go back to the Ravels.

Let us state what, perhaps, is not generally known, hereabouts, that Mr. T. Barry, among his great services to the amusement-loving, was the first American Manager to bring out the Ravels. That appearance was at the old Park Theatre, of lustrous memory, some twenty-five or thirty years ago.

Let us state further that while the cholera raged in New York, the Ravels played, and that when they were on the point either of leaving the city or shutting the theatre, we forget which, the then Mayor of Gotham and other most respectable citizens came with petitions that they would continue playing, and urged as a reason that their performances were regarded by the physicians as instrumental in checking the spread of the Asiatic scourge. Could volumes speak more for the salubrity of fun, and the ability of the Ravels to create it?

Since then various fortunes have been encountered by the Troupe. There has been changes, marriages, deaths. But here are two of the brothers as young, as mirthful, as inimitable as ever, though their united ages could not be spanned by a century.

They have with them an efficient and well-trained company. They are themselves, we say, inimitable. For they are men of genius, and their long practice has made them perfect artists. Their fun has this distinguished quality: It is at once so palpable that the dullest may see and enjoy it, and so delicate that the keenest and sharpest sighted are the best satisfied.

May their days be a thousand years, and their purses always full!

MENDELSSOHN COMMEMORATION. — What a people we are growing for commemorations! One year of Handel — one month of Burns — one week of Mozart, — and on Thursday last of Mendelssohn, who would then have been aged fifty had he lived: — ten years younger than were Gluck and Handel when they began to enter on their career of lasting musical glory. Yet a dozen years have passed since his masterpiece, "Elijah," not merely proved his progress so as to silence all English cavillers, but established his reputation, as one, to which reference must ever be made, as next to that of Handel, when Oratorio is spoken of. Never did Fame more immediately reward desert than in his case. It seems as if it was only yesterday that, before going into the Birmingham Town Hall to preside in the orchestra on that memorable occasion, he said, laughingly, to one whom he honored with his regard, "Stick your claws into me! Don't tell me what you like, but what you

don't like" — only yesterday, that after the Oratorio was over, he escaped from the noise and the fever of triumph (*what a triumph it was!*) and with that whimsical humor of his, which endeared him to every one, by way of calming himself, chose to take what he called "a beautiful country walk in Birmingham,"⁴ pacing backwards and forwards, for a beat of some four hundred yards, by the side of a sunken canal, under the shelter of heaps of coke and cinders. Remembrances like these, already clustering round one so lately full of life and spirit, so sweet-hearted and so bright-witted, must make the heart full, be it ever so dead, ever so worn. But how have the ploughshares of time and change passed over Mendelssohn's world since "Elijah" came to light at Birmingham in 1846! Of his own immediate "kith and kin," as distinct from children, but one is left. Of the many singers, again, who took the first parts in "Elijah," Mr. and Mrs. Lockey and Madame Bassano are the only ones still before the public, and those of late sparingly. "Sic transit!" — but that thought, and gratitude, and reality do *not* pass, the celebrations of Thursday were a speaking attestation. Fraught as they were, to some present, with that regretful yearning, which overpasses the boundaries of the "dark river," there was in them something better and more cheering — a new impression of England's old device of love and loyalty — "We do not forget." The French are now beginning to discover Mendelssohn; the Germans (as was said on the occasion of the revival of "St. Paul") to be ashamed of the ingratitude shown to his memory when no more service of heart and brain was to be got from him! Neither Mr. Hullah's morning orchestral concert, on Thursday, at St. Martin's Hall, nor the *Sacred Harmonic Society's* "Elijah" in the evening, claims any minuteness of report. Both went well. At the former Herr Pauer, whom we hear too rarely, performed the *Concerto* in D minor with great fire and brilliancy. At the latter the principal soprano was Madame Rudersdorff, — the bass, Signor Belletti. — *London Athenaeum*, Feb. 5.

About Pianos.

One of the embarrassments of house furnishing is that of procuring a pianoforte. Unmusical persons, particularly, however smoothly they may have advanced to a certain point in the details of furniture, find themselves quite at fault when called upon to select this necessary appendage of the modern drawing-room. They know neither where to select, nor how to select. We have lately had an experience of this ourselves. But in the course of our investigations we gained some little information on the subject of piano-fortes in general, which simplified the matter very much to us, and may prove of service to those of our unmusical readers, who may chance to be subjected to the same embarrassment.

We find that a piano-forte, after all, is nothing more than a *horizontal harp*. It is, virtually, that most ancient of instruments laid upon its side, under cover, the strings being struck by hammers instead of being plucked with the fingers. Any one can see this by opening a pianoforte and observing the shape of the mechanism. This fact, however, makes it evident that the case of the piano can have very little to do with the intrinsic merit of an instrument. We have ascertained, moreover, that the mechanism of itself, in all sound and well-constructed pianos, *must* cost the manufacturer a certain pretty definite amount. This, then, reduces the instrument, so far as the mechanism is concerned, to an appreciable value. No manufacturer can sell it for any price which does not cover this essential outlay, without actual loss.

Satisfied on this point, therefore, the purchaser may be sure that the additional expensiveness of the instrument is caused by the case; and of this case—which is only so much work in rosewood—the purchaser is as competent a judge as the manufacturer, or any decidedly musical person.

The first requisite in the purchase of a piano, then, is to make yourself sure of the interior mechanism; and to this end application should always be made to a perfectly responsible and reliable manufacturer—one of whom you feel confident that he would put no work into an instrument that was not honest and thorough. For there would seem to be manufacturers of cheap pianos, here and there, the only merit of which is a certain showiness of case, without any of the intrinsic qualities of a fine instrument. Such productions are called by the trade *green pianos*, and are traps for the unwary. An inferior class of German artisans is generally employed; they work at low wages, with very poor material, the wood being quite unseasoned, and, when put together, the instrument is a good pine box—not much more—covered with deceptive veneering and ornament.

A certain characteristic of a piano, which is not appreciable by an unmusical person, is the distinctive

quality of tone peculiar to the various manufacturers. This difference of tone is caused by a certain treatment of the mechanism—one manufacturer paying special attention to the felt which covers the hammers, another to the size of the strings, another to the arrangement of these strings as to the intervening distances, another to the shape of the sounding board. One manufacturer will give you a delicate tone—too delicate, perhaps, to wear well. Another will give you a good honest tone, which is as durable as the instrument itself. But these distinctive qualities of tone are too subtle a thing for any but trained ears to detect and decide upon. And, after all, the difference between standard manufacturers in this respect is every year lessening—each copying the excellent points of the other, and bringing all instruments of the best makers to a certain approximation. Some difference there will always be; but however important this may seem to professional persons, it is slight to the world at large, and ought not seriously to embarrass any ordinary purchaser of a piano-forte, whose use for the instrument is altogether private and amateur.

To purchasers, then, we would say, beware of cheap pianos, and go only to the standard manufacturers. Decide what scale of instrument you want; that is, whether six and three quarters or seven octaves—for this, of course, makes a difference in the price—and then be guided by your own eye, and the capacity of your purse, as to elegance and costliness of case. But, having decided these points, request the dealer to select for you the best toned piano of that particular class you have chosen—a selection which, in all respectable houses, will honestly be made.—*New York Evening Post.*

Musical Correspondence.

NEW YORK, MARCH 8.—MR. BRISTOW'S Complimentary concert was a success, though the programme was long and somewhat dreary, as you will see by its personal:

PART I.

1. Overture (William Tell).....Rossini.
Harmonic and Philharmonic Societies.
2. Rec. and aria (O Lord, Thou hast Overthrown Thine Enemies), and storm chorus, (Thanks be to God), from the Oratorio of "Elijah.".....Mendelssohn.
Miss Coleman, Mr. P. Mayer, Harmonic &c.
3. Polka Song (Gaily Smiles the Earth Before Me), words and music by Miss Imogene Hart.
Miss M. S. Brainerd.
4. Movement from the Jullien Symphony.
G. F. Bristow.
Philharmonic Society.
5. Aria (Sound an Alarm).....Handel.
Mr. D. Miranda.
6. Grand Duo Concertante for two pianos.
Robert Schumann.
Messrs. H. C. Timm and Wm. Mason.
7. Song (Twilight Hour), from the opera of "Rip Van Winkle.".....Geo. F. Bristow.
Mrs. H. Westervelt.
8. Grand double chorus "He gave them Hailstones), from "Israel in Egypt."....Handel.

PART II.

1. Overture to Shakspeare's "Winter's Tale."
G. F. Bristow.
2. Song (Uberall Du)—Thou Everywhere. Lachner.
Mr. Philip Mayer.
(With horn obligato by Mr. Brannes.)
3. Grand duo concertante from Violin and piano (Don Pasquale)....Goria and Herman.
Messrs Joseph Burke and Richard Hoffman.
4. Valse de Milibran.....De Beriot.
Madame Caradori.
5. Grand double chorus and solo (The Horse and his Rider), from "Israel in Egypt."
Handel.
6. Inflammatus from "Stabat Mater."...Rossini.
Miss M. S. Brainerd and chorus.
7. Grand fantasia (National Airs) for harp.
Aptommas.
8. Hallelujah.....Handel.

Mr. Bristow's overture to "A Winter's Tale" was the feature of the entertainment. It is a fine work, with some very curious and interesting instrumentations, and considerable melody. After its performance, the composer was called out, bowed and departed. The applause continuing, he came out again and began a rather confused speech in which he had great difficulty in repeating the word "re-iterate." The drift of the address was that he was very much

obliged to the audience, and if he had done anything to advance the cause of music he was happy, &c., &c. The latter part of the concert was more successful than the former, and the encores were frequent. The house was very well filled, so that Mr. Bristow must have made a very good thing out of it. There should have been, however, more of his own works on the programme.

Mr. STÖPEL'S *Iliavatha*, after being advertised for a repetition was withdrawn, owing, it is said, to the professional engagements of Mrs. STÖPEL. If repeated, it could, with the prestige of the success attending its first production, draw an immense audience.

A letter from ARTHUR NAPOLEON informs me of his success in Norfolk, Va., where he has given a couple of concerts. He will prosecute his southward journey as far as New Orleans.

There is little else stirring in the musical world.

TROVATOR.

BERLIN, FEB. 9.—The other evening I had one of the old questions forcibly brought up again, and it has been running in my thoughts more or less ever since. As the Germans say, "I must give it air." The occasion was this: Madame ZIMMERMANN is a famous and long experienced teacher of singing, down in Wilhelm Strasse, in this city of Berlin. She has had a great many pupils, and has them still. Once a week they meet (they are girls and young women only) at her house, and sing together. That capital young rising musician, RADECKE, is conductor. A grim friend of mine, not too misanthropic however to do a kind act to anybody, made me acquainted with Madame Zimmermann, and I was invited to attend some of these music meetings. I went last Friday evening. The chorus was smaller than usual, as it was not the regular evening of meeting.

DAVID, the violinist, BARGIEL, a young teacher and composer, a couple of old gentlemen and myself, constituted the audience. Some fifteen young women and girls formed the choir.

The music was Psalm 13, for women's voices. Solos, duets, choruses, composed by Radecke. There is so little music for female chorus, that he is supplying the deficiency for Mad. Z.'s pupils. This psalm is beautiful. It reminded me a little in style of Schubert, but is easier to sing. What is wonderful in these days, Radecke is not afraid of the Diatonic Scale! The piece was sung charmingly, delightfully. Then a Christmas song for female chorus, also charming. Fraulein Friedlander, who sang at Laub's concert, gave us 'With Verdure clad,' and another young lady, a mezzo soprano, gave a beautiful song by Radecke.

David was formerly Radecke's master, and I suppose we had so much of his music on this account. The professor was evidently pleased with these specimens and proofs of his pupil's progress.

DAVID then played with Radecke the violin and piano-forte Sonata of Beethoven, op. 30, No. 3; and old Tartini's famous 'Devil's Sonata,' with Joachim's accompaniment. I said of David's playing the other day, that it left me cold; now, it was not so; I could desire nothing better. For the first time these sonatas opened to me the depths of feeling, jocose, fiery, pathetic, which lie in them, and I sat wondering how I could have found David cold! But playing before a large critical audience in Concertos, and in a small circle in such Sonatas, are very different things.

So much for the occasion. The question is, upon instruction in singing.

All careful observers, who have traveled much in Europe, and may be supposed able to judge, are beginning to admit the truth of my statement in the Journal of Music six or seven years ago, that America affords as fine voices, and as large a proportion of them, as any country in the world. That there is as

much native talent for music among us, as well as talent for painting, sculpture, literature, as any where else, is also now admitted. But all who have had opportunity to know, agree that no class in our country corresponds to the educated classes abroad in cultivation of the sense for the beautiful, and in artistic development in any direction.

Farther, it is painfully felt that the attainments made by those who devote themselves to Art, and especially to music, are seldom equal to those of corresponding persons in Europe. One grand reason for this is obvious enough, viz: that no one in our country lives in an atmosphere of Art; we have no galleries of painting and sculpture; no architecture; no regular opera; no high-class church music; and except in large cities very few concerts. These points have however been so often discussed that we only now pass them over.

Now why is it that we really produce so few singers? Of the many reasons that might be given, here is one: Pupils do not study rightly. Learning to sing is learning to use a certain set of muscles, so as to produce certain effects; just as learning the piano-forte is cultivating the muscles of the fingers, or dancing those of motion. This training of the muscles forms the foundation; a similar training of the muscles of the throat and mouth is the foundation of learning to read well; for the first thing is proper pronunciation. Afterwards comes in that mental and æsthetic culture, which enables the singer, the pianist, the reader, the actor, the dancer, to make what he has learned of his art the medium for the expression of feeling and sentiment. Hear Jenny Lind, Clara Schumann, Johanna Wagner, Fanny Kemble; see Taglioni or Fanny Ellsler!

A century and a half ago women were not allowed to appear upon the stage, and female parts were sung by the artificial sopranos and alti, which the Catholic church and Italy alone were degraded enough, except Turkey, to produce. These men had nothing to live for but eating, drinking and singing. The foundation of their musical studies was the magnificent music of the church, with its long drawn tones, its wondrous harmonies, its extraordinary effects of light and shade. The first object was to acquire full command of the lungs, so as to expend the breath most economically. And this was so important a point, that in the height of their fame, when astonishing audiences night after night by their execution of the most difficult passages, their daily practice was in singing scales of long drawn notes—rising and swelling and dying away, to an inaudible sound. Gardner somewhere speaks of a man who was annoyed by the sound of the wind, giving day after day these crescendos and decrescendos, but which proved to be a great singer's tones, in his vocal exercises. Such practice is like the practice of scales by the pianist. When Liszt was making his first triumphal tours in Europe, he had an octave or two of keys fitted with stiff springs, and this always traveled with him in his carriage, that no time should be lost in the constant exercise of his fingers, which he deemed necessary.

Those old *castrati* began young, when the vocal muscles were tender, and by long and patient exercise made them not only obedient to their will, but made singing a second nature to them. Consequently, once perfected, their organs never failed them until the general decay of the system through age was felt. Think of men singing for thirty or forty years, with no loss of power! To those men Europe was indebted for the so-called "Italian school of singing," which, according to Rossini, exists no longer.

But their principles of instruction became the common property of Europe; and any competent teacher, whether in London, St. Petersburg, Berlin, Rome, Paris, New York or Boston, will exercise his pupil in delivering his voice to the vowel sounds in

all the languages of these respective capitals, in precisely the same manner.

The sounds *ah, o, e, i, oo, &c.*, are the same in all languages, though the letters representing them are different. Take the *a* in "father"—*ah*, the tone is to be given everywhere the same; and all good instructors will teach it in the same manner. The principles of the *old* Italian school are then at the foundation of all good instruction. Attention has been more than once called in the Journal to the fact, that many of the greatest singers of the last hundred years never had instruction from an Italian, and never sung a word of that language until after their fame was made. Look at these names (if I am wrong in any one, pray correct me) Mr. Billington, Cecilia Davies, Harrison, Incledon, Braham, Simms, Reeves, Formes, Mad. Unger, Sontag, Jenny Lind, Duprez, Roger, Sophia Cruvel, Staudigl, Madame Ney, Schroeder-Devrient, Johanna Wagner, Mara, and many more. These names occupy as large a place in the history of music as any names of vocalists to the same number, ending in *i* and *o*, and coming from South of the Alps. These names do not perhaps occupy as large a space in American newspapers, and in letters from London and Paris, as some others; but, then, London and Paris are not all the world! Now such singers were properly taught, this cannot be denied. The Mara was probably the greatest of all these female singers; she had German instruction. The point then is to be taught *well*—not to learn of any particular person—be he of Spanish origin as Garcia, or of German origin as Goetze.

More to-morrow.

A. W. T.

(From an old friend.)

BERLIN, FEB. 15.—It is a long while since my pen last aimed at you, with music to give it impulse. The many good reasons for this long silence, I will reserve for another occasion, because I am not in the apologetic mood to-night. It is now 7½ P.M., *Don Giovanni* is being sung at the Opera House, 7 minutes walk from my room, the weather is good, I am well, and not bankrupt; then why, in Heaven's name, ask you, am I not there instead of here? Thereby hangs a tale, which shall be wrought into this pot-pourri, for such I design it to be,—a mere breaking of the long silence above adverted to. It occurred to me, on my way home, just now, that the experience of one day in Berlin, to wit, this 15th day of February, 1859, might make an entertaining column in the *Journal of Music*; and the thought having come to me, I thus turn it into a deed, partly, no doubt, out of gratitude for the pleasure your pages have given me this P. M.

The day has had quite a thread of Home running through it. Awoke with a head-ache at 8—(an undeserved headache, having taken no "oysters" late last night.) Dressed and went to breakfast, by previous appointment, at the house of a fellow-countryman. Now, if you are hungry and in good condition when you read this, the "Diarist" and his witching slanders will rise up before your imagination, and suggest *Wurst, Gänse-brust, caviar, onion-salad* and the other delicacies of the German cuisine. "Mark now, how a plain tale shall put you down!" Buckwheat cakes, syrup, fried hominy, good white bread, without caraway, beefsteak and fried potatoes, *cooked* ham (cold), tea and coffee! This is no dream, though I must confess it has often been one, but a sweet reality. During the discussion of these dangerous exotics, a package of the *New York Tribune* is brought in, all fresh, not yet opened—dates to the 29th January. Every body reads out a paragraph; one on the Thorndike will, whose author has *achieved* immortality; another (two at once) on H. W. Beecher's noble letter, giving fresh assurance, which we sometimes need in these days, that manhood has not fallen out of the world. An hour spent over breakfast and the news from home, and then a walk to the

post-office—where I find a letter from home, and one from CHARLES SUMNER—from which I will quote a sentence, as our friend is not quite a private person, and many readers of the Journal hear with interest all that concerns him:

"Since I left you I had a relapse which left me, for days, a wreck, and made me for a while despair; but I have followed with the greatest fidelity the prescribed medical treatment and have led a life of perfect tranquillity. The morning begins with dry-cupping for half an hour; not pleasant, but after *five* quite tolerable; then moderate, very careful exercise, avoiding fatigue; repose on my sofa or bed 15 hours out of the 24; pills of *bella-donna* and capsules of *Terebenthine*. I mention these details because—wrote me that you had expressed an interest in knowing them. The eminent physicians in Paris and those here who have made themselves acquainted with my case, preach *caution*."—Speaking of Mr. Parker's illness, he says, "Thinking of his calamity, I hesitate to turn to my own condition, which is now brightening, so that I feel perfect assurance of the future."

He concludes thus: "As the session of Congress will be soon over, there will be no *public duties* to claim me till next December, when I hope to be ready for any labor." Three cheers! "Meanwhile, having given three solid months to my treatment, I propose, in a week, to go to Nice, where I shall be a few days; perhaps thence to Rome."

This was a very hopeful and enlivening letter, by this time headachè had flown; read *Wilhelmina de Bai-reuth's* memoirs till half past one; walked to the "Diarist's," whose room merits description, and shall have it, some other time. I saw his head peering over a pile, 4 feet 6 in depth, of "Ancient Musical Literature." His pen was travelling, as usual, at telegraph speed. I bade him go on, took a volume of *Dwight's Journal*, and concluded the Life of Mendelssohn, commenced in a previous visit, but made slow work of it, as there was rich food for another sense inviting all the while. What was this? Only "John," in the next room, a thin door between, practising Bach's fugues, Haydn's "Military" Symphony, 4 hands, another American aiding. Then, all of a sudden, comes a clear, strong chord, and a brilliant run on the violin, breaking, or subsiding, rather, into one of the variations of the Kreutzer Sonata! How can a man read Mendelssohn or anybody's son, with such distracting sounds assailing his ears in the next room?

But soon dinner breaks this up, the steady smooth sailing of the fugue resumes sway, and I get on a little with my story. The Diarist rises, gives a fond look round about on his "scattered treasures," says he must dine (in a tone as of unreconciled conformity to a custom of very doubtful utility) and leaves me in possession; saying, as he closes the door: "There are two 'Dwights' you have not seen," (at which the thought arose, "I should like to see *one* Dwight!"), and I am alone with the books and stove and von Humboldt's statuette, and manuscript *sine fine*, and Mr. Brown's spectacles, which I incontinently don, as more convenient than my eyeglass (I now have on my own and know how you will miss *his* focus!) and thus I go on and finish that sad story—sad in its close, but not sad as a career. (I am here tempted off my track but will resist.) I put bound-Dwight on the shelf again, loose-Dwights into my pocket, and start through "John's" room, who good-naturedly rises from his pedal-piano, through which, a moment ago, he was driving J. S. Bach on all fours (*his* "fours," not Bach's). "Well, John, will you go to the Concert?" "Thank you, no; I must have my organ lesson for to-morrow learned." "What's the Symphony this afternoon?" "Seventh, I am sorry to say"—and a look of ineffectual longing crossed his expressive face,—but behind it is that unmistakeable background of resolu-

tion, which belongs to genius, and which can always say: "Get thee behind me, Satan," when the true divinity beckons forward. So I leave John and go out of the gate to the sound of Fugue.

I wend my way, reflecting on the Art-talent of "Young America," cross the Weidendammer-Brücke, and soon enter with the crowd into the "Ton-Halle." It is ½ past 3 and the concert commences at 4, yet it is with difficulty that I find a seat, at a table with two soldiers and three other youths; and now I take out my "Dwights." Almost the first thing my eye meets is the account of the annual meeting of the dear old Harvard Musical Association, and with very varied emotions did I read it; still, the chord which was touched most deeply and which would continue to vibrate after the voices of all else had died away, was that of our great and enduring bereavement. FRANK BATCHELDER! What would the Harvard Musical seem to me without him! I sympathized with Ware's and Upham's earnest and tearful words, and wished that I, too, might have been present, to say only a few words, they would have been *but* few, and I may say them here. Who has ever passed an hour with that rare young man, without feeling that *all* pursuits, music as well as graver ones, were elevated and dignified by his association with them? His gentleness, his refinement, his pure tastes, his charming disposition, are justly eited and dwelt upon; but to me, his predominating grace, the atmosphere, so to speak, of the man, was *transparent integrity*. I knew no man, I *know* no man, whose presence was in the same degree magnetic. I often had the feeling, when hearing him converse on Art, on social life, on domestic calamity, and even on the dryest details of professional and other business, that no man could confer with him without being somewhat better therefrom. Unobtrusive, ay! undemonstrative to a remarkable degree, yet "a virtue went out from him," wherever he appeared. It has been most truly said, "He had no enemy." Of whom else can we say this?

That list of "officers" looked so home-like! The Buckwheats not more so; (excuse the homely comparison.) Putnam 'on the organ' was delicious—a perfect 'Haupt' in his way. But I must go on. Hark—"sh—sh—&c—&c—"Liebig's baton is in the air—"Jewesses—sh—sh—I say! Kelluers, walk 'a tiptoe'! teaspoons, be still; Overture to "Leonore" "No. 1"—Beethoven; To continue the Programme: Sonate, F dur, Mozart, arranged for Orchestra by Streit. Now look out! Fest overture upon two American National Airs, (Lieder) by J. B. André; (who is he?) 'Hail Columbia' and 'Yankee Doodle,' of course; and very well worked up, too. To my surprise, a hearty encore, some counter hisses, which mean here, as at home, nothing more than "No." Renewed claps—renewed hisses; the claps have it, decidedly—but Liebig goes on to 'Scherzo from Summer-night's Dream, Mendelssohn; (John, you have never heard this played as yet—no, never!) Overture, 'Tannhäuser'; 7th Symph. Beethoven. Entrance 5 sgr. (12½ cts.) Ends ¼ of 7; and I start for the opera; without a ticket however. *Don Juan!* Arrive at 7, just in time! "What tickets?" "Only Fremden-Loge and Avon-Scenes," the highest price places. Well, here goes—it being *Don Juan*; for I was 'ut particularly pleased with its performance the last time. "Give me one Avon-Scene;" why it just exactly empties my pantaloons pocket, but I shall want one groschen for a programme; there is a five and a one Thaler in my vest; let us pay with the bills; price 1 Thaler 10 groschen. Hand goes to vest, no bills—changed my vest to go a little more elegantly to eat hominy and buckwheats; no matter, I can go without a programme. I know all the performers; and as for coat money, why I'll wear my coat into the opera; "there, there's just 1.10;" "Nein, Meinherr, bitte; da ist nur 1, 7½;" and, sure enough! Well, what then? Can a gentleman pledge his watch or his boots or coat for 6½ cents? For that was exactly my deficit. In the beginning of this letter, I say, "I am *not* bankrupt," this was hardly true, was it? So no matter, I'll go home and write my day's experience to Dwight, who'll be gainer in every way, for I know the 'Diarist' is there, John too; now is this not a *homelike* day for a

BOSTONIAN?

P. S. Getting sleepy, though the carriages keep up an incessant rattle on the four sides of the great Gens d'Armes Platz. The Royal Schauspiel-Haus has long since put out all its lights, but long lines of gas-lamps define the flag stones which *stripe* the square in all directions. My love to the H. M. A. and the B. M. H. A. I was obliged to give Ludwigsburg the go-by, as I had six ladies in tow and one boy! I don't however despair of inspecting the "disjecta membra" of old Put; that is to say, of the great Organ. I'm sure that ought to be written

with a big O, whether in German or English. I heard fine organs this summer at Fribourg, Basle and Berne. One word more. When "John" gets home there will be no more desecration of the Organ, by operatic flights and negro jigs, as at Tremont Temple!" Adieu.

Dwight's Journal of Music.

BOSTON, MARCH 12, 1859.

JOURNAL OF FEBRUARY 19. Any person having a copy of this paper of February 19, and not desirous of preserving the same will confer a favor on the publishers by forwarding it to this office.

MUSIC IN THIS NUMBER.—In order to make the opera *Luciezia Borgia* (pianoforte arrangement) complete within this present volume of the Journal, we let it occupy our music pages this week and the next, leaving our Classical Choral selections to await their turn a little longer. But we have good things of that sort in store.

Concerts.

There have been two during the week past: one a private concert in Mercantile Hall, by invitation; the other a very public one.

The first was one of those choice, delightful little *sings*, for the pleasure of their friends, by the Club of amateurs, under the direction of OTTO DRESEL. They now number about eight voices on each part, the soprani and contralti forming a remarkably fresh, clear, refined and musical body of sound; and the whole trained to perfect unity and purity of execution. This was displayed to great advantage in an elaborate Motet by Bach, (No. 5), in which the same Chorale reappears some five times with wonderful beauty and variety of harmony; interspersed with choruses, a very swift and labyrinthine fugue, and quaintly interesting trios and quartets. Such music is sure to be loved, after some familiarity, in spite of its antiquity. How genuine it is! how deep and earnest, full of devotion to Art with a single, religious aim to the highest! The expression of a great, profound life, that courted no publicity, and cultivated none of the modern artifices of effect. The other pieces were the Soprano solo and Chorus, by Mendelssohn: "Hear my prayer," whose exquisite melody in the last part, "O for the wings of a dove," seemed alike perfectly adapted to the words and to the voice that sang it; Schubert's "Miriam" Cantata, (both of these last two pieces have been published in this Journal); and three or four of the beautiful part-songs by Robert Franz.

The very public occasion was the performance, at Tremont Temple, on Wednesday evening, of Mr. G. F. ROOR's Operatic Cantata, "The Hay-makers," by a select company of ladies and gentlemen, organized, and for a long time very carefully trained by Mr. J. R. MILLER, whose enterprise in the matter was abundantly rewarded by a far greater crowd of would-be auditors than the Temple would contain. Not prepared for this, we failed to find a seat, and strength held out only for the hearing of the first Part.

The affair was very pleasantly and perfectly arranged. There was scenery representing a hay-field, farm-house, &c.; the singers were in costume and equipped with implements; and the various movements of hay-making operations, mowing, spreading, raking, &c., are so rhythmical in themselves, as to lend themselves admirably to musical purposes. Each Part illustrates an entire

day's life: the morning call and devotions, the field labors, the nooning, afternoon work, evening and rest. There is a little thread of private romance running through it, a pair of lovers; also a touch of the comic in a "green" youth from the city; there are choruses, songs, quartets, piano interludes, &c., most of which are simple, melodious, pleasing, and suggestive, although common-place, and appealing to the sympathies (which they got in full measure) of the masses of uneducated music-lovers. These were connected together by rather a liberal allowance of recitative, which was not very effective.

On the whole, taken as it should be, as a composition of no high pretention, but just the working out by simple, easy means of a natural and pretty thought, it seemed to us singularly perfect in its way. What it chiefly lacked was some wealth or substance of instrumental accompaniment. The mere piano, with the facile little silvery embellishments improvised (apparently) by Mr. LANG, soon grew monotonous. There was a flute, occasionally, which was very skillfully and gracefully interwoven with a vocal melody; and a guitar in the serenade duet, which was delicate and graceful, and most charmingly sung by Mrs. LONG and Mr. ADAMS. Miss WHITEHOUSE also had some effective melodies, which she sang with fine voice and taste.

The Choruses, by about a hundred voices, were sung admirably; fine ensemble of tone; remarkably fine diminuendos and effects of distance (to enhance which illusion, cricket chirps, &c., were introduced). The mowing scene was quite amusing, and the melodic movement of the chorus went well with the scythes. Very pretty too was the chorus of maidens, who in their turn crossed the stage, "spreading" with forks; and the union of the two movements was a happy and ingenious effect. Prettiest of all, however, was the "raking" chorus, with its double hitch in the rhythm. In the larger choruses, like the solemn one at evening, the Organ furnished background.

We should have been glad to have heard the rest of it, had our aching head and weary limbs allowed. Doubtless it will be repeated; and we congratulate Mr. MILLER, as well as the author, who conducted in person, on so successful an attempt to introduce, with simple means, a very pleasing, popular, and in some sense quite artistic, entertainment of a semi-dramatic musical character. It should lead to good things. Perhaps it opens a path which one day *genius* may enter.

Musical Chit-Chat.

We need not remind our readers of the Farewell Complimentary Concert to our townsman, Mad. ELISE BISACCANTI, which takes place this evening. Her friends are more in number than would fill the Music Hall, and all will be eager to join in this tribute to her distinguished talent, on the eve of her departure for Australia and the other remote dependencies of the realm of music. Her own exquisite singing will be the artistic attraction; but curiosity will also be gratified by the first hearing of Mr. DENNET, of whom as a basso, great things are reported. Signor BISACCANTI, with his violoncello, and the Mendelssohn Quintette Club, also, will assist.

CARL ZERRAHN is making ample preparation for his fourth and last concert (on the 26th), which will be all BEETHOVEN, in honor of the anniversary of the master's death. It will be such a concert as we have not had for years. The Choral Symphony will be performed entire; the choruses by the Handel and Haydn Society, and the quartet of soli by Mrs. HANWOOD, Miss TWICHELL, Mr. ADAMS and Mr. POWERS. Then, for an interesting novelty to Bos-

ton ears, will be given all of Beethoven's music to the tragedy of "Egmont;" and Mrs. BARROW has been engaged to read the play. We trust it will excite as much enthusiasm as Mr. Miller's "Hay-Making."... The AFTERNOON CONCERTS will be resumed next Wednesday... Mr. MILLER means to make hay while the sun shines; i. e. the Operatic Cantata will be repeated several times.

An admirable book is BASSINI's "Method for the Baritone,"—by far the most common, and therefore the most important of male voices, and the most liable to go wrong, left without method and without master. Sig. Bassini's well-known first work has proved itself, we think, the most sensible and practical of all the many "methods" for the voice in vogue. We believe the same of this for the Baritone, and mean to speak more fully of it. It is published by Wm. Hall & Son, New York... Messrs. O. Ditson & Co. have issued, under the general name of "Choral Classics," an edition of the admirable pieces for chorus with solo, &c., which have appeared from time to time in *Dwight's Journal of Music*. Each piece is neatly done up separately; and the whole together may be bound into a volume, which will form a choice little repertoire for choirs and clubs and choral societies. Among them are pieces, of from eight to forty pages in length, by Mendelssohn, Schubert, Bach, Gluck, Mozart, and the like.

The Philadelphians have had a goodly variety of music lately. Especially a "Grand Symphony Concert," under the direction of CARL SEITZ (who also leads the weekly afternoon "Germania Rehearsals"), at which Schubert's great Symphony in C, the "Egmont" overture, Mendelssohn's G minor Concerto (pianist, Herr BONNEWITZ, who is much commended), a cello solo by our old friend JUNG-NICKEL, and a Maennerchor chorus, were performed. The Handel and Haydn Society, with 200 voices, gave a mixed concert, part sacred, part secular, from Mozart, Haydn, Anber, Flotow, &c. And CARL GAERTNER has given two classical chamber Concerts in the foyer of the Academy.

"Would a congregation rise and leave the church before the benediction is pronounced?"

This rebuke, (says "Stella," in Worcester,) came to mind as we saw the unmannerly "stampede" made from all parts of our great hall last Tuesday evening just as the Mozart Society commenced singing the "Rain Chorus" from "Elijah"—the concluding piece of the evening. Was "the laving of the thirsty land" so well depicted that new broadcloth and stiff crinoline feared a drenching?

The following, going the rounds, is news, and too good to be true:

Rossini composes more and more, the older he grows. He produces with astonishing rapidity, songs, choruses, sonatas, trios, quartets, and symphonies—which are usually performed at the maestro's soirées.

This, too, is news, especially the part italicized: We clip it from a Western paper:

A new method for the piano-forte has just appeared in Leipzig, and calls for special notice, as it is by JULIUS KNORR, a citizen of Minnesota or Iowa, (!!) the well-known and intelligent teacher and author of some of the best instruction books for the piano which have been published.

NEW ORLEANS is at last favored by Mr. Ullman, who announces the first appearance there of Mlle. POINSOT, and Mme. Laborde, Carl Formes, the prime basso, Signor Florenza, the fine baritone, Mlle. Berkel, (contralto,) Gustave Satter, the eminent pianist, and Carl Anshutz, the chef-d'orchestre and conductor, at Odd Fellows' Hall, on Wednesday evening, Feb. 23. PRECOLOMINI is to appear there early in March in four operas.

A project is on foot in that city for building an opera house on a large scale, similar to that of Boston, New York, Philadelphia and Cincinnati, which has long been a desideratum in New Orleans, a place always famous for the love of music.

BROOKLYN too, is to have a Music Hall. A meeting of citizens interested in the project was held last week, and the preliminary arrangements were made for the erection of the Brooklyn Academy of Music. It is proposed to build a hall capable of seating two thousand persons.

Viva Verdi has become a political cry in Italy. This is an ingenious anagram made up of the first letters of each word of the sentence, *Viva Vittorio Emanuele Re d' Italia*. Live Victor Emmanuel King of Italy.

Music Abroad.

ST. JAMES'S THEATRE. — Hérol's *Pré-aux-Clercs* was produced on Saturday last, and, everything taken into account, was not the least satisfactory performance of the Opéra-Comique. Madame Fauré, more than ever, displayed her remarkable capabilities, and exhibited, perhaps in a less degree than usual, those faults we have been compelled to criticize. The music of the Countess Isabelle suits this lady. Auber's music sparkles more than Hérol's — not to institute further comparison — and greater fluency is demanded for its effective execution. Madame Fauré, at any rate, was so successful in her part, that it is likely the *Pré-aux-Clercs* will become one of the favorite operas of the season.

The *Pré-aux-Clercs*, the last work of its composer, was written a short time previous to his death, and produced at the Opéra-Comique, in December, 1832. Hérol died the following month, not having completed his forty-second year, and leaving his *Ludovic* to be finished by M. Halévy. The *Pré-aux-Clercs* achieved a decided success, and was considered by many Hérol's *chef-d'œuvre*. It is, perhaps, a more equal work than *Zampa*, and abounds everywhere with genuine melody.

In addition to the Isabelle of Madame Fauré, we may name the Niece of Mademoiselle Celine Mathieu, and the Mercy of M. Berger. The lady acted with liveliness but sang out of tune; the gentleman has some intelligence but no voice, and therefore cannot be expected to sing. The other performers call for little praise.

Last night *Le Caid* was repeated, after which was produced the opera of *Le Châlet*, by Adolphe Adam.

"But his name liveth for evermore!" is one of the most touching phrases of our greatest Protestant 'Requiem,' — the funeral anthem for Queen Caroline, written by Handel. This phrase (the notes of which are said to have been transferred from Carissimi,) has been brought back to our thoughts by a circular announcing the formation of yet another Handel Choral Society, at the Foundling Hospital. To this institution the greatest master of Music bequeathed — as we know — such privilege and preference in the performance of 'The Messiah' as the loose legal usages of his time enabled him to do. While we do not yet see what special place yet another choral society is to fill in London — save as illustrating the vast growth of musical life in this metropolis — we perceive the graciousness and the propriety of such a formation at such a place, in such a time as this year of Handel commemorations A. D. 1859.

The next Oratorio given by our *Sacred Harmonic Society* is to be Handel's 'Solomon.'

PARIS. — (Correspondence of London Musical World, Feb. 12.) — Rossini's "Saturday Evenings" are among the most interesting re-unions of the French capital. The illustrious composer throws his doors open to his friends one day in the week, when his *salons* are crowded by some of the *élite* of the artistic world. Music, of course, constitutes a special feature of these *soirées*; but nothing is set down — all is extemporized. On Saturday last, among others who attended, were Grisi and Mario, Mad. Borghi-Mamo, Sjr. Badiali, and the celebrated Taglioni. Grisi and Mad. Borghi-Mamo sang the grand duet from *Semiramide*, "Ehhen a te ferisci;" Mario the gondolier's song from *Otello*, and Grisi the "Song of the Willow" from the same opera. The trio for male voices from *Guillaume Tell* was next sung by Mario, Signor Badiali, and an amateur. Mario seemed inspired, and made many in the room shed tears. The trio was universally redemanded. Mad. Borghi-Mamo concluded the performances with two Neapolitan *chansons* arranged by M. Braga, the violinist. An incident which occurred at the end of the *soirée*, as the guests were departing, is worth relating. Madame Taglioni approached Mario, and, after complimenting him on his singing, said to him: "I am sure you do not recognize me!" — "Ah! diva!" he answered in a reproachful tone, "You sing," exclaimed Terpsichore, "as in your earliest days; as for me — I dance no more!" "Yes," replied Almariva, bowing graciously, "but you have carried away the Dance along with you." I forgot to mention, perhaps, the most interesting *moreaux* of the musical performance — a *cavatina* and a song, written expressly by Rossini for Madame Borghi-Mamo, and sung by that lady.

At the Grand-Opéra, Félicien David's *Dernier Jour d' Herculanum* is in active preparation, and will, it is anticipated, be produced about the end of the month. The delays and disappointments of the Académie Impériale de Musique et de Danse, however, are notorious, and the new opera, in all probability, will not be ready until the middle of next month. M. Félicien David's work excites much curiosity, and while many auger for it a great success, others remain sceptical, entertaining doubts about the dramatic capabilities of the composer of *Le Désert* and *Les Perles du Brésil*.

At the Opéra-Comique, the rehearsals for Meyerbeer's *Dinorah* engage the whole attention of the management. Mad. Cabel, MM. Faure and Saint-Fov, will sustain the principal characters; Mdlles. Brenille and Bousquet, MM. Warot and Barrielle the subordinates. A new opera by Meyerbeer must needs excite intense curiosity and interest, and so the entire Parisian world is swayed by one feeling of eager desire to hear the celebrated composer's forthcoming work.

The only novelty at the Italiens has been the reproduction of Prince Poniatowski's opera *Don Desiderio*, which met with an average *succès d' amis*.

Haydn's oratorio, *The Creation*, was performed on Sunday last, at the third *matinée* of the "Société des Concerts." The soloists were Mlle. Dorns, daughter of the celebrated flautist, MM. Sapin, Belval, Stockhausen, &c., &c. Mad. Nantier Didiée has accepted an engagement at the Grand Opéra. M. Vivier has for awhile relinquished the musical in favor of the dramatic art, and brought out a new piece at the Gymnase, entitled *Un Mariage dans un Chapeau*, which achieved a decided success. The friends of M. Vivier, from this little work, prognosticate for him a prosperous career in his new pursuit.

For the following information we are indebted to the *Morning Post*: "The grand musical festival, which will assemble in the Exhibition Palace of the Champs Elysées, 7,000 Orpheonists, from all points of France, will take place on the 11th, 12th and 13th of March next. Eleven choruses will be sung by the united societies, viz: the 'Veni Creator' of Besozzi; the 'Départ des Chasseurs,' by Mendelssohn; the 'Mystères d'Isis,' by Mozart; the 'Jour du Seigneur,' the Septuor of the 'Huguenots,' by Meyerbeer; the 'Fragment du 19ème Passame,' by Marcello; 'Les Cimbres et les Tentons,' of Louis Lacombe; the 'Génies de la Terre,' of Samuel David; the 'Chant des Montagnards,' of Kucken; the 'Marche des Orphéons,' of Mlle. Nicolo; and the 'Retraite,' of Laurent de Rillé. The 'Salut aux Chanteurs de Province,' will be executed by the Orpheonists of Paris." The above programme, it will be owned, is more showy than substantial.

The news from Paris — besides the above programme and the important "sundries" added this week to M. Meyerbeer's approaching opera — have still more promise in them. Two new singers, trained by that remarkable person, M. Duprez, are mentioned: — one, Mlle. Monrose, the name dear to all familiar in the French comedy, who is to sing at the *Opéra Comique*, — the other M. Raynal, a *baritone*, who is to have a part, they say, at the *Théâtre Lyrique*, in M. Gounod's 'Faust.' At the *Grand Opéra* 'The Last Days of Herclaneum,' (originally, as we know, 'a Last Judgment') is coming out at last, towards the Ides of March.

MILAN. — The manager of the Scala, having received intimation from the authorities of the city, that they would hold him accountable for the effects of any disturbance resulting from the enthusiasm excited nightly by the performance of the war chorals, "Guerra, guerra," in *Norma*, has withdrawn the opera.

ST. PETERSBURGH. — Flotow's *Martha* has been produced at the Imperial Opera with brilliant effect. The principal executants were Mesdames Bosio and Meric Lolande, Signors Mongini and Everardi. The receipts on the first three nights averaged 3,500 roubles (14,000 francs).

MONUMENT TO MOZART AT VIENNA. — "It is now," writes the *Revue et Gazette Musicale*, "sixty years since Mozart died, and the monument, which should have been erected to his memory, is hardly finished. The very place where he was buried is still unknown, and, in all probability, the question will never be decided. In this emergency, the following expedient is contemplated: — the pedestal to the monument is intended to be so large that it will cover the different places where the remains of Mozart are supposed to be deposited. A basement, eight feet high, in bronze, supports a figure in the same metal, representing the muse Polyhymnia in the attitude of affliction. The portrait of Mozart is represented on the four faces, in bas-relief, with suitable inscriptions. The monument has been executed from designs by M. Hans Gasser."

Special Notices.

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- Amelia Waltzes. H. C. Lumbye. 50
This celebrated set of Waltzes, always the delight of dancers, is here printed entire, for the first time. As the Introduction and Finale introduce Lindblad's charming melody, "Birds blithe are singing," (one of Jenny Lind's favorite songs), nothing short of this complete copy will prove acceptable to those who desire to own a pianoforte arrangement of these waltzes.
- Pas Espagnol Waltz. G. W. Stratton. 25
An old acquaintance (Cracovienne) in a new and fashionable dress.
- Rose Schottisch. H. L. Grebe. 25
- Violette Waltz. " 25
- Lily Mazurka. " 25
- Rural Life Galop. Landleben. 25
- My heart's delight Polka. Hupfer. 25
Good and easy Dance Music.

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Dwight's Journal of Music.

WHOLE No. 363.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, MARCH 19, 1859.

VOL. XIV. No. 25.

For Dwight's Journal of Music.

The Diarist Abroad, No. 18.

BERLIN, FEB. 15. — The principle of the thing is this:

The public tacitly agrees, through its acts in ten thousand other cases, to reward such as devote themselves to its service, the amount of this reward being in inverse ratio to the value of the service. Those who merely amuse receive the highest rewards. A Taglioni, or an Ellsler, devoting all the energies of her immortal soul to the cultivation of her legs, rolls in wealth. The man of science, whose works mark eras, is happy if after long years of study, a year's labor of his brain will produce him as much as a few hours' labor of the dancer's legs.

It is a fortunate circumstance for the public, that under despotic governments provision is made to enable the enthusiast in science, learning, art, to pursue his labors free from the danger of actual starvation. Thus in many of the great universities of Europe, or connected with her great museums, libraries and scientific collections, are nominal professorships, almost sinecures, to which are attached salaries sufficient at least to afford the necessities of life, and to which are appointed men, whose labors and studies are of too much value to the world to be lost for the want of a little public aid. This is one reason that Europe does, after all, possess the real fountains of learning.

So too with Art. The governments, as representatives of the public, see to it that the really great artist, in whatever department, shall live.

Yet there are lives devoted to some particular object, where the love of the labor alone affords that perseverance, that untiring industry, that courageous wrestling with difficulties, without which nothing great can be accomplished. Men who devote themselves to the history and illustration of some particular art, are often of this class. The great public cares little for them or the subjects of their studies; governments can hardly make such specialties the objects of their care.

In these cases the student is forced to turn from the community as a whole to that small public, which, for various reasons does, or ought to, sympathize with him in his pursuit, and rely upon it for the means of making the results of his years of labor public. And this is the object of many publishing clubs, as they exist in England, of our Historical Societies, of the Bach and Handel Societies in Germany.

It is the appearance of the first volume of the publications of the German Handel Society, which has led me into this train of thought.

The name of Dr. FREDERICK CHRYSANDER is known to the readers of the Journal already.

Here is a man in the prime of life, who is one of the exceptions in Germany to the general depreciation of HANDEL. He loves and honors that great man's music, as did Mozart, Beethoven, Thibaut. While admitting the greatness of Bach — feeling it as do few — he will not go with the multitude here in placing Bach's great-

est contemporary so far below him. Years ago he determined to do what might be in his power to make Handel known and duly appreciated among his countrymen, and so by degrees this has grown to be the work of his life, at least for the present. First he made himself a thorough musician — Doctor of Philosophy though he was — able to read and understand scores, equal to the task of deciphering the old music of past centuries. Supporting himself in part by all sorts of literary jobwork, writing for musical periodicals, editing musical works, all his spare time and money were given to the great work. He leaves his family for months together, that he may delve in the field of the old music preserved in the Libraries of the German cities, that he may hunt up every remaining trace of Handel in Halle, Hanover, Hamburg. At last he goes to London, and there gives his days and nights to the study of Handel's scores.

Chrysander soon found that no edition of any one of the great master's oratorios had been printed correctly. Indeed no editor had had the advantage of using the conducting scores, as they were supposed to be lost until SCHOELCHER so fortunately heard of and obtained possession of them. With the results of his extraordinary knowledge of the music of the age immediately preceding Handel, to which DEHN had most willingly contributed from his immense lore, fresh in mind, Chrysander set about the wearisome task of preparing a correct edition of Handel's works. Even the editions of the London Handel Society, so loudly trumpeted, are very faulty — under the circumstances of their preparation, astonishingly so. I have seen a copy of Arnold's edition of the "Hercules," with the new corrections — it is sadly marked up.

Meantime Prof. GERVINUS and a few others began to feel that Handel was worthy of being made known, as he is, in Germany, and that it would be a shame if Chrysander's long and zealous labors should be lost, or if not lost, that they should not be rewarded. There is too little interest felt in Handel, there are too few who can afford to purchase a long series of folio volumes of music, to make it for the interest of any publisher to undertake such an edition as Chrysander is able to prepare. Hence, the origin of the German Handel Society. The intention is to publish 3 volumes per annum, the subscribers paying therefor 10 thalers, or \$7.50.

This is one of the cases where the labors of long years must be lost to the public unless the public comes to the support of the undertaking. It is a case, too, where a large sale cannot be anticipated, as few except musicians and musical societies, public libraries and institutions, can afford to find it worth while to purchase such volumes.

Thus the question is reduced to this; here is a man, who has done the work; the results of his labors can only be given to the public through the press; will musical societies and musicians enable him to print?

The first volume is before me. There are two editions, one in German, one in English.

"Susanna, an oratorio by George Frederic Handel. Printed for the German Handel Society." 216 pages folio in full score, with a pianoforte arrangement, by Julius Rietz, added.

PREFACE.

Previous attempts to bring out a complete edition of Handel's works yielded convincing proof of the difficulty of such an enterprise. And though an edition emanating from Germany has its peculiar obstacles to surmount, yet, at the commencement of our labors, many circumstances also happily concur to secure to this new edition a greater intrinsic perfection than can be attributed to any one published before. With regard to the sources at our disposal, we are placed in a favorable position, as compared with our predecessors. Whilst our most presumptuous wishes only extended to the inspection of those original manuscripts and other subsidiary aids, whose existence was already known, and which had been at the disposal of the previous English editors, a perfectly new source was unexpectedly opened to us by the conducting scores of Handel's works becoming known.

The sources hitherto known, that could be consulted for a critical edition of Handel's works, were the original manuscripts of almost all his works, and the beautiful copies of the oratorios taken by Handel's amanuensis, John Christopher Smith. Of both these collections, which have been for nearly a hundred years in the possession of the English Royal family, we were most liberally allowed to make the freest use, through favor of her gracious majesty the Queen of England, and of his Royal Highness the Prince Consort.

The existence was known likewise of the Handelian manuscripts, which, by some now forgotten circumstance, came into the hands of Lord Fitzwilliam, and have for years become accessible to the public, as forming a part of his rich musical collection in the Fitzwilliam Museum at Cambridge. These had however been but little used. They comprise seven volumes and contain mostly sketches or occasionally inserted movements. They have yielded some fruits for all the three issues of our first annual publication.

These sources might have sufficed in case of need for the formation of a reliable edition. However, Smith's copies, as well as the concert editions, exhibit manifold deviations from the original manuscripts — deviations, which in themselves may claim to be authentic, but which could not be properly accounted for from the existing materials. Hence the loss of the separate vocal and instrumental parts, which were used at Handel's performances, was greatly to be deplored; and, since such fragments as these as had come to light, yielded but little information of the loss of the old conducting scores, was still more a subject of regret. But they were not lost. When no one conceived the possibility of their having been preserved by Smith's descendants, they were offered for sale by a bookseller at Bristol in the year 1856, and thus came into possession of M. Victor Schoelcher, one of the most zealous members and supporters of our society, by whom they are as carefully preserved, as they are liberally held open for any scientific purpose.

This increase considerably augmented the labor: for the conducting scores were found to be full of re-

marks, alterations and additions, which were often only to be sifted by most careful investigation. But we may certainly regard it as fortunate, that the preliminary steps for the great undertaking of the German Handel Society happened to coincide with a state of things, which, for the first time, rendered a completely satisfactory edition possible.

During the construction of the authentic score from the above mentioned sources, a multitude of rough drafts and varieties of reading, of historical and practical remarks, has been gathered together. The publication of these however, would have swelled the volumes considerably beyond their just limits. Another reason for not publishing this matter at present, was, that the majority of the members wished in the first instance to possess only the music capable of performance. The committee of management, therefore considered that they were administering the still slender funds of the society most wisely by publishing at first only the works themselves. But, in order to satisfy those, who wish to penetrate into the Master's workshop, into the genesis of his compositions, and to be just towards the author himself, we are collecting all the information yielded by the manuscripts, or otherwise bearing reference to the works in question, and hope to publish it occasionally in additional volumes, when an increase in the number of members shall render this possible.

Here ends the general preface. I will not copy that which relates to the "Susanna" alone. The work is beautifully printed, and "John" and I, after playing and humming it through, have both concluded that it is worthy of the author of the "Messiah" even.

Now, dear reader, what can we do in America to aid this undertaking? Have we so much love for HANDEL, any of us, as to subscribe, if only for a year or two? Or, have we influence in any society, or in the management of any library, which can be brought to bear, not to pay my friend Chrysander for his years of labor, but to enable him to give us their results? I always boast of the love felt for Handel in our country; of the success of his oratorios; how Boston people in one winter furnished an audience of 1200 to 1500, thirteen times, to the performance of "Samson"; and that the last time I heard it in Boston, the "Messiah" filled our music hall with more than 2000 auditors! Can we not prove that we love Handel well enough to aid the publication of this edition?

I need not say what a sensation would be made here if 500 copies of the "Susanna" should be ordered!

Please think of it.

Sketch of the Life of Beethoven.

BY G. A. MACFARREN.

(Continued from page 395.)

Settled at Vienna, Beethoven placed himself under the tuition of Haydn; but, on showing some pieces the master had revised to Schenk, a creditable composer, who pointed out errors in them which Haydn had overlooked, he formed the idea, which he never relinquished, that he received lessons, but not instruction from him. Under this impression, he refused Haydn's proposal that he should style himself his pupil on the works he printed. His irritable temper was further excited against the venerable symphonist, by Haydn's advising him, with worldly prudence, not to publish the third of his first set of trios—that in C minor—which Beethoven considered, and posterity confirms the judgment, the best of the three. It is not to be supposed that Haydn, of all men, ignored the merit of this composition, but, rather, that he deemed this a probable hindrance to its favorable reception, and so thought the young author would be indiscreet to stake his reputation upon it. Beethoven, however, with his constitutional independence, must have felt himself offended, as a man, by the proposal

of what he may have considered as a compromise, if not wronged, as an artist, by what he may have esteemed as the depreciation of his music. He dedicated to Haydn, however, the next work he printed, and so paid a worthy homage to the genius of the master, without committing himself by unjustifiable acknowledgments. Though he had previously published several works, and had written many that have never appeared, the trios were the first to which he affixed a number; and we may infer from this that he chose to date his career as a composer from them.

Now, and for some time later, all he wrote bears the impress of his time; and even when we feel it most to be Beethovenish, this is but because we fail to identify in it a marked characteristic of Mozart (powerfully evinced in this master's Pianoforte Sonata in C minor), which seems to have especially fascinated him, and in the development of which may be traced much that is generally accounted peculiar to our author. In the trio, named above as his favorite, this manner is particularly apparent.

It may have been among his causes of dissatisfaction with Haydn, that this master thought more highly of him as a player than as a composer; and so sanctioned an opinion, repugnant to his self-esteem, that was then prevalent. His playing may well have raised the enthusiasm of all who heard it; for though wanting in mechanical finish, and even, occasionally, in accuracy, it had a charm, from its deep expression, from its fiery energy, and from its highly-wrought character—from, in fact, the thoroughly artistic spirit it embodied, which has never been surpassed; and we have little to wonder that the less appreciable talent of composition should have been at the time partially eclipsed by one so dazzling.

Beethoven was glad to take the opportunity of Haydn's second visit to England in 1794, for breaking connections with him; and immediately placed himself under Albrechtsberger, with whom he went through a course of contrapuntal study. A superficial observer of his works might apply the composer's comment upon his late, also to his present master; for though it appears, from his taking every occasion to introduce it, to have been his particular ambition to excel in fugal writing, it is in this style that he is less successful than in any other. His counterpoint has an effect of stiffness and effort, singularly opposed to the spontaneous freedom that characterizes everything else he wrote; but this results, not from unskilful training and insufficient knowledge; it is rather because the nature of his ideas renders them insusceptible of this kind of treatment; and crudity is the consequence of forcing them into uncongenial development. There are, indeed, some grand exceptions from this generalization—the last movement of the *Eroica*, above all others—but there still exist too many examples to justify the remark.

In 1796 he first began to suffer from that dreadful malady—the worst evil to which he of all men could be subject—which embittered his life, which influenced his character, which excluded him from society, and which cannot have been without its important effect upon his music—the loss of hearing. Space will not permit the recital of the many painful incidents that sprang from this calamity; but it must be noticed that it made him irritable in temper, violent in manner, and suspicious to the last degree; detesting to play or even to appear in company, and distrustful of every one, even of those most zealous in his interest. It is needless to trace the course of the disease through thirty years, which, baffling the greatest medical skill, and proceeding by degrees, ended in almost total deafness. Nothing can be more pathetic than the manner in which Beethoven speaks of his affliction in his letters to Dr. Wegeler, to Bettine von Arnim, and others; but it cannot require his own words of complaint to make us estimate the misery it occasioned him. Let it not be thought profane to mention here one whimsical consequence of this misfortune. It naturally led Beethoven to seek, in the light periodical literature of the day, the resource which others find in conversation, and his love of drollery fixed his attention upon the perverted expressions common in facetious writing, which, unaware of their peculiarity, since incapable of testing them in social parlance, he adopted in his ordinary speech, and thus his language, abounding in epithets that had no reference to the occasion, became extravagant, if not unintelligible.

In 1797, Beethoven made his only artistic tour, visiting Leipzig and Berlin, at which latter city he played several times at court, received a handsome gift from the king, and wrote his first two violoncello sonatas, to perform with the then popular Duport. In the Prussian capital he met with Prince Louis Ferdinand, the friend and pupil of Dussek, who warmly appreciated the rare merit of the remarkable young musician, and thus proved his right to Beethoven's acknowledgment of his deep feeling for music.

Shortly afterwards, in Vienna, a fashionable countess gave an entertainment, to bring this famous *dilettante* and artist together; when she greatly incensed the latter by not assigning to him a place at the nobility's table in the supper-room; for which, however, the prince made some amends by seating the composer on his right, and the countess on his left hand, at a dinner of his own; but Beethoven had already resented the indignity put upon him and his art, and thus given the first proof that is recorded of the republicanism which was his indomitable political principle. Strange as it may seem that, surrounded by the admiring aristocracy of the country, and fostered with a truly fraternal fondness by them, he should have nourished such a feeling; his proud independence was unswerving, and he would have sacrificed the highest worldly advantages rather than suffer this, in the slightest degree, to be compromised.

Of all the great musicians that have been, no one has shown such a continual development of his genius as Beethoven, and so great was this, that critics have classed his works in three separate styles, corresponding with three periods of his life; but although his mind was in an incessant state of progress, and the productions of each epoch are manifestly distinguished from those of the other two, this distinction must be understood to refer to style and not to merit, since in his latest years he wrote bagatelles and other pieces of the lightest, nay of the most trivial character; whereas in this early time he produced some of his greatest, if not his most individual masterpieces, such as the Sonata in E flat, Op. 7, the Quintet in the same key, and the Sonata Pathétique.

It was now that Beethoven took lessons, professedly in dramatic composition, of Salieri, his connection with whom is acknowledged in the dedication of his first three violin sonatas. Whatever he may have expected, "he received lessons, but not instruction," from this fashionable composer of his day; for the grand dramatic power which marks his writing was not to be taught him, and the conventionalities of the lyric drama are totally absent from his few theatrical works.

At this time the famous quartet party, of which Schuppanzigh was the first violin, first met at the residence of the Russian ambassador, Count Rasumowsky. For Beethoven to witness their remarkable performances was for him to be incited to write for them, and he accordingly now produced his Quartet in D, which was rapidly followed by the other five published with it. (Op. 18.) He was closely connected with this eminently artistic association to the end of his life, and wrote all his works of that class with a special view to their performance; his transcendent excellence as a quartet writer is thus, in some sort, a consequence of the excellence of this party; for though he had been urged by Count Appony, in 1796, to compose for string instruments, his trios and his first quintet were the only result, until he became concerned in the Rasumowsky meetings.

His general habit of composition was to set down every idea as it occurred to him, and afterwards to amalgamate these into complete movements; he would even modify a phrase in many different forms upon paper, before he was satisfied to incorporate it into a work; and thus he employed his sketch book, as Mozart did his memory, making it the crucible in which he moulded his creations into maturity. He frequently pondered in this manner for very long upon a composition, and would sometimes have several in progress at once; but, on the contrary, he would occasionally produce a work with the promptness of improvisation; and so, when a lady at the opera lamented to him the loss of some favorite variations on the air "Nel cor più," then being sung, he wrote his piece on this theme, and sent it to her the following morning. Again, the Horn Sonata, which he wrote to play with the celebrated Punto, had not a note on paper the day before the performance, and both executants had to read from the author's manuscript. The same was the case some five or six years later with the Violin Sonata, Op. 47, composed for Mr. Bridgetower, the English violinist, and himself to play; for he called up his pupil, Ries, at four in the morning of the concert, to copy the first movement, while he was writing the Andante, with variations.

In 1799 he wrote the ballet of *Prometheus*, of which the merit of the overture makes us regret the difficulty of obtaining the music of the action. One can scarcely conjecture in what manner Beethoven, with his powerful dramatic feeling and his exalted reverence for his art, can have met the exigencies of ballet music, fulfilling the necessities of the stage, and carrying out his own idea of dramatic illustration.

The so-called first period of his career may be considered to close with the symphony in D, which he wrote in 1801, and of which he made three entire

scores before he was satisfied to dismiss it. In regarding the productions of this epoch, we must notice the strikingly original conception of the Scherzo, as it appears in the septet and in the symphony in C, a germ that greatly expanded itself into the maturity of after works; besides this, however, the most candid examination of the compositions in our master's so-called first style, can trace in them little that is individual to him beyond their excellence, which is, however, such as to rank them with the greatest things that had preceded them. We have here a powerful illustration of the truth that originality consists, not necessary in an exceptional habit of thought, but may be progressively developed from external impressions, which, in the case of Beethoven, were the seeds that ultimately ripened into the most original individuality that has ever appeared in music.

Beethoven was of a most inflammable nature, and is reported to have entertained as many ardent passions as he met with objects to inspire them. At the beginning of the present century, however, he found a lady who made a deeper and far more lasting impression upon his heart than any of the others; this was the Countess Giulietta di Guicciardi, to whom he dedicated the "Sonata quasi Fantasia," in C sharp minor, to whom so late as the summer of 1806 he wrote three letters, expressing all that words can reveal of the intense feeling this wonderful creation embodies, and whom, notwithstanding their discrepancy of rank, he, four years afterwards, seriously proposed to marry. She it was who, in 1801, lured him for a time back into society, from which the embarrassment of his deafness had already exiled him; who gave him renewed confidence in himself, and reliance on the world around him; who was his constant object of most anxious interest, his constant source of brightest inspiration. The fastidious M. Schindler, with a reserve less delicate than unaccountable, avowedly suppresses the circumstances of this connection, which was perhaps the most important to Beethoven's artistic career of any that he formed; and we have, therefore, little evidence of its effect upon his heart and mind, beyond what is revealed in the impassioned character of his music, of which it must always be regarded as the key. M. Lenz, with a more genuine reverence for his subject, quotes a passage from the conversation book (that Beethoven, on account of his deafness, used as a medium of communication with his companions) which bears upon this interesting episode. It occurred in 1823, when the composer, having occasion for reference to his score of *Fidelio*, had commissioned M. Schindler to procure the loan of it from Count Gallenberg, the then director of the imperial theatre, to whom the Countess Guicciardi had been some time married. The extremely equivocal French written by Beethoven, renders this discourse very obscure; but thus much is evident, that the musician expected from his friend's visit to the lady's husband to learn some tidings of the object of his old romantic passion. What follows may admit of this conjectural interpretation, namely: that the Countess, perhaps from motives of interest, had, after her long intercourse with Beethoven, deserted him for an aristocratic alliance, and upon her marriage with Gallenberg had spent some time in Italy; returning to Vienna, she again encountered and once more encouraged her artist lover, but she had lost her power over him, or else, to avoid its influence, he forebore to renew any connection with her. His words, indeed, allude disparagingly to her, and still more so to her husband; but they have the character rather of being written to mask his feelings than to express them, perhaps even to disguise them from himself, and I cannot but infer, from the entire passage, that he still retained a deep interest in the heroine of the C sharp minor Sonata.

In 1801, he received Ferdinand Ries as a pupil, who was his constant companion for the next few years, and was devoted to his interest ever afterwards. At this time his brother Carl came to reside at Vienna, and his intercourse also with his brother Johann became much more frequent than it seems to have been in previous years. The closer connection with his family, to whom he was unalterably attached, aided little his personal comfort, less his worldly interest, and nothing his artistic progress; but, on the contrary, always embarrassed him with unavailable advice, inconsiderate remonstrance and other uncongenial interference, besides a continual drain upon his pecuniary resources.

In 1802 he had a severe illness, that left him in one of those fits of deep despondency to which, without such additional aggravation, his isolated situation rendered him subject. In this state he wrote a will bequeathing all his possessions to his brothers, and exhorting them to deal tenderly with his memory, urging his infirmity in extenuation of the eccentricities with which they habitually reproached him.

(To be continued.)

For Dwight's Journal of Music.

A Letter from Deacon Malachi Abrams.

POPTOWN, MARCH 14, 1859.

MR. DWIGHT,

Respected Sir:—It is my privilege to sit under the ministrations of the Rev. Habakuk Lot, and to endeavor to hold up his hands in every good word and work. Mr. Esel has lent me the last number of your valuable paper containing our beloved pastor's letter, and has requested me, as a pillar in the church, to add the weight of my testimony in its favor.

It seems to me, Mr. Editor, that them hymns are call'd to sell, and to hasten the day when choirs shall be banished from our land, when our pews shall be furnished with tune books and the great congregation unite in the songs of Zion.

My daughter Gerusha, Mr. Editor, is a great admirer of the Rev. Habakuk Lot. She says she hangs on his lips in "wrapt attention mute." I caution her against "man worship," but suppose that at her age, (she was thirty-five last November) it's natural to be enthusiastic. She attended during one term the Poptown Literary and Collegiate Institution, and always takes notes of Mr. Lot's discourses. I copy the following burst of eloquence from his sermon of last Sunday morning.

"My brethren," he says, "let us anticipate the day when from this vast congregation one mighty ocean of praise shall arise, surging upward to the empyrean vault of heaven."

As our congregation numbers about sixty souls, small children included, you can imagine how grand will be the effect of so large a chorus when we get the new "tune book."

As I was going home from the sewing circle the other evening, I found in the road a manuscript, containing one of Mr. Esel's new tunes. With his permission I send it to you. He wishes me to say that in Congregational tunes, all should sing the air. He has arranged one of the "Devil's favorite pieces," "The Prima Donna Waltz," to the beautiful hymn, "Ye Summer Clouds," &c. It has been printed in sheets, and distributed among the congregation, and is to be sung on the next Sunday after a discourse by our Pastor on the Sin of Dancing.

SALERMA, C. M.

With tenderness.

Oh, sum - mer clouds, why fly ye so? Why
won't you wait a bit? The wind doth
rise, a - way ye go - So earth - ly plea - sures
flit, flit, flit; So earta - ly plea - sures flit.

I know but little about music myself, but my daughter Gerusha has taken lessons two quarters on the Piano of Miss Tinkle, and is considered quite a prodigy in Poptown. I copy from her note book a criticism on the tune which I send you.

"Observe," she says, "how wonderfully descriptive is the music of this hymn. In the first line, what a tone of expostulation pervades the music, changing in the second into entreaty; and

in the third, how admirably is represented the rising of the wind, and the disappearance of the gauzy clouds floating in the blue ether! In the fourth the repetition of the word "flit," enforces the idea of the poet, while in the last line the pause on the first syllable of the word "pleasures," admirably pictures the reluctance with which mankind relinquish their grasp of sinful delights."

One word, Mr. Editor, in regard to my sore colt, alluded to by Mr. Lot. If the hymn and tune book should not take with the public, he will not be able to take the colt; in which case, I should like to trade horses with any gentleman who may wish to swop, or to purchase a first-rate animal, warranted sound and kind.

Yours with great respect,

(Deacon) MALACHI ABRAMS.

For Dwight's Journal of Music.

The Motives and Themes of Beethoven's Ninth Symphony.

MR. EDITOR.—The approach of the 26th of March, being the 32d anniversary of Beethoven's death, and the intended celebration of the same in a manner worthy of the master, by Mr. Zerrahn and his orchestra in the fourth Philharmonic Concert, remind the undersigned of his duty to complete the analysis of the ninth Symphony. In the VIII vol., No. 23, of this paper you were kind enough to publish an analysis of the first movement, to which I would refer for particulars. As it might be convenient to have all the motives together, those of the first movement are inscribed here.

1. *f* 16. Unisono. 19.
2. *f* 24. Flauto lmo. Violino lmo. 27. Trombe. Timpani.
dolce. Oboi e Corni bassi.
4. *p* 74. Flauti. Fagotti. Clarineti. Hymn to Joy, 4th movement.
5. Semp. *p* Reeds. S. V. A. Simili.
79. Strings. Clar.
dolce. 6. *p* 104 Fag. 7. *semp. pp* 120 Viol. 1 mo. Fag.
Clar. Viol. 2do. simili.
espress. Flauti.
8. *p* 140 Ob. Cantabile.
10. *p* Ob. Viol. lmo.

11. *f* Viol. 2do.

Violone
Contra-Bassi.

12. *pp*

Cor.
Alto Viol.
Fag.
Contra-Bassi.

THE SECOND MOVEMENT.

Molto vivace ($\text{♩} = 116$) is written in the usual form of Scherzo in two parts, and a Trio, likewise in two parts. Here are the themes:

13. *pp* Viol. 2do.

Alto.

14. *p* Reeds.

15. *f* Reeds.

16. Ob. Clar.

17. Fag.

2 da volta, Clar. Ob. e Fl.

18. Violini.

Alto.

Violone.

19. *f*

Violone.

19. *f*

19. *f*

19. *f*

gloomy and truly awful character of that Coda with the inexorable 1st theme, ending as it began the movement, the preponderance of sad themes, almost bordering on despair in various places, finds its proper answer, truest to the human character, in this wild reckless movement.

Eight *ff* measures of introduction lead to the first part, which from *m* 9—76 is occupied with No. 13, beginning *pp*, the instruments succeeding each other in pronouncing the theme five times, every fifth measure. Parts of the theme and finally the theme itself are repeated *ff*. In *m* 77, No. 14 is sounded by the reeds, like a thoughtful voice of admonition. The next motive entering in *m* 93, marked No. 15, is much softer than the first (No. 13), as if the warning voice of 14 had quelled in some degree the storm. This No. 15 reminds in some degree of 4, prepares for 16 and has some affinity to the theme of the Hymn to Joy. The exciting first measure of 13 is met with everywhere as accompaniment, or in the principal parts, and its second measure closes in various arrangements *ff* the first part in *m* 142. An interlude similar to the introduction leads back to the repetition of part first. After the repetition, *m* 151 to 176 lead from *pp* to *ff* in the manner of the first introduction to a still more passionate and exciting treatment of No. 13. The rhythm, then of 4 measures, eight constituting the melody, is shortened to 3, six making up the melody. As a natural consequence the principal rhetorical accents return oftener, rendering the melody much more restless and violent. The 1st *m* of 12 stands at the beginning of the rhythm to *m* 205, when it is suddenly removed to the 2nd of the three measures. In 234 the rhythm of 4 measures enters again, almost every measure beginning the theme afresh. In 247 a Dominant 7th chord extending over 4 measures, held out by the strings *pp*, seems to calm the excitement; but after eight more measures of sustained chords *crescendo* the whole orchestra bursts forth in *m* 271 with the theme in a still more exciting arrangement full of fierce, defiant, frantic enjoyment. This is interrupted by a melody sublime in its simplicity, reminding one of the Gregorian chants—another of the same kind with No. 14, but holier in its expression. It consists of *F, F, G, G, A, Bb, Bb, A*, each tone occupying one measure, and is followed after two measures of significant rest upon *Bb* by three repetitions of No. 14 followed in *m* 330 by 379 by No. 4—being a repetition of *m* 92—142 of the first part. *M* 379—387 and Coda *m* 388—399 being made up of No. 15 first measure, as all the preludes and interludes of this movement, lead back to a repetition of the second part. After it *m* 400 to 425, played in the place of *m* 387—399, introduce the Trio in two parts.

The melodies of the Trio represent a more cheerful, quiet joy in strong contrast to the bacchantic character of the first two parts. Melodies 16 and 17 take the largest place in the Trio to *m* 542; *m* 508 to 542, the closing part, are completely taken up with motives from 17. After *m* 542 closing with these sad tones: (541) *G, D, A, G*, (542) *G, Bb, A, G* follow the first and second part *m* 8—407; and then the last Coda, bringing in parts of theme 13 and 16 and 17, closes this wild movement (in *m* 571) which although commonly called Scherzo was not designated so by the master. The last measures No. 19 (once before occurring *m* 424 and 425) are almost as cheerless and unsatisfactory as the close of No. 1, though much more violent and passionate.

THE THIRD MOVEMENT.

Adagio molto e cantabile in its first, and *Andante moderato* in its second theme, presents the next phase—a soul earnest in its endeavor to grasp and solve the great problems in the life of man. The first theme has a devotional character. With its repetitions of snatches of melody by the reeds and horns, and its Coda (from *m* 18—24) played by the same, it sings peace and longing devotion as with angel voices to the troubled soul. This theme is followed in the same measure, 24, by the Andante, a melody full of

the warmest expression of a loving and trusting heart. It is purely human in its sweetly flowing and winning tones.

2. *J.* Adagio molto e cantabile. Clar.

3 mezza voce.
Viol. 1 mo.

Viol. 1 mo. 8

Clar. Viol. 1 mo. *p*

Fagott. Clar. Viol. 1 mo. *p*

Cresc. Viol. 1 mo. *p*

Andante moderato. Viol. Alto. 2 da volta Clar. *espress.* Flaut. e Fag. *p*

24. Cresc. *p*

Viol. e Alto. *p* *cresc.* *morendo.*

Unisono. *f* Plant. Clar.

22. 120. *espress.* 123. Fag.

24. Viol. 1 mo. *p* *cresc.*

25. *p* *semp. dim.* Clar. Cor. Fag. Corni simili.

M 42—64 contain a variation of No. 20 followed by No. 21 played by the reeds to *m* 82. An interlude of a meditative character, made up of motives from No. 20 in constant imitation, leads back to another variation of 20 from 98—120, in which measure the unisono call, No. 22, seems to summon the soul from its sweet and quiet devotional mood to some more energetic action. In *m* 123 this call is answered by No. 23 like an humble confession of weakness, and this succeeded by a flowing variation of motives from No. 20 to *m* 130. In *m* 130—138 the same feelings are expressed in a similar manner. From 139—146 the variation sings itself out in more distinct, short and sweet melodies, followed by the 6th measure of No. 20 and five repetitions of the 7th measure. After some runs in *m* 147—148, the thankful melody 24 extends over two measures, and in *m* 152 the movement closes with No. 25, which strongly reminds of motive 9, only that it is here soft and quieting with its sweetly drawn out horn accompaniment. With the 16th measure of No. 20 closes this movement in the 157th measure. It ends sweetly, serenely, and leaves the hearer in a mood quite different from the end of the first two movements. None of them satisfies the mind, however; the first oppresses with its gloomy grandeur, a tragedy in itself; the second leaves a yearning for something better than the frantic, tumultuous whirl of pleasure represented by it; and the third lacks strength to satisfy the longing soul in full proportion to its sweetness and grace. It requires energetic action to counterbalance the gigantic grandeur of the unhappiness expressed in the first movement. This we shall find in the fourth movement, of which we will speak next week.

G. A. SCHMITT.

Musical Correspondence.

BERLIN, FEB. 10. — I said that pupils do not study rightly; and this I say because I believe the end, the aim of an American in learning to sing should be to learn to sing English. It is nonsense to talk about any particular school in the mere culture and development of the vocal tones. The organs of a human being, whether born on the Tiber, the Thames, the Spree, the Hudson, or the Charles, are alike. They produce tones alike, and, the improvement of those tones is acquired by precisely the same processes of study and practice. But to sing German, Russian, Swedish, English, French words, with the various sounds, guttural, labial, nasal peculiar to each — requires in each respective case, after the vowels are conquered and the voice has become manageable and purified of its bad tones — a different course of study. And this is what hearing Madame Zimmermann's pupils the other evening set me to thinking of. I remember my pleasure once in Goetze's class at Leipzig, in hearing him exercise Pratt, and Wilson and others in giving pure vowel sounds, introduced and ended with the ruggedest German consonants. I recalled to mind, too, Stern of this city, as I heard him practicing a class of young women upon some airs of Mozart; how he made them sing scales, and picked out the hard words, not satisfied until they could give each word distinctly, clearly, without losing the pure tone, to which they had attained when singing the same notes *solfeggio*.

On this evening I noticed how clearly and distinctly the girls sang the words of Radecke's psalm, and this carried my thoughts to the recent performance of the "Creation" by Stern's Singing Society, and I remembered how clearly and distinctly all the words, recitative, solo, chorus, came out:

"Die Himmel erzählen die Ehre Gottes,
Und seiner Hände Werk
Zeigt an das Firmament.
Dem kommenden Tage sagt es der Tag,
Die Nacht, die verschwand, der folgenden Nacht," &c.
("The heavens are telling," &c.)

Now no language, which I have heard sung, offers so many obstacles to the singer, it seems to me, as the German; owing to the great number of words with guttural sounds. Yet of the list of great singers given above, a large number learned to sing in their native tongue. Who that heard her, does not remember the great scena from *Der Freyschütz* as sung by Sontag, in German, of course — and how many rubbed their hands in ecstasy, at the beauty of such *Italian* singing! Now, I ask how many singers who have made a certain impression upon their first appearance in our concert rooms, after a course of studying airs from "*Sonnambula*," "*Ernani*," "*I Puritani*," and the long list of pupil songs, have really made any lasting impression, have held out more than three or four seasons? They have mostly hurried — most haste worst speed — through a certain course of exercises, and then by dint of constant practice have learned half a dozen show pieces, with which they appear in the concert room and sing *ad nauseam* — constantly reminding the old concert-goers of how Lind, Sontag, Alboni, Biscaccianti sang them, and making him groan at the difference. True, they are highly praised by our marvellous critics, but generally with a reservation: "magnificent, superb, splendid, pretty fair (as the Frenchman had it) for a beginner." Well, the young lady has made a hit, and Signor This or That gets half a dozen new pupils on the strength of the show made by our young lady. Now she is engaged to sing in oratorio. "Oh dear, what a horrid language English is to sing!" Very true, perhaps, my lady, but you have never learned to sing it. How can you tell? "But it is so different from those dear Italian airs — just hear me sing one of them!" Very different indeed, my lady. In those airs you know nothing of the lan-

guage, hence you never felt any necessity of singing with expression — that is, with the expression of any feeling of your own; and then too the constant vowel sounds reduced what you sang almost to the level of a *solfeggio* exercise. Here the case is different. If you have any feeling at all, you cannot sing "Come unto me," "I know that my Redeemer liveth," "With verdure clad," and the like, without having it aroused and wishing to express it. But you have laid no foundation for singing your own language. You must begin anew in your practice of consonants, and work your way alone. The short, hurried course of study, which you have made, the great end of which was to accomplish half a dozen airs of difficult vocalization, has most likely affected the delicate muscles of the throat, as all overwork will affect any other set of muscles; and before you have succeeded in conquering the difficulties of singing your own language, your voice is giving way under the strain, and a new candidate, perhaps half a dozen, have crowded you off the track. Here and there is one, who studied singing her own language long before she took a foreign tongue. All that she now learns she can reduce to practice in her native speech. She sings for years and ever better. You, alas! —

But what would you have? say you.

I would have the same system pursued at home which has made such great singers in Europe of so many who never saw Italy and who never sang Italian, until their fame was so great, that they were called to sing in that language at Paris, London, nay on the stages of Italy itself.

The great triumph of a singer, as of an orator, is in the moving of hearts. The moving of hearts is only to be effected by one whose own heart is moved. Words, texts, only affect the heart when understood. What I would have, then, is the cultivation of our fine American voices by the study of music written to English texts, just as here, the Sontags, Maras, Cruvels, Kösters, Wagners, learn to sing in German. If one cultivates his or her vocal powers upon a difficult language, there is no fear that an easy one will present any difficulty.

Whenever a teacher of singing is required in any institution, the very first test I would apply in examining a candidate for the place of instructor, would be his reading, both of prose and poetry. He should prove that he can pronounce well and enter into the spirit of what he reads. Then the question naturally follows, whether he understands vocalization and the art of teaching. Whether he has a voice and can sing delightfully himself, is a secondary consideration. That has little to do with teaching. As for your mere do-re-mi men, with their steps and half-steps, and all sorts of nonsense, running through term after term, of a Normal School, for instance, I would banish them at once.

No, give me a man, who, while he can and will teach the simple reading of music, is at the same time a man of culture, both in music and other things — one who can teach the young ladies not only to read and sing a simple psalm tune, but can lead them on to the glorious music of Handel, and Haydn, and Mozart, and Schubert.

If, on the other hand, I would make the most of extraordinary talent, with a view to the concert room, I would put its possessor under the care of one, who could lay a solid foundation for the future performance of music to English texts. The pupil should not be hurried, but should have time to labor and practice until the organs had made it their second nature to sing; and all extraneous ornamentation should be the last thing. Let the architect know how to plan his building so as to attain grandeur of effect and nobleness of proportion; he can add the ornaments at leisure.

It seems to be quite the fashion to laugh at the idea of an English school of singing. Let folks laugh. Those who do so only show their utter igno-

rance of musical history, or prove that they do not know what constitutes a school of Art.

The laws of light and shade and color are fixed by nature and immutable. The human form is essentially the same everywhere. The art of drawing, grouping of figures, laying out a landscape on canvas, is essentially the same everywhere, and all schools of painting recognize the same fundamental rules as correct. The differences in the old Venetian, Roman, and Florentine schools of painting, were not differences which went down into the essentials, as everybody knows. Precisely so with schools of singing. On the basis which nature herself has laid, the German teacher works out a system of instruction under which the pupil learns to sing music imbued with the German spirit, so pronouncing the words, so laying emphasis, accent, cadence as to touch the poetic feelings and sympathies of the audience. German music, like German poetry, has its national peculiarities. To express these we have a German school of singing — but this school does not go, I repeat it, back to a difference in the foundations of singing, for they are laid by nature. Again, to sing in French for Frenchmen, requires a different training of the pupil after the voice is once developed. So of English singing, so of Italian.

There is Mr. Jones, for instance. Of his two daughters, the one has a remarkable talent for the stage, the other for singing. He determines to have one educated for the Boston Theatre, and the other for the Boston Music Hall. Is it any more ridiculous for him to send the young actress to Paris to learn to declaim Racine through the nose, as a preparation for her future performance of Ophelia, Desdemona, Miranda, Rosalind, than to send the singer to a country where she will educate her organs to sing only the words of a foreign tongue, will learn only foreign emphasis, cadence, and other means of expression? The boys in the great English schools formerly learned to spout whole pages of Greek and Latin, with great effect, but could not read a page of English decently.

The idea of an English school of singing to be laughed at? Has the laugher ever read of Beard, that grand bass for whom Handel wrote such mighty airs? Has he never heard of that long succession of vocalists which filled up the space from Handel's days to our time? Has he heard Braham, Incledon, Henry Phillips, Mrs. Wood, Anna Bishop, Pyne, Hayes, and others whom I might mention, not because they are England's great singers, but because they have visited America? Simms Reeves, Miss Dolby and others never fear to meet at the great English Festivals the greatest singers Europe can supply. Nor need they. They sing their own language, the grand strains of Handel, the music of Mendelssohn, cantatas and oratorios in general, in a style that compares with the best that German, French, and Italian artists in their own languages can show.

The death of young Pratt, a few years since, just as he had returned from his long and zealous studies in Leipzig with Goetze, was a great loss to us. He would have laid at least a foundation — interested as he was in our schools, both Normal and public — for the development of English singing among us. Who can take his place? Under whose instruction shall we see the young women in our Normal schools and female academies singing Schubert's, Radecke's, Mendelssohn's music for the chorus of women's voices?

I am sorry to have developed my ideas so crudely in this letter. But I actually have not time to make it shorter and more to the point. A. W. T.

HARTFORD, CONN., MARCH 14. — No first-class concert has been given here since I last wrote, — the train of brilliant scintillations which Arthur Napoleon left behind being as yet unbroken. We are expecting, however, a great treat next week in the "first appearance" of our "BEETHOVEN SOCIETY," which is to give a grand sacred concert at the Centre

Church on Monday evening, with orchestra, organ, &c. I will endeavor to write you about it.

Reading in a German book, entitled "*Grosses Instrumental Concert*," I find the following, which may be interesting to some of your readers, in relation to MOZART. As to the manner in which he composed, it says:

"When Mozart received the words or text for a voice composition he did not set himself at work immediately, but deferred it for a length of time, revolving the sentiment in his mind, in order to excite the activity of his *phantasie*. Then he played it over in full upon the pianoforte, and afterwards wrote it down; during which time he never had recourse to the instrument!"

The Overture to *Don Giovanni* is a remarkable example of the rapidity of his writing. The opera was finished. The singers had already learned their parts; everything was in readiness but the overture. The opera was to be performed the day after the morrow, and the full rehearsal was over. The manager, Bondini, had told Mozart, imperatively, that the oratorio must be finished! "I will write it this afternoon!" said the little man; but instead of that, took a long walk! His friends were filled with the deepest apprehensions, and the more anxious they became, the more reckless did he appear! At last, on the evening of the day before the first performance, after having shaved himself, and imbibed pretty freely of wine and punch, ("*beraucht von Wein und Punsch*,") towards midnight, in his own room, he began to compose; but was so sleepy that he was obliged to lie down. He told his wife to awake him in an hour; but the dear woman, finding that he slept so soundly, allowed him to sleep still another hour before she aroused him! In two hours, therefore, she awoke him, made him some punch and set it near him, and, in order to cheer and keep him awake, told him all kinds of funny stories, until the tears ran down his cheeks with laughter! He continued to write, but by every exertion could not refrain from sleepily nodding the while. One can well imagine this singular circumstance, in the following peculiar point of the overture:



In a few hours, this wonderful master-piece was finished, and at seven o'clock, A. M., the copyists came, as by appointment,—who labored hard through the day to get the parts ready for the evening's representation. The manuscripts were still wet with ink when distributed to the musicians; and this celebrated overture to "*Don Juan*" was splendidly performed, for the first time, *without rehearsal*, by the fine orchestra in Prague!

The question, then, naturally arises, from the above, whether Mozart premeditated and played through the overture upon the "*Clavier*" before he sat down that memorable night to write it for the different instruments in score, or whether it was a spontaneous burst of inspiration, jotted down amid his successive "*noddings*"—too powerful in itself for even sleep to overcome? For why should he try upon the piano-forte whatever he composed in his mind for the *voice* in particular, and not that which he intended for the orchestra? Perhaps it was to "*hum*" over the *aria* to himself, that he might better judge of its effect.

I have written thus much upon this subject, because I was asked the other day—"How did Mozart compose?"

Since writing the foregoing, the concert by the "*Beethoven Society*" has come off with fine success. Of course, there were many things in this first performance which were hardly up to the Boston standard; but as a general thing the society, as well as the city of Hartford, may well feel proud in such a

successful *début*. The concert was given in the Centre Church—Dr. Hawes'—and was literally crammed—some 1500 being present. The chorus was made up of about seventy voices, assisted by a nice little orchestra of seventeen instruments under the lead of MR. J. MAHLER, the whole conducted by MR. J. G. BARNETT,—MR. G. E. WHITING presiding at the organ and piano-forte. That you may judge of the style of music performed, I append the following programme:

PART FIRST.

1. The Transient and the Eternal, Romberg.
2. Hear ye Israel—Aria from Elijah, Mendelssohn.
3. By thee with Bliss—from the Oratorio of the Creation, Haydn.
4. Samuel's Evening Prayer and Chorus of Angels, M. Costa.
5. The Heavens are Telling—from the Creation, Haydn.

PART SECOND.

1. Of Stars the Fairest—From the Creation, Haydn.
2. Hear my Prayer, Mendelssohn.
3. Cujus Animam—From the Stabat Mater, Rossini.
4. I Love the Lord—From the Mt. of Olives, Beethoven.
5. Inflammatus—From the Stabat Mater, Rossini.

I have not time to particularize,—for in fact there was nothing, with one or two exceptions, but what I might speak well of; nor do I think it would be fair to make a close criticism of a first performance—where an orchestra has rehearsed but little with the singers, and where the performers would naturally wear a restraint from a fear of non-success. MRS. STRICKLAND sang as usual, with sweetness and expression—especially in that trying Aria from "*Elijah*,"—"Hear ye Israel,"—which was a good deal marred, I am sorry to say, by the harshness of the organ. MR. and MRS. HUNTINGTON acquitted themselves with much credit, and MR. FOLEY would have pleased much better had he sung in a more connected manner. "*Samuel's Evening Prayer*" is a beautiful composition, and was rendered with appropriate simplicity by MRS. RISLEY—who has one of the purest contralto voices in the State. The duet, "*Of Stars the Fairest*," was one of the best things of the evening—sung by MRS. HUNTINGTON and MR. MAERCKLEIN,—the chorus being highly effective. "*Hear my prayer*," however, was the gem of the concert—the *sol* being deliciously sung by MRS. CLARE HOLT PRESTON, full of expression, and one of the most satisfactory performances I have ever listened to. I hardly dare to speak too highly of MRS. PRESTON or MRS. STRICKLAND, because they are "*rare birds*" of song, and I am afraid that they may become known to "*outsiders*," and be enticed away to some larger city. We have them now, however, in our possession, and shall keep them caged as long as possible!

Dwight's Journal of Music.

BOSTON, MARCH 19, 1859.

MUSIC IN THIS NUMBER.—We give this time the concluding page of the music, together with title page, and introduction, of the opera *Lucrezia Borgia*, as arranged for the piano-forte.

In our next number, which will close the present year (and Fourteenth Volume) of the Journal, we shall give no music, but devote the four pages instead to an Index, Title Page, &c., of the two volumes of the year from April 1, 1858, to April 1, 1859.

Choice and interesting selections of music, as heretofore, are in preparation for the first numbers of the new volume.

Mr. Zerrahn's Beethoven Night.

One of the most important and most interesting events which our musical world has known for years, will be the fourth and last Philharmonic Concert of next Saturday evening, the thirty-second anniversary of the death of BEETHOVEN. On that occasion, thanks to the energy of Mr. Zerrahn, we shall at last have realized the long deferred hope of hearing his great crowning work, the "*CHORAL SYMPHONY*," performed *entire*, as it was eight years ago by the "*Germanians*," only more thoroughly studied, better sung, better rendered in every way now than it could be with us then. The want so keenly felt in our otherwise memorable Beethoven Statue inauguration,

when this Symphony was played, curtailed of the last or choral movement, will now be made up and that sin atoned for; and the statue will be there, the finished score in hand—our noble and lamented CRAWFORD's noble statue—to add a new significance to all we hear and feel.

Previous to the Symphony, with its sublime and universal "*Joy*" hymn—what *could* come after it?—Mr. Zerrahn will give us one of the same composer's great works of which only the Overture has been heard here before, to-wit, his music to Goethe's historical drama, "*Egmont*." It consists of an overture, the two songs of Clärchen, entr'actes, marches, music accompanying Egmont's vision in the last scene, &c. To make the intentions of the music clear, Mrs. BARROW has consented to read selections from the play.

Here is a programme worth the while! Very seldom, anywhere, is so much that is exciting and inspiring in the highest and best sense compressed into one artistic festival. In our next number we shall bring together what we can to prepare the mind for the better appreciation of the Ninth Symphony. Meanwhile, for the benefit of those who study works of this kind, our friend Mr. SCHMITT, of Cambridge, has prepared a technical analysis of its various movements, noting the themes and motives and their various recurrences, of which we give so much as relates to the three purely instrumental movements now, reserving the remainder for next week.

Concerts.

MENDELSSOHN QUINTETTE CLUB.—The Seventh Chamber Concert (Friday evening, March 11) was distinguished alike by the beauty of the selections, and by the smoothness, the nice ensemble and expression with which everything was rendered. They were "*in luck*" with their instruments that evening. Here is the bill:

1. Quartet in A, No. 60, (first time,) Haydn.
Allegro—Adagio cantabile—Minuetto—Finale, Vivace.
2. Piano Trio, No. 1, in D, op. 70. Beethoven.
Allegro vivace—Largo Assai—Finale, Presto.
3. Tema con Variazioni, from Nocturne for Quintet, op. 35, Spohr.
4. Andante from the First Clarinet Concerto in C minor. Weher.
5. Grand Quintet in C, op. 163, for two Violins, Viola, and two Violoncellos, (first time). Franz Schubert.
Allegro non troppo—Adagio—Scherzo, Presto—Finale, Allegretto.

The Haydn Quartet proved itself one of the most agreeable and appetizing of that elegant and genial master's. It took its right place, as a relish, an inducer of the receptive mood, at the beginning of the entertainment. Beethoven's Trio in D—the next in interest to that in B flat—was played quite artistically, yet a little coldly, by our friend J. C. D. PARKER; the chill, however, was taken off with the rising inspiration of the second and third movements. Is there anything, in this form of music, more mystically imaginative, more weird and spiritual, than that slow movement, with its profoundly sad and earnest melody, and its soft vapory accompaniment, like a thin, palpitating visionary light! The greatest novelty, and no less satisfaction of the evening, was in the Quintet by Schubert, in which the second violoncello part was very ably sustained by a young amateur, Mr. BURNS, of Charlestown. After Beethoven, we scarcely know of any work of chamber music so original, so imaginative, so searching to the depths of the listener's soul, as this is, especially in its Adagio, and the Trio portion of the Scherzo. It is all full of rare thoughts, set forth with dignity and power; and the total impression is one of marvellous beauty. The Club will do well to repeat that Quintet.

COMPLIMENTARY TO MME. ELISE BISCACCIANTI. The Tremont Temple was well filled Monday evening (the storm on Saturday having caused a postponement) by an appreciative and enthusiastic audience. The concert was one of the finest of its kind, and left an impression which hundreds wish to have repeated. Our fair prima donna herself looked fresh and lustrous, and sang with rare fervor,—of course admirably. All we could say would be but a repetition, with emphasis, of what we said when she sang in the Music Hall. Her voice and style are cultivated to the last degree; and fervor, real warmth of nature, makes up greatly for what of strength is lost by a frail and long suffering *physique*. It was eminently artistic. The Romanza from "William Tell" was, as before, her best piece. "Sweet home," in answer to an encore, was sung from the heart; but the simple charm of the thing suffered from the tawdry ornamentation of the piano accompaniment. For the rest, we only heard the scena from *Linda*, which she rendered exquisitely.

Mrs. LONG sang *Ernani*, *involami* in a finished and effective manner; and Mr. W. H. DENNETT, a young New Englander, who has studied two years in Florence and elsewhere, and has very quietly dawned upon our concert world now a year after his return, displayed in *Non piu andrai* a really superb bass voice, of musical and unctuous quality, and an easy, genuine Italian style, with good expression, overdoing nothing. We were sorry not to hear him also in the "Porter Song" from *Martha*. He is refined and modest in appearance.

In the absence of Mr. LANG, Mr. SCHULTZE, with Mr. HAUSE, the pianist of the evening, treated the company to a singular potpourri, (the joint work of Vieuxtemps and Wolff) of themes from *Don Giovanni*. The thunder tones of the statue: *Don Giovanni*, *a cenar teo*, &c., were a strange theme for a violin solo to start with; but themes more human and melodious followed, and parts of the thing were beautiful, as it was all finely executed. The Mendelssohn Quintette Club, strengthened by a double-bass, and a flute, sketched out a pleasant reminiscence of Rossini's overture to *L'Italiana in Algeri*, and some other pieces; and the crowd dispersed with the feeling that they had had a charming and successful concert, and with renewed regret that Mme. BISCACCIANTI's voice will be heard here no more, before it has gladdened the cities of the Western and the Southern States, South America, Australia, and all those far-off places that we read of. Success go with her!

ORCHESTRAL UNION.—Mendelssohn's fourth, or "Italian," Symphony came very opportunely, Wednesday afternoon, after our recent hearing of the "Scotch." It is far less striking and profound,—at least in its first movement—than that; but it has a fascination of its own. The sunny buoyancy and freedom of the first part; the quaint, pensive, sombre, antique air of the Andante, chanted by low reed tones; the exquisite grace of the Minuet and Trio (the loveliest part of the whole); and the concluding Saltarello, hurried into the more delirious Tarantella, afford fine contrasts. An overture by Kreutzer, the "Papageno Polka," the romance from "*L'Eclair*," for flute and English Horn, (played by Messrs. ZOEHLER and RINAS), with other popular tit-bits, made out the programme.

Musical Chit-Chat.

We have just received a letter from our friend TRENKLE, dated St. Augustine, Florida, March 10, written on receipt of the news of that beautiful complimentary concert. As we know it will interest his many friends here, we venture to make the following extracts:

.... "I take the liberty of asking you to return, through your Journal, my heartiest thanks to those who so kindly coöperated in the concert given in my behalf, and especially to the members and committee

of the Harvard Musical Association, whose influence in the matter must have contributed largely to ensure success.

"From what I have heard through your beautiful notice in the Journal, and through minute accounts from home, the concert must have been such that I cannot help feeling a little proud that it was given in compliment to me. By this I do not mean to monopolize the claim of its success; I well know that the same combination of artists and so charming a programme must at any time attract a good house. But it is the quality of the audience—the whole arrangement and atmosphere of the concert—the memory of which I always shall cherish with pleasure.

"My stay here has thus far only in part benefitted me. I have improved somewhat in strength and much in spirits; yet my chief trouble, asthma, clings to me, and it seems to require some element, not to be had here, to rid me of it, though I dare not attribute any fault to the climate; for this is truly beautiful, and even so exquisite that no terms can be exaggerated in describing it. . . . The air is filled with the fragrance of orange-blossoms, and the gardens show flowers of all kinds in full bloom. The thermometer ranges from 75 to 80 deg. in the shade; and the difference between morning, noon and night temperature, is seldom more than 3 to 5 degrees.

"Inviting as all this certainly is, I would willingly exchange and prefer to breathe our Boston air, if there was a possibility for me to live. But such as I am now, I feel but little encouragement, and in all probability shall have to remain till the middle of next summer,—part of the time perhaps at Aiken, Va.,—with how much success the future will tell."

There will be no Afternoon Concert next Wednesday, on account of the Hall being occupied by the Fair for the Channing Hospital for the Incurable. . . . The Mendelssohn Quintette Club will repeat that Schubert Quintet at their next and last concert, next Friday evening; when they will also play Mozart's lovely Clarinet Quintet, a Quartet by Mendelssohn, &c. . . . Messrs. ROOT and MILLER continue to make hay and the sun continues shining.

We are glad to see such signs of musical activity in Cambridgeport, as we find here reported in the *Cambridge Chronicle* of last week:

CONCERT OF THE CAMBRIDGE AMATEUR ORCHESTRA.—A large audience was collected on Thursday evening at the concert given in the City Hall. The programme was admirably selected, overtures and lighter instrumental pieces being alternated with songs, trios, quartets, and cantatas for chorus and orchestra. The orchestra played with great spirit and precision, and agreeably disappointed those of their friends who know the difficulties which attend a successful performance, even by professional performers. The solos and the beautiful trio introduced some of our favorite vocalists, and gave great satisfaction. The double quartets, by a club from Old Cambridge, were warmly applauded; and the choros showed that we have no little resident talent. To answer a question often asked, we would state that the "Cambridge Amateur Orchestra" is just what its name imports,—a society of amateurs who meet weekly for the performance of instrumental music. For the purpose of lending variety to a concert which they proposed to give to their friends, all the vocalists who took part, volunteered their aid; and, although from the lateness of the season, there was hardly time enough for a sufficient number of rehearsals, the concert was given, and was perfectly successful. Our City Clerk, Mr. Jacobs, wielded the manager's baton with a grace that even Max Maretzek would appreciate. The orchestra purpose giving before long a second concert of instrumental music, in connection with a similar club from a neighboring town, when they will together number some thirty or forty performers.

A new opera (at least out of Germany) was performed a few weeks since at Chicago, under the direction of JULIUS UNGER. It is called "Prince Eugene, or the Siege of Landau"—a grand romantic opera in three acts, by Gustav Schmidt, music-director of the Stadt-Theatre, at Frankfort-on-the-Main.

The French Commission on the "pitch," or "normal diapason," have ended their labors; and their report, drawn up by M. HALÉVY, recommends a standard one quarter of a tone lower than the present concert pitch. . . . A monument to BELLINI is soon to be erected in Catania, Sicily, his birth-place. . . . GAZZANIGA has been presented, in Havana, "with a silver lyre with golden strings, and with a golden crown. These she will use in the rôle of Sappho."

M. TROPLONG, the President of the Senate and Chief Justice of France, has written an elaborate article on Gluck's "Armide." It seems M. Troplong's physicians forbade him study, and to amuse his time, he studied Gluck's scores.

PICCOLOMINI has been charming the Cincinnati-ans; from there we trace her shining path through Louisville, St. Louis, Memphis, &c., to New Orleans.

New Orleans seems to be revelling in music. Here is one morning's report from the *Picayune*, (March 6):

The opera and the theatres have been well attended during the week, as they should have been, for the attractions have been of a high order. At the Theatre d'Orleans, we have had a performance, by the regular company, of "Les Dragons de Villars," "Robert le Diable" (for the benefit of Mr. Taste,) and "La Favorite." Besides these, there have been two performances of "Les Huguenots," Mlle. Poinot and Carl Formes appearing as *Valentine* and *Marc*; and one of the "Norma," with Laborde as *Norma*, Mme Berkel as *Adalgisa*, Sig'r Tamaro as *Pollio*, and M. Dubreil as *Oroveso*.

Well! We are to have a first class opera house. It is all settled. It is to be located on the corner of Toulouse and Bourbon streets. Mr. Boudonsquie is to be its manager. It is to cost something like \$200,000, and is to be ready to be opened by the last of the coming October. Mr. Ullman and Mr. Boudonsquie have entered into an arrangement which secures to us thirty nights of Italian Opera in the next season.

Music Abroad.

England.

MANCHESTER.—The *Athenæum* speaks of a performance of the "Messiah," given lately to the "working classes," by the gentlemen of the Choral Society.

M. Halle, — who is aiding so far as the presidency and energy of an admirable musician and honorable man can do, to make Manchester one of the centres of European music—conducted. The solo singers were, Mrs. Snnderland, Miss Lascelles, Mr. Montem Smith, and Signor Belletti. But the audience was the thing. To quote from the *Manchester Guardian*: "No fewer than 4,200 tickets were subscribed for and distributed amongst *employés* of various classes; and it is believed that about this number of persons were present. The noble hall was crowded in every part with an assemblage consisting mainly of the working classes, and nothing could be more admirable than their quiet, orderly deportment during performances occupying nearly four hours! Judging by their earnest and rapt attention, their quiet and subdued demeanor, their manifest delight, bursting forth into enthusiastic and uncontrollable plaudits, this great experiment on the influence of the grandest music, enunciating the loftiest and holiest themes ever announced to mortal eye or ear, must be regarded as a complete and splendid success." Before the performance began, the Rev. Dr. Hook, of Leeds, delivered the address, in the best taste. We especially approve the terms in which he spoke of the concert. His remarks, without any arrogance of condescension, were virtually coincident with Dr. Johnson's large-minded recognition of some pleasure as the right of all persons, however modest be their fortunes, when the Lexicographer tersely said, "Life is a pill which none of us can swallow without some gilding." In another point of view, Dr. Hook's address, as coming from an earnest clergyman, is especially to be remembered. He introduced the performance of "The Messiah" as "an innocent and rational amusement." He then gave a few such particulars of Handel's life and works as were calculated to interest his audience; and not the least welcome clause in his discourse was one intimating that the evening's popular festival at Manchester might, probably, be reproduced at Leeds. Other informants confirm the statement in the *Manchester Guardian*, that the performance was musically first-rate. "It was a grand sight," writes one, "and would have gladdened your heart." Rumor says, that there may be another of these performances at Manchester; in fact, that the money for such a capital purpose has been offered already.

LONDON.—From the *Athenæum* of Feb. 19, we take the following items:

At the *Crystal Palace Concert* on Saturday, Madam Hayes was the singer. We perceive that she will take the leading *soprano* part in "Solomon," on Friday next, at Exeter Hall.

On Monday evening there was a *Popular Concert*

of Mendelssohn's Chamber Music, at the *St. James's Hall*, at which the singers were those of the previous week. This pleased so much more than such miscellaneous collections of inanity as the pieces of ballad-work, chiefly hitherto given at the *St. James's Hall* on Monday evenings, that on Monday next the selection is to be taken from Mozart's music; and we hear that Handel and Bach are to have their turns. Why not an Italian evening, too,—with Corelli, Geminiani, and Scarlatti to furnish the instrumental part of the treat? On Monday, also, was given a concert of the *Amateur Society*, at which, among other music, one of Mozart's *Concertos* was performed by that excellent amateur pianist, Mr. S. Waley.

The programme of Herr Pauer's *Second Soirée* at Camberwell included a trio, in B flat, by M. Rubinstein.

The scheme of Mr. Hullah's *Wednesday Concert* was made up of Dr. Bennett's "May Queen" and Beethoven's "Choral Symphony." The concert attracted so large an audience that the English and the German work are both announced for repetition, at *St. Martin's Hall*, on the 1st of March. The singers were Miss Banks, Miss Martin, Miss Palmer, Messrs. Wilbye Cooper and Mr. Santley. Dr. Bennett's *Cantata* suits Miss Banks thoroughly; and she seems to have been studying of late for refinement of articulation. Miss Martin, as so young a singer, merits no common praise for the steadiness with which she went through the tremendous part of the *soprano*—the epithet is no exaggeration—in the "Choral Symphony." On the whole, the music went very well.

Mr. Henry Leslie's programme, on Thursday evening, for the *Fourth Concert* of his choir, included an act of music by Bishop. Five of the seven pieces in it were the best known of those glees, with choruses, which were the nearest approach permitted him, by the unmusical managers of his period, to opera *fi-n-ales*. There are some twenty more as good as those given, if less familiar; and among Bishop's glees, without accompaniment, are several superior to "The Fisherman's Good Night" and "Beam of Light"; to name but one, his setting of Joanna Baillie's lyric, "Up, quit thy hower." There is no modern English music which will displace Bishop's; none so fresh in melody, so clear in style, so legitimate in effect. The other part of the concert was made up of pieces which have been performed with approval on former occasions, varied by Herr Pauer's pianoforte playing.

It is now stated that Mr. Smith is about to give English operas at the close of his Italian season; and that before Miss L. Pyne and Mr. Harrison vacate Covent Garden Theatre for the Southern, the "Rip Van Winkle" of Mr. Bristow, an American composer, will be produced by them. They should be tired themselves, we fancy, of singing nothing but Mr. Balfe's music, since this week, when something else than "Satanella" had to be given, the alternative has been "The Rose of Castille," an opera worn threadbare months ago.

For the second concert of the *Musical Society*, we perceive, are announced, as novelties, Herr Gade's "Highland Overture," a concert piece, for pianoforte and orchestra, by M. Silas; and a vocal *Scena*, by Mr. Henry Smart.

Letters from Berlin announce that the agreeable mezzo-soprano singer, Mdle. Jenny Meyer, whose promise impressed us so favorably at last year's Whitsuntide Festival at Cologne, intends to visit London, among the other concert-guests of 1859. The Vienna journals mention the production there of Mr. Balfe's "Rose of Castille," without success. The arrival of Herr Joachim in England may be shortly expected.

Paris.

The musical season was never duller than at present. No novelty at the Grand-Opéra; none at the Italiens; none at the Opéra-Comique. Meyerbeer's forthcoming opera, *Dinorah*, and the grand Festival to be given in March, at the Palace of Industry, absorb all attention. Mr. Gye, I hear, has secured *Dinorah* for Covent Garden, and it is rumored that Meyerbeer will go to London to superintend the rehearsals. It is to be hoped that he may be satisfied with the performance of his new work at the Royal Italian Opera. M. Litolf lately paid a flying visit to Paris, and has returned to the country to finish his five-act opera. Rossini keeps up his "Saturday evenings" with unflinching courage. The week before last was devoted to literature. Last Saturday was entirely musical. Not, however, so attractive a *soirée*, as that which was graded by the presence of Grisi, Mario, Taglioni, and Mad. Borghi-Mamo. A new Russian pianist, Madlle. Starck, who, of course, has played before Rossini—*pauvre Rossini!*—has announced a concert to take place at Herz's Rooms. The *début* of Madlle. Dorus, to which I alluded last week, has been attended with signal success. It took place on

Sunday last, at the third concert of the Conservatoire, when Haydn's *Creation* was performed. I have already told you Mademoiselle Dorus was the daughter of the eminent flautist who bears her name. I may now add—which I forgot before—that she is the niece and pupil of Madame Dorus-Gras, the celebrated *cantatrice*, whose name is intimately associated with some of the most brilliant passages of the *Académie-impériale de Musique et de Danse*. The fair *débütante* was extremely nervous at first; she was, however, so kindly received and so warmly encouraged, that she soon regained self-possession, and convinced her hearers that, in endowments and acquisitions, she was no ordinary person. The voice is a pure *soprano*, of average compass, agreeable in quality, and slightly veiled. She phrases well, executes well, and her style is simple and pure. Altogether she created an unusual sensation, and left the room overwhelmed with applause. I may mention *en passant*, that Haydn's *Creation* had not been performed in Paris for fifteen years.—*London Musical World*, Feb. 19.

The correspondent of the New Orleans *Picayune* furnishes the following items of operatic and dramatic intelligence:

Our last theatrical year was one of the most profitable recently seen, no less than 13,878,499f. having been paid into the theatres' treasuries. We had 215 dramatic authors and 50 composers, for the pieces and operas played—there were only 199 of the former and 39 of the latter year before last—and there were 237 new operas and pieces played. I shall not give you a detailed list of the number brought out by each theatre, but I select the principal theatres; the Grand Opera gave us only two new productions, an opera, "La Magicienne," and a ballet, "Saeontala;" the Opera Comique gave us seven new operas; the Odeon, nine new pieces; the Theatre Lyrique, the same number; the Vaudeville, ten; the Varieties, fourteen; the Gymnase, thirteen. I have purposely omitted the French Comedy to speak of it particularly. In 1851, it played ninety-one pieces in all, of which eleven were new; in 1852, eighty-five, of which eleven were new; in 1857, eighty-three pieces, of which five only were new, the prodigious success of "La Fiammina" keeping it in possession of the stage for a long while, and excluding new pieces. This last year, 1858, we had there seventy-eight pieces, nine of which were new. The authors most played were Molière and M. Scribe. The former had eleven pieces played, and they were played 129 times; these pieces were "Amphytrion," played 5 times; "L'Avare," 11; "Le Bourgeois Gentilhomme," 31; "Le Dépit Amoureux," 15; "Don Juan," 22; "Les Femmes Savantes," 15; "Georges Dandin," 2; "Le Malade Imaginaire," 13; "Le Médecin Malgré lui," 2; "Le Misanthrope," 8; "Tartuffe," 18. M. Scribe had nine works played 143 times; these were "Bataille de Dames," which was played 12 times; "Bertrand et Raton," 1; "La Calomnie," 7; "Une Chaîne," 8; "Les Doigts de Fée," 55; "Fen Lionel," 30; "Oscar on le Mari qui trompe sa femme," 9; "Valerie," 12; and "Le Verre d'Eau," 9 times. A good many play-wrights have complained of the manager of the French Comedy for not giving enough variety! What would they have said in 1803 when the French Comedy played 122 old pieces and only nine new ones, and among these pieces were thirty-five tragedies, a good many degrees below the zero of Addison's "Cato."

Prince Poniatowski is to bring out a new opera at the Italiens' and a five act opera at the Grand Opera next season. He acted as president at the distribution of prizes at the Sacred Music School recently, and in the course of his speech, said: "There is no such thing as German, Italian, French music; Rossini says, and he is the greatest authority in musical matters, believe me, there are but two sorts of music, the good and the bad." I told you in a recent letter how beautifully "Semiramide" is sung here. I have met since I wrote you a Frenchman's description of M'me Alboni; it is droll enough and just too: "Alboni looked like a fireman who had just gotten home after a large conflagration and had time enough to slip on a dressing gown, but forgot to take his helmet off his head. She don't look much like a young warrior who has just crushed the Scythians, unless, indeed, she crushed them by sitting on their army." You know M'me Alboni is an enormous woman, and I dare say remember the epigram made in America to the effect that Alboni was greasy and Grisi all-boney. M'me Tedesco has been engaged at the Grand Opera at \$12,000 a year. M'lle Sophie Cruvelli sang last week at a charity concert at Turin; it was her first appearance in public since her marriage to Baron Vigier. The letter which has been going the rounds of the American newspapers as being from M'me de Lagrange turns out to be a hoax.

Special Notices.

DESCRIPTIVE LIST OF THE LATEST MUSIC, Published by O. Ditson & Co.

MUSIC BY MAIL.—Quantities of Music are now sent by mail, the expense being only about one cent apiece, while the care and rapidity of transportation are remarkable. Those at a great distance will find the mode of conveyance not only a convenience, but a saving of expense in obtaining supplies. Books can also be sent by mail, at the rate of one cent per ounce. This applies to any distance under three thousand miles; beyond that, double the above rates.

Vocal, with Piano Accompaniment.

O ruddier than the cherry, *Handel. 30*
Celebrated bass or baritone song from the *Serenata*:
Acis and Galatea.

O yes, I do remember. Song. *Francis Woolcott. 25*
Easy and pleasing.

O come to me over the Sea. Ballad. *J. H. McNaughton. 25*
A pretty and taking melody, which will be received with favor by young singers.

With Guitar Accompaniment.

Minnie Clyde. Song by Crosby. Arranged by *C. J. Horn. 25*

Gentle Hattie. Song and Chorus by St. John. Arranged by *T. B. Bishop. 25*
The first of these songs has long been a favorite with the public, and a Guitar-arrangement has often been called for. The second song is just now beginning to obtain a wide circulation. It is one of those melodies which will wander over the whole country, taken up and carried onward by bands of minstrels and serenaders.

Instrumental Music.

Ever of thee. Reverie Tremolo. *Charles Fradel. 25*
An arrangement of very moderate difficulty, mostly in the favorite Tremolo style, and distinguished by the nice taste, which the public now begin to appreciate in the works of this composer.

Persian Polka. *Chas. D'Albert. 30*

Soldiers' Polka. " 35
Both of these polkas are enjoying an immense popularity in England. Edition after edition is struck off, up to the eightieth edition of the Soldiers' Polka, but still the demand is steadily increasing. This is good news for the dancing public, with whom a new, pretty Polka never comes amiss.

Maud. Valse chantante. *Henry Laurent. 25*

The principal airs in this pretty waltz are borrowed from Balfe's well known musical version of Tennyson: "Come into the garden, Maud."

Song of our native land. Irish melody. Varied by *W. V. Wallace. 60*

An excellent arrangement, which needs no recommendation.

Venzano Valse. *Luigi Venzano. 50*

A brilliant, sparkling Waltz, composed originally for the voice, and, next to the Ricci Waltz, the most celebrated bravura-piece of great songstresses. Mrs. Es-cott has lately performed it in Zerrahn's third Concert. The original arrangement with words. Italian and English, has also been issued in a new edition by the publisher.

Books.

KNORR'S METHODICAL GUIDE. For Teachers of Pianoforte Music. Translated from the German edition, by G. A. Schmitt. 50

"Having published a complete Method of Piano Instruction in which is embraced every essential requisite for the *Pupil's* understanding of the subject, the author issues the present volume for the more especial use of *Teachers*. In it they will find hints that will assist them in imparting to their pupils the true artistic piano touch, which requires perfect independence of the joints, not only of the hand, but of each finger; an independence which cannot be obtained without that position of the hand which I have herein, as well as in my revision of A. E. Müller's method, laid down as the true one. JULIUS KNORR."

Dwight's Journal of Music.

WHOLE No. 364.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, MARCH 26, 1859.

VOL. XIV. No. 26.

Translated for this Journal.

Richard Wagner's Programme to the Ninth Symphony of Beethoven.

It is a difficult matter for any one, not intimately acquainted with this wonderfully significant work of Art, to understand it on the first hearing. Hence it may be permitted to offer some aid to that considerable portion of an audience, who find themselves in this predicament; not indeed with a view to imparting an absolute understanding of Beethoven's masterpiece—since that can only come from intimate personal study and insight—but simply with the hope of furnishing some hints illustrative of its artistic arrangement, which in the great peculiarity and entirely unimitated novelty of the work might escape the observation of the unprepared and easily confused hearer. Taking it for granted that it is the essential problem of the higher instrumental music, *to express in tones what cannot be expressed in words*, we think we can approximate to the solution of an insoluble problem by calling in the aid of words of our great poet GOETHE. These, to be sure, stand in no immediate connection with Beethoven's work, and can in no wise indicate the meaning of his purely musical creation with any thoroughness. Yet so nobly do they express those higher moods of the human soul which lie at the foundation of this Symphony, that in the impossibility of any fuller understanding one may content himself with identifying these moods, so that he need not go away from a hearing of the music without at least some apprehension of its purport.

FIRST MOVEMENT (*Allegro ma non troppo, D minor.*)—A most sublimely conceived conflict of the soul, struggling after joy, against the pressure of that hostile power, that stations itself between us and all earthly bliss, appears to lie at the foundation of this first movement. The great main theme, which at the very outset steps forth from a gloomy veil in all the nakedness of its terrible might, may perhaps, not altogether inappropriately to the sense of the entire tone-poem, be translated by the words of Goethe:

"Entbehren sollst du! Sollst entbehren!"

[This in most of the translations is rendered: "Renounce! Thou must renounce." But the word *entbehren* does not signify "renounce." The meaning of the phrase is, (for it cannot be given in a word), that it is the destiny of man always to have wants which cannot be satisfied.]

Opposed to this powerful enemy we recognize a noble spirit of defiance, a manly energy of resistance, which to the very middle of the movement rises to an open conflict with the adversary, in which we seem to see two mighty wrestlers, each of whom leaves off invincible. In isolated gleams of light we may discern the sweet sad smile of happiness, that seems to seek us, for whose possession we strive, and from whose attainment we are withheld by that maliciously powerful foe, who overshadows us with his nocturnal wings, so that even to ourselves the prospect of that far off grace is dimmed and we relapse into a dark brooding, which has only power to rouse itself again to new defiance and resistance, and to new wrestlings with the demon who robs us of true joy. Thus force, resistance, struggle, longing, hoping, almost reaching, again losing, again seeking, again battling—such are the elements of restless movement in this marvellous piece of music, which droops however now and then into that more continuous state of utter joylessness, which Goethe (in his "Faust") denotes by the words:

"But to new horror I awake each morn
And I could weep hot tears, to see the sun
Dawn on another day, whose round forlorn
Accomplishes no wish of mine,—not one;
Which still, with froward captiousness, impairs
E'en the presentiment of every joy,
While low realities and paltry cares
The spirit's food imaginings destroy.
And then when falls again the veil of night,
Stretch'd on my couch I languish in despair;
Appalling dreams my troubled soul affright;
No soothing rest vouchsafed me even there," &c.

At the close of the movement, this dreary, joyless mood, growing to gigantic magnitude, seems to embrace the All, as if in grand and awful majesty it would fain take possession of this world, which God has made—for Joy!

SECOND MOVEMENT. (*Scherzo molto vivace.*) A wild delight seizes us at once with the first rhythms of this second movement: it is a new world into which we enter, in which we are whirled away to giddiness, to loss of reason; it is as if, urged by desperation, we fled before it, in ceaseless, restless efforts chasing a new and unknown happiness, since the old one, that once sunned us with its distant smile, seems to have utterly forsaken us. Goethe expresses this impulse, not without significance perhaps for the present case, in the following words:

—"The end I aim at is not Joy.
I crave excitement, agonizing bliss," &c.
—"In depths of sensual pleasure drow'd,
Let us our fiery passions still
Enwrapped in magic's veil profound,
Let wondrous charms our senses thrill!
Plunge we in time's tempestuous flow,
Stem we the rolling surge of chance!
There may alternate weal and woe,
Success and failure, as they can,
Mingle and shift in changeful dance;
Excitement is the sphere for man!"

With the headlong entrance of the middle-subject there suddenly opens upon us one of those scenes of earthly recreation and indulgence: a certain downright jollity seems expressed in the simple, oft-repeated theme; it is full of *naïveté* and self-satisfied cheerfulness, and we are tempted to think of Goethe's description of such homely contentment:

"I now must introduce to you
Before aught else, this jovial crew,
To show how lightly life may glide away;
With them each day's a holiday;
With little wit and much content,
Each on his own small round intent," &c.

But to recognize such limited enjoyment as the goal of our restless chase after satisfaction and the noblest joy, is not our destiny: our look upon this scene grows clouded; we turn away and resign ourselves anew to that restless impulse, which with the goading of despair urges us unceasingly on to seize the fortune, which, alas! we are not destined to reach so; for at the close of the movement we are again impelled toward that scene of comfortable indulgence, which we have already met, and which we this time at the first recognition of it repulse from us with impatient haste.

THIRD MOVEMENT. (*Adagio molto e cantabile, in B flat major.*) How differently these tones speak to our hearts! How pure, how heavenly soothing, they melt the defiance, the wild impulse of the soul tormented by despair, into a tender and melancholy feeling! It is as if memory awoke within us,—the memory of an early enjoyed and purest happiness:

"Thee would celestial love, with holy kiss,
Come o'er me in the Sabbath's stilly hour,

While, fraught with solemn and mysterious power,
Chimed the deep-sounding bell, and prayer was bliss."

And with this recollection there comes over us once more that sweet longing, that is so beautifully expressed in the second theme of this movement (*Andante moderato, D major*), and to which we may not unfitly apply Goethe's words:

"A yearning impulse, undefined yet dear,
Drove me to wander on through wood and field;
With heaving breast and many a burning tear,
I felt with holy joy a world revealed."

It seems like the longing of love, which again is answered, only with more movement and embellishment of expression, by that hope-promising and sweetly tranquilizing first theme, so that on the return of the second it seems to us as if love and hope embraced, so that they might the more entirely exert their gentle power over our tormented soul. It is as when Faust speaks, after the Easter bells and chorus of angels:

"Wherefore, ye tones celestial, sweet and strong,
Come ye a dweller in the dust to seek?
Ring out your chimes believing crowds among."

Even so seems the yet quivering heart with soft resistance to wish to keep them off: but their sweet power is greater than our already mitigated defiance; we throw ourselves overpowered into the arms of this gracious messenger of purest bliss:

"O still sound on, thou sweet celestial strain,
Tears now are gushing,—Earth, I'm thine again!"

Yes, the bleeding heart seems to be getting healed and re-invigorated, and to be manning itself to that exalted courage which we think we recognize in the almost triumphant passage, towards the end of the movement. Still, this elevation is not yet free from the reaction of the storms survived; but every approach of the old pain is instantly met with renewed alleviation from that gentle, magic power, before which finally, as in the last expiring gleams of lightning, the dispersed storm disappears.

FOURTH MOVEMENT. The transition from the third to the fourth movement, which begins as it were with a shrill shriek, may be pretty well indicated again by Goethe's words:

"But ah! I feel, how'er I yearn for rest,
Content flows now no longer from my breast."
—"A wondrous show! but ah! a show alone!
Where shall I grasp thee, infinite nature, where?
Ye breasts, ye fountains of all life, whereon
Hang heaven and earth, from which the blighted soul
Yearneth to draw sweet solace, still ye roll
Your sweet and fostering tides—where are ye—where!
Ye gush, and must I languish in despair?"

With this beginning of the last movement, Beethoven's music assumes decidedly a more speaking character. It quits the character, preserved in the three first movements, of pure instrumental music, which is marked by an infinite and indeterminate expression. The progress of the musical invention or poem presses to a decision, to a decision such as can only be expressed in human speech. Let us admire the way in which the master prepares the introduction of speech and the human voice, as a necessity to be expected, in this thrilling Recitative of the instrumental basses, which, already almost forsaking the limits of absolute music, as it were with eloquent, pathetic speech approaches the other instruments, urging them to a decision, and finally itself passes over into a song-theme, which sweeps the other instruments along with it in its simple, solemn, joyous current, and so swells to a mighty pitch. This seems like the final effort to express by instrumental music

alone a secure, well defined, and never clouded state of joy; but the untractable element seems incapable of this limitation; it foams up to a roaring sea, subsides again, and stronger than ever presses the wild, chaotic shriek of unsatisfied passion upon our ear. Then steps forth toward the tumult of the instruments a human voice, with the clear and sure expression of speech, and we know not whether we shall most admire the bold suggestion or the great *naïveté* of the master, when he lets this voice exclaim to the instruments:

"Friends, no more of these tones! rather let us sing together more pleasant and more joyful strains!"

With these words it grows light in the chaos; a definite and sure utterance is gained, in which we, borne upon the subdued element of the instrumental music, may hear now clearly and distinctly expressed, what to our tormented striving after joy must seem enduring, highest bliss. And here commences Schiller's

"HYMN TO JOY.

"Joy, thou brightest heaven-lit spark,
Daughter from the Elysian choir,
On thy holy ground we walk,
Reeling with ecstatic fire.
Thou canst bid in one again
All that custom tears apart;
All mankind are brothers, when
Waves thy soft wing o'er the heart.

CHORUS.

"Myriads, join the fond embrace!
'Tis the world's inspiring kiss!
Friends, yon dome of starry bliss
Is a loving Father's place.

"Who the happy lot doth share,
Friend to have, and friend to be—
Who a lovely wife holds dear—
Mingle in our Jubilee!
Yea—who calls one soul his own,
One on all earth's ample round:—
Who cannot, may steal alone,
Weeping from our holy ground!

CHORUS.

"Sympathy with blessings crown
All that in life's circle are!
To the stars she leads us, where
Dwells enthroned the great Unknown.

"Joy on every living thing
Nature's bounty doth bestow,
Good and bad still welcoming;—
In her rosy path they go.
Kisses she to us has given,
Wine, and friends in death approved;—
Sense the worm has;—but in heaven
Stands the soul, of God beloved.

CHORUS.

"Myriads, do ye prostrate fall?
Feel ye the Creator near?
Seek him in yon starry sphere:
O'er the stars he governs all.

"Joy impels the quick rotation,
Sure return of night and day;
Joy's the main-spring of Creation,
Keeping every wheel in play.
She draws from buds the flowerets fair,
Brilliant suns from azure sky,
Rolls the spheres in trackless air,
Realms unreach'd by mortal eye.

CHORUS.

"As his suns, in joyful play,
On their airy circles fly,—
As the knight to victory,—
Brothers speed upon your way.

"From Truth's burning mirror still
Her sweet smiles th' inquirer greet;
She, up Virtue's toilsome hill
Guides the weary pilgrim's feet;
On Faith's sunny mountain, wave,
Floating far, her banners bright;
Through the rent walls of the grave
Flits her form in angel light

CHORUS.

"Patient, then, ye myriads live!
To a better world press on!
Seated on his starry throne,
God the rich reward will give.

"For the Gods what thanks are meet?
Like the Gods, then, let us be:
All the poor and lowly greet
With the glad some and the free;
Banish vengeance from our breast,
And forgive our deadliest foe;
Bid no anguish mar his rest,
No consuming tear-drops flow.

CHORUS.

"Be the world from sin set free!
Be all mutual wrong forgiven;
Brothers, in that starry heaven,
As we judge our doom shall be.

"Joy upon the red wine dances;
By the magic of the cup
Rage dissolves in gentle trances,
Dead despair is lifted up.
Brothers, round the nectar flies,
Mounting to the beaker's edge.
Toss the foam off to the skies!
Our Good Spirit here we pledge!

CHORUS.

"Him the seraphs ever praise,
Him the stars that rise and sink.
Drink to our Good Spirit, drink!
High to him our glasses raise!

"Spirits firm in hour of woe—
Help to innocence oppressed—
Truth alike to friend or foe—
Faith unbroken—wrong redressed—
Manly pride before the throne,
Cost it fortune, cost it blood—
Wreaths to just desert alone—
Downfall to all falsehood's brood!

CHORUS.

"Closer draw the holy ring!
By the sparkling wine-cup now,
Swear to keep the solemn vow—
Swear it by the heavenly King!

Animated, warlike sounds approach: we fancy that we see a troop of youths marching up, whose joyous, heroic spirit is expressed in the words:

"As his suns, in joyful play,
On their airy circles fly,—
As the knight to victory,
Brothers, speed upon your way."

This leads to a sort of joyful contest, expressed by instruments alone; we see the youths plunge boldly into battle, of which the crown of victory shall be JOY; and yet again we feel prompted to cite words of Goethe:

"He only merits liberty or life,
Who daily conquers them."

The victory, of which we doubted not, is won; the exertions of strength are rewarded by the smile of joy, which breaks forth jubilant in the consciousness of bliss newly earned by conquest:

"Joy, thou brightest," &c.

And now in the high feeling of Joy the expression of the universal Love of Man bursts forth from the swelling breast; in sublime inspiration we turn from the embrace of the whole human race to the great Creator of all things, whose benign presence we declare with clearest consciousness, yes—whose face we in a moment of sublimest transport imagine we behold through the blue opening ether:

"Myriads, join the fond embrace!
'Tis the world's inspiring kiss!
Friends, yon dome of starry bliss
Is a loving Father's place."
"Myriads, do ye prostrate fall?
Feel ye the Creator near?
Seek him in yon starry sphere:
O'er the stars he governs all."

It is as if now revelation justified us in the beatific faith: that every man was made for Joy. In the most powerful conviction we respond to one another:

"Myriads, join the fond embrace!"

and:

"Joy, thou brightest," &c.

For in the league or communion of divinely sanctioned universal human love, we may enjoy the purest joy. No longer merely in the thrill of the sublimest imagination, but in the expression of a directly re-

vealed, sweetly inspiring truth we may answer the question:

"Myriads, do ye prostrate fall?
Feel ye the Creator near?"

with:

"Seek him in yon starry sphere," &c.

In the most confiding possession of the happiness vouchsafed, of the most child-like susceptibility to joy regained, we now surrender ourselves to its fruition: innocence of heart is restored to us, and with benediction the soft wing of Joy is spread over us:

"Thou canst bind in one again
All that custom tears apart;
All mankind are brothers, when
Waves thy soft wing o'er the heart.

To the mild beatitude of Joy succeeds now its jubilee:—jubilant we clasp the world to our breast; shouting and revelry fill the air like the thunder or the cloud, like the roar of the sea, which in everlasting motion and beneficent agitation quicken and sustain the earth for the joy of Man, to whom God gave it that he might be happy thereupon.

"EMBRACE, YE MILLIONS! IS NOT THIS THE
KISS OF THE WHOLE WORLD? BROTHERS,—O'ER
YON STARRY DOME MUST A DEAR FATHER DWELL
—JOY! JOY, BEAUTIFUL SPARK OF DEITY!"

For Dwight's Journal of Music.

The Motives and Themes of Beethoven's Ninth Symphony.

(Concluded from last number.)

THE FOURTH MOVEMENT.

The last and grandest movement of this greatest work of the master (his *Missa solennis*, Op. 123, in D major, perhaps excepted) consists of seven smaller movements. In all except the first the human voices unite with the instruments. The music is set to thirty-six out of the ninety-six lines of Schiller's poem: "An die Freude" (To Joy.) The poem consists of eight trochaic stanzas of eight lines each, each followed by a chorus of four lines. From these words the master chose the first stanza with its chorus, the second, the third with its chorus, and the chorus to the fourth stanza. These seven smaller movements will be designated as Parts A B C &c.

The seven parts express the emotions caused by a series of ideas logically and psychologically following from each other in this connection.

The opening of the first Part (A.) gives vent to the misery of the human soul, which, after having proposed the eternal questions of human destiny, after having passed through all the different degrees of passion from sadness, to despair (1st movement), from gentle emotions to the wildest frantic enjoyment (2d movement);—after having felt sacred influences of ideal repose and the warmer, yearning swellings of the human heart (Adagio and Andante), finds itself still without a real and lasting consolation. There is one idea which contains this consolation, an idea which is the polar star of all human aspirations: "HUMANITY;" human happiness, brotherly love to all men. This great idea is pronounced in the chastest and grandest manner possible by the orchestra and in Part B. by the human voices and the orchestra. Part C encourages man, in most magnificent numbers, to run his course like a hero on his way to victory. Nervous energy pervades the whole movement, and the thrilling grand chorus repeats the apotheosis of Humanity by an invocation of its tutelar deity: JOY.

In the grandest manner the union of all mankind in a common brotherhood is consecrated in Part D. In sacred awe the millions acknowledge

a common Father, dwelling above the stars mysteriously.

Part E is devoted to the celebration of the two ideas of Love to all men, and thanks to Joy, who makes all men brothers. The devotional feeling of the nearness of the Creator, almost too big for human utterance, changes to a confident belief in the "beloved Father above the stars."

In the next part, F, all the humanistic ideas of the preceding parts are repeated in a more elated and happier mood than before; the enthusiasm of joy and love, the fervor of the feeling of an universal common brotherhood, reaching its crowning climax in the 7th and last part of the movement, closing as a grand majestic jubilee celebrated by all men in the sanctuary of HUMAN HAPPINESS.

We will now examine the seven parts consecutively.

A. In strange contrast to the peaceful close of the Third Movement, opens this part, with this most expressive dissonance; A—b flat—d—f—b flat *ff*. The key-note has not been found yet that sets all the noblest chords of the human heart vibrating; the tune has not been struck yet that irresistibly, in triumphant numbers, bids all mankind march on the same path in the same steps. The above dissonance opens a dialogue between the reeds and brass instruments on the one hand, and the Contra-Bassi and Violoncelli on the other. The first eight measures, expressive of the bitterest woe, are answered in a Recitative by Contrabassi, and Violoncelli, full of impatience, softened down to grief at the close, (*m* 8—16.) Exceeding all recognized bounds, the master makes these expressive instruments sing out what until then had been entrusted to the human voice alone. More fiercely (*m* 17—25,) on a diminished-seventh chord, the reeds and brass instruments repeat their complaint and are answered in a strong and manly strain of assurance by the Bassi *m* 24—29. Some ray of hope, confidence of ultimate success, breathes in these tones, which are the introduction to a series of tableaux, we might say, that are to pass before man, to see perchance if one of them be the golden isle of bliss with the spring of life gushing forth in its vales elysian.

First is introduced theme No. 1, in *m* 30—37. But the Recit. *m* 38—47, full of disappointed expectation, and ending in saddest tones, tells us, that no hope has dawned as yet. Quite another rejoicing answer do the Bassi return in *m* 56—62, to the theme of the second movement, No. 13, stated in *m* 48—55, the second half of the theme being in a cheerful key, F major. The Recitative, however, joyous as it is, expresses a doubt, closing as it does in the form of the musical question. This is answered by the first two measures of the religious theme, No. 20. The following Recit. seems to enter into this mood, it being of a devotional character, in *m* 65—72, when it suddenly awakes and in tones of angry impatience, (*m* 72—75) renounces this emotion. Not devotion alone can make us happy, it seems to say, but more is wanted. An active religion of good works to all men being the leading idea of all the subsequent parts, the motive of the Hymn to Joy is now stated. As if yet uncertain, it appears over the Dominant Seventh instead of the Tonic-Chord, which would make the statement too positive. With eager joy the Rec. makes answer, (*m* 81—91), consisting of the same tones in the main, as the one opening Part B, in which the Baritone Solo invites the human voices to sing pleasanter tones, more full

of joy. And now the right answer is going to be pronounced, the gospel of the new covenant, the glad tidings of Joy, the apotheosis of "Humanity."

Allo assai. ($\text{♩} = 80$.)



This chaste, simple melody, not exceeding the compass of a fifth, in the song form, the simplest of all musical forms, and expressing as it does the highest idea for man as man, is another proof of the axiom, that the greatest artist uses the simplest means to attain the grandest results. This theme is repeated by the strings singly, and then by the whole orchestra to *m* 187, followed up by a Ritornello to *m* 207. This ritornello in Parts B & C always follows the above melody, it being restricted then to four measures.

The instruments have scarcely ended the Hymn, when suddenly returns the first Rec. (*m* 1—8) in *m* 208—215. Their angry and passionate call is answered by the Baritone solo singing the fifth Rec. (*m* 80—90) in *m* 216—236, some matter being added in the middle to these words: "O friends, not these tones! But let us strike up pleasanter ones and tones more full of joy."

B follows without interruption first repeating *m* 76 to 80; and then the voices sing to melody 26 the following stanzas. The last four lines of each stanza are repeated by the Chorus, and the Ritornello comes in at the end of each stanza. (The words which are repeated are indicated, by this mark † being put before them:

First stanza: "Joy, beautiful spark of the Gods, daughter from Elysium, intoxicated with heavenly fire, we enter, a Heavenly one, thy sanctuary. † Thy charms unite again, what etiquette had sternly separated; all men become brothers, where thy gentle wings are hovering."

Second stanza: "To whose happy lot it falls to be the friend of a friend, who has won for his portion a sweet wife, let him join us with rejoicings;—† yes, who only calls a single soul his own on the globe of the earth. And he who never has succeeded, let him steal weeping out of our union."

From *m* 297—330 extends a variation of No. 26, inclusive of the Ritornello, which this time is accompanied by the voices in solemn chords repeating the last six words of the

Third Stanza: "All beings drink joy at the breasts of Nature; all men good and bad follow her rosy path. † Kisses gave she us and grapes; a friend tried in death; rapture was given to the worm, and the Cherub stands before God."

C is a magnificent variation of 26 in 6-8 time, *Allegro assai vivace: Alla Marcia*. The words in this part are the chorus to the fourth stanza of the poem:

"Joyously, as his suns are flying, through the gorgeous plain of heaven, run your course, O brothers! gladly as a hero to victory."

This last line inspired the master to this variation in the rhythm of a march.



This part has three subdivisions. The first extends from *m*. 331—431, including the Ritornello from *m* 423, and is set to the above words, the theme being, as stated in No. 27. The second subdivision (*m* 431—516) has for its theme 28 (being a variation of 27 or 26) and is purely instrumental; and the third resumes No. 26 in *m* 542—594 to the words of the first stanza. The first subdivision is sung by Tenore Solo and Tenori and Bassi Coro, the last subdivision by the full united choir.

It will be noticed that the rhythm of 27 is similar to that of the first measure of No. 13, while that of 28 is similar to that of No. 13, second, third, and fourth measures. It is accompanied by the rhythm of 27.

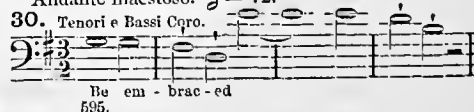
The second subdivision presents a very complicated treatment of No. 28, evidently rendering the words: "Run, O brothers, your course." Each of the principal instruments takes up the nervous energetic theme No. 28, which is shortened to two measures from *m* 462; afterwards a passage in one measure is formed from it. Very frequently one instrument will begin the motive on the 1st, and the next on the 4th eighth-note of the measure, making it intensely excited and agitated. In *m* 511—516 a passage derived from it leads to the single tone *f* sharp, which is repeated for 8 measures, in various octaves; and in the remaining 4 measures is repeated in the rhythm of 27, on the same degree. After those billows of stormy harmonies, these 12 measures, containing only one tone, act like oil on the troubled waters, calming the hearer, and preparing the sweet sounds of 29, being the first three tones of No. 26. Two repetitions of the four measures *f* sharp and of No. 29 close this interlude (*m* 517—542) and lead over to the *ff* Chorus of all the voices contrasted by a very bold figural accompaniment of the strings, while reeds and brass play the melody in-unison with the voices.

D is devoted to the most solemn expression of the most sublime emotions the human heart is capable of feeling. In three grand melodies (the first of which appears in 30), breathing a spirit sacred and primordial, the master sings these words:

Chorus to first stanza: "Be embraced, ye Millions! this kiss to the whole world! Brothers, above the starry canopy a beloved Father must be dwelling."

Chorus to third stanza: "You fall down, Millions? Dost thou feel the Creator, world? (*Ah-nest du, &c*). Seek him above the starry tent. Above the stars he must be dwelling."

Andante maestoso. $\text{♩} = 72$.



The second melody extends from *m* 611—626, and is of a monitory character, to the words, "Brothers, etc." The third is of a strictly devotional character, (*Adagio non troppo ma divoto*,) to the words: "You fall down," extending from *m* 627 to 654, closes with mysterious eight measures on the chord of the minor ninth, *A*—*c* sharp—*e*—*g*—*bb*, the bassi vibrating *A*, and the other strings the rest *pp*, similar to the vibrations and undulations of light.

E. The text is these words: "Joy, beautiful spark of the Gods," &c., sung by one set of voices, the other set singing: "Be embraced, ye Millions," &c. The melodies are Nos. 26 and 30.

The two other sets of voices accompany with two melodies derived from the principal ones and sing the same two texts, all going on simultaneously.

The movement is *Allegro energico*, three quarter notes being equal to 84. The reeds play the melody against a rich figural accompaniment by the strings.

The vastness of the ideas and emotions led the composer to employ the counterpoint, in order to state the union of sentiments in the strongest and most animated manner. This contrapuntal treatment extends from 655—729. From here to 745 harmonies are wanting, all the voices singing in unison with the reeds and strings the following words: "Dost thou feel the Creator, world?" We should have said they are stammering those words in abrupt tones, and bold, awe-inspiring transitions (No. 31.) Yet these transitions proceed very regularly (a Sixth followed by a whole and a half step). Measures 737—741 are the same as *m* 638—642 of Part D, where they were harmonized.

Bassi. Reeds and Strings.

31. *pp* *tr* *3* *pp* *3* *tr* *3* *3*

730. Ye fall down

Simili. Tenori.

Alti. Soprani e Alti.

Tenori e Bassi unisoni 8vo Basse.

From here to the end of Part E to *m* 762 sweet and soothing chords and progressions in Sixths and Thirds are set to the assuring words: "Brothers—above the starry canopy a beloved Father must be dwelling."

F. This part contains all the parts of the poem relating to Joy and man's universal brotherhood. Thus the themes are selected from all those melodies and motives that have a similar character. As if to give a chance to all voices and instruments to sing the same joyful themes in the greatest variety of melodious and harmonic changes, the greater portion of this part is written in the form of the Canon (catch). The motives are all intensified by being shortened, as will be seen from the original themes printed underneath. No. 36 alone makes an exception, being almost as slow as the original.

Allegro ma non tanto. J = 120.

Viol. 1mo.

32. *pp*

Viol. 2do. 763.

Alto.

92.

Tenori e Bassi.

33. *p*

767.

m. 26 of No. 21.

34. Sopr.

783. Alti. Tenori.

No. 16. No. 20. *m*. 8.

Bassi. Bassi.

No. 17. *m*. 430.

Flauti.

35. *ff* Sopr.

805. All men become brothers

Be em-brac-ed

No. 30. *m*. 602.

Poco Adagio.

Sopr.

36.

Viol. 2do.

No. 21. *m*. 27.

Four measures introduction (32) bring in No. 33, both themes alternately extending from *m* 763—783, where the Canon, No. 34, begins, and goes on to *m* 805, when No. 35 comes in, derived from the solemn No. 30. This is followed by a beautiful close, *poco Adagio*, in *m* 809—813, derived from No. 21 in the same manner as No. 33. All these motives are again derived from No. 1, measure 19, a very strong motive, which takes a very large share in the composition of this symphony. The canon No. 34, No. 35 and the close, this time lengthened by variations, are repeated from *m* 814 to *m* 838, where No. 36, derived from *m* 35 of No. 21, closes the part in *m* 842.

G. This part is introduced by eight measures (*m* 843—850) merely repeating the tones *a*—*b* increasing in tone and time from *pp* to *ff*, and from *poco Allegro* to *Prestissimo*, and forms the Finale of the Symphony. The excitement and rejoicing reach their highest possible degree. Instruments and voices go for the most part *unisono*. Only one new derived motive appears in *m* 861, taken from *m* 98 and 99 of No. 26. The orchestra begins with a motive derived from No. 30, the others being repetitions of those used in part F. The movement is *Prestissimo*, a half note equal to 132. The voices sing this selection of words:

"Be embraced, ye Millions! this kiss to the whole world. Brothers, above the starry tent a beloved Father must be dwelling. Be embraced, &c." These last words are sung in solemn chords and modulations, although very fast. "Joy, beautiful spark of the Gods, daughter from Elysium. Joy, beautiful spark of the Gods."

The last six words are sung *ff* in 3-4 time (the rest of the movement being in *Maestoso*, one quarter-note being equal to 60, in *m* 916—919. The voices join the instruments (which begin *m* 843 with the introduction) in *m* 855, keeping with them to *m* 920. From *m* 920 the instruments finish the symphony in *m* 940. They begin in *m* 920, with No. 32, the strings playing it twice in the time the reeds play it once. After eight measures of shouts of joy the reeds close with three measures of unisono runs and in *m* 939 a motive closes, strongly resembling No. 19, only that the four tones *a* are kept in the same octave.

Thus ends the triumphant, gigantic close; a worthy Finale to the wonderful and grand tone-poetry, which makes up this grandest of all Symphonies.

The orchestra is gradually enlarged from the simple and ordinary dimensions which it has in the first, second, and third movements, excepting the Trio to the second. In this Trio, Tromboni, Tenore, Alto and Basso are added, but omitted afterward to Part No. 4. In the fourth movement (A) a Contra-Fagotto is added, and in B two horns to the two already in the orchestra. In the March Variation Flauto piccolo, triangle, cymbals and big drum are added. In the solemn part D those solemn and grand instruments, the three trombones, appear again: the other instruments added before being omitted. In F two more horns are used with the three trombones, and in G, adequate to the overwhelming joy of the Finale, the orchestra presents the following magnificent dimensions: Violini 1mi and 2di, Alto-Viola, Violoncelli, Bassi; Flauto piccolo, Flauti, Oboi, Clarinetti, Fagotti; Corni 1mi and 2di, Trumpets, Tromboni Tenore Alto and Basso; Kettle-Drums, Big Drum, Cymbals and Triangle.

G. A. SCHMITT.

Cambridge, March 15, 1859.

Sketch of the Life of Beethoven.

BY G. A. MACFARREN.

(Continued from page 403.)

In April, 1803, he produced the *Mount of Olives*. This oratorio, to be rightly estimated, must not be classed with those that have been written for England, which, embodying a totally different sentiment, are cast in as different a mould, and produce their effects by as different means. In accordance with the spirit of his church—for Beethoven, though a free-thinker, was imbued with the formulae in which he had been reared and by which he was surrounded—it represents the personal agony of the Saviour, and in the truthfulness of this representation, in its dramatic personality, lies its chief merit. Throughout the work we have proof, as ample as in "Adelaide," and in "Ah, perfido," of the feeling for true vocal effect which has been denied to the composer, and hence we must account, by other causes than the want of this, for the unvoiced character of some of his latter writings. It may be allowable to speculate, that these causes lay in his defective hearing, which disabled him from testing the effect of what he wrote. In suggesting this, no concurrence is yielded to the unmusicianly supposition that Beethoven's ideas, or his forms of development, owe any of their peculiarity to his physical infirmity. Having acquired the power of thinking music, he no longer depended upon his outer sense for the exercise of this faculty; and there is no reason to conjecture that, had his external organization remained perfect, his internal capacity could have manifested itself in any respect otherwise than it did. The art of orchestration, however, whether for voices or instruments, demands constant experience, and the comparison of every effect with its means. A musical idea is born of the imagination and needs not experiment for a midwife; but the coloring of this idea, though conceived coincidentally with it, must always depend upon habitual familiarity with the quality and the strength of the various characters of tone combined to produce it, not to be an abortion of the artist's purpose. If this speculation be admitted, it may serve to explain some rare failures of instrumentation in Beethoven's scores, no less than his unsuitable treatment of the voice; and I, for one, am equally confident that he would occasionally have changed the distribution of his parts, had he heard their effect, and that he would have left the matter and the construction of his movements unaltered had he heard them fifty-fold. As examples of the miscarriage of the

master's intention in the effect of orchestral coloring, that are generally familiar, I need but refer to the point of imitation between the brass and the wood instruments in the *minuetto* of the Symphony in F, where the preponderance of the former annuls the response of the latter; and again the passage of demisemiquavers for the double-basses (the last variation of the theme), in the Symphony in C minor, where the accompaniment of the entire orchestra renders this insufficiently supported figure indistinct, if not wholly unaudible.

Bernadotte, then ambassador at Vienna, suggested to Beethoven, in the course of 1803, the composition of a grand instrumental work in honor of Napoleon. His republican feeling caught fire at the proposal, and he entered upon the task with the determination to produce a masterpiece, that should stand in art, as its hero does in history—the sun of a system. He spent the greater part of a year upon the composition, and wrought in it the first great manifestation of his individuality, fulfilling to the utmost the highest intention he could have formed with regard to it, and constructing in it a monument to his own genius that can never perish. The noblest and best that belongs to music, characterizes this colossal effort; and if the greatness of Beethoven, as an artist, were to be epitomized in a single work, this work would represent it all. The completed score was about to be forwarded to the First Consul; the title-page was headed "Bononaparte;" at the bottom of the leaf was written "Luigi van Beethoven;" and the author was considering the form of words that should link these extraordinary names, when he learned that Napoleon had assumed the crown of the empire. Enraged at this, as though at a personal grievance, so entirely had he identified himself with the subject, he tore the intended title-page in pieces, threw the manuscript of his outraged imaginings upon the ground, and would not for many months allow the work to be named. It was subsequently purchased by Prince Lobkowitz, at whose residence it was first performed, and now it was that it received the title of *Sinfonia Eroica*, with the superscription "Per festeggiare il sovvenire d'un gran uomo."

His next great work was the opera of *Leonore*, which was produced in November, 1805, but seven days after the entry of Napoleon's troops into Vienna. Its non-success was the natural consequence of the political excitement of the time, of the absence from the city of the principal lovers of music, including the Lichnowsky family, and of the theatre being attended almost entirely by French officers, who probably did not understand the language, and certainly could not comprehend the music; and it was accordingly, withdrawn after the third performance. The opera had been written under engagement to the manager of the theatre, who provided Beethoven with a lodging during the time of its composition, which being, however, as distasteful to him as three others he rented at the same time (this matter of residence was one about which Beethoven was especially capricious), he wrote the work at the village of Hetzendorf, and it was now produced with the first overture—that published after his death, as Op. 138, and commonly known by the name of "Leonore Fidelio."

Fortunately for art, the English theatrical custom of regarding original non-success as total failure, prevailed not in Vienna, and the opera was accordingly reproduced in March, 1806, with some advantageous modification of the *libretto*, when it was well received; but in consequence of disputes between the composer and the manager and singers, it was again laid aside after three representations; in the interim, since the first production, the great overture in C (known by the name of "Leonore"), as well as the second overture (Op. 139), which is a sketch for this, had been written, and it was with this grand composition that the opera was reproduced.

When Prince Lichnowsky returned to Vienna, one of his first cares was for Beethoven's opera. Accordingly, a meeting took place at his house to discuss the remodelling of the work, when the composer was, with extreme difficulty, persuaded to omit a duet and a trio, in which the love of Marzeline for Fidelio, and jealousy of Jaquino were exhibited—probably, to rewrite the songs of Pizarro and Florestan, to insert the march—and to compose the fourth overture—that in E, known by the name of "Fidelio.") The *libretto* was now reduced from three into two acts, the name of the opera was changed to *Fidelio*, and in this altered form the work was again reproduced in 1807, to meet with that success which has stamped it a classic of the lyrical stage. On this occasion, Mesdames Milder and Marconi personated Leonore and Marzeline, and MM. Röckel and Meyer, Florestan and Pizarro. To describe the merits of this master-piece would greatly surpass the present limits; the chief are its all-powerful dramatic character, and the gradual growth of the intensity of its expression with the progress of the ac-

tion. It is rendered difficult of comprehension to a general public by the minuteness of the expression, which necessitates in the hearers, not only a knowledge of the broad sentiment, but of the very words of the text, each one of which has its meaning illustrated in the music. This quality, which induces the very perfection of *Fidelio* as a work of art, has had the baneful influence, upon recent productions, of suggesting a corrupt style, in which the principals of composition are sacrificed to the pretence of expression, and music ceases to be music to become mere declamation. Whoever would exalt this style, by referring it to the work under consideration, must be insensible to the technical beauties of that work, which transcend even the beauty of its expression, and forget that means are essential to an end.

In 1806, while he was corresponding with the Countess Guicciardi, Beethoven wrote the Symphony in B flat, the epitome of a happy love in the many phases of its enthusiasm, finding, in this indulgence of his innermost feeling a relief from the vexations occasioned by his opera, by his uncertain health, and even by his deafness.

In the year following the final production of *Fidelio*, he wrote successively that glorious manifestation of will and power, the Symphony in C minor, and that musical idyl which truthfully tells us how deep was his love of nature, the *Sinfonia Pastorale*. He had already, in his overture to "Coriolan," and in each of the overtures to his opera, proved the power of music, independently of words, to embody a definite expression, as distinct from the undefined, if not undecided sentiment of the instrumental works of previous composers; and in the *Sinfonia Pastorale*, where the character is didactic instead of dramatic, where the expression is of his own feelings, not of those of the persons of his story, this power is evinced with equal success. In these two symphonies an important originality of form is to be noticed, as conducting to the effect of unity in an extensive instrument work—the conjunction, namely, of several movements.

In like manner as the scherzo and the last movement are linked together, in the Symphony in C minor; and as the scherzo, the storm, and the finale, grow each out of the preceding in the *Sinfonia Pastorale*; so, in the grand pianoforte Trio in B flat, are the two last movements joined, and a similar construction is employed in several other works; but the most remarkable instance of its application is in the violin Quartet in C sharp minor, in which the entire composition proceeds from first to last without any break whatever. Much as may be urged, as to the æsthetical merit of this arrangement—and the admirable effect of the examples that have been cited is powerful evidence in its support—it must be owned that nothing less than the genius of Beethoven could retain the attentive interest of the hearer, without the relaxation of a moment's silence, throughout a succession of such elaborately developed movements as he has thus combined; the power of his genius is, however, especially manifested in the employment of this construction, the result of which is, where he applies it, to increase the excitement of the music, and thus to augment its interest and to rivet the hearer's attention.

(To be continued.)

For Dwight's Journal of Music.

Peeps at Italian Papers.

No. II.

By TROVATORE.

I find in *Il Trovatore* of Jan. 29, the following article about Pacini's new Opera, "*Saltimbanco*":

"The most fertile and pertacious of the Italian composers of the present century, is Pacini. Who would think that he had commenced to compose contemporaneously with Rossini, who for twenty years has lain aside the pen. Pacini saw without fear himself eclipsed by this great sun, and on a par with Donizetti, Mercadante and Coccia. Even when the star of Bellini suddenly illumined Italy, drawing all souls by its melo-dicholous influence, Pacini did not think himself vanquished; he only retired a moment to meditate, and soon reappeared with his masterpiece, *Sappho*, which, after twenty years, beams with so much freshness and youth! So Pacini recommenced his career, where Verdi first began his; and he has thus contended with those three contemporaneous giants of music, — Rossini, Bellini and Verdi; and if he did not eclipse them he was at least a valiant rival.

"That Pacini has been, of all these composers, the most fertile, the great number of his operas proves, which from the time he first gave to Milan, in 1813, his first musical farce *Annetta e Lucindo*, until 1853, when his last work, *Linda di Brusselle* was produced at Bologna, number eighty-eight, exclusive of fourteen never published; and cantatas, airs, romances, choruses, and symphonies, that have been heard all over Italy.

"This *Saltimbanco*, produced the other night at the Teatro Reggio, in Turin, is his third from last opera, and was produced for the first time last year in Rome, with a brilliant success, that led to its speedy reproduction in other cities.

"It would be ungenerous, to condemn the effort of the Nestor of Italian *maestri*, the unwearied discoverer of so many beautiful melodies, and how much worse when this opera has received such spontaneous and universal praise; and when the author was called, at its first production in Turin, twenty times before the curtain. If any wished to find fault with the music, they could not say it was sleepy, but rather overcharged with an almost spasmodic vigor. Yet such is the brilliancy and the power of this work, that it cannot fail to meet everywhere an overpowering success."

This is the style of criticism [?] that the Italian papers award to a new opera. Now here is a genuine, thoroughly Italian musical correspondence:

"OUR MILAN CORRESPONDENCE.

"After the unhappy failure of *Vasconcello*, the unfortunate opera of Villacis, after the triumph of Marchisio in *Semiramide*, I awaited with anxiety, this enigmatical *Boccanegra* of Verdi, about which there are so many conflicting reports. The Milanese have agreed with the Venetians and Florentines, and dissented from the verdict of the Neapolitans. *Simone Boccanegra* bowed its head the first evening at *La Scala*, and did not raise it the next; the fault of the obscure, flat and miserable libretto for the execution was unimpeachable. In my opinion this opera of Verdi is replete with many beauties, but lacks the much desired theatrical effect.

I would add, that Bendazzi yelled, shrieked and howled, in a horrible manner. You will hear him next year in Turin, and woe be to those who do not provide themselves with cotton to thrust in their ears. Sebastian Ronconi might do if he did not shout so. The only one to sustain the unlucky production was the egregious tenor, Pancani, who in every phrase, nay, every note, showed himself insuperably glib. But he was not enough, and while saving himself from shipwreck, he could not prevent the others from being submerged.

Yours,

A CHILD."

Verdi, last season, was the most popular composer of Italy. In the peninsula are 93 theatres opened for opera. Verdi has been this year the most fortunate, his operas having been repeated in 38 theatres. With *Trovatore* were inaugurated the openings of the theatres of Naples, Trieste, Florence, Venice, Nice, Ferrara, Verceili, Sassari, Savigliano, Capua, Campobasso and Aversa; with *Traviata*, Messina, Verona, Pistoja, Legnano, Rimini, Soreto, Osimo, Pergola and Medica; with *Ernani*, Palermo, Prato, Camerino and Saluzzo; with *Lombardi*, Genoa, Leghorn, and Pisa; with *Rigoletto*, Bergamo and Novara; with *Nabucco*, Fabriano and Urbano; with *Attila*, Mortara; with *Aroldo*, Piacenza; with *Due Foscari*, Sarteano; with *Luisa Miller*, Foggia; with *Giovanna di Guzman*, Rome. Next to Verdi comes Donizetti, whose operas opened 15 theatres; *Linda* at Forlì and Empoli; *Polinto* (I Martiri) at Spoleto and Forni; *Don Pasquale* at Rome (Valle theatre); *Don Sebastian* at Cagliari; *Desireux* at Udine and Salerno; *Lucia* at Volterra; *Lucrezia* at Cuneo; *Fausta* at Venice; *Gemma di Jergy* at Reggio and Modena; *Parisina* at Turin; *Maria di Rohan* at Gubbio; *Favorita* at Crema. The operas of Bellini opened only four theatres, *Beatrice di Tenda* at Ancona and Ravenna; *Norma* at Florence (the little Goldoni theatre); *Puritani* at Lodi. Pacini also opens four theatres; *Bondelmonte* at Pesaro; *Saffo* at Brescia; *Medea* at Cosenza; *Stella di Napoli* at Foligno. Rossini opened only three; *Barbiere* at Florence (Pagliano theatre); *Cenerentola* at Siena; *Italiana in Algeri* at Naples. Petrella opened also three theatres. Meyerbeer, two; the *Huguenots* at Turin, and *Robert* at Bologna. All the other theatres at Milan, Vicenza, Modena, Bari, Lucca, Arezzo, Cesena, Bagnacavallo, Ostiglia, Treviso, Oneglia, Barletta, Caltagirone, Catania, Girgenti, Noto, Reggio di Calabria, Syracuse, Trapani, and Lecce opened with operas by Ferrari, Rossi, and other less popular composers.

When a singer does not please the frequenters of an Italian theatre, they do not hesitate to let the unlucky artist, whether male or female, know it; and when a singer is hissed off the stage, he is called *protestato*. Rosa di Vries, (who once sang here with Maretzek) was, with the tenor, Stecchi-Bottardi, *protestato* last season, at the theatre of Palermo. At Marseilles, the opera of *Galatée* was recently given for the third time, but the tenor, including the sixth tenor that had failed in pleasing the people, was hissed off the stage. Six tenors were thus *protestati* at Marseilles in one season.

Dwight's Journal of Music.

BOSTON, MARCH 26, 1859.

CLOSE OF THE VOLUME. — With this number we complete the *Seventh year and Fourteenth Volume* of our JOURNAL OF MUSIC. Subscribers will receive with it, in lieu of the usual four pages of music, a title page and Index for the two volumes of the year.

With our next issue, April 2, we enter upon our FIFTEENTH VOLUME, with more encouragement and ampler means of carrying out our purposes than we have ever had before. Give us a helping hand, good friends, send us in the names of new subscribers, and thus do your part to enable us to make at least a Journal worthy of the Art we love and cultivate.

Mr. Zerrahn's Beethoven Night.

We close our journalistic year on an auspicious day, — the anniversary of BEETHOVEN's death, which will be made the celebration of his immortal life and genius this evening, by a concert, in which two of his greatest works will be performed. For the preparation of the hearer for the better understanding of those works we have already published somewhat, especially on the ninth Symphony; perhaps the real danger is of saying too much; therefore only a few words now.

THE MUSIC TO EGMONT.

Goethe's heroic tragedy was a fit subject for a tyrant-hater like Beethoven. It offered him a kindred theme with his "Fidelio" and his "Heroic Symphony." In the "Egmont" music, he illustrates a drama whose subject is that reign of terror, which Phillip II of Spain, through his stern instrument, the duke of Alva, established in the Netherlands, and the fall of a hero "whose blood became the seed of liberty and freedom from the tyrant's yoke." The music consists, with the exception of two little songs in the charming part of Clara, of a series of instrumental pieces foreshadowing the events, characters and passions of the several acts, or tinged with the impressions of the scenes just passed, — and in the last instance accompanying the action.

First we have the overture, in the dark key of F minor, so well known in concerts. This is a marvellous compression into one brief, intense expression of all the elements of the tragedy. You feel all the gloomy background, the vague apprehensions of that reign of terror; while a ray of heavenly light, of maidenly purity and sweetness, an intimation of the love of Egmont and Clara, crosses and relieves the gloom; and the heroic will, the spirit of liberty, blazes out in glorious triumph at the end. Of the following pieces we reprint a description, by the "Diarist," from an old volume of our Journal:

At the close of the overture the curtain rises and the music is silent until the scene in which Clara appears, and, radiant with happiness and pride in her noble lover, sing her soldier song:

No. I.

"The war-drum is rolling, high soundeth the fife;
My lover, all harnessed, commandeth the strife;
He holds the lance proudly, he orders the army.
My heart throbs aloud—how kindles my blood!
Ah, if as a soldier beside him I stood,
From hence would I follow with courage and pride,
Wherever he led me, I'd fight by his side;
The fœmen would shrink as we charged on the van;
O heaven! what pleasure, were I but a man!"

The simplicity and beauty of the original is but slenderly preserved by him who translated this exquisite song of Goethe. Still one may form some idea of the young girl, who, from her low social position, looks upward with love and veneration as to a god. Of all soldier songs that I know, that in the "Daughter of the Regiment" included, there is none the music of which to me is so full of emotion and simple beauty as this. It is the beauty of the German popular song, and must be judged from that standard—a style of music as distinct and national as that of the Scotch.

No. II. This is the short musical introduction to Act II. It begins with an Andante, in which Beethoven paints the grief of the constant Brackenburgh over his unhappy love for Clara, referring especially to the words: "Could I but forget the time when she loved me, or seemed to love me! And—and now? Let me die! Why do I hesitate?" The Andante

is followed by an Allegro con brio, in which is painted the restlessness of the citizens of Brussels under the Spanish yoke, and the constantly increasing excitement among the people.

No. III. is the introduction to the next act, and paints the warnings and presentiments of the Prince of Orange, with the replies of the joyous, careless, Egmont—their farewell, to which these words are the key:

Egmont. What! tears, Orange?
Orange. To weep for one who is lost is manly.

No. IV. is the song in which Clara speaks her longing for the presence of her lover. Clara sings:

"Cheerful and tearful, unwilling or fain,
Longing and mourning in passionate pain;
Joy to feel keenly, or anguish to prove,
Happy alone is the heart that can love."

No. V. Introduction to Act IV., consisting of echo of the love scene between Egmont and Clara; Clara at Egmont's feet—"So let me die; the world has no joy after this!"—march of the soldiers of Alva into Brussels, and closing with indications of the feelings of the citizens, as expressed in the works of Jetter: "I felt it badly the moment the Duke came into the city. Since that moment it seems to me as if the heaven was covered with a pall, which hangs so low that one must bow himself not to touch it. I sniff the odor of an execution morning; the sun will not appear—the mists stink."

No. VI. Introduction to Act V. Egmont's feelings when Alva orders him to surrender his sword; the warning words of Orange again rise in his memory; Clara's emotions upon learning of her beloved's arrest; her attempt to arouse the citizens to his rescue; and finally, her resignation and determination not to outlive him.

No. VII. Clara's death. "I draw nearer and nearer the blessed fields, and the delights of peace from that world already breathe upon me. I have conquered; call me not back again to strife."

No. VIII. Melodrama. Egmont sleeps and dreams to the sound of what Shakespeare would call "still music." He sees his beloved appear in the form of Liberty, proclaiming victory to the people; her hero falls, but in his blood is the seed of freedom.

No. IX. is a repetition of the close of the overture, the triumph of the people over the power of Spain, and the expulsion of Alva.

THE CHORAL SYMPHONY.

This great work needs only that one become somewhat familiar with it, to be as clear and unmistakable in its intentions as any other Symphony. It is a thoroughly consistent and organic whole, all things throughout tending to one conclusion: JOY, realized in universal HUMAN BROTHERHOOD. This musical creation is as organic in its structure as a product of any of the natural kingdoms; and therefore such a close and literal examination of it as Mr. Schmitt has made in this and last week's paper, such an enumeration of its contents, such a tracing of its themes and motives through their various modifications, combinations and whole working up, must be as instructive in its way to any student who will follow it patiently, score in hand, as the naturalist's minute and microscopic observations on the organism of a bird or fish. Even to those who cannot or care not to so study it, it will be no little help in hearing the Symphony to have its various little motives and marked phrases, which continually reappear in it and give it at once variety and unity, fixed beforehand in their minds. You watch any procession, of harmonies as well as of men, as it passes by you, with more interest when you recognize the personages that move in it.

Were we to raise any question about our friend's enumeration of the themes and motives, it would be, whether in the First Movement he does not find too many themes? Has it not after all, according to the usual type of a Symphony Allegro, just two leading themes or subjects which we call *theme* and *counter-theme*, and are not all the others either transformations of those, or transition passages leading in and out to them, or incidental phrases of subordinate importance?

The moral and poetic meaning of the Symphony is truly set forth in Richard Wagner's parallels of its various movements with passages from Goethe. In truth it is the same problem, the great life problem, which the poet in his "Faust" and the composer in his Symphony attempt to solve. First comes the feeling of the emptiness of life, expressed in the very opening of the Symphony by that strange rustling of empty, barren Fifts (*Quintengeflüster* the Germans call it), and upon this the strong relentless Fate theme (No. I in S's analysis) is pronounced with startling

energy; and the sweet human reed instruments pour out their pleading strain (a little melodic figure that seems to be the tune of the "Joy" chorus in embryo); and sun-gleams and shadows mingle and chase each other, ideal hopes and shadows of despair; and yet the soul's enthusiasm burns unquenchable in spite of Fate; and the at once pleading and inspired motive No. 5, (properly the *Counter-theme*) comes, with its light tip-toe tread of double-basses,—a passage very Beethovenish, which gives you the idea of one treading upon air as if drunk with the possession of some glorious secret; and the great storm and struggle comes of light and darkness, Joy and Fate, stirring up all the depths of harmony in tumultuous billows, the double-basses stepping wide in intervals of octaves or more, and giving breadth and grandeur to the picture; and the human pleadings and the sweet ideals come again, and all seems to tend to light and serene harmony; but for the present, for the actual conclusion, the inexorable voice, that first rang through the void, prevails, and the first movement closes with the first theme again sounded by the whole with terrible three-fold emphasis. And is this the conclusion? The conclusion of the actual, but not of the ideal. It is in this first movement that one feels the pledge and prophecy of something grand, extraordinary, that is yet to come. We know no music which seems so pregnant with a future as this, teeming with more than it has means to utter, and foreshadowing a solution, such as came to Beethoven in that fourth or Choral movement. It is this first Movement that requires and justifies the last and finds its explanation there.

The Scherzo movement, with its strong joyous pulse of ceaseless three-four measure, so light and tripping, yet with such breadth of crowded harmony, as if one wild, reckless impulse tingled in every nerve and fibre of a whole world thus possessed and demonized; — and then its quaint pastoral episode in 4-4 time, where the bassoon toys merrily with the horn — suggests the vain attempt to find true joy in the whirl of superficial pleasure and excitement.

Then comes the *Adagio Cantabile*, serene and heavenly, the very opposite to that wild mood of sensual joy. How like holy bells in a still night the notes of the first chord fall in one by one upon the ear, leading in that sweet, slow, solemn psalm, with echoed cadence to each line! and how the strings palpitate with blissful agitation, as the time changes and the soul is rapt in deeper bliss by the new theme in D that enters,—most lovely, warm and comforting of melodies! What music ever written is more full of deepest feeling! Then with what exquisite delicacy and subtlety of fine mellifluous divisions, winding and throbbing in and out, the theme is varied by the violins, and by the warmer instruments! And what is there comparable to that pure height of ecstasy, of reverie in which the soul is more than ever conscious, lost to time but waking in eternity, where, while the theme, modulated into a strange key, as it were refracted through a visionary light, is pursued by the wind instruments, the strings now here now there, in all parts of the orchestra, emit as it were little electric sparks of happiness, in those *pizzicati* which only seem so promiscuously timed! Then the slow horn, as if inspired with an involuntary eloquence, indulges in a florid passage quite beyond its ordinary powers! Then the wonderfully expressive drooping back, as with a sigh of too much bliss, into the old key and the old theme; and still more exquisite refinement on the melody by the violins! And when the conclusion must come, the bold trumpet strain of exhortation from on high, the voice which seems to summon the whole soul to highest action; then a brief relapse into the celestial melody, and the dream gently fades away.

But it is not enough; the solution is not here. This we have in the fourth or Choral part. How wonderfully the transition from pure instrumental into vocal music is prepared! First a sort of shriek of despair from the orchestra; then a recitative, that almost speaks, from the double-basses and 'celli, uttering the soul's question and complaint. A wilder shriek (diminished seventh), and more recitative of basses. Then the rustling Fifts of the first movement are suggested; the basses answer: No, it will not do! The Scherzo theme is tried: No, again, with more impatience. The heavenly *Adagio* is touched, for a few bars; and the bass soliloquy this time is of a subdued and sweeter melancholy, but ending still with restless sense of want of satisfaction. Then a new light sweetly streaks the dark horizon; the theme of the Joy Chorus is just hinted by the mellow reeds, and the basses make eager, hopeful answer: Aye, that's the tune! and in a low, quiet voice, these basses hum through, as it were, the simple melody of the chorus, conceived in the style of the simplest people's tune; they repeat it, and the bassoon plays around it with a quaint accompaniment, as if free

now to indulge in any innoent fancy; then the violins come in; then the full force of the orchestra, with trumpets, with the richest harmony, and all manner of melodic figurative phrases, the whole so exciting as to lift one on his feet. It is splendid, it is divine, but still the utterance is not complete! The cry of despair comes once again, and now a *human voice* sings: "Friends, no more these mournful strains," &c., and the Chorus comes in in full tide to the words of Schiller's "HYMN TO JOY." How this is worked up to a sublimer and sublimer pitch, reaching its climax in the religious strain of long notes, with the thrilling star-like vibrations of the orchestral accompaniment, at the thought of "the Father who dwells above the stars," and how it all grows more and more exciting to the end, we have no room, if we had power, to describe. If performed as well as we have ample reason to expect it will be, it will make its meaning felt to every listener.

Musical Chit-Chat.

We are happy to learn that Mme. BISCACCANTI yields to the general entreaties and will before departing give another concert here, on Wednesday evening next. . . . The announcement by Señor CASSERES, of a concert at Mercantile Hall next Saturday evening, is worthy of attention. This gentleman, a native of Jamaica, of Spanish-African blood, gave such proof recently, in a matinee at Mr. Gilbert's rooms, both of his ability and taste as a pianist, and of a refined, gentlemanly, modest tone of character, as to win friends at once. The material of his concert is attractive, and we wish him a full house. . . . The HANDEL AND HAYDN SOCIETY will publicly revive the once popular Oratorio of "David," by Neukomm, on Sunday evening, April 3. . . . We are glad to hear that our excellent tenor singer, Mr. C. R. ADAMS, who has so commended himself to Boston audiences by his earnest and successful culture of a fine natural gift, and equally by his modest and agreeable deportment, intends to go to Europe for his further musical improvement, seeking what not only Italy, but Germany and England have to offer. There is a movement among the musicians to give him a good concert in aid of this laudable design.

A "School for Organists" — not a hook, but a school — is certainly a great desideratum in our musical world. Mr. JOHN ZUNDEL, organist of Plymouth Church, Brooklyn, N. Y., who has returned from Germany, and who is one of the most learned and accomplished organists in this country, has established such a school (see card), where pupils will receive daily lessons on the Organ and in Thorough-Bass, with weekly lessons in the art of tuning and doctoring refractory instruments. An excellent idea. . . . Who is "John," our Diarist's and Berlin correspondent's "John"? The Portland Advertiser claims the honor of him for that city. He is the son of the late well-known music-dealer, and JOHN PAINE is his name. He is now studying in Berlin, working away hard at Bach; we hope, with our correspondent, that "when 'John' gets home, there will be no more desecration of the Organ by operatic flights and negro jigs as at the Tremont Temple."

Musical Correspondence.

NEW YORK, MARCH 19. — One of the most charming concerts of the season was MASON & THOMAS' Matinée last Tuesday. The programme, owing to the absence of Mr. Thomas, with Ullman's troupe, was more miscellaneous than usual, and contained a couple of vocal numbers. I subjoin it:

Sonata in C minor. Opus 90, No. 2, for Pianoforte and Violin; Beethoven: Messrs. Wm. Mason and J. Mosenthal. "Ab, mein fi!," Le Prophete; Meyerbeer: Mrs. J. M. Mozart. Variations Concertantes, for Violoncello and Piano Forte. Opus 17; Mendelssohn: Messrs. C. Bergmann and Wm. Mason. Andante for two Pianofortes, opus 6; Reinecke: Messrs. J. S. Jameson and Wm. Mason. Elegy of Tears; Schubert: Mrs. J. M. Mozart. Quartet in E flat major, opus 47, for Piano, Violin, Viola, and Violoncello; Schumann: Messrs. Mason, Mosenthal, Natzka, and Bergmann.

The Sonata, in which Mr. MOSENTHAL made his debut as a solo player, is, in my opinion, the finest of its kind, not excepting the Kreutzer Sonata, which is so much more celebrated. It was exceedingly well rendered. Mr. Mosenthal played his part so beautifully, with such true feeling and comprehension, that all who heard him cannot but hope that he will follow out the new path he has entered upon. He is a most earnest and thorough musician, with the true artist feeling, whose great modesty alone prevents him from occupying in our musical world as high a place as many another who is less worthy of it. As great

a treat in their way were the lovely variations of Mendelssohn, very finely interpreted by Messrs. MASON & BERGMANN; and no less satisfactory was the beautiful quartet of Schumann. How exquisitely fresh and vigorous and sparkling it is. In the fourth number, the second piano was taken by Mr. JAMESON, a son of the lady singer of that name, a very young man, hardly more than a boy, with a most prepossessing exterior and modest, pleasing demeanor. He acquitted himself exceedingly well, evincing great firmness and power, and, altogether, did ample credit to his master, Mr. Mason. The piece which they played was so entirely out of the common line, that it was difficult to judge of it at once. I hope we shall hear it again.

You will see from the programme that the singer of the occasion was one of your own warblers, who has become a bird of passage, and emigrated to our clime. A great responsibility has this Mrs. MOZART resting upon her, in striving to do justice to the honored name she bears. She has a beautiful voice, sings well, and is pleasing in her appearance. A slight cold seemed to slightly impair her powers on Tuesday, but not enough to prevent the audience from welcoming her as a valuable addition to our collection of singing birds. In point of weather, poor Eisfeld's mantle seems to have fallen upon this quartet party this winter; their concerts are sure to fall upon the worst of the many disagreeable days we have had this winter. This last time, however, the audience was not very much diminished by this circumstance, and the performers did their best to reward those who were present for braving the storm, by playing with a spirit which they have never before surpassed.

Next Thursday evening, Mr. C. JEROME HOPKINS will give a concert at the Church of the Messiah — probably for the purpose of bringing out some of his compositions. On Monday after next, Wagner's *Tannhäuser* will be given entire at a little German theatre in the Bowery! As to how it is given, I may be able to tell you in my next. — t —

PHILADELPHIA, MARCH, 22. — After a Symphony concert by the popular SENZ, two classical soirées by CARL GAERTNER, and a superb entertainment by the Handel and Haydn Society, there ensued a dead calm in our latitude of the sea of harmony, until last night, when the so-called New Orleans English Opera Troupe opened at the Walnut with *Cinderella*. Moreover, Wm. H. FRY has repeated his quaint, rambling musical lecture, at the Concert Hall. Circumstances precluded the possibility of my attendance there, but several literary friends, on whose judgment I am wont to repose unlimited confidence, pronounce the effort to have combined a vast amount of musical information, strangely leavened with random allusions to irrelevant subjects, e. g. woman's rights, postal reforms, tariff, Kansas, etc. The lecture occupied two hours, without any signs of weariness on the part of the audience, who found themselves alternately edified, and entertained by the adroitness wherewith the distinguished critic managed to interweave so many heterogeneous subjects with his theme.

Two youthful pianists, named HERBERT and HANVEY, (the latter a violinist besides), announce a grand concert for to-morrow night at the Musical Fund Hall. They have engaged a charming vocalist, named M'Ille. ANNA WISSLER, who several years ago attracted marked attention at the Harmonia concerts, — then made a temporary sojourn in Paris, where she placed herself in the hands of first class teachers, — and now returns to us a very finished vocalist. The *Evening Bulletin* termed her "one of the best singers we have had here for a long time," after her achievements at

Gaertner's second soirée. There are rumors here of a forthcoming season of Ullmanic Italian Opera during the second week of April, but I can trace them to no reliable source. On dit, furthermore, that the "little Napoleon" has leased our Academy from August next onward. At present, Mrs. D. P. BOWERS, an actress of considerable repute in this latitude, furnishes farce and comedy upon its ample stage, to houses which are thinning nightly to such an alarming extent that the close of the season has been announced next Saturday. MANRICO.

CINCINNATI, MARCH 13. — Having seen no report from our city in your Journal lately, I will give you a short account of the doings of our home Societies this winter. The "Cecilia" Society have given a concert once a month, and their excellent leader, Mr. RITTER, continues his endeavors to bring out as much of the best class of Music as is feasible. The chorus is not as large and good as in former years, owing partly to a marrying mania amongst its members, but does its best under these aggravating circumstances. Parts of the "Messiah," Mendelssohn's "Elijah," Gade's "Comala," &c., have been sung lately, and probably some one of these works will be brought out entire shortly. Mr. Ritter has also composed recently a sort of cantata, or oratorio, called "Pensacola," the words by Miss FANNY RAYMOND, based on an Indian story. Parts of it have been performed at the last concert of the Society. As I was prevented from being present all the evening, I must postpone an account of it; but may say, that it has been very favorably reported in our papers.

The Philharmonic Society have given two concerts and two public Rehearsals, this season thus far; the programmes embracing the fourth Symphony of Beethoven, the seventh of Haydn, Overtures to "Euryanthe," by Weber, several by Auber and Rossini, and the one to "Tannhäuser," by Wagner. The Orchestra, under the efficient lead of Mr. BARUS, continues to improve very much; and at the last concert particularly played remarkably well. The "Tannhäuser" overture was rendered for the first time and with great effect, and elicited much interest from the audience.

This week the opera season will commence in our splendid new opera house, with Strakosch's troupe. X.

"MR. BROWN'S" DEN. — WASHINGTON'S BIRTHDAY IN BERLIN.

BERLIN, FEB. 23. — DEAR DWIGHT. — You may take the above for a caption or a date, for it is both. "Herr Teer ist fort," is the response I just received from the little "Italienerin" as she is now called, from my christening, and as I consider her a part of the Diarist's establishment, (don't be alarmed, our æsthetic friend has no "responsibilities"! I suppose the little dairy-maid ought to be described. But we will pass her by for the present. "Nehmen sie Platz, bitte," says the pretty nymph — and so I will or have — and, awaiting the proprietor's return, will now try to fulfil a promise made in a recent letter to you and describe the workshop of the old Titan. Am I mistaken in thinking that many of the Journal's readers will feel an interest in the "local habitation" of Mr. Brown? — the laboratory where so much of wit, pathos, sentiment and common sense is wrought into shapes of beauty and use for their hearts and minds?

We sometimes mistake in judging others by ourselves — yet what better standard have we? For my part, it is always of the highest interest to me to know how the habitual working place of a favorite author or a dear friend looks. Let me be accurate and pace the room — 17 x 9 — window at one end, door leading into bed-room at the other; half way of the length, a second door, conducting into "John's" room, through which the world passes to get at the

Diarist. John is portly and a goodly porter, for his open and cordial smile is a fit preparation for the severe presence of the deity of the inner temple. But come, let us go on with the "temple" itself. In the corner next the window is a French secretary, (not an amanuensis, my friend, or he surely would not be of that nation, but) of satin-wood. The lid is down and discloses contents in most artistic disorder — not that chaos which preceded creation, but that which co-exists with and helps it on! Let us glance at the contents without handling. Sundry newspapers, (please not read this "*Sunday*"), pamphlets, a package, which I guess contains tea; cover of a very old book. Cheek by jowl with the secretary, following the north wall towards "John's" door, is a low bureau, contents unknown, top covered with files of "*Dwight's Journal*," huge piles of Beethoven and Liszt, and Handel's "*Susannah*;" a ream of letter paper, copies of *N. Y. Tribune* — handy for use, but nothing final in the arrangements.

Near the centre of the room, but approached to the sofa, which is against the wall opposite said bureau, is the table — a sofa-table, as we call it in America, $4\frac{1}{2} \times 3$ feet — of satin-wood, (material discernible on digging a hole, by the Artesian principle, in the superincumbent masses, — literally,) but an inventory would carry me too far; let us, however, pick out a few items, "leading articles," so to speak: Inkstand — not a practical one, but then we all have our inconsistencies — it would kill me in a week, and if this letter is very dull, lay it to the inkstand: — imagine the Diarist, if you can, friend Dwight, writing his charming letters from an English patent, spring-top, travelling inkstand — one of those ingenious things, known to most modern travellers, especially ladies, so ingeniously contrived not to spring open till fairly imbedded in your white kids, handkerchiefs, best vests and photographs! — spectacles, wafer-box, of porcelain, representing a miniature couple, in dramatic costume, dancing a minuet; pin-cushion, quills, every variety of book, pamphlet, journal, manuscript and blank paper, &c., &c. The entire contents of this table suggest to the mind of the imaginative observer, the "bursting up" of a neighboring antiquarian establishment, a section of which has blown in through the window and thus reached its destination; three chairs, a good sofa — very comfortable looking, — books perching on the arms thereof. Beginning now at the window on the south side of the room, the first object, and a conspicuous one, is the library proper — shelves from floor to ceiling, say 5 feet long and a little more than full, so that you see sundry piles on the floor, which look as if they had several times tried to climb up, but, finding no room, had fallen back discouraged and hurt themselves too much to have strength for any very picturesque arrangement below. Starting at this base, a row of dignified tomes, which cannot be suspected of any such unseemly friskiness, "measures its slow length" on the floor, under the window, till it gains the secretary first mentioned.

At the opposite end of the sofa is a handsome mahogany clothes-press — (almost tempted, in defiance of all rules of propriety, to peep in, merely to see if that, too, don't contain books.) There is, however, still a space 2 feet wide between it and the bedroom door — let's look and see what is there — *voyons!* Upon the honor of a gentleman, a pile of quartos four feet high and very ancient! On the opposite corner of the room, a German porcelain stove of a *Brown* color, with a sort of oven therein, in which sundry good things are doubtless sometimes browned. A little four-legged table 18 inches square. And now for the walls. A bust-chen of von Humboldt in plaster; large looking-glass over bureau; a framed engraving of Leonardo da Vinci's "*Heilige Abendmahl*" and, as a pendant, a sheet, similarly framed, containing 14 little semi-comic engravings, 7 to the left, representing "*Les Plaisirs*," and 7 to the right, "*Les*

Désagrémens of a "*Promenade*." On the window seat, by way of variety, books. Unoccupied space of room, not adapted to crinoline navigation! Outlook — you see the Friederich Strasse across an area, 80 feet deep of dimension, stone ready for building, and a symmetrical pile of wood. Oh! I omitted to notice two things, under the table a carpet and on top of the secretary, books!

Now, in spite of all this detail, as minute as if I were preparing a schedule for an auction sale of premises and contents, I feel that I have given no graphic impression of the "locus in quo" of Mr. Brown's thoughts and works. I am sitting with my side to the window, at one end of the table, in the proprietors's absence; my paper rests upon the back of Marx's life of Beethoven, looking, as on a former occasion, through the "Diarist's spectacles; but the tableau is not complete nor beautiful, until the *genius loci* is there, in that grey coat, on the centre of that sofa inditing "copy for Dwight," and occasionally looking up with most startling suddenness, as if he saw flames proceeding from his bureau. You start, too, but it is only; "By Jove; I must have that old edition of Squampunkius" — glances wildly into space, but seeing no *funds* there, relapses, with something between a sigh and a grunt into silence. But the Squampunkius has disturbed the current of his idens. He speaks no more aloud, but — (I am peeping at him through my fingers) he is scratching his head and evidently murmuring betwixt his teeth a non-reconcilement with the order of Providence, wondering if any special Providence will award him a copy of the author aforesaid. Ah! he is a philosopher. See how transient this scepticism is! His brow clears and his eye says: "Whatever is, is right." Let's try him! "Brown, what are you writing about at this moment; just a freak of curiosity I have?" "Well, why do you ask? — oh, I was just saying something *funny* to Dwight." "Well, but what was in your mind a minute ago?" "Oh, nothing, *Ex nihilo nihil fit*, you know." "Nothing fit to be told, you mean?" "Pshaw! it's Latin; I thought you understood Latin!" "Yes, that's always the way with you scholars; you fancy everybody knows everything just because you do." "Why, surely, my dear fellow, I heard you one day quote '*integer vitae scelerisque purus*,' &c." "Oh yes, to be sure, but that was only to let Joe see that I was not to be put down by his '*fas est et ab hoste doceri*,'" and I was much encouraged in finding what a hit I had made — for his countenance fell decidedly; it is true, I felt like exultation when I afterwards discovered that he didn't know what his sentence meant any more than I did mine — but, it wants ten minutes of dinner, "*prandio qui abest*" — what is it? why, my vein is too silly for a Journal of Music, Art and Literature, so, dear D., au revoir!

Yesterday was the 22d February, and WASHINGTON's birthday was celebrated on Prussian soil by a very handsome dinner at the American Minister's. The venerable HUMBOLDT was present and 78 of our countrymen and countrywomen. The occasion merits a description, but here and now I have only time to say that Massachusetts carried off the honors decidedly, in the person of the "Diarist" — whose toast was: "Von Humboldt, the king of science, the latchet of whose shoes common kings are not worthy to stoop down and unloose!" There was no end to the applause, and the venerable sage looked really pleased as if he thought it just and the right thing to be said. The utmost good feeling prevailed between North and South, and Virginia said some very cordial and handsome things of Massachusetts. The dinner was good, elegantly served, the wines various and of the best quality; and the occasion a decided success. The most modest speaker, who said but a few words, almost inaudible from emotion, was the dauntless horse and zebra tamer, Rarey.

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